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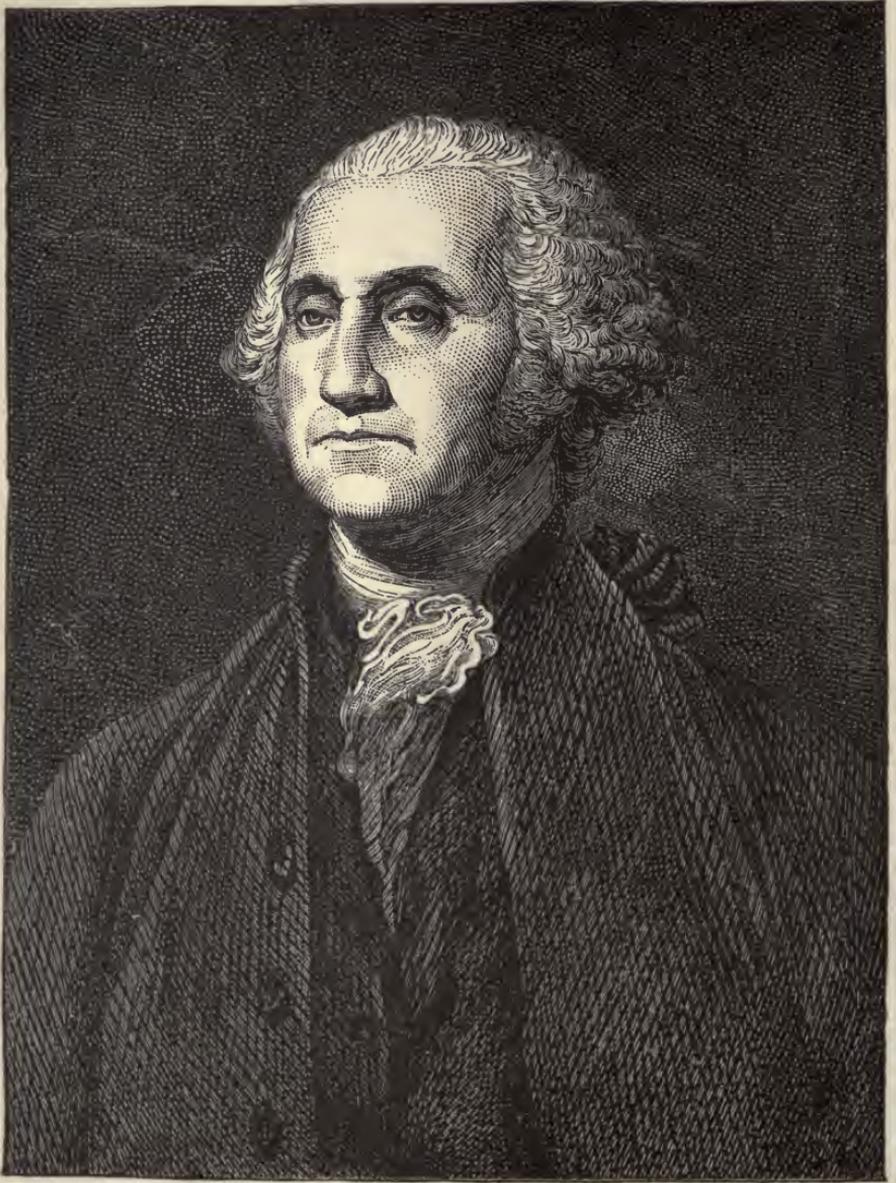
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LESTER'S HISTORY

OF THE

UNITED STATES.

ILLUSTRATED IN ITS FIVE GREAT PERIODS:

COLONIZATION,
CONSOLIDATION,
DEVELOPMENT,
ACHIEVEMENT,
ADVANCEMENT.

BY

C. EDWARDS LESTER,

AUTHOR OF

"THE GLORY AND SHAME OF ENGLAND," "THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF AMERICUS
VESPUCIUS," "MY CONSULSHIP," "THE GALLERY OF
ILLUSTRIOUS AMERICANS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

VOLUME I.



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LESTER'S UNITED STATES.

DEDICATION AND CONTENTS. I-XX.

THE OPENING. 21-28.

FIRST PERIOD, 1492-1776.



FROM COLUMBUS TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

SECTION FIRST.

Discoveries.

	PAGE		PAGE
Europe before America was Discovered.....	1	Raleigh's next Expedition under Grenville	28
Voyages and Discoveries of the Cabots.....	2	Grenville, Lane, Cavendish, Hariot, White.....	29
The Memorable Year of Discovery, 1498.....	3	Misfortunes of the Colony.—Sir Francis Drake...	30
Irrepressible Spirit of Adventure.....	4	An Agricultural State to be founded.....	31
Search for the Elixir of Life in Florida.....	5	Raleigh, undaunted, founds another Colony.....	32
First Robbery of Men on American Soil.....	6	First English Child born in Virginia.....	33
Magnificent Expedition of De Soto.....	7	Protestantism and the Invincible Armada.....	34
De Soto Discovers the Mississippi.....	8	Raleigh's heroic Efforts for Colonization.....	35
Burial of De Soto in the Mississippi.....	9	Foundations of the First New England Colony...	36
Verrazzani's Discoveries on the American Coast...	10	Shakespeare's Prophecy of America.....	37
The Harbors of Newport and Boston.....	11	Waymouth Explores the Coast of Maine.....	38
James Cartier's Expedition from France.....	12	Captain John Smith	39
Cartier Ascends the St. Lawrence.....	13	Gorges, Popham, Hakluyt, James I.....	40
Francis De la Roque's Expedition.....	14	The London and Plymouth Companies.....	41
The Protestant Reformation.....	15	The Colony of Jamestown founded.....	42
Coligny's Huguenot Colony in Florida.....	16	Death of Gosnold.—Smith's heroic Conduct.....	43
Coligny sends a Second Expedition.....	17	Smith made Prisoner by the Indians.....	44
Melendez sent to Exterminate the Huguenots....	18	Smith's Life saved by Pocahontas.....	45
St. Augustine founded.—The Huguenots Perish..	19	Smith's Explorations on the Chesapeake.....	46
England's Throne under Elizabeth	20	Smith's Government of the Colony.....	47
		Smith superseded by Lord Delaware.....	48
		Smith returns disabled to England.....	49
		Providential Rescue of the Colony.....	50
		Lord Delaware compelled to Return	51
		Administration of Sir Thomas Gates.....	52
		Improvement in the Colony.....	53
		Love, Conversion and Marriage of Pocahontas....	54
		Ruin of the French Colony in Acadia.....	55
		Only Fifty-four Colonists left.....	56
		Arrival of Yeardeley at Jamestown.....	57
		First Legislative Assembly in America	58

SECTION SECOND.

Beginning of American Colonization.....	21
How England began to Colonize the New World..	22
Martin Frobisher's Second Expedition.....	23
How England was to Lead Civilization.....	24
Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Two Expeditions.....	25
Raleigh Lord Proprietary of Virginia.....	26
Raleigh's Expedition under Amidas and Barlow..	27

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Efficient Administration of Sandys.....	59	Penn's First Treaty with the Indians	123
Introduction of Negro Slavery.....	60	The History of Pennsylvania.....	124
Smith on the New England Coast.....	61	The Indian Problem still unsolved.....	125
Smith's Second Expedition to New England	62	The Nemesis of the Red Man's Curse.....	126
Claims of Smith to American Gratitude.....	63	Law of Civilization.....	127
The Pilgrims in Holland	64	Political System of Civilization	128
Embarkation of the Pilgrims.....	65	Close of Penn's noble Career	129
Landing on the Rock of Plymouth.....	66	Cheerful Close of Penn's Life.....	130
The Mayflower Sails for Home.....	67	The Great Indian Massacre in Virginia	131
Sufferings during the First Winter.....	68	Progress of the Carolinas.....	132
Prince's Chronological History of New England..	69	Quaker and Huguenot Settlements.....	133
The Records of the Pilgrims.....	70	Effects of Revocation of Edict of Nantes.....	134
First Dreadful Winter at Plymouth.....	71	Emigration of the Huguenots to America.....	135
First Pilgrim Treaty with the Indians.....	72	General Oglethorpe settles Georgia.....	136
Origin of the Colony of New Netherland.....	73	Résumé of Colonial Foundations.....	137
Power and Wealth of the Dutch Republic.....	74		
Hudson seeks a Passage to Asia.....	75	SECTION THIRD.	
Discovery and Exploration of the Hudson.....	76	Struggle for the Empire of North America.....	138
Return and Fate of Henry Hudson.....	77	Spain—France—England and the Americans.....	139
Block Discovers the Connecticut.....	78	Causes of the Seven Years' War.....	140
The Political Condition of Holland.....	79	Claims to the Region of New France.....	141
Charter of the Dutch West India Company.....	80	French and American Population compared.....	142
Friendly Dutch and Pilgrim Intercourse.....	81	Washington begins his Military Career.....	143
Progress of the Dutch Settlements.....	82	First Bloodshed in the Seven Years' War.....	144
Elements of National Character and Wealth.....	83	Franklin in the First American Congress.....	145
The Three Great Colonies Analyzed.....	84	Campaign of 1755. Zeal of the Colonists.....	146
Impediments to Colonial Growth.....	85	Terrible doom of Acadia.....	147
The Dutch on the Hudson and Delaware.....	86	Defeat and Death of General Braddock.....	148
Causes of the Decline of the Dutch.....	87	Gen. Johnson's Expedition to Lake George.....	149
Character of Gustavus Adolphus.....	88	War Formally Proclaimed Against France.....	150
Plan for a Great Swedish Colony.....	89	Montcalm Victorious at the North.....	151
The Swedes and Finns on the Delaware.....	90	Fatal Policy of the British Ministry.....	152
Lord Baltimore founds Maryland.....	91	Pitt called to the Head of the Empire.....	153
Broad Toleration of the Maryland Charter.....	92	The Rendezvous on Lake George.....	154
Democratic Government Organized.....	93	Abercrombie's Defeat—Death of Howe.....	155
Establishment of the Connecticut Colony.....	94	The Capture of Fort Duquesne.....	156
Daring and Sufferings of the Settlers	95	Pitt's Noble Conduct towards the Colonies.....	157
Roger Williams founds Rhode Island.....	96	Loss of Fort Niagara Fatal to the French.....	158
First Indian War.—Extermination of the Pequots ..	97	Death of Wolfe and Montcalm.....	159
The Connecticut and New Haven Colonies.....	98	Close of the Seven Years' War.....	160
Colony of Massachusetts Bay.....	99	Conspiracy and Death of Pontiac.....	161
History of Roger Williams's Character.....	100	Significance of the Seven Years' War.....	162
His Broad Views on Political Rights.....	101		
Sublimity of Williams's Character.....	102	SECTION FOURTH.	
His Statue in the National Capitol.....	103	The Interval from the Close of the Conflict with	
Absolute Toleration first Proclaimed.....	104	France, to the Beginning of the Struggle with	
The Fate of Anne Hutchinson.....	105	England.	
Early Colonization of Maine and New Hampshire.	106	A National Epic on the Interval.....	163
First Union of the New England Colonies.....	107	Moulding of Our National Character	164
Nature of the New England Confederacy.....	108	The Leaders of the Human Race.....	165
Cromwell's Commonwealth established.....	109	Second Race of National Moulders.....	166
The Character of the Puritans.....	110		
Their Social and Political System.....	111	SECTION FIFTH.	
The Puritans and us Contrasted.....	112	The Second Race of Moulders of American Char-	
False Judgments of their Character.....	113	acter and Institutions.	
Commencement of King Philip's War.....	114	Character of Benjamin Franklin.....	167
The Scourge of Fire and Death.....	115	Catalogue of Franklin's Deeds.....	168
Death of Philip.—New Jersey Settled.....	116	Franklin's Services to Mankind.....	169
Threatened Ruin of New Netherland	117	Lord Brougham's Judgment of Franklin.....	170
The History of New York begins.....	118	Mirabeau's Eulogy on Franklin.....	171
William Penn and his Colony.....	119	Jonathan Edwards of Connecticut.....	172
William Penn and the Quakers.....	120	Ancestry of Edwards.....	173
Penn's History.—Imprisonments.....	121		
Penn prepares to come to America.....	122		

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Life and Genius of Edwards.....	174
His Moral and Intellectual Character.....	175
Edwards and Webster Compared.....	176
John Wesley in Westminster Abbey.....	177
Early Life and Studies of Wesley.....	178
The Foundations of Methodism Laid.....	179
Triumphs of Wesley's Last Days.....	180
James Otis of Massachusetts.....	181
Beginning of Otis's Career.....	182
Rights of the Colonies Asserted and Proved.....	183
Otis, the Father of the Stamp Act Congress.....	184
First Blast of the Revolution.....	185
Revolutionary Speech of Otis.....	186
Patrick Henry of Virginia.....	187
Hero Worship in Biographers.....	188
Youth of Patrick Henry.....	189
Henry's Poverty and Early Struggles.....	190
Henry is Admitted to the Bar.....	191
Henry's Triumph in the Parson's Case.....	192
His Election to the House of Burgesses.....	193
Henry's Five Resolutions.....	194
Terrific Power of Henry's Eloquence.....	195
He Reaches the Summit of Glory.....	196
Institutions of Learning in the Colonies.....	197

SECTION SIXTH.

Institutions of Learning in the Colonies.	
The First American College Founded.....	198
Early History of Harvard College.....	199
Great Men Sent Out from Harvard.....	200
William and Mary College.....	201
Its Struggles and Triumphs.....	202
National Injustice towards William and Mary..	203
Yale College.....	204
Early History of Yale College.....	205
Its Great Contributions to Learning.....	206
The College of New Jersey.....	207
Its Benefactors and Illustrious Men.....	208
King's College—now Columbia.....	209
Its Founders and Early Friends.....	210
Its Fortunes during the Revolution.....	211
King's becomes Columbia College.....	212
Present Condition of Columbia.....	213
The University of Pennsylvania.....	214
Rhode Island College—Brown University.....	215
Its Succession of Eminent Men.....	216
Its Present Resources and Standing.....	217
Rutger's College—Its Struggles Rewarded.....	218
Its Reorganization and Permanent Endowments..	219
Origin of Dartmouth College.....	220
Dartmouth Refounded by Daniel Webster.....	221
What Dartmouth has Done for the World.....	222
The Library Company of Philadelphia.....	223
The Redwood Library—Bishop Berkeley.....	224
Dr. Channing in the Redwood Library.....	225
History of the Redwood Library.....	226
The New York Society Library.....	227
Charleston Library.....	228

SECTION SEVENTH.

	PAGE
Dawn of the Revolution—Tokens of its Approach	
—Causes which immediately led to the Declaration of Independence.....	228
Profound Loyalty of the Colonists.....	229
Affection of our Forefathers for England.....	230
How England alienated her Colonies.....	231
Merle D'Aubigné's Views of American Character..	232
Tribute to D'Aubigné and Count Cavour.....	233
Passage of the Stamp Act.....	234
The Colonies go into Mourning.....	235
The Provincial Congress of 1765.....	236
Franklin at the Bar of Commons.....	237
Struggle for Liberty in Parliament.....	238
Repeal of the Stamp Act.....	239
Fresh Aggressions on the Colonies.....	240
The Tea thrown into Boston Harbor.....	241
Sympathy with Massachusetts.....	242
Spirit of Independence in Virginia.....	244
Meeting of the Continental Congress.....	244
Characteristics of the Principal Delegates.....	245
Proceedings of the Continental Congress.....	246
The Solemnity of the Occasion.....	247
Chatham's Defence of America.....	248
First Blood of the Revolution.....	249
Capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point.....	250
Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence.....	251
Preparations for Battle.....	252
The Day of Bunker Hill.....	253
Webster's Description of the Battle.....	254
Fifty Years after the Battle.....	255
Webster's Bunker Hill Oration.....	256
Washington appointed Commander-in-Chief.....	257
Washington sets out for Cambridge.....	258
Washington's Reception in New York.....	259
The four Major-Generals appointed.....	260
Jealousy of Military Power.....	261
A People in Arms—not an Army.....	262
Virginia leads the Grand Insurrection.....	263
Franklin appointed Postmaster-General.....	264
The Olive Branch rejected by the King.....	265
Foreign Mercenaries employed.....	266
Help asked from Catharine of Russia.....	267
Russia our Natural Ally.....	268
Congress begins to build a Navy.....	269
Invasion of Canada determined on.....	270
Arnold's March through the Wilderness.....	271
Death of Montgomery.....	272
English Talent sides with America.....	273
Final Separation approaching.....	274
The American Flag first raised.....	275
Washington marches to New York.....	276
Patriotism and Valor of South Carolina.....	277
Chivalry of Jasper.....	278
Early History of Thomas Paine.....	279
Influence of Paine's Political Writings.....	280
His Characteristics as a Writer.....	281
Paine's Influence in the Army.....	282
Public Testimonials for his Services to the Nation..	283

CONTENTS.

SECOND PERIOD, 1776-1815.

CONSOLIDATION AND STATESMANSHIP.

FROM THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, TO THE
CLOSE OF THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.

SECTION FIRST.

Declaration of Independence.

	PAGE
Lee's Resolution for Independence.....	285
The great Debate in Secret Session.....	286
The Morning of the Fourth of July.....	287
John Adams' last Argument for the Declaration..	288
[Declaration of Independence—Eight pages.]	
Final Adoption of the Declaration.....	289
Reception of the Declaration by the Army.....	290
Its Reception by the People.....	291
Its Reception by Mankind.....	292
Its Reception by our Enemies.....	293
How could the Declaration be made good.....	294
Resources of the Country.....	295
Agriculture and Population.....	296
Revolutionary Troops and Militia.....	297
Elements of the Revolutionary War.....	298
The Empire to crush the Republic.....	299
The Battle of Long Island.....	300
Washington's Address to the Army.....	301
The Retreat from Long Island.....	302
How the Retreat was conducted.....	303
Death of Hale, the American Spy.....	304
Results of the Brooklyn Disaster.....	305
Discouraging Condition of the Army.....	306
Contrast between the contending Parties.....	307
Last Four Dark Months of 1776.....	308
Trying Position of Washington.....	309
Bad Character of General Lee.....	310
Washington crosses the Hudson.....	311
Fall of Fort Washington—Terrible Loss.....	312
Disloyalty of General Lee.....	313
Washington's Retreat through the Jerseys.....	314
Darkest Hours of the Revolution.....	315
The British Army reaches the Delaware.....	316
Alarm in Philadelphia.....	317
Flight of Congress to Baltimore.....	318
A deeper Gloom over the Country.....	319
Approaching doom of the Hessians.....	320
Washington's plan for saving the Nation.....	321
The Leader's Advice taken.....	322

SECTION SECOND.

New Era in the War for Independence—Washing- ton clothed with Authority to prosecute it.....	323
Crossing the Delaware.....	324

	PAGE
The Night Victory at Trenton.....	325
Washington at Rall's Death-bed.....	326
How Robert Morris raised Money.....	327
Washington clothed with new Authority.....	328
Washington concentrates all his Forces.....	329
Night Flight from Trenton.....	330
The Battle of Princeton.....	331
Winter Quarters at Morristown.....	332
Immense Results of a brief Campaign.....	333
Its Effect at Home and Abroad.....	334
How Washington dealt with Tories.....	335
Washington and Franklin at Christmas.....	336
Preparations for the Campaign of 1777.....	337

SECTION THIRD.

State Building—Thirteen Independent Democra- tic Commonwealths founded.....	338
Training of American Statesmen.....	339
Constitutions of the Thirteen States.....	340
Constitutions of N. H., S. C., R. I., Conn., Va., N. J.....	341
Constitutions of Del., Penn., Md., N. C., Ga., N. Y.....	342

SECTION FOURTH.

Preparations of the British for the Campaign of 1777.....	343
Germany scoured for more Troops.....	344
Tryon's Foray into Connecticut.....	345
Expeditions to Sag Harbor and Newport.....	346
An Embassy to France.....	347
First Interview with Vergennes.....	348
What America asked of Louis.....	349
Embarkation of Lafayette.....	350
Sprague's Welcome to Lafayette.....	351
Lafayette's Career delineated.....	352
Why he espoused our Cause.....	353
Burgoyne's projected Invasion.....	354
Investment of Ticonderoga.....	355
Victory of Bennington.....	356
Heroism of Stark and Warner.....	357
A Bloody raid on the Mohawk.....	358
Indian atrocities—Miss M'Crea massacred.....	359
Schuyler superseded—Burgoyne's extremity.....	360
Burgoyne prepares for Battle.....	361
First Battle of Bemis's Heights.....	362
Burgoyne's last Battle.....	363

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Burgoyne's Surrender.....	364	Preliminary Articles to Peace.....	420
Consequences of the Northern Victories.....	365	Washington Parting with his Officers.....	421
Effect of the News in Europe.....	366	Washington Resigns his Commission.....	422
Situation of Lord North.....	367	His Parting Words to Congress.....	423
From Versailles to Valley Forge.....	368		
Lafayette at the Battle of Brandywine.....	369	SECTION EIGHTH.	
Washington's Strategy during 1777.....	370	Under the Articles of Confederation.....	424
The Winter at Valley Forge.....	371	Signers to the Articles of Confederation.....	425
A Conspiracy to supersede Washington.....	372	Evils of a mere Confederacy.....	425
		SECTION NINTH.	
SECTION FIFTH.		The Adoption of the National Constitution.....	427
The Alliance with France.....	373	Difficulties to be Overcome.....	428
Immediate Results of the French Alliance.....	374	A New Creation of Statesmanship.....	429
Sympathy of Frederic of Prussia.....	375	The Three Inevitable Parties among Men.....	430
Friendship of the Queen of France.....	376	Slavery First makes Trouble.....	431
Franklin at the Palace, and the Academy.....	377	The Constitution at last Completed.....	432
The French Fleet sails for America.....	378		
British Commissioners for Peace.....	379	SECTION TENTH.	
Meeting of Franklin and Voltaire.....	380	Administration of Washington.....	433
Voltaire's Place in Philosophical History.....	381	Washington's Farmer Life.....	434
Fête in Honor of Lord Howe.....	382	Washington's Last Visit to his Mother.....	435
Howe's Last American Achievement.....	383	The First Presidential Inauguration.....	436
How our Prisoners of War were treated.....	384	The Simple Ceremonies.....	437
La Fayette Visits his Home.....	385	The Solemn Worship in St. Paul's.....	438
La Fayette's Estimate of Washington.....	386	Washington's Confidential Advisers.....	439
The Hard-won Field of Monmouth.....	387	Hamilton Establishes our Financial System.....	440
Washington's Curse on Lee.....	388	The Judiciary of the United States.....	441
The Massacre of Wyoming.....	389	Vermont Admitted to the Union.....	442
The Doomed Garden Vale.....	390	Our Foreign Relations—Washington's Second Term.....	443
Desolation of the Happy Valley.....	391	Apprehended Troubles with France.....	444
Indian Slaughter—British Policy.....	392	Bitter Party Conflicts.....	445
French Fleet in American Waters.....	393	A Second War with England Threatened.....	446
A Marauding Expedition to Virginia.....	394	English Arrogance on the Ocean.....	447
Anthony Wayne Storms Stony Point.....	395	War Averted by Jay's Treaty.....	448
Clinton's Barbarity in the South.....	396	Washington Retires from Public Life.....	449
Fortune Favors us on the Sea.....	397	John Adams Succeeds Washington.....	450
Brilliant Deeds of Paul Jones.....	398	Origin of Hail Columbia.....	451
Darkling Close of 1779.....	399	Death of Washington.....	452
The Horizon begins to Brighten.....	400	Napoleon's Tribute to Washington.....	453
Treason of Benedict Arnold.....	401	A Pilgrimage to Mount Vernon.....	454
Meeting of Arnold and André.....	402		
Treason Plotted at Midnight.....	403	[WASHINGTON'S CHARACTER—Eight pages.]	
The Upper Chamber one Autumn Day.....	404	Jefferson and his Administration.....	455
The Miscarriage of the Plot.....	405	Acquisition of the Territory of Louisiana.....	456
André Sleeps in Westminster Abbey.....	406	War with Tripoli.....	457
Victories of Cowpens and Guilford.....	407	The Burr-Hamilton Duel.....	458
Greene's Generalship in the South.....	408	The True Merits of the Combatants.....	459
		Real Objects of Burr's Expedition.....	460
SECTION SIXTH.		Burr in his Home.....	461
The War for Independence Drawing to a Close.....	409	Madison elected Jefferson's Successor.....	462
Historical Tributes to Connecticut.....	410	Fresh Aggressions of Great Britain.....	463
Connecticut's Place in the Republic.....	411		
Arnold's Maraud on New London.....	412	SECTION ELEVENTH.	
Evacuation of New London.....	413	The Second War with England.....	464
The Doom of the Traitor Arnold.....	414	Hostilities on Land and Sea.....	465
Surrender of Cornwallis.....	415	Re-election of Madison.....	466
End of the Seven Years' Tragedy.....	416	Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.....	467
Disbanding the Continental Army.....	417	Don't give up the Ship.....	468
Effect in Europe of Cornwallis's Surrender.....	418	Wellington's Veterans in the Struggle.....	469
		Burning of the American Capitol.....	470
SECTION SEVENTH.			
Peace.....	418		
Lord Shelbourne's Letter to Franklin.....	419		

CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
Mrs. Madisen's Heroic Conduct..... 471	The Schoolmaster of the Republic..... 479
MacDonough's Victory on Lake Champlain..... 472	English to be the Universal Language... .. 480
Approach of the Final Struggle..... 473	Our Debt to Noah Webster..... 481
Peace Conquered at New Orleans..... 474	Fortunes of Webster's Spelling-Book..... 482
The Fruits of Fifty Years' Work..... 475	[An Original MAP OF THE UNITED STATES with the
Education of the whole People..... 476	Territorial Divisions of 1815; illustrative of the
Practical Philosophy of General Education..... 477	First Two Periods of OUR FIRST HUNDRED
One Language for a Great People..... 478	YEARS. 1492-1776. 1776-1815. END OF VOL. I.]

THE OPENING.

THE climber of the far Western Mountains, who drinks from the rivulet sparkling at his feet, cannot resist emotions of grandeur when told, that for thousands of miles it flows on, till it swells into the solemn Mississippi.

I want the reader to go with me to the fountain-head of our Nation's Life, and together we will follow the stream down the rugged hills; through the grand old woods; in its long reaches among waving fields; and by great cities as it sweeps on in its resistless tide to the sea.

Nor shall he find it a weary voyage, if he carries as cheerful a heart as still beats in the bosom of the pilot who will steer his bark.

If my fellow-voyager be a fair *maiden*, she shall learn something of the romance of the primitive forest, and how "the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate." She shall learn, too, something dearer and more beautiful far—the imperishable story of the loves and sufferings, of the matchless wives and daughters of the old colonial, and revolutionary days.

If a brave *boy*, just coming up into life, like a beautiful morning spread on the mountains without a single cloud, he shall learn what stuff the men who built this nation were made of; and how courage, virtue, and truth can alone cover manhood with honor.

If a *soldier*, he shall look on the battle-fields where daring and patriotism won the crowning wreaths of valor and freedom.

If a *sailor*, he shall hear the guns of Jones, Porter, Bainbridge, Perry, and Decatur, and listen to the death-cry of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!"

If a *farmer*, at what price the husbandman reaped the scanty

THE OPENING.

crops that fed the growing family, with no luxury to make beautiful their homely, hard-working life.

If a *preacher of the gospel*, he shall again see how the founders of Christianity in America did their Master's work.

If a *mechanic*, he shall see men leaving their work-benches for battle-fields, and halls of legislation.

If a *student of science*, he shall enter the laboratories of Franklin, Whitney, Fulton, and Morse.

If a *statesman*, he shall learn from the Founders of the Republic, how to make Codes and Treaties, and how to build up States. And so shall he more fully comprehend how the foundations of this mighty edifice, which now shelters so many millions of free and happy people, were laid; how the fair structure rose; and how it is at last enriched by trophies of art in every field of labor, and crowded with emblems of national glory.

The *stranger* is sure of a warm welcome on these shores, for *our fathers were all strangers here*; and America has always been the Stranger's Paradise. To him, I would offer a landscape of our social life and history, from which he may more readily get a broad, but clear view of what has been done by Americans at home—what useful contributions we have made to the world, not only in multiplying wealth and comfort, but in elevating *men*: how human life has got a new value here. For this, after all, is the grandest lesson which the European can learn from us. If he misses this, he misses all: since, if we have solved no higher problems than in mechanics, we have lived in vain. If man himself has gained no new worth on this continent, it may just as well have been left unwaked from its dreamless sleep of ages. If the European does not see something of all this, he may almost as well have staid at home.

In writing a full History of the United States, from the Declaration of Independence to the close of the first hundred years, the historian would feel that he was touching upon a wide sea of toilsome adventure. To execute such a work with any degree of fulness, would require as ample space as Gibbon filled in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," or Bancroft in his voluminous "History." But in this work, the writer was of necessity brought within such narrow limits, that he could hope to give, even the intelligent reader, only a clear

THE OPENING.

view of the progress of the American people during the first century of their national existence. The plan of publication imperatively precluded a minute enumeration of events. But this is a matter of little regret, since nobody would have read it: and most authors now write to get readers, rather than to display learning.

But with what the publishers have generously granted in space and my own rigorous efforts at condensation may have accomplished, I have endeavored to sweep the entire field: and if by seizing and illustrating only points of stirring interest, or special significance, the reader may carry away from the perusal, *the spirit of our history*—a clear conception of the causes which led to the establishment of Free Institutions in North America—the way in which Independence was achieved—the character and deeds of the Founders of the Republic, and the leading indices of its otherwise incomprehensible advancement, I shall be very thankful.

The value of a history cannot be measured by its length; and while scholars and statesmen must cultivate a familiar acquaintance with the most copious annals of nations, yet we find that from the earliest periods, those records of human affairs which have been of the most service to the mass of mankind, have been written with brevity. Many a work of value has been buried under the mountain of its own words. Many of the best authors, too, are either writing less voluminously, or abridging their own works, being sure that unless they do it themselves it may be less satisfactorily done by other hands.

We are, moreover, living in so active and bustling a period, that few persons can find time to read large and exhaustive books. Modern life has become too valuable, complicated, and exacting with most of us, for anything that does not produce early practical results. Our seed-times and harvests are being crowded closer together. In many a field the plow is seen following the reaper.

The age of contemplation and retirement has passed—the age of execution has come. The life of a generation is a longer period now, than was once the life of an Empire. America first taught mankind the real value of time, and by what standard it should be calculated. It is no longer measured by successive vibrations of the pendulum, but by succession of ideas. Not by minutes, but by results—not by seconds even, but by revolutions. The hours are no more marked

THE OPENING.

by the sun-dial, or the hour-glass, but by strokes of the engine, and flashes of the telegraph.

I wish I could have had ampler room to portray the lives of the Fathers of American Liberty, for we can never love this broad land too well, nor drink in too deep the spirit of the men of the Revolution. If the rich heritage they left us is to be kept unimpaired, and we are to transmit to a far future the noble institutions which greeted our accession to civic life, it will be chiefly because we shall have remembered the counsels, revered the names, and enshrined the virtues of the Heroes, Patriots and Statesmen of the early days of the Republic.

The world has now had a century to contemplate the character of Washington, and the impartial judgment of mankind has pronounced him the greatest and best of men. No man of his time, and no one who came after him, but revered his character. His name is the watch-word of all nations striking for freedom. He is indeed beyond my poor praise. I would only reach the foot of the mountain where he stood, when he was taken from the scenes of his triumph on earth, to be welcomed by the God and Father of Liberty in His Eternal Temple.

The time has hardly come to estimate the influence of America upon the fortunes of the human race. But I hold firmly to the belief, that George Washington and his companions, with the Declaration of Independence in their hands, are destined to accomplish for the political redemption of mankind, what Jesus Christ and His apostles with the Gospel, have achieved for man's spiritual elevation. The character of the present age has in this country, been moulded *altogether* by the men and events of which I have spoken; and in contemplating the future, what transporting prospects stretch out before us, if we only prove true to ourselves!

A new and better day for mankind is everywhere breaking. The schoolmaster has left the University, and gone abroad through the world. He is in Labrador, and Patagonia; he is building American school-houses in Japan, and in the distant islands of the South Seas; he has sailed up the Golden Horn; he has passed the Pyramids. We are beginning to do for the *minds* of men, what we once did only for their bodies. Every sign in the political and moral firmament,

THE OPENING.

betokens progress, and inspires hope. The whole world is in motion, and the whole world is bidding us God-speed.

The tidal-wave which started from Plymouth Rock, and James River, has begun to surge around the shores of old Asia ; and as its swarming communities turn their backs on the hoary cypresses, which for dreary centuries held their steady moan over those gray sepulchres of *eight hundred millions of the buried-alive*, they feel the undulations of THE AMERICAN AGE.

The Black-Letter Age has gone by, to return no more. And who would roll back our advancing car again into the murky shadows of those gloomy ages? Would you rebuild the Pyramids for dead Pharaohs? The world's commerce for living man is already moving by steam through the Isthmus of Suez, and the enlightened ruler of Egypt has put a hundred thousand men to building a railway to the sources of the Nile. Would you again launch five million Crusaders on the plains of Asia? Men are no longer looking to the East for light. Old Berkeley's prophecy has become history: "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." Would you re-dig the dungeons, or reconstruct the Bastiles of the past, or light again the fires of religious persecution? "Go, be a dog, and bay the moon!"

Four centuries ago, a monk's pen produced one illuminated book in a lifetime. The Literature of the world is now thrown off by the Titan arms of steam. One deed of humanity, or one bold stroke for freedom, is worth more now than a thousand sectarian dogmas.

When men can *think* free, they will *act* free. Europe has waked up to achieve her freedom ; and although the struggle for arbitrary power is still waged with subtlety and desperation, yet the wronged millions of the Old World are sweeping thrones and hierarchies to the dust. The tide of battle between liberty and despotism, between the principles of our fathers, and the principles of kings—in a word; between the past and the future, may, and will, ebb and flow. But it is a struggle for principle ; and a struggle for principle is a steadier and a stronger one than the struggle for bread. There is no danger like that of trying to scourge the newly-emancipated spirit back to its prison-house. It is the frenzy of madness for governments, with the wrong all on their side, to attempt, by rifled cannon, and troops of the line, to arrest the avalanche-rush of millions towards their

THE OPENING.

rights. Over such frail barriers, the tread of the multitude is like the march of the storm.

It is not always that nine-tenths of mankind are to suffer from want, that the remaining fraction may be able to die of surfeit. Equality among all classes in civil rights, is the goal towards which the world is marching, and it will reach it. What tumults and chaos and blood lie between them and it, no man can tell. But if need be, through these it must be reached, through them it will pass; for, armed with the Almighty's decree, press enslaved mankind to freedom.

How slow, or how fast is to be its march, none but the God of Nations can tell. We only hear the tread of the advancing multitude. We only believe that it is a part of the Creator's plan to bring all his children up to competence and comfort; and every government and institution that does not wheel into the movement, will be overthrown. Vainer than a dream is the expectation of arresting this onward movement of the race. The world shall not be dragged back to its former darkness and slavery. The power to do it has passed forever from the hands of despots. War, anarchy, and madness may drench the earth in blood; but civilized man is no longer to sit tamely down under oppression. Its silent, deadly tooth is no longer to sink unresisted, into his bruised and bleeding flesh. The world has heard the shout of freedom, and is straining on its fetters. It is saying to its oppressors:—"The cup of trembling ye have so long pressed to our lips, we will drain no more forever—we are men!"

Such have been some of the fruits of the Declaration of Independence, and the example and achievements of our fathers.

Gathering as we shall on the approaching Centennial morning of the Fourth of July, 1876, under domes and arches, and in halls and hamlets everywhere dedicated to Liberty and Worship, how unworthy will the aspiration of any American heart prove, which shall not be as broad, and pure, and grand, as are the principles of the Constitution which binds this vast cluster of Commonwealths together!

Let us come then to the National Altar, and receive afresh its regenerating baptism of patriotic fire:—worthy members of a grand

THE OPENING.

fraternity whose interests are as boundless as the continent is wide, and whose prejudices and passions are engendered by a land bounded on the North by eternal ice, and stretching to the South where we see the wings of our Eagle flapping over the heated line of the Equator, —and from the Atlantic coast with its teeming cities and freighted argosies, to the golden shores of the Pacific!

With such a country, with so many interests to subserve, with such boundless hopes freighting the ship of State as she moves down into the next century, let us, in God's name, all be brothers! Let the Genius of Liberty sweep into the all-forgetting River every sign and trophy of our first and last civil conflict; and as they float away into eternal oblivion, we will forget, embrace, and love.

And so we shall last: and amidst the wrecks of other so-called republics, strewn along the shores of Time, we will hold the oriflamme still blazing on the eyes of the millions of the Old World, who are patiently waiting for the redemption of the Nations.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

THERE is the same difficulty in portraying the character of Washington, that we find in describing the grandest works of nature. Here the painter has a clear advantage over the writer. Even the words of the Greek orator, give a very poor idea of the effect of his oration. 'The wonder-working part of all oratory must needs perish in the delivery.' As the pen never can make the reader feel as he does when he hears one of the symphonies of Beethoven; or the confused noises of a mob start the blood of the war-horse like the blast of the bugle, or the thunder of artillery; as the inspired lines of the poet are but a poor substitute for the forest storm, or the nameless charms of a beautiful landscape bathed in the golden purple of evening, or sleeping in the sacred hush of moon-lit heavens; as symmetrical wholes, perfect harmony in thought, feeling, music, or art, are never described by pen or pencil; and the whole realm through which nature is pouring her eternal anthems, meets no fitting response except in the soul of man, through whose enraptured form alone, inspiration can find any expression—so, too, do the difficulties of fully delineating a grand, harmonious character increase, until a complete portrayal of a man like Washington rises into an impossibility.

We can, indeed, say that in all feats of agility and strength; litheness and grace of form; in the ripened beauty, but half-revealed power of the young Apollo; in early training, by long exposure in climbing mountains, and swimming winter rivers through creaking ice-cakes; working long days under the dis-

FAINT LIMNINGS.

solving heat of a melting sun, and bound by the frozen chains of arctic cold, he grew into a strength and power of endurance, rarely seen even among the men of his time, who had been spoiled by none of the enervating caresses of tender mothers, but whom nature claimed as her own hardy sons of the wilderness, whom she cradles in storms and fondles in tempests, as she does the eagle and the lion, whom she brings up to do her heavy work. Nor is she an unkind mother. The wild flowers are blooming, the wild birds are singing, and morning, with her rose-tints, is blushing over the very chasm where her own Niagara is leaping to its hell of waters. Go with that travelling sunshine, till its first beams strike the Sierra Nevada, and from its highest and sheerest cliff, the bird of Washington, with the eaglet on her back, launches from the dizzy height, and at mid-heaven, casts off her young, where it too must learn to fly.

Nor does it help the delineation much to speak of the grace with which Washington moved in the presence of women of culture and beauty; nor of the majesty with which he could not help moving among the great men of his period; for nature's noblemen carry their heraldry emblazoned on them; her kings are crowned from their birth. The majesty of a great soul cannot be painted—it can only be felt; and with all his gentleness and modesty of character, no man ever left his presence without a feeling somewhat akin to that with which we gaze on the old oak, with its biography of a thousand years written in the fibres of its gnarled trunk; or the ocean in all the repose it ever gets in its eternal heavings; or the inspiring presence of the blooded race-horse walking leisurely out to the course.

But a few lines, however faint, may be traced here. The common idea of Washington is as wide of the truth, as it is offensive

in its vulgarity. He has been represented by the feeble literature of pious cant, as so impossibly and intolerably good, that he was removed beyond all human infirmity, or the possibility of imitation. The imitation part might be admitted, with some limitation. Nor can the essential goodness and moral purity of his character scarcely be overdrawn. But he was entirely human ; and it were better to substitute the words gentleness and tenderness ; for his great heart was as sensitive to the softest touch, as the old organ of Haarlem Cathedral under the hand of a master ; or Newton, when he saw the ashes of his precious manuscripts, patted his favorite dog hard, and kindly, as the great tears rolled down, and his frame shook with suffering—‘Never mind, my poor fellow ; you did not know what you were doing.’

To his dying day Major-General Lee never forgot the terrible curse his commander-in-chief hurled on him, when he rode up and found him retreating from the field of Monmouth. In that awful moment there was no language fit for the occasion, that was not borrowed from the nomenclature of the Almighty. He who can remain unmoved in the midst of such scenes, is less than a man, or more than a god.

Through every fibre of that Herculean frame—standing upwards of six feet, developed into matchless and symmetrical beauty—every passion, thought, and feeling that belongs to earth or heaven went thrilling. Not a nerve but waked to every zephyr breath ; not a muscle of that grand frame but was as elastic, not a tendon that was not as hard as steel. He was of all men, perhaps, gifted with the finest nervous sensibility, and the mightiest power of will ; for over the broad expanse of his nature, where the capabilities of terrific action lay reposing, they woke to the

HIS GRANDEUR AND REVERENCE OF SOUL.

summons of that all-controlling will, directed by supreme judgment, and arrayed themselves for action, as the divisions of an army answer the signals to come into line of battle. It was in achieving such masterly self-control, that he displayed a sublimer victory than 'he who taketh a city.' If there had been nothing to master, where would have been the triumph?

There is nothing startling in the solemn expanse of a great prairie, when the eye can rest only on the distant line where earth and heaven meet. Uniformity, calmness, expanse, symmetry, harmony—all these aspects of nature in repose—inspire us with sublimity only in contrast with the thought of them all in action. There is no silence so awful as that which just precedes the breaking of the storm. Even the beasts cower in the presence of that majestic hush.

These cherry-tree stories about George Washington have been told long enough. Such trivialities, be they the work of fancy or not, never help the character of such men. But the earnest believer in the God of Christianity, finds a deep significance in the fact, that, in the darkest hours of the Revolutionary struggle, the half-suppressed murmur of prayer was sometimes heard from the tent of the commander-in-chief. There were moments during that great drama of life and death, when every earnest heart in the nation was engaged in the same business. There are times when the soul of man can find help nowhere but in going to his omnipotent and loving Father. This is what true men understand by being 'made in the image of God;' this is what every true Christian understands by prayer. Woe be to the man who is ignorant of all this! So far is he unworthy of being trusted with the fortunes of a great people, the poor wretch's soul is not safe in his own keeping. The torch-bearers of human

hope—the salvators of humanity—the great men who in all the ages have led the human race on to light and victory, have been reverent men.

It was by the greatest heroes of Greece, that Jupiter's heaven was oftenest besieged by supplication. The Hebrew lawgiver—the greatest man of antiquity—talked familiarly with God. Socrates, the intellectual dictator of the ages, believed in heavenly inspiration, and the Divine guidance of his guardian angel. The old Idumean Prince—who, in the sublime allegory of Job, was but a type of what every great soul must pass through before it can be redeemed—was the most reverent and illuminated interpreter of the Almighty, of whom history has left any record. Worship of God, and prayer, and sacrifice, was the inspiration of the Roman legions. Dependence upon Supreme Power speaks from every altar ever erected by human hands. Constantine was invincible after he saw the cross flaming on the sky. It was for the recovery of the tomb of the Saviour, and in the name of the Christian's God, that the armies of Saladin went down before the chivalry of Europe. Prayer was as much the order of the day as drill, in the army of Cromwell. Everywhere we find that the men who pray best are the hardest fighters. The battery of 'The sword of the Lord and Gideon' sent terror through the Assyrian host. It has been common to sneer at the Puritans; but, says Macaulay, no man ever did it who had occasion to meet them in the halls of debate, or cross swords with them on the field of battle. Yes, thank God, Washington was a praying man.

We have no knowledge of any great military or political leader, general or statesman—or both blended in one, as Washington had to be—who had such difficulties to overcome. All through the Revolution, he was cramped for means, munitions,

HIS ENORMOUS TRIALS.

and men. He scarcely had ten thousand troops under his command on a single field of battle. He never had a regiment perfectly equipped, well-provisioned, or promptly paid.

He was too great to be fully understood by the men under his command, or even by the Continental Congress itself.

He had to exhaust every resource to meet the exigencies of every day. He could not pave a highway to victory over the corpses of a constantly recruited army. He could not risk *all* upon any one movement. His history is illuminated only by occasional flashes of brilliant victory.

Half his title to military glory, like Xenophon's, lies in conducting masterly retreats. Destiny itself compelled him to be a Fabius, while nature had endowed him with the elements of the boldest and most heroic generalship.

Great as was his humanity, necessity forced him to hold on to every life with the grasp of a drowning man; every grain of powder, and ounce of lead, or scrap of subsistence, he hoarded with the greed of a miser.

There were petty jealousies and small ambitions; there was all the malignity of envy, and the ill-suppressed discontent of selfish and mean natures; there were even conspiracies in his camp; there was dissatisfaction in Congress; there was groundless apprehension of dictatorial power.

He lived in a world of trial and trouble; and in the silent sufferings of his own heart, he went through such anguish as none but great souls ever know.

But he was equal to every trial. His faith bore him up when all other supports gave way ; nor is it irreverent if we apply to him, while he was passing through that fearful ordeal, the words which the beholder used when he looked into the fiery furnace where the three Hebrew victims had been cast by a heathen king, 'I see one walking with them like unto the Son of Man.'

[The following words could have fallen only from the lips of Daniel Webster :—We are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington ; and what a century it has been ! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing for human intelligence and human freedom, more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era as well as at the head of the New World. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought ; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders : and of both he is the chief.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the State, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies, and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness ; to him who denies that our forms of government are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory ; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples ; to all these I reply by pointing to Washington !]

THE FATHER'S LAST LEGACY.

'In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude, which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me ; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me ; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism ; the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence ; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual ; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained : that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue ; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation, which is yet a stranger to it.'— *Washington's Farewell Address.*



LESTER'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

FIRST PERIOD.

1492—1776.

DISCOVERY AND COLONIZATION.

SECTION FIRST.

DISCOVERIES.

THE New World was discovered just at the right time. Whether the old Sagas which the blue-eyed Norsemen rehearsed, of the discovery of America five hundred years before Columbus, were truthful legends of Viking heroism and Scandinavian adventure, or not, is of very little consequence, since mankind were not ready to make any use of the fact. Europe had not yet woken from the long night of the Dark Ages. The First Crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, had not been proclaimed. The only copy in existence of the Pandects of Justinian, still lay hid away in a Roman ruin at Amalfi. Hardly a score of complete copies of the Bible were in the possession of the human race. The treacherous variations of the Mariner's Compass were unknown and uncalculated. The Telescope had not been invented. The scholars of the Eastern Empire had not yet fled from the falling towers of Constantinople with their priceless scrolls of ancient learning. The art of Printing, which was to secure civilization for all coming time, had not yet been discovered. The deep shadow of barbarism hung heavy over the earth. Whatever had been known of art or science, by the polished nations of antiquity, was buried under the rubbish of dead centuries. The Revival of Letters, which brought with it the emancipation of the human mind, had not yet colored the dream of a single scholar! What could Europe have done with a New World?

We date from a well-known event—the greatest since the birth of the Saviour; nor shall we dwell upon it, since the imperishable record of our beloved Irving has made any other attempt to repeat the recital, not only unnecessary, but hopeless.

Columbus.—October 12, 1492.—On the evening of October 11, 1492, the land-breezes came to Columbus and his little fleet, loaded with the perfumes of the tropics. Through the growing light of the next morning, his weary

eyes were greeted by the sight of waving forest trees ; the song of birds fell on his ear ; and he heard those gladdest of all sounds, human voices, which told him he had found the New Land he was seeking, and that it was inhabited. He landed, and calling the little island by the dearest name he could invoke, he unfurled over San Salvador the castles, and lions, of Castile, and Leon—the standard of Spain—and took possession in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella.

John Cabot.—*March 5, 1496.*—It had been the desire of Columbus to undertake his grand voyage to the Indies under the auspices of England. He had in his early days sailed by the British Islands in his adventurous expeditions to the Northern seas ; but when his triumphant return from his first voyage had filled the maritime nations with transports of amazement and enthusiasm, Henry VII., who had opened a new period of prosperity for England, by the overthrow of Richard in the battle of Bosworth field, where he won his crown, lent a willing ear to the proposal of John Cabot, the great Venetian navigator, for a voyage of discovery to the west. Accordingly, on the 5th of March, 1496, less than four years after Columbus' first discovery, Cabot received a patent under the Great Seal, commissioning him and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius, or either of them, their heirs or their deputies, to sail with five ships “under the royal banners and ensigns, to all parts, countries, and seas, of the east, of the west, and of the north, and to seek out and discover what soever isles, countries, regions and provinces, in what part of the world soever they might be, which before this time had been unknown to Christians.” In “this most ancient American State paper of England,” the King gave them further license “to set up the royal banners and ensigns in the countries, places, or mainland newly found by them, and to conquer, occupy and possess them as his vassals and lieutenants.” The patentees received no assistance in arming and furnishing their vessels ; they were required on every return voyage, to land at the port of Bristol and pay to the King a fifth part of the proceeds of the expedition. But his fleet¹ could not be got ready for sea till May of the following year.

The Cabots.—*June 24, 1497.*—Standing on the deck of a British vessel, bearing the royal standard of England, with his young son Sebastian at his side, the great navigator, John Cabot, first saw through the morning mists “the dismal cliffs of Labrador.” This was nearly fourteen months before Columbus, on his third voyage, came in sight of the mainland of South America. The continent of North America hereafter belonged to English men by right of discovery. Sailing along the coast many leagues without the sight of a human being, but observing that the country was inhabited,

¹ Only a few fragments of this voyage, or of the history of John Cabot himself, have been preserved. His fleet is believed to have consisted of four vessels. It is certain that the Admiral's ship was called *Matteo* [Matthew] ; that she was the first vessel that touched our American shores, and the only one that returned in safety to Bristol.

he landed and planted a large cross with the standard of England, and by its side the Venetian banner of St. Mark—the one in loyalty to his King, Henry VII.; the other in affection for Venice, his beloved Queen of the Adriatic. From that hour the fortunes of this continent were to be swayed by the Anglo-Saxon race.

Hardly three months had passed after Cabot's expedition sailed from Bristol, before his good ship *Matteo* let go her anchor again in the same harbor. The joyful news spread through all England; the King showed the discoverer distinguished honors, put into his hand a purse of gold,¹ and encouraged him to continue his career. He dressed in silk, and was everywhere greeted as "the great Admiral." From every quarter, seafaring men, including many of his Italian countrymen, pressed to enter his service. Under more favorable auspices, he prepared for a second voyage which he was never to make, and with the knowledge of this fact, all traces of him disappear. When he died, or where he was buried, we have no account.

Sebastian Cabot, May, 1498.—Whatever may have been the fate of his father, nothing dampened the ardor of young Sebastian, who, in the latter part of May, 1498, sailed with two ships, and as large a company of volunteers as he desired, determined to find the north-west passage to Cathay, and Japan; since all the lands either his father, or Columbus had yet discovered, were regarded only as outlying islands of the Asiatic coast.

The memorable year 1498.—This was one of the most memorable years in the history of discovery. Columbus, still fired by his fervid zeal to reach the Indies, and win for his King their inexhaustible treasures, and convert their swarming millions to the worship of God,—thus securing glory on earth, and Paradise hereafter,—had, during the same month that Cabot left Bristol, sailed on his third voyage, in which he was to discover the continent of South America, and be brought home a prisoner in chains.

Vasco da Gama.—During that same month, too, Vasco da Gama, another young ocean crusader, was doubling the Cape of Good Hope, clearing the Straits of Mozambique, and by going eastward reaching the very land which the other navigators were searching for in the west. That year of 1498 was to open new paths for the commerce of the world, and add immeasurably to the wealth of Europe.

Of course, Cabot missed the discovery of the north-west passage. But after leaving Newfoundland, where his discoveries of the great cod-fishing grounds were to enrich the world, he carefully explored the coast line of the United States as far south as the Chesapeake.

Sebastian Cabot long lived to enjoy his honors. On the death of Henry VII., he was invited to Spain by Ferdinand, where he was made Chief Pilot

¹ We learn the date of Cabot's return from the following entry in the privy purse accounts of Henry VII., dated August 20, 1497: "I have given a reward of ten pounds to hym that found the new isle."

of the Kingdom. After a voyage to South America under a commission from young Charles V., he returned to England, and was pensioned for his services. "He lived to an extreme old age, and so loved his profession to the last, that, in the hour of death, his wandering thoughts were upon the ocean. The discoverer of the territory of our country was one of the most extraordinary men of his day. There is deep reason for regret that time has spared so few memorials of his career. Himself incapable of jealousy, he did not escape detraction. He gave England a continent, and no one knows his burial-place."¹

Portugal, 1501.—Important discoveries were made by Portugal, besides those of Vasco da Gama; but none in North America. The nearest approach to it was in the summer of 1501. Gaspar Cortoreal coasted along the shores of Labrador several hundred miles, and finding no other profitable cargo, stole upwards of fifty of the native Indians, and returning home, sold them for slaves. The Portuguese having already made men articles of traffic, Cortoreal sailed for another cargo, from which, blessed be God, he never returned. Cortoreal might perhaps be considered as having,—through some of his countrymen who sixty years later settled in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia,—performed a work of supererogation for his human thefts, by their having first introduced cattle and swine into those regions.

The wars which ended in the fall of Grenada, and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain,² had left a large army of soldiers who had filled Europe with their fame, and most of them were ready for any new field of adventure. Cavaliers who had achieved such deeds of valor during the Moorish wars; soon grew discontented in the listlessness of the Court of Ferdinand, or found idleness and solitude intolerable in their mountain castles. In exterminating the enemies of the faith, a spirit of religious zeal, darkened by the superstitious bigotry that seemed to be congenial with the Spanish character, and clouded withal by a fondness for blood, found no vent except in dreaming of new conquests; and their eyes were directed towards the west. The four voyages of Columbus and his companions, with the belief everywhere prevailing that they were on the path to the discovery of the fabled Eldorado, took such complete possession of the Spanish mind, that at no period had been witnessed such irrepressible enthusiasm. Expeditions were continually being fitted out, and the whole drift of enterprise and adventure was towards the setting sun.

¹ "The fame of Columbus was soon embalmed in the poetry of Tasso; Da Gama is the hero of the national epic of Portugal; but the elder Cabot was so little celebrated, that even the reality of his voyage has been denied; and Sebastian derived neither benefit nor immediate renown from his expedition. His main object had been the discovery of a north-western passage to Asia, and in this respect his voyage was a failure; while Gama was cried up by all the world for having found the way by the south-east. For the next half century it was hardly borne in mind that the Venetian and his son had, in two successive voyages, reached the continent of North America before Columbus came upon

the low coast of Guiana. But England acquired through their energy such a right to North America, as this undisputable priority could confer. The successors of Henry VII. recognized the claims of Spain and Portugal only so far as they actually occupied the territories to which they laid pretension; and at a later day, the English Parliament and the English courts derived a title, founded, not upon occupancy, but upon the award of a Roman Pontiff."—*Bancroft's U. S.*, 22d ed., vol. i. p. 14.

² Here, too, Irving has left us the most charming account of that bloody and heroic struggle, in his "Conquest of Grenada."

Balboa, 1510.—In 1510, Balboa settled upon the Isthmus of Darien, and there planted the first colony on the American continent. Bent, as all these adventurers were, first of all, on the discovery of gold, it was in the search of it that, three years after his landing, Balboa, from the top of a high mountain, discovered the Pacific Ocean, which he called the South Sea. He descended the mountain, and in full costume entered the waters, and planted the Spanish flag, taking possession of the new-found sea.¹

Juan Ponce de Leon, March 27, 1513.—Juan Ponce de Leon had gained a great reputation for valor in the wars of Granada, and he was allowed to accompany Columbus on his second voyage. He was rewarded for his gallant military services in the conquest of Cuba, with the government of the eastern portion of the Island which is now so valiantly attempting to cast off the yoke of his successors. The neighboring island of Porto Rico, with its fascinating shores, excited his cupidity, and he was appointed to its government, where by the most grinding oppression of its natives, he soon became opulent. But he was early obliged to resign, when he cast about for some new field where he might found a kingdom of his own. He was now a scarred old soldier, and having, like most of even the intelligent spirits of his age, participated in the belief of the truthfulness of the tradition which located the Fountains of perpetual youth in the New World, and in hopes of its discovery, he sailed from Porto Rico with a squadron of three vessels, fitted out at his own expense, on a voyage to Fairy Land, in search of the Elixir of Life. Not finding it at Guanahani, nor among the Bahama Islands, he pursued his voyage to the west.

Florida, March 27, 1513.—On Easter Sunday morning—the Pascua Florida of the Spaniards—he gained the first sight of our Italian peninsula; and touching its golden sands on the spot near where St. Augustine stands, and finding himself surrounded by the flowers and verdure of early spring, he planted the ensign of Spain, and gave the beautiful land the name of Florida. But it was a dear discovery. Finding no Elixir Fountain for the ills of age, he returned disappointed to Porto Rico; but he was rewarded by his sovereign with the government of Florida, attended with the condition of colonizing it. Seven years went by before he could complete his preparations, when he sailed with two ships to take possession of his new province, and choose a site for his colony.

Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon.—But during the interval, while he was absent in Europe, some of the wealthy owners of mines and plantations in San Domingo, sent Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, with two slave-ships, to seize the natives of the Bermudas, and carry them away. But they were driven by a storm into St. Helen's Sound on the coast of South Carolina, where they anchored at the mouth of the Combahee river.

¹ Through jealousy of his fame, his fellow-adventurers brought accusations against him and put him to death in 1517.

The simple natives of these new lands had not yet learned to distrust white adventurers, and discovering no signs of hostility, they received them on landing with the most generous hospitality. Their fears being allayed, they returned the visit, bringing with them all their arms full of peace-offerings; and under those fair southern heavens, the sun was shining upon what seemed one of the most beautiful scenes yet enacted on the earth. These Europeans, clothed in the gorgeous costume of Spain, and living in what must have seemed to the rude children of the forest floating palaces; surrounded by implements of power and beauty, they looked up to their strange visitors with awe, and believed them to be the children of the Great Spirit. But this fair illusion was soon to be dispelled, and a great crime perpetrated, which could be atoned for only by four centuries of blood-thirsty vengeance. In the midst of this vision of enchantment and festivity, and when the betrayed Indians had been seduced below, the hatches were closed, all sails set, and the expedition started for San Domingo. The wails of the helpless captives were heard over the water, and answered by screams of terror and agony from wives, mothers, parents, and children, on the shore!

From that hour, the terrible news went quickly through the forest, from wigwam to wigwam, and village to village, until ere long, the maddening tale of treachery had reached the most distant tribe in North America; thus sowing in the bosoms of the Red Men the seeds of implacable hate that were to bear such baleful fruit in coming ages.

In the impotency of the victims, Heaven itself became their avenger. He who had told the white man "Vengeance is mine," made good the declaration. One of the ships foundered at sea; and in the other, nearly every prisoner refused food, and died. Vasquez did indeed effect his escape; and after reaching Spain, boasted of his expedition. The young Prince Charles V., who had just mounted the throne of Spain, was deceived by the misrepresentations, and the kidnapper was appointed to the conquest of Chicora,—a name given to the coast of South Carolina,—which had thus been desecrated by a crime too vast for the comprehension of its simple inhabitants.

But fortune steadily withheld her favors from the design. After exhausting his entire fortune in its preparation, his largest ship was wrecked on entering the Combahee river. Most of his men were killed by the natives, and the commander himself barely escaped with his life. Thus ended his career.

Meantime, Ponce de Leon was to pay his share of the penalty for the crime committed by Vasquez on the Carolina coast. He had no sooner landed, than the Indians fell upon him with maddened fury. Many of the company were slain, and Ponce de Leon, pierced by an arrow, was borne off to the fleet by his fugitive companions. Thus the soldier who had mingled his shouts with the victorious chivalry of Spain over fallen Grenada, lay in his cabin dying; his kingdom unfounded; his fountain of perpetual youth undiscovered; but the Indian not left unavenged.

Fernando Cortez, 1521.—We leave untold the wonderful expedition of Fernando Cortez, his conquest of the Empire of the Montezumas, and the brilliant honors that awaited him on returning to his country.

Ferdinand De Soto.—This great but unfortunate man had been one of the bravest of Pizarro's companions in his expedition to Peru, and on his triumphant reception in Spain, had received in marriage the hand of the daughter of a distinguished nobleman whom he had once served as a poor adventurer. He persuaded his benignant Sovereign, Charles V., that away in the heart of the Northern Continent, cities and kingdoms could be found, as splendid as those of Mexico and Peru. All the favors he asked for were granted. He was made Commander of Cuba, with supreme authority over the whole continental region that stretched to the north, which was designated by the term Florida.

When his expedition was announced, it stirred all the enthusiasm of a new crusade. The minds of men had grown wild, and the fever for gold and gems was burning in every Spanish vein. The nobility, the chivalry, and the heroism of the whole peninsula, flocked to join the expedition. Men sold their estates and family jewels to fit themselves out. From this vast array, De Soto chose six hundred men, all of them clothed in brilliant costumes, and glittering in polished armor. The day of sailing was as gay as a festival; and never, perhaps, before nor since, has been seen a similar spectacle so gorgeous.

May, 1539.—His reception at Cuba was worthy of a conqueror. Leaving his wife in the government of the Island, he sailed for his destination with a fleet of ten vessels, and fourteen days later anchored in the Bay of Spiritu Santo

June 10.—The expedition disembarked with three hundred blooded horses of Andalusia, and under the mid-day sun, flashing from burnished armor and golden trappings, the six hundred passed in review before their commander, presenting what must have been to the eyes of their doomed Indian spectators gazing on them from the neighboring forest, the strangest and most imposing sight ever presented on the soil of the New World.

The gay and gorgeous cavalcade began their march to those unknown empires in the far interior, whose cities flashed with gems, and whose streets were paved with gold. As they looked back, they saw their returning fleet fading away over the waters, and they knew that they were either to return loaded with wealth and covered with honor, or to leave their bones bleaching in the wilderness.

The expedition was supposed to be thoroughly prepared for any emergency. Their numbers and equipments, exceeded the expeditions of Cortez, and Pizarro, under which the empires of the Montezumas and the Incas had so easily fallen. Their armor and implements of war embraced everything known for conquest. They carried supplies of iron and steel, with blacksmiths' and armorers' forges, chains for captives, and trained bloodhounds as auxiliaries. They had abundant stores of provisions, with whole droves of swine, brought with them to spread through the forest. The expedition had every attribute

of a holy crusade, including twelve priests, with all the emblems and insignia of the altar in the service of mass. The benedictions of Heaven were to crown the crusade of the chivalry of Spain.

Many a brilliant pen, and the pencil of a great artist¹ have here come to the service of history. We can give no account of the expedition. With De Soto's entrancing but sad record, most of my readers are already familiar. Encountering the fierce Mobilien tribes, wasting by disease, or falling by the deadly arrows of the Indians, betrayed by captive guides, encountering swollen rivers and impenetrable morasses, they dragged out a winter in the land of the Chickasaws. Deluded still with the idea of gold, they followed an Indian guide as far north as the gold region of North Carolina the following spring, till, decimated in numbers, broken in spirit, they reached the Mississippi, probably at the lowest Chickasaw bluff, making this grand discovery, where, after a long detention in the construction of barges, they crossed the mighty stream to its western bank. Here De Soto erected a cross, made of a huge pine tree, and in the presence of nearly twenty thousand red men, the worship of God was witnessed, and the name of Jesus of Nazareth heard for the first time. He pushed on his fruitless explorations almost to the sources of the Red River, and as far north as the wilds of Southern Missouri, returning finally to the banks of the mighty stream he had first brought to the knowledge of civilized men.

But the discoverer of the Mississippi had at last to succumb to obstacles too great for him to conquer. The spirit of his remaining companions utterly broken, and surrounded by innumerable hordes of wild and revengeful

¹ I refer to The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, one of the paintings representing events which have occurred on this continent, which fill the eight panels in the Rotunda of the Capitol. Among sixty competitors, Mr. William H. Powell, the youngest of all, received the commission, by a vote of 198 out of 212 in the House of Representatives.

There are five great groups in the picture. On the right side, in the foreground, is a company of stalwart men planting a gigantic Cross. The ceremony is performed in the presence of twenty thousand Indians, who witnessed for the first time a Christian act of worship. The censer is held by an ecclesiastic, and as he waves it, the old priest, whose beard comes down almost to the sacred book he holds, plants the Tree of Salvation amidst the solitudes of the west. The herculean man who has dug the hole, is resting from his labor, looking with earnestness and solemnity upon this act of reverence and devotion.

At the left corner in the foreground, is a corresponding group, in which a cannon is being dragged up by the artillerymen; for the cross was always planted in new regions by the Spaniards, with incense from the priest, and smoke from the cannon of the soldier.

In the centre of the foreground is a massive camp- chest, with arms, helmets, breast-plates, and all the implements of war thrown carelessly around. Every article is a study, from the exact models of the period. In the centre of the picture sits De Soto, on a magnificent Arab horse, which was a portrait carefully drawn of Abdel-Kader's battle horse, the animal being, at the time the painting was executed, in the Imperial stables at St. Cloud.

The attitude of De Soto is sublime, for it is natural. It is an earnest, comprehensive gaze at the great river. In the fourth group we see beautiful Indian lodges, rising up into the soft atmosphere with an almost Moslem sweetness, with Indians of all ages and both sexes, standing near them. Two young maidens have cast themselves

on the ground almost before De Soto, one of them bending with the grace and gentleness of a Madonna, the other clinging to her sister like a startled fawn. Behind them stand three Indian chiefs; one a middle-aged man, erect, full of fire and bearing, gazing upon a new rival invading his empire: next to him, an old casique, or chief, bearing the pipe of peace richly ornamented with the brightest feathers, bending before the conqueror; and near him, a young chief, with a panther skin thrown gracefully around his loins, the ideal of the Uncas of Cooper. He has thrown his bows and arrows to the ground in token of outward submission, but he draws up his form with haughty pride into the dignity and implacable sternness of an Indian Apollo.

Nearest to De Soto is the confessor, a venerable man with flowing beard, who has also caught a glimpse of the great river, and meekly and reverently, as he sits on his mule, lifts his eyes and clasps his hands in admiration and gratitude towards heaven.

At his side, upon a rampant gray horse, rides a young cavalier, a type of the chivalry of Spain, followed by a hurrying, enthusiastic group of standard-bearers, and helmeted men. On the farther background, above them, through the shades of a grove of the southern live-oak, stretches away a forest of shining lances.

As far as the eye can reach, rolls the glorious Mississippi, its waters broken by glancing canoes, magical islands, and purple shores. The discovery itself was made just after they reached an Indian village of the Chickasaw Bluffs, where we see every emblem of savage life.

This painting is the most comprehensive work of art ever executed by an American. It is broader in the field it covers, and is more complete and universal in its emblems of life, both civilized and savage; it is more exact and graphic in every detail. As a historical picture, there is nothing belonging to the time or the subject that is not embraced, nor anything embraced which is not appropriate.

savages, a malignant fever finally prostrated him. In his last hours he called his most faithful companions around him, and naming his successor, he laid down to die. The first requiem that had ever been heard in that mysterious wilderness was lowly chanted on the banks of the river; his mantle was wrapped around him: and in this winding-sheet, at midnight, his body was taken to the middle of the stream, and sunk to the bottom.

During their long and gloomy wandering, which was one continued battle, they had either killed or loaded with chains, all their prisoners. After vain and protracted attempts, and long and exhausting wanderings, no other hope of escaping from the dreadful wilderness around them was left, but to build barges, with which to float down the Mississippi. In their construction, iron was suddenly discovered to be—what nature intended it—of more value than gold. They were obliged to strike off the fetters from their captives, to make bolts and nails to hold their rude floats together. And so, after cheerless and desperate labors, the remains of the wreck of the chivalry of Spain were launched upon that silent river, and the solitudes of the red man's home were never again disturbed by the Spaniards, on the banks of the Mississippi.

France.—But the part which France was to play in the drama of North America, was far more brilliant and important. Never successful, like Phœnicia, Greece, Rome and England, in founding permanent and prosperous colonies, she however participated in the new spirit of discovery; and during the reign of Francis I., the energies of the French nation were called into activity, through the adventures of her hardy mariners of the coast of Brittany, and the ambition of the monarch who undertook, and for many years carried on a struggle with Charles V., the greatest of the crowned princes of Europe.

No sooner had the discovery of the fisheries of Newfoundland become known, than the sailors of Normandy and Brittany followed in the track of the Cabots. As early as 1504, they had begun to frequent those waters, and so diligently were the fisheries prosecuted, we learn from a letter written August, 1527, to Henry VIII. from St. John, Newfoundland, by an English captain, that he found in one harbor, eleven Norman, and one Breton sail engaged in the business. Their familiarity with those regions was to seriously affect the future history of the United States. In memory of their own country they gave to the island of Cape Breton, the name which it still bears. But commercial motives alone influenced these expeditions, and all the plans of colonization in the New World, which were then pressed upon the court of France, proved unavailing.

John Verazzani, December, 1523.—Although the idea of searching for a north-west passage, to reach 'Far Cathay' had never so deeply inflamed the imagination of Frenchmen, as it had their hotter-blooded neighbors beyond the Pyrenees, still, the French King favored an expedition of considerable magnitude. Again, a son of Italy was to light civilization on its way to the west; for, although the splendor of the Italian Republics had begun to decline,

still, to their brave and gifted children, the structure of civilized life in North America was to be forever indebted.

Four ships were fitted out, and John Verazzani, the nobly descended and distinguished Florentine navigator, commanded the fleet. For a month he took a south-westerly course, touching at the Island of Madeira, from whence he steered due west. One of the wild tempests of the Atlantic scattered the fleet; but its intrepid commander, in his single caravel, the *Dauphin*, went on his course.

Cape Fear River, March, 1524.—His courage, and endurance were at last rewarded by the sight of the coast of North Carolina, where the brave little sea-wanderer folded her wings in the mouth of Cape Fear River. Seeking in vain for a good harbor to the southward, and finding little to attract him on the low, sandy reaches of the Carolinas, he turned to the north.

His record—the oldest still preserved of North American explorations—will forever leave upon the fancy of the historian, strange and beautiful images. He tells us that the mild natives, whose russet complexions made them look like Saracens, welcomed them with hospitality; and well they might, since they had not yet been taught to dread these wondrous pale-faced adventurers. They were dressed in skins, and ornamented with garlands of wild-bird feathers of brilliant plumage. But this first embrace of Christians and untaught natives, was to be polluted with crime, and a lesson of inhumanity learned which was not forgotten. Somewhere along the coast, while they were reveling in the red man's genial hospitalities, a young sailor who had fallen overboard, was rescued, in a drowning state, and by their kind attentions restored to life. This generous act was repaid by a deed more than barbarous. The companions of the resuscitated boy tore away a little child from the arms of its mother, and would have kidnapped with it, a young maiden, but for the fleetness of foot which bore her in terror into the forest. And yet, heaven spared the vessel which carried away that Indian baby!

New York.—The caravel had left the low coasts of the south behind her, and came in sight of the beetling cliff of Neversink—that first sentinel which stands midway between the enervating blandishments of a southern clime, and the inspiring vigor of the great free North, where the ocean had for ages been beating in vain against the sea-gnawed barriers. Under the out-watching stars of our far-off sky, the *Dauphin* rounded the headland, passed up the Narrows, and glided into the smooth Bay of New York. Its shores and islands were clothed with majestic forests haunted by unscared game, and vocal with the bird-songs of an early summer morning.

Could but some rising young statesman of France, then absorbed by the solitudes of contending Empires whose fates were hanging upon the struggle between his sovereign and the mighty ruler of Spain, have stood on the deck of Verazzani's little caravel, then slowly coming up the Bay of New York, how differently might the history of these strange times afterwards have read! But the *fleur de lis* was never to be planted on the shores of the Hud-

son. Francis had staked all his fortunes upon the campaign in northern Italy, and the brave king was now a helpless captive in the castle of Pavia.

Newport, April, 1524.—After a few days of wanderings around this scene of enchantment, whose beauty is unrivalled, even by the purple Bay of Naples, Verazzani once more put to sea. Following the line of Long Island, passing Watch Hill, which now sends its light flashing far off on the Atlantic, the hills of Newport rose on his view, and a little while after, the *Dauphin* was quietly nestled in its beautiful haven.

Boston.—After a few days, devoted, as all his time was, to diligent exploration, the preparation of his records, and the tracing of outline maps—all of which were afterwards to prove of such great value—he explored the harbor of Boston, and its neighborhood, and sailed along the coast of New England to Nova Scotia.¹

Verazzani Disappears.—Although this voyage of Verazzani excited little of the interest that had attended the expeditions of Columbus and the Cabots, its ultimate results were of the greatest moment. His narrative of the entire voyage is the earliest original account, now in existence, of the coast of the United States from the Carolinas to north-eastern New England. Its records are clear and specific; his statements are confirmed by those who came after him; all his movements were directed with judgment; his writings indicate the keenest powers of observation, and in one quarter, at least, they were understood—the Admiralty of France.

Many a regret has been felt by the writers on that wonderful period, that no authentic record is left of his subsequent life or fate. It is certain that in the month of July, of this same year, he returned safely to France, and delivered to the government his cosmographic Report. He had given the name NEW FRANCE to the vast regions whose shores he had explored; and he furnished his sovereign at least a plausible claim to the broad territory which was afterwards to give an occasion for the collision which lasted so long on this continent, between the contending powers of France and England.

Here he disappears from authentic history. His captured king and impoverished government could fit him out no new expedition. Some narrators speak of his violent death at the hands of Indians and Spaniards; while Hakluyt asserts that he made three subsequent voyages to the coast of America, and sent back to Henry VIII., King of England, a map of his sailings. But the statement has not been sustained; the map has never been discovered; and, like his great contemporary, Sebastian Cabot, no man knows his sepulchre.

James Cartier, 1534.—At this time, as at so many other periods, the great

¹ His letters give a curious description of the savages he met with, and the plants, birds and animals of these unknown regions. His discoveries were considered highly important at the time, as he visited more than seven hundred leagues of coast, running from 30° north latitude as far as Newfoundland. * *

In the Library of Palazzo Strozzi at Florence, is preserved a cosmographical description of the coasts and

countries which Verazzani visited while seeking for a passage to the East Indies by the north, which was the great object of his voyage, as it was of almost all the enterprises of the day. An account of his voyage, which was originally sent by him to the King of France, may be found in the Collection of Ramusio.—Lester's *Life and Voyages of Americus Vesputius.*

governments of Europe were fortunate in their chief Ministers of State. It is the era from which we date the appearance of a long line of statesmen whose genius illuminated the counsels of those contending empires.

Chabot, the Admiral of France, a brave and sagacious man, absorbed less in the rivalries of kings, than in the extension of French commerce over distant seas, had entered warmly into the adventures of the first American explorers, and had desired in vain to favor another expedition by Verazzani. But the times had now grown more auspicious, and his counsel prevailed. He organized a new and more important, if not so formidable an expedition, which was destined to end in greater results than any which had preceded it. Familiar with all nautical interests, and brought into constant intercourse with the fishermen of the north of France, he chose a daring and intelligent mariner of St. Malo to lead the expedition.

Cartier Sails, Summer, 1534.—On the 20th of April, that superb seaman, James Cartier, left his native harbor of St. Malo with two ships. There is something startling in the record history gives, for it seems like speaking of one of our modern steam trips. *In twenty days he saw the coasts of Newfoundland.* He circumnavigated the island, exploring all its coasts: and passed through the Straits of Belle Isle into the gulf beyond, till he reached the inlet of Gaspé. On a bold point of land at the entrance of the haven, he planted a lofty cross, to which he affixed a broad shield bearing the Lilies of France, and an inscription, 'that the world might know she was the mistress of that country.'

August, 1534.—Restless in his ambition, and guided by keen intelligence, he pushed his way westward into the broad entrance of the great river of Canada, whose shores gradually approached him as he passed up the magnificent bay he was afterwards to revisit. But the autumnal chill was already in the air; and being unprepared for the severe winter which he knew was approaching, he lifted his anchors again for Europe. In thirty days his two ships were once more safely moored in the harbor of St. Malo.

His well-authenticated reports of discoveries so extensive and important, with the rapidity of his voyages, and the results that were expected to follow them, spread joy through the court and capital of the French monarch, and Admiral Chabot found no difficulty in equipping a fresh and more imposing expedition. That gallant nation was still contending with the united powers of Austria and Spain; but the new commission had no sooner been issued than it was joined by young members of the nobility, and the completest preparations for the departure were made. Before the expedition sailed, the whole company went in solemn procession to the Cathedral, to receive absolution at the altar, with the benediction of the Bishop.

May 19, 1535.—Thus, on the 19th of May, less than eight months from the time of Cartier's return, he once more sailed out of the harbor of St. Malo for the New France beyond the Atlantic. It was the most wisely

designed, and intelligently guided, as well as one of the most brilliant expeditions that had left the shores of the Old World.

Less fortunate than on his first voyage, it was not till the 10th of August that he caught sight again of Newfoundland. Passing out from the Straits of Belle Isle into the Gulf on the day of St. Lawrence, he gave to the broad waters the name of the venerated martyr. Sailing up the majestic river, he moored his ships in a tranquil harbor of the Isle of Orleans, where he met from the Algonquin-Hurons the same welcome which the sons of the forest in every instance extended to Europeans, until bitter experience taught them to dread the terrible requital of injustice from those they had fondly believed to be the children of the Great Spirit. Leaving their ships in safe moorings, they passed up the river in a pinnace and open boats to the capital of the Huron king on Hochelaga Island, where the city of Montreal now stands. Ascending the lofty hill which rose behind the Indian town, Cartier's eye rested on a scene of unutterable grandeur. Through a vast plain covered with primeval forests, except where luxuriant fields were waving with Indian corn, was rolling a more majestic river than Europe sent to the sea. Overlooking the tiny clusters of huts at his feet, the quick kindling fancy of Cartier pictured a vast capital growing up in the centre of a future empire, and he named the height where he stood Mount-Real, 'and time which has transferred the name to the island is realizing his vision.'¹

Presents were exchanged, hospitalities were reciprocated, and friendly relations were established with the King, and his warrior tribe, who joyfully believed that heaven itself had sent them a superior and friendly race of beings. But the blasts of an Arctic winter were beginning to pour down from the frozen North, and parting from his new friends with a promise to return, the Frenchmen descended the icy river to find shelter in their ships at Quebec.

Of the rigor of the season they had formed but a faint conception. Its desolations were made more frightful by the breaking out of the scurvy, till then an unknown disease, which carried off twenty-five of the seamen. At last when spring had unlocked the mighty stream, they made preparations for their return voyage. A huge cross was erected on the shore, holding a massive shield bearing the arms of France, and a proclamation of her sovereignty over the improvised wilderness-empire. The last friendly visit of its native monarch was being paid, when the flag-vessel lifted her anchor, and floated down the bosom of the broad river, bearing away the betrayed captive king of the Hurons a prisoner from his native land! Cartier had told the Hurons that he would return; and he consoled their chief with the promise, that after seeing the gorgeous land of the pale-face, he should be brought safely back to his forest home; and the Frenchman meant to keep his word. But the caged eagle pined amidst the splendors of his royal brother's palace at Paris, and long before Cartier was ready for his return voyage, the Huron king had died of a broken heart!

Cartier had carried with him, like all the early ocean adventurers, visions

¹ Bancroft, vol. i. p. 22.

of gems and gold. Except in a decimated and discouraged crew, the skins of wild beasts, the plumage of wild birds, and shattered vessels, he had but one poor trophy to show as a reward for all his dangers and daring—a betrayed and captive sovereign stolen from his wild regal home, pining to see once more the smoke of his own wigwam curling over his native forest, and to look again on the dusky faces of his beloved people!—Poor Cartier! Poor France! Poor civilization. Oh! Cross of the dying Nazarene, how many crimes are perpetrated under thy holy shadow!

Three or four years now passed before a fresh expedition was undertaken. Another short peace between Charles and Francis had ended their third desperate struggle; and while France was taking one more free breath, the pride of the court was wounded at the shameful surrender of all the fruit of her American discoveries. Cartier's reports were fully known; and the image of that mighty river sweeping through so vast a garden domain, flashed vividly on the imaginations of the ambitious and the daring, and roused the spirit of the indifferent.

Lord of Roberval, Jan., 1540.—Francis de la Roque, Lord of Roberval, proposed to lead a new expedition; and his vanity was gratified by being made viceroy over the broad territories lying along the river St. Lawrence. The king, however, placed his chief reliance on Cartier, whom he commissioned as captain-general and chief pilot of the expedition. As a permanent colony was contemplated, he was authorized to take his choice, among all the prisons of France, of such artisans and laborers as he might require, since well-to-do workmen were not easily persuaded to leave their homes.¹ It was with such material the captain-general was to establish his colony. The division of honors and prerogatives early ending in rivalry and separation, the chief object of the expedition was, of course, defeated.

May 23, 1541.—Cartier was, however, too resolute and ambitious to abandon his design; and the following spring, without waiting for his tardy viceroy, he sailed from St. Malo with five ships. A prosperous passage brought him to the scene of his former adventures. The outraged Hurons, finding that the white men had returned without bringing back their king, at once made demonstrations of hostility. The French built a fort for security on the Island of Orleans, a short distance below Quebec. But they were foiled in every attempt to establish themselves on shore; and finding that no atonement could be made for their cruel treachery, they dragged out a winter in sullen gloom; and stealing away with the returning summer, left the great river behind them, glad to arrive safely at the harbor from which they had sailed.

The Lord of Roberval reached the seat of his viceroyalty soon after Cartier had left. Encountering the same hostility from the Hurons, and

¹ As was to be expected, the seamen who took part in such expeditions consisted of the most reckless frequenters of the ocean, who fled to its wave from the jailor and the hangman,—blasphemers, ruffians, assassins, to whom piracy furnished the only congenial occupation.—St. John's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 29. London: Chapman & Hall, 1868.

powerless to accomplish any useful purpose, he, too, wore away a winter of disappointment and distress; and when the St. Lawrence opened, he returned to France. But he was still haunted by visions of wealth and power; and six years later he fitted out another expedition, and sailed for the St. Lawrence. He was never heard of again. This ended all further attempts at exploring or colonization in the New World, on the part of the French Government, for the next fifty years.

The Protestant Reformation.—The mightiest movement in the thought of mankind since the rise of Christianity over the ruins of Paganism, had now started in Europe. Beginning with the assertion of its cardinal principle—the right of individual conscience to determine its religious responsibility—it soon scaled the narrow precincts of private judgment in religion, and spread over the whole field of civil affairs. Although it was the desire of Luther and other great reformers, to confine the movement within ecclesiastical limits, yet it early became evident that it would soon transcend all such boundaries, and open an era of political revolution. The genius of Calvin had electrified the mind of France, and the next half century was to witness one of the most sanguinary and protracted civil conflicts that has ever torn society. All Europe was convulsed by new ideas; but nowhere was the collision so fierce as in France, where it involved the last struggle of feudalism with the central power of the monarch; and the first grapple of young Calvinism, which had come up in its might, with the colossal power of the ancient religion.

The Huguenots in Florida, Feb. 28, 1562.—Although the government of France gave no attention to American enterprises during this period of fierce domestic convulsions, the Huguenots—as the French Protestants were called—were casting about for some fate better than extinction by slaughter, which seemed to await them at home. They had a friend in Jasper Coligny, the great Admiral of France, a man illuminated beyond almost all others of his age, with a soul too great to favor persecution. Under the reign of the feeble Charles IX., he was allowed to lend encouragement to the plan of founding a Huguenot colony in Florida; and having obtained a commission from the king, a squadron was fitted out, under the command of John Ribault, who sailed for America on the 28th of February, 1562.

Ribault was a brave man, and an experienced navigator. Being withal a firm Protestant, and known to enjoy the unlimited confidence of Coligny, he soon gathered around him some of the bravest and the best of the young nobility of France, besides being furnished with veteran troops.

Coligny could restrain neither his gratitude nor delight, when the new expedition got under way. He saw the realization of one of his long cherished hopes in the establishment of a refuge for his Huguenot brethren; while, as a statesman, he dreamed that one such settlement in a free country, might form the nucleus of a great Protestant French Empire.

The Landing in Florida, May, 1562.—Florida was already known as the

most delightful land yet discovered in the West, being blessed with the climate of Italy, and the fertility of a virgin soil. After touching at St. Augustine, the little Huguenot fleet sailed northward, where they passed the beautiful St. Johns, which they named the river of May. Still further up the coast, they were so charmed with Port Royal, that they determined to make it their home; and landing, they built a fort, which they called Carolina, in honor of the French king—a name which, although the colony perished, was still preserved by the English, who occupied it a century afterwards.

Here the exiles found themselves surrounded with everything that could charm in nature. Broad-spreading oaks, bearing the honors of centuries, were interspersed with lofty pines; wild fowl brooded among their branches, and skimmed the surface of all the surrounding waters; field and grove were filled with wild flowers that loaded the air with fragrance; a soft atmosphere rose into serene heavens; while wild grapes and other fruits, growing in profusion in all the woods, almost reconciled them to their new home, and softened the bitterness of longings for their native land.

Leaving a little colony of twenty-six, as the nucleus of a permanent establishment, Ribault returned for reinforcements. But in the disturbed condition of France, the promised reinforcements could not be sent. Dissensions grew up among the colonists, and the arbitrary cruelty of the commandant raised a mutiny, which cost him his life. The love of home, so irrepressible in the French heart, made them discontented; and although their treatment of the Indians had secured them kindness and hospitality, yet they determined once more to revisit their native country. After long labor, they constructed a rude brigantine, and made ready for the voyage. But in the joy of embarkation they neglected to lay in a sufficient store of provisions, and in this frail bark they put to sea. Death by tempest or famine seemed to await them; but in their extremity they were picked up by a British vessel, and carried to England. And this was the end of the first attempt to escape from the persecutions of Europe, and establish a colony on the inhospitable shores of a distant land.

July, 1564.—But neither the zeal nor the courage of Coligny gave way. He sent out another expedition, under the command of Laudonniere, who had accompanied the first under Ribault. The dream of gold, with the fascinating accounts of the climate of Florida which was said greatly to prolong human life, soon brought a large party together; and in July their three vessels landed in the River May, on whose banks they built a fort, also named Carolina. But the company was made up chiefly of dissolute and worthless characters, whose indolence and vices soon reduced them to the verge of famine. Order could no longer be preserved. Laudonniere was compelled to relinquish to the insurgents a vessel in which they embarked, under the pretext of returning to France; but really for carrying out a scheme of piracy against the Spaniards on the coast. They soon, however, met with the fate they had deserved so well for inaugurating the crime of murder and theft upon the ocean for the first time, on this side of the Atlantic. The

Spaniards overhauled their vessel, and making prisoners of most of the crew, sold them as slaves. A few of the more desperate made their escape in an open boat, and being compelled, by starvation, to return to Fort Carolina, the French commander promptly condemned the ringleaders to death.

Sir John Hawkins, August 3, 1565.—Want was now pressing upon the little colony, reduced in numbers, and disheartened in spirit; and they resorted to the desperate determination of returning to France, choosing to encounter the perils of the ocean in such craft as they could fit out, rather than remain. Preparations had been completed for their departure, when Sir John Hawkins, the great kidnapper, who was returning from the West Indies, where he had sold a cargo of native Africans, whom he had stolen from their homes, dropped into the harbor. That wild and cruel, but sometimes magnanimous marauder of the sea, relieved the famishing colonists with abundant supplies of provisions, besides giving them one of the vessels of his fleet. Being now more anxious than ever to depart, and when on the point of sailing, Ribault, with a new expedition, entered the river. He brought with him full supplies, a fresh company of emigrants with their families, seeds for planting, with the best implements of agriculture, and a collection of domestic animals. In a sudden transition of feeling, the little colony greeted him with joy. He at once assumed supreme authority, and every thing promised well for the permanent establishment of a Protestant colony.

Philip II., 1565.—But this fair prospect was soon to be clouded: they were not to remain long undisturbed. Philip II., the champion of the ancient church, and the most bigoted and cruel of monarchs, had ascended the throne of Spain, which was the most powerful monarchy of Europe. When he learned that a colony of French Protestants had dared to settle in what he deemed his own dominions, and send out pirates to prey upon the commerce and lives of his subjects, he was thrown into a frenzy of uncontrollable rage. Orders were given for the extermination of the intruders, and the work was committed to a man completely qualified for the mission.

May 20, 1565.—Pedro Melendez de Anilès realizes perfectly the ideal which the records of those times have left us, of a race of men that has finally disappeared from the earth. Burning with the lust for gold, and darkened with bigotry and superstition; fearless of death, and enamored of glory; loyal to tyrants, and abject to priests; restrained by no sentiment of humanity; devotees of a religion without mercy, and a vocabulary without the name of crime; pursuing Heresy with cutlass, fire and rack; stealing the natives of any land, and establishing slavery wherever they planted the banner of the King with the Cross of Jesus; polluting the fairest of all the continents with the poison of superstition, and leaving for the future, the legacies of slavery and oppression—such were the men to whom the apparent waywardness of a cruel destiny had committed the fair islands of the West Indies, and the broad lands of the adjacent continent.

They were the faithful ministers of the Court of Spain—richly rewarded, and fondly cherished instruments of her merciless Philip—and worthy representatives of the dark and bloody bigotry of her people. If, in the blaze of a new civilization breaking out from the heart of Europe, the Duke of Alba could perpetrate those atrocities in the Netherlands, with whose dreadful record Prescott and Motley scare us even in our day dreams, what narrator can be found for the bloody deeds of Melendez, in the far-off wilds of America hid beyond the Atlantic?

A long career of adventures filled with peril, and crimsoned with murder, but overlaid with gold, had qualified the veteran commander for the welcome mission. The heir to all his wealth had been shipwrecked among the Bermuda Islands, and he wanted to go in search of his only son. He wished, besides, to wipe out the disgrace of a long arrest and final conviction for crimes he had years before committed, too atrocious for the pardon of anybody but a King like Philip. But all this mattered not, so long as he was the fittest instrument the King could find for his purpose; and taking him again into favor, and loading him with honors and authority, the compact was signed with his sovereign.

Melendez engaged, at his own expense, to invade Florida, and take possession of it in the name of his King; to explore all its rivers, harbors and coasts; to take with him five hundred soldiers, as an invading force; to establish slavery on the soil as a permanent institution, beginning by an importation of five hundred negroes; while he was to introduce every species of domestic animals, make the sugar-cane the staple of the country, and carry with him at least five hundred married men, with their families, twelve ecclesiastics, and four members of the Company of Jesus. The cry for the extermination of Heretics in those new lands, and where—sadly enough for them—some of their number had been guilty of piracy, waked all Spain to the enthusiasm of a new crusade, darkened by the spirit of fanaticism, so congenial with the spirit of the time and the nation.¹ There was a rush from all quarters, to join

¹ Of the utter destruction of Protestantism in Spain, and the consequences to that unhappy nation, Prescott [*Philip II.*, vol. i. p. 445] says:

“The fires lighted for the Protestants continued to burn with fury in all parts of the country. At length they gradually slackened and died away, from mere want of fuel to feed them. The year 1570 may be regarded as the period of the last *Auto da Fé*, in which the Lutherans played a conspicuous part. The subsequent celebrations were devoted chiefly to relaxed Jews and Mohammedans; and if a Protestant Heretic was sometimes added to this list, it was ‘but as the gleanings of grapes after the vintage is done.’ Never was there a persecution which did its work more thoroughly. The blood of the martyr is sometimes said to be the seed of the church; but the storm of persecution fell as heavily on the Spanish Protestants as it did on the Albigenses in the thirteenth century, blighting every living thing, so that no germ remained for future harvests. Spain might now boast that the stain of Heresy no longer defiled the hem of her garment. But at what a price was this purchased! Not merely by the sacrifice of the lives and fortunes of a few thousands of the existing generation, but by the disastrous consequences untold forever on the country. Folded under the dark wing of the Inquisition, Spain was shut out from the light, which, in the sixteenth century, broke over the rest of Europe, stimulating the nations to greater enterprise, in every department of knowledge. The genius

of the people was rebuked, and their spirit quenched under the malignant influence of an eye that never slumbered,—of an unseen arm, ever raised to strike. How could there be freedom of thought, where there was no freedom of utterance?—or freedom of utterance where it was as dangerous to say too little, as too much? Freedom cannot go along with fear. Every way the mind of the Spaniard was in fetters.

“His moral sense was miserably perverted. Men were judged not by their practice, but by their professions. Creed became a substitute for conduct. Difference of faith made a wider gulf of separation than difference of race, language, or even of interest. Spain no longer formed one of the great brotherhood of the Christian nations; an immeasurable barrier was raised between that Kingdom and the Protestant States of Europe. The early condition of perpetual warfare with the Arabs, who overran the country, had led the Spaniards to mingle religion strangely with their politics. The effect continued, when the cause had ceased. Their wars with the European nations became religious wars; in fighting England, or the Netherlands, they were fighting the enemies of God. It was the same everywhere. In their contest with the unoffending natives of the New World, they were still battling with the enemies of God. Their wars took the character of a perpetual crusade, and were conducted with all the ferocity which fanaticism could inspire.”

the enterprise. All the sailors and soldiers the commander required; whole families, of all classes—mechanics, and common laborers, Jesuits, and priests, —combined to make up the expedition. It was a quick passage; but a tempest scattered the fleet, and it was only with a third part of his forces that the commander reached Porto Rico.

Melendez had determined to found a city in the beginning, and construct strong fortifications. Without waiting for the rest of his fleet, he sailed for the coast of Florida. He gained the first sight of it on the day of the great, and perhaps most venerated of the Fathers of the Christian church; and landing on the site of his contemplated city, he named the spot St. Augustine, and commenced his work. Philip was proclaimed monarch of all North America; and, in the midst of imposing religious ceremonies, the foundations of the oldest city in the United States were laid.

Ribault, who was informed of the arrival of Melendez, put to sea, to meet him; but an autumn gale swept his fleet in an utter wreck on the coast. Melendez marched, with the chief part of his garrison, through the forests and marshes to the St. Johns, and falling upon the defenceless colony, doomed its people to promiscuous massacre. Neither the aged, the sick, the mother, nor the infant, were spared. Laudonniere and a few of his companions fled to the forest; but, starvation staring them in the face, most of them returned under a promise of clemency, and surrendered themselves to the enemy, only to be instantly murdered, while the remaining fragment reached the seaside. The carnage had already been sanctified by the celebration of mass. A cross was raised over the site of the massacre, and for a Christian church the very ground was dedicated which was still smoking with the blood of the little Huguenot colony.

A proclamation was then made by Melendez, inviting all the French, embracing the sailors of the shipwrecked fleet and the colonists who had fled, to come back, trusting to his mercy: and in their desperation they all responded. They numbered nearly one thousand, as they gathered on the banks of the river. But no faith was to be kept with a Heretic. With their hands bound behind them, they were started for St. Augustine. As the sad procession was reaching its destination, at a given signal of drums and trumpets, the Spaniards fell upon their victims, and put them to death. A few Catholics were saved, with some mechanics, who were instantly made slaves; the rest were all massacred, 'not as Frenchmen,' says the Spanish account, 'but as Lutherans.'

Thus perished the Huguenot colony, and with it, the first attempt to rescue North America from the barbarism of the Savage, and the degradation of a bigoted faith.¹

¹ The Huguenots and the French nation did not share the indifference of the court. Dominic de Gourges—a bold soldier of Gascony, whose life had been a series of adventures, now employed in the army against Spain, now a prisoner and a galley-slave among the Spaniards, taken by the Turks with the vessel in which he rowed, and redeemed by the commander of the Knights of Malta—burned with a desire to avenge his own wrongs and the honor of his country. The sale of his property, and the contributions of his friends, furnished the means of equipping three ships,

in which, with one hundred and fifty men, he, on the twenty-second of August, 1567, embarked for Florida to destroy and revenge. He surprised two forts near the mouth of the St. Matheo: and, as terror magnified the number of his followers, the consternation of the Spaniards enabled him to gain possession of the larger establishment, near the spot which the French colony had occupied. Too weak to maintain his position, he, in May, 1568, hastily weighed anchor for Europe, having first hanged his prisoners, upon the trees, and placed over them the inscription: "I do not this as unto

After this atrocious victory, Melendez sent an expedition north to Chesapeake Bay, with the design of establishing another colony, and taking possession of the territory. But he had already reached the limits which destiny had assigned to the progress of Spanish dominion in that direction. He returned to Spain, stripped of his fortune, but greeted with the honors of a triumph.

The fate of the Florida colony excited little sympathy at the Court of Charles IX. Forty years were still to pass before England was to found her first permanent colony in North America; and Spain was left in quiet possession of her territories in the New World. Cuba was the centre of her American dominion, which extended undisputed over the tropical archipelago, and the shores of the neighboring continent—including Florida, and the vast regions to the north and west; Mexico, Central America, and the Isthmus between the two oceans, and the circumjacent coasts; while the vast expanse of the Gulf of Mexico was embraced by her encircling empire. Over this vast dominion her flag was to remain waving for two hundred and fifty years.

SECTION SECOND.

PERMANENT SETTLEMENTS—THE BEGINNING OF AMERICAN COLONIZATION.

NEARLY eighty years went by after the discovery of the continent of North America by Cabot, before England was ready to undertake its colonization. For carrying out such a work—one that was to have so much to do with the well-being of mankind, and the development of modern civilization,—the period had now come. A sovereign was on the throne of England, whose genius and ambition were to mark a new period in the advancement of that country, and cover her reign with a splendor unequalled by any woman who had swayed a sceptre since the time of Zenobia.¹ Around her throne were gathered some of the greatest men of modern times. Cecil was lending to her counsels the might of his wisdom; Bacon, the interpreter of all science, and the greatest of all the historians of learning, was doing a larger share than falls to the lot of many men, to add splendor to an age; while Shakespeare, the poet of all time, was shedding the radiance of his genius over that wonderful period.

Walter Raleigh.—But one name was to become dearer to Americans than all. The most brilliant of courtiers, and among the most gifted of men; magnetic in his sympathy with the new thoughts that were agitating the mind

Spaniards or mariners, but as unto traitors, robbers, and murderers." The natives, who had been ill-treated both by the Spaniards and the French, enjoyed the consolation of seeing their enemies butcher one another.—Bancroft, vol. 1, pp. 72-3.

¹ Portrait of Queen Elizabeth when she was twenty-three years old, by Micheli, the Venetian Minister: "The Princess is as beautiful in mind as she is in body, though her countenance is rather pleasing from its expression, than beautiful. She is large and well-

made, her complexion clear, and of an olive tint. Her eyes are fine, and her hands, on which she prides herself, small and delicate. She has an excellent genius, with much address and self-command, as was abundantly shown in the severe trials to which she was exposed in the earlier part of her life. In her temper she is haughty and imperious—qualities inherited from her father, King Henry VIII., who, from her resemblance to himself, is said to have regarded her with peculiar fondness."—Prescott's *Philip II.*, vol. i. p. 278.

of Europe ; a companion of a congenial spirit, Henry of Navarre, with whom, under the great Coligny, he had studied the art of war ; fired by a loftier ambition than the men around him, and capable of deeds more exalted than any of his contemporaries ; he had from the beginning a most complete vision of the field of England's future achievements on the Western Continent. He was also ready to embark his all in the enterprise of establishing her power, and making her civilization shine on these distant shores. If Wickliff was appropriately called the morning-star of the Reformation, in the brave and illuminated Sir Walter Raleigh young America found her prophetic impersonation.

The free mind of Raleigh never was bound by the fetters of the past : his eagle eye was always on the future. Casting the superstitions of his time behind him, his heart, which was all a-glow with the spirit of a generous humanity, greeted the new light of the Reformation which had already illumined the shores of England. He was in brain and heart a thorough Protestant. A companion in the field and at Court with Henry of Navarre, who was to be the great champion for a while, at least, of the cause of the Huguenots, all his indignation was roused at the massacre of Coligny's friends in Florida, and the brutal extermination of his ill-fated colony. Returning to England, he spread something of his own enthusiasm through the Court of Elizabeth, who had already learned in person all that could be told of the southern coast of the United States, from the helpless men who had been saved on the ocean by the little bark that bore them to England. The queen had also become familiar with the reports of Hawkins, who had befriended the French settlers on the river May, while artistic illustration was thrown over the whole subject by the French painter, De Morgues, who had, under the patronage of Raleigh, completed a series of pictures from the drawings made by him on the coast. These pictures were taken by Raleigh to England, and representing with vividness of color borrowed from birds, and flowers, and skies, all the striking aspects of the country, they lent their gentle ministry to inflame the fancy, and warm the heart of the virgin queen.

The learning and patience of Bancroft, which found so fortunate an ally in his genial style, have given to Americans the best fruits of his exhaustive investigations.¹ He shows how slowly the idea was developed of planting agricultural colonies in the temperate regions of America. One of the chief obstacles it had to encounter was the belief, which outlived the dying hours of Columbus and for a long time filled the common mind, that America was only a portion of the great Asiatic continent. Henry VII. being a Catholic,

¹ The expeditions of the Cabots, though they had revealed a continent of easy access, in a temperate zone, had failed to discover a passage to the Indies, and their fame was dimmed by that of Vasco da Gama, whose achievement made Lisbon the emporium of Europe. Thorn and Eliot of Bristol, visited Newfoundland probably in 1502 ; in that year savages in wild attire were exhibited to the king ; but North America as yet invited no colony, for it promised no sudden wealth, while the Indies more and more inflamed commercial cupidity. In March, 1501, Henry VII. granted an exclusive privilege of trade to a company composed half of Englishmen, half of Portuguese, with leave to sail towards any

point in the compass, and the incidental right to inhabit the regions which should be found ; there is, however, no proof that a voyage was made under the authority of this commission. In December of the following year, a new grant in part to the same patentees, promised a forty years' monopoly of trade, an equally wide scope for adventure, and larger favor to the alien associates ; but, even these great privileges seem not to have been followed by an expedition. The only connection which as yet existed between England and the New World was with Newfoundland and its fisheries.—Bancroft, vol. i. p. 75.

was obliged, in some sort, to recognize the paramount title of Spain to North America, which she had received from the Pope. He cultivated the Spanish alliance with a view to the projected marriage of his son and successor with Catherine of Aragon, the youngest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. But the subsequent repudiation of Catherine bringing the political alliance to an end, left Henry VIII. free to display the banner of St. George wherever he liked, and some encouragement was given to the cultivation of English commerce; especially the fisheries of Newfoundland, which were favored by the first Act of Parliament which makes any reference to America.

The English were now beginning to assert their supremacy as sailors on perilous seas, from the heart of the Tropics to the gates of the Pole. Poor 'bloody Mary' of England had indeed chosen the King of Spain for a husband; but the alliance had soon ended, and for a long time peaceful intercourse between these two rival maritime nations was suspended by the wreck of the grand Armada off the coast of England, and the triumph of Protestantism, which breathed a new and loftier spirit through the nation.

But the old vision of the North-western Passage to Asia still haunted the dreams of all the navigators of Europe. Pondering for many years on the scheme for its discovery, that famous seaman, Martin Frobisher, discouraged by no refusal to his implorations in any or all quarters, at last found a hearing with Dudley, Earl of Warwick, to whom he said, 'The only thing of the world yet left undone, by which a noble mind might be made famous and fortunate, is the discovery of the North-western Passage.' And that great nobleman enabled him to fit out two little barks, of twenty, and five-and-twenty tons, with a pinnace of ten only; and with these he started from London [June 8th]. The Court went to see the tiny fleet drop down the Thames; and Queen Elizabeth from the bank waved a farewell token to this bold rover of the seas.

Little could be expected from this cockleshell expedition. The first storm swallowed up the pinnace; the crew of the *Michael* turned her prow back, in fright, to England: but the unterrified Frobisher went on his way unattended to the shores of Labrador. Entering an inlet, he mistook the opening of Hudson's Bay—of which he was the real discoverer—for the long sought passage between Asia and America, and he believed that by sailing onward he would strike the Pacific. But this bold expedition ended only in taking some of the rocks and rubbish of the region on board, to make the Queen of England's claim to the sovereignty of the territory good; and in showing to his countrymen one native, which, after the style of the age, he considered it necessary to steal, to give *éclat* to his expedition.

But he was gratified by having the jewellers of London announce that the stones he had brought back contained gold. This inflamed the cupidity of the merchants. They offered to purchase a lease of the new lands from the Queen, with the idea of working them for gold. The rush to join the new expedition was unprecedented. Even the Queen caught the fever, and contributed one ship at her own expense, going into partnership with the concern.



MARTIN FROBISHER.

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May 27, 1577.—After all hands had received the holy communion, the Expedition sailed for the Northern El Dorado, and a 'merrie wind' swept them off into the Polar Seas. The illimitable fields of icebergs were illuminated by the almost endless day of those weird but treacherous latitudes, and reaching the coast, their first eager clutch was for the golden stones. They found spiders, Hakluyt says, in abundance, creeping over the soil, and they were 'true signs of great stores of gold.' Without the delay of a careful analysis—even had they been capable of it—they pitched the worthless stuff by the shovelful on board their vessels, the great Admiral Frobisher himself working with more than the strength and zeal of a common laborer.

1578.—Before the smoke of the expedition had died away, a formidable fleet of fifteen sail, under the encouragement of Elizabeth, who had contributed towards the expense, was made ready. One hundred picked men were chosen to found a colony in the midst of a treeless region, with no denizens but a few dwarfed Esquimaux and wild animals wandering over the ice. Some of the sons of the gentry of England had volunteered. This expedition was to search for no undiscovered passage to a golden *Cathay*. Frobisher was to lead them to a region where the soil itself was gold—a boundless Peru. But it was a doomed expedition. His vessels were scattered, crushed by icebergs, bewildered in unknown frozen seas, glad at last to reach any haven, which most of them did in what has since been known as Countess Warwick Sound. But the attractions of the new territories were not strong enough to repress the rising spirit of mutiny. One of the vessels which held a large share of the provisions for the colony, deserted its companions and escaped to England. But the Admiral discovered an island which he declared held black ore 'to suffice all the gold-gluttons of the world.' But except to illustrate the hardihood and endurance of the British sailor, and the fair claim that England was laying to her maritime supremacy, no results came from the expedition. Even Queen Elizabeth made a poor speculation, for once, and her eye was turned for the main chance in another direction.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert.—June 11, 1578.—At every period when new ideas are agitating the common mind, and the passions of the superficial and the vulgar are inflamed by the excitements of objects that are near and dazzling, some men appear, of sounder sense, and greater comprehension. They see the substance, while others chase the shadow. By a divine intuition they feel the approach of coming events. Their counsels at last prevail. Some schemes are devised, so well laid that they end in great practical results. Order springs from confusion; incoherence of floating material is followed by crystallization, and the forces which were wasting themselves in fruitless attrition, are directed to the accomplishment of something of common good to mankind. Such men are the mainstays of civilization; in them are treasured up the hopes of the future.

England has always been blessed with more than her share of such men.

In glancing back over her history, we encounter the sturdy champions of truth, on every road of advancement, in explorations, whether on land or seas; or in the broad realm of science. The period through which England was now passing, more deeply concerns America than any that had preceded, or perhaps any that was to follow. We approach the two most important events that happened on this continent, before the Declaration of Independence. One was the establishment of the colony of Virginia; the other, that which was founded on Plymouth Rock. And we are now stepping upon firm ground. Our rapid flight through the first century that passed over the grave of Columbus, has been but the flight of the wild bird through the fogs of the ocean, on its way to the clearer skies of the continent. Hereafter England comes nearer to us: we shake hands familiarly with her great men. Her anchors were now to be cast in new waters, whose finny treasures were to be worth more than the gold mines of the world. She was to begin to set up landmarks here, that were never to be obliterated. She was coming, with the precious seed to cast forth into a bleak wilderness, that was to furnish a harvest for mankind. Poor, despised, unprotected, and unnoticed, as these early missionaries of civilization may have been, they were the *avant-courriers* of a new age. Overwhelmed as many of them were to be by disappointments, and severe as were the hardships they were to go through; hard as then seemed to be the fate which was to doom thousands to untold sufferings, and whole expeditions to ruin, still, the first step had been taken. Unpromising as it was to the common mind of England, the idea of the colonization of America was beginning to dawn, and the full daybreak was not far off.

Cabot's discovery of the Newfoundland fisheries at once attracted the attention of a wonderful race of sea-faring men, that had sprung by legitimate descent from the Vikings of the north, who, from the dim ages had held as their own those wide reaches of chilly waters that were waging their ceaseless conflict as they mingled from the Western Atlantic and the North German Ocean. The Normans, the Bretons, the Danes, the Norwegians, the Swedes, —had whitened the banks of Newfoundland with the sails of their fishing smacks. To them are we indebted for maintaining commercial relations with the New World, while France and England were doing so little for so long a time, to avail themselves of the important discoveries which their navigators had made. The coast of America had come nearer to Europe. The old route by the Canaries and the West Indies was being gradually abandoned, and the direct passage across the Atlantic adopted by the later navigators. It had come to be an easier matter to reach New England and the Carolinas.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was one of those men to whom we are now to pay a tribute of admiration and gratitude, for he led the way to the colonization of the United States; and although he seemed to accomplish little, yet he was the first pioneer on the new road. He had watched with care, and studied and written much on navigation; he had distinguished himself as a soldier, and in Parliament; his soul scorned danger and impiety alike. Loyal to his sovereign, and true to his own honor, he wrote his own motto, which

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THE LAST MOMENTS OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

was the guide of his life. 'Death, I know,' he said, 'is inevitable; but the fame of virtue is immortal.' He applied to the Queen for a patent, to be permanent and perpetual, if he should establish his plantation within six years. All he asked for was granted. Walter Raleigh was his half-brother; and with him he held long and earnest consultations which were to be attended with such lasting results.

Gilbert's Expedition.—June 11, 1578.—It is strange there should be any doubt on such a subject, but it is questionable if Raleigh embarked in this expedition. It matters little, however, for it was attended with immediate misfortune, and compelled to put back.

June, 1583.—It was four years before Gilbert had recovered sufficiently from this disaster, in which he had lost one of his ships, and impaired his fortune, to be able to equip a new squadron. But the indomitable energy of Raleigh, with his ample fortune, was sufficient for the emergency; and the expedition stood so high at court that it started with most auspicious omens. Elizabeth had given to the commander an anchor of gold, guided by a lady, in token of her favor;¹ and in June, 1583, he sailed from the port of Plymouth. But disasters were still in store for him. In two days after leaving port, his largest vessel, which had been equipped entirely by Raleigh, deserted, and, under pretext of the breaking out of an infectious disease, left her companions. But Gilbert continued his voyage, and reached Newfoundland in safety. Here he erected a pillar, with the Arms of England on a monument; and proclaiming the sovereignty of his Queen over the land, granted deeds of the soil to British fishermen; took vast quantities of what he deemed to be the precious ore on board his largest ship, and with the only three vessels left him, sailed up along the coast of New England. But his large ship was wrecked with her golden cargo, and a hundred of his best men perished. He turned back to his native country in a little bark of only ten tons; attended by the *Hind*. As she seemed to be going down, the brave Gilbert was seen sitting in the stern of his little *Squirrel*, holding up a book—probably the Bible,—and shouting to them,—'We are as neere heaven by sea as by land,' night came down over the two little struggling waifs. At midnight the lights of the *Squirrel* disappeared. The *Hind* reached the harbor of Falmouth, bearing the news that she was the last England would ever see of the squadron of the brave Sir Humphrey Gilbert.²

¹ To form part of Gilbert's fleet, Raleigh built a ship and bestowed on it his own name, with which aid Gilbert was constrained to content himself. At length his little fleet, manned, victualled and ready for sea, was collected on the Devonshire coast, where he received the following letter from Raleigh,—"Brother, I have sent you a token from her majesty—an anchor, guided by a lady—as you see; and further, her highness willed me to send you word, that she wished you as great good hap and safety to your ship as if herself were there in person, desiring you to have care of yourself as of that which she tendereth, and therefore for her sake, you must provide for it accordingly; further, she commandeth that you leave your picture with me.

For the rest I leave it to our meeting, or to the report of this bearer, who would needs be the messenger of this good news. So I commend you to the will and protection of God, who sends us such life or death as he shall please or hath appointed."—St. John's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 113.

² Away went the gallant explorer towards the West, and for several months kept moving to and fro over the ocean, his little fleet now dispersed, now collected, till on the 9th of September, he was beheld for the last time reclining on the deck of his vessel, either reading or consulting some chart. Night then closed in, rough and boisterous, and when the morning of the 10th dawned, Gilbert's ship could nowhere be seen up-

1584.—But the ardor of Raleigh was not to be dampened by the miscarriage of the expedition, nor the sad fate of his kinsman. He had matured a plan for a wiser expedition. Never infatuated by the passion for gold, and guided by higher intelligence than his contemporaries, he determined to risk another portion of his fortune in establishing a settlement in the milder regions of the south. On the 28th of March, Elizabeth granted him an ample patent, constituting him Lord Proprietary over the regions where he was to establish his colony; and the minds of the adventurous being inflamed by visions of a balmy country, where the reign of perpetual fruitfulness was never checked by the inclemencies of winter, the expedition was soon ready, and the command of it given to Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow. Being a southern expedition, they took the southern route, by the Canaries and the West Indies. On the 27th of April they had left England, and after a short stay in the West Indies, they reached the shores of Carolina on the 2d of July. In describing the fragrance which filled the air as it came off the coast, one of the writers of the expedition says it was ‘as if they had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding in all kinds of odoriferous flowers.’¹ One hundred and twenty miles to the north, they glided into the calm water of the island of Wocoken, near the opening of Ocracock inlet. The scene which opened upon the eyes of these adventurers, accustomed as they were to the foggy skies and wild elements of the British Isles, filled them with rapture.

It was in the depth of summer:—‘the sea was tranquil; no storms were gathering; the air was agitated by none but the gentlest breezes; and the English commanders were in raptures with the beauty of the ocean, seen in the magnificence of repose, gemmed with islands, and expanding in the clearest transparency from cape to cape. The vegetation of that southern latitude struck the beholders with admiration; the trees had not their paragons in the world; the luxuriant vines, as they clambered up the loftiest cedars, formed graceful festoons; grapes were so plenty upon every liate shrub, that the surge of the ocean, as it lazily rolled in upon the shore with the quiet winds of summer, dashed its spray upon the clusters; and the natural arbors formed an impervious shade, so that not a ray of the suns of July could penetrate. The forests were filled with birds; and, at the discharge of an arquebuss, whole flocks would arise, uttering a cry, which the many echoes redoubled, till it seemed as if an army of men had shouted together.’²

Suspensions of violence and injustice from all new-comers to their peaceful shores, had long haunted the minds of their gentle inhabitants; but, unable to restrain their curiosity and desire for traffic, they gradually accepted the ad-

on the waters. The brave adventurer had perished; the survivors returned to England with the evil tidings, which, instead of disheartening, only the more stimulated Raleigh to pursue and complete the design his brother had formed.—St. John's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 113-14.

¹ Barlow describes the incidents of the voyage with ability and enthusiasm. Along the coasts of Florida and Carolina, they enjoyed, while yet beyond sight of land, “Sabæan odors from the spicy shores,” not indeed of Araby the blest, but of a far richer and lovelier land,

where the grapes in “Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,” and cedars, loftier than those of Lebanon, wave along the breezy heights. To enter into minute details would be to invade a field so ably and honorably cultivated by the historians of America, who speak affectionately of Raleigh as the remote father of their republic, in which two cities have been erected as monuments to his memory.—St. John's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. i. pp. 120-130.

² *Bancroft*, vol. i. p. 93.

vances of the English, and their relations became so friendly that the wife of Granganimeo, who was the father of the King Wingina, entertained them at her Arcadian residence on the Island of Roanoke. In the account of the voyage by Amidas and Barlow, which Hakluyt has preserved, they said: 'The people were most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile, and such as lived after the manner of the golden age.' Something better than treachery and blood were to be hoped for now, and something better actually followed. Nothing, however, beyond a partial examination of Roanoke Island and Pamlico and Albemarle Sound, and a general survey of the coast was attempted: and after a few weeks delightfully spent, having persuaded two attractive natives of the forest to accompany them, they took Manteo and Wanchese aboard, and sailed on their return voyage to England. But they were prepared to give glowing accounts of the paradise world they had revelled in. They told the story of their charming sails over the summer seas, and among 'the hundred enchanted islands,' and so delighted was Elizabeth with the whole affair, that she named the fair land after herself. Virginia now at least had a name, which the deeds of her sons were to emblazon among the most brilliant records of the Caucasian race.

Raleigh had now become a member of Parliament, received the honors of knighthood for his valor as a soldier in other fields; and as a reward for the discoveries his expedition had made, a new patent, confirming his rights to the regions discovered, and encouraging to a new and broader scheme for colonization; ¹ a lucrative monopoly of wines was also granted to him. Although he entered warmly into another attempt to discover the Northwest passage, and contributed generously to equipping the expedition, and assisted in the voyages in which the discoveries of Davis were made in the Arctic Sea, he still pursued with greater earnestness his plan for colonizing Virginia.

April 9, 1585.—A squadron of seven vessels, carrying one hundred and eight colonists, was now fitted out for the shores of Carolina. Resolute upon founding a permanent colony, and careful in all his preparations, he chose for his Governor, Ralph Lane, a well-known soldier; and as the commander of the expedition one of the most gallant and brilliant of his own friends, Sir Richard Grenville. There were also on board that fleet, other men, whose names were to ring through the world. Hariot, the historian of the expedition, became the inventor of the system of rotation in modern algebra; Cavendish was afterwards to circumnavigate the globe; and White, one of the best painters of his day, made the most valuable artistic contribution yet furnished, by his sketches of the Indians and their habits of life.

¹ His American grant filled him with hopes, the vastness of which he was careful never to reveal: though they again and again urged him to lavish his revenue on colonizing enterprises never destined to bear fruit. With all the power of his intellect, and acute insight into the nature of things, he yet found it impossible to foresee to what extent he should become, by the steps he was then taking, the benefactor of the human race; how many millions, through generation after generation, should owe to him their daily food, so that next after the inventor of corn, he should most deserve the blessings of his species.

To the health and pleasure of mankind he was likewise to contribute largely by the introduction into Europe of that article, the mere duty upon which, during the year in which I write, contributes nearly seven millions sterling to the revenues of his country, while its use constitutes the solace of all classes, from the Prince to the hodman. If Great Britain, therefore, should ever think of repaying with a statue the debt of gratitude it owes to Raleigh, there should be placed on the lofty brow a wreath composed of the tobacco-leaf and the potato-flower.—*St. John's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 134-5.

June 26, 1585.—The fleet cast anchor at the Island of Roanoke. Man teo, who had been fascinated by his visit to England, returned with the expedition, and went ashore to announce his arrival. This time a warmer welcome was extended to the new-comers, and the best hospitalities were offered, with guides for the exploration of the coast and harbors, which was effectually done by Grenville, Lane, Cavendish, Hariot, and White. But an unfortunate circumstance occurred, which was to cast a deep shadow over the fortunes of the little colony. A silver cup belonging to some one in the party was missing. Its restoration was demanded, and when delayed Grenville, in his madness, gave up the village, and all the standing corn of the natives, to fire. But a favorable site being selected, the colony was landed, and Grenville sailed for England. Encountering a valuable Spanish prize on the voyage, it enriched the enterprise; and as the news soon spread from Plymouth through England, Grenville was greeted by the shouts of the populace, and the favor of the Queen.

After a pretty thorough exploration of the surrounding country, Governor Lane, in his first letter to Raleigh, paints the following picture—Sept. 3: 'It is the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven; the most pleasing territory of the world. The continent is of a huge and unknown greatness, and very well peopled and towned, though savagely. The climate is so wholesome we have not one sick since we touched the land. If Virginia had but horses and kine, and were peopled with English, no realm in Christendom were comparable to it.'

The most reliable accounts were, however, furnished by Hariot, who was a keen observer. He seized at once upon three great points that successive centuries were to develop as the sources of the vast wealth of Virginia. The natives were smoking a weed of strange aroma, and which produced still stranger effects. They had received it as a gift from the Great Spirit; they believed in its healing virtues, and even Hariot himself soon became a convert to their belief, and learned to smoke the pipe of peace with the enthusiasm of a new disciple.¹ Around their villages he looked with delight at perhaps the most beautiful of all the products of the fields, waving in the breezes

¹ Hariot, whose story is closely linked with that of Raleigh, from the dawn of these colonial enterprises to the later colloquies in the Bloody Tower, took, in Virginia, to the smoking of tobacco, the numerous virtues of which he celebrates; and on his return to England, infected the lord-proprietor with his newly acquired taste. Pipes, shag, and tankards of ale were consequently familiar to Raleigh's apartments in the palace, and led to several comic incidents which the news-mongers of the time industriously circulated. When the Red Men indulged in this luxury, they inhaled the intoxicating fumes through pipes made of clay; for which Raleigh substituted pipes of silver, while our rustic countrymen, when the practice spread, could devise nothing better than a split walnut-shell, into which they inserted a straw.

One day Raleigh, intending to enjoy in his library the new outlandish luxury, sent a servant for a tankard of ale, and then sat down to his pipe. When the man returned, observing his master enveloped in smoke, he threw the ale over him, and then, in the greatest terror, ran down-stairs, shouting as he went, that Sir Walter was on fire.

We sometimes find the great Tudor Queen sitting

familiarly beside her favorite while he smoked, chatting, laughing, and laying wagers. Once she objected to him that, with all his ingenuity, he could not tell the weight of the smoke. 'Your majesty must excuse me,' replied Raleigh, 'for the thing is quite easy.' Elizabeth was incredulous, and laid a bet that he could not do what he said. 'Your majesty shall be the judge,' he answered, and sending for a small quantity of tobacco, and weighing it in her presence, he put it into his silver pipe, which had probably a capacious bowl, and went on smoking till the whole was consumed. Then placing the ashes in the scales and weighing them, he pointed out to Elizabeth that the difference indicated the weight of the smoke. The Queen laughingly paid the money, saying, in allusion to the alchemists, that she had heard of many who turned their gold into smoke, but till then never knew any one who could turn smoke into gold. From the date of that memorable wager, the use of tobacco gained ground in England, so that it may now almost be said to perfume the whole island, from John o' Groat's to the Land's End.—*St. John's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 137-9.

of summer, and filled with amazement at its productiveness and facility of cultivation, he saw no danger of famine. Almost without culture, huge tuberos roots seemed to multiply themselves under the surface of the soil, and supply a most agreeable and healthy food.

In these three great staples—tobacco, maize, and the potato—lay sources of wealth in the fertile soil, which, as they became a substitute, in culture, for the maddening passion for gold, were to enrich the whole continent, and one of which—the potato—was to save nations from famine.

And probably on the whole continent of America, none of the native tribes could be found who might more readily have been at once introduced into the pale of Christian civilization.¹ Partaking of the softness of the climate which had tempered the native ferocity of the savage; hospitable in disposition, and quick to reciprocate any favor; looking upon white men with all their imposing array of mysterious implements of power, and devices for comfort and luxury; firm in their belief of a future life, and the existence of a God of justice; with clear conceptions at least of one Almighty undivided Power, which they worshipped as the Great Spirit; feeling that they were yet holding intercourse with the departed of their tribe, who were still conscious of their existence and pursuits:—how easy it would have been for these men, who were regarded as the favorites of heaven, to bring the tawny worshippers of a common Father within the sacred fold of Christ. Everywhere they went, Hariot tells us that he showed the Bible, and, as best he could, explained its precepts as a divine revelation from heaven. They embraced the sacred volume; they clasped it to their breasts; they pressed it on their heads; they kissed it; they were ready to listen to the story of the Man of Nazareth, and the universal love, as well as the infinite power of the Creator of all things. The annalist tells us, that, as the colonists brought no women with them, the Indians imagined that they were not born of woman, and therefore were immortal, or else that they were of former generations who had descended to the earth, to die no more. When they saw the clock, with its incomprehensible mechanism and its invisible tick, marking on its dial the passing moments of time; when they saw the burning-glass light fire in the dry wood and grass; and the pen gliding over paper, making signs that carried information to other persons, when they were read—they seemed to be entertaining gods, and not mortals. But when they saw the flash of burning gunpowder, and the bullet strike death through the swift-winged or fleet-footed game, they were filled with terror. The air was at once peopled with hosts of invisible spirits; and when sickness seized them, they believed that

¹ The inhabitants are described as too feeble to inspire terror; clothed in mantles and aprons of deer-skins; having no weapons but wooden swords, and bows of witch-hazel, with arrows of reeds; no armor but targets of bark and sticks wickered together with thread. The walls of the houses were made of bark, fastened to stakes; and sometimes consisted of poles fixed upright, one by another, and at the top bent over and fastened, as arbors are sometimes made in gardens. But the peculiarity of the Indians consisted in the want of political connection. A single town often constituted a government, a collection of ten or twenty wigwams was an independent State. The greatest chief in the

whole country could not muster more than seven or eight hundred fighting men. The dialect of each government seemed a language by itself. The country which Hariot explored was on the boundary of the Algonquin race, where the Lenni Lenape tribes melted into the widely-differing nations of the south. The wars among themselves rarely led them to the open battlefield; they were accustomed rather to sudden surprises at daybreak or by moonlight, to ambushes and the subtle devices of cunning falsehood. Destitute of the arts, they yet displayed excellency of wit in all which they attempted.—Bancroft, vol. i. p. 98.

these invisible bullets had passed through their vitals. The wise men among them told the tribe that 'more Englishmen were yet to come and take their places, and they would be driven from their homes forever.' The instinct of self-preservation became the ruling, but concealed, passion of the natives; and they deliberately matured a plan for the extermination of their dreaded enemies.

March, 1586.—Taking advantage of their lust for gold, one savage, more wily than the rest, invented a tale of a far-off river, which came flowing from the shore of the Pacific. That its waters rolled over golden sand, and that the walls of the cities of its people glittered in pearls. The infatuated Governor, abandoning all practical work of establishing his colony, ascended the dashing current of the Roanoke, on his tour of exploration, so far that their provisions were exhausted, and they had to eat their own dogs.

Failing in their first device, their next was, to leave their fields unplanted that their enemies might be starved out. These and other hostile signs led the English to believe that their extermination was contemplated, and, meeting plot by plot, the poor savage was to be outwitted at last.

Wingina, the King, having, at Lane's request, received the chief men of the colony to an audience, under professions of friendship, the Englishmen, at a given signal, sprang upon them and put the chief and all his attendants to death:—thus interposing another barrier to the peaceful settlement of these fruitful regions.

As the colonists had not gone to work in the regular business of establishing a permanent residence, discontent sprang up; and, disappointed that no supplies were sent to them from England, they were on the last verge of endurance, when an unexpected event took place.

Sir Francis Drake.—The heroic daring of his character, and the gems and gold which rewarded his adventures, gave a lustre to the name of Francis Drake, which, in spite of a career of piracy, often darkened by merciless cruelty to the helpless, has not grown dim by the lapse of three centuries. In returning, by way of the West Indies, from one of his wild expeditions, he determined to visit the colony of his friend Sir Walter Raleigh. The appearance of his fleet outside of Roanoke Island filled the colonists with alternate hope and apprehension. A glance satisfied him, on landing, of the condition of the colony, which was now reduced to extremes, and he magnanimously supplied all their wants. He gave to the Governor a perfectly equipped bark of seventy tons, with her accompaniment of small boats. Two of his experienced commanders were also to remain, to prosecute Raleigh's original plan of discovery. And well it was, since help could come in no other way, that it should come from the grandest pirate of the ocean; still better, that this prince of marauders should be an Englishman, and a hearty Briton at that.¹

¹ On the 4th of April, 1581, Queen Elizabeth, going to Deptford, went on board Captain Drake's ship with which he had circumnavigated the globe. After dinner she conferred on him the honor of knighthood and gave

But all this generosity was of little avail. In a gale, unexpected for the season,—for it was the fore-part of June,—Drake saved his fleet only by standing out to sea. On their return, nothing was found of the bark or the boats he had given to the colonists, and with one voice they implored the great commander to take them back to England. He could refuse nothing to countrymen in distress, least of all to the friends of the gallant Raleigh. He took them all aboard, and the last fires of their New World roof-trees went out in the wilderness. Thus the first actual settlement of Englishmen in North America ceased to exist.

1586.—Had Governor Lane remained a little longer, the legitimate fruits of these long efforts at colonization might have been saved; for a supply-vessel for their relief was on its way from the ever-thoughtful and generous Raleigh. But finding the settlement deserted, the ship returned at once to England. This vessel, too, had barely got out of sight of land, before a well-provisioned squadron, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, reached the coast. He searched in vain for his countrymen; but determined as he was not to abandon the rights of Raleigh, or the Queen, he appointed fifteen picked men to remain in possession, when he sailed for home.

January 7, 1587.—Around this point the student of history will always linger. The fortunes of the great State, afterwards to be known as 'the Mother of Presidents,' now hung upon the steady purpose of Sir Walter Raleigh. Undismayed by previous miscarriages; firm in his conviction that he could still carry out his great purpose; clear in the belief that the success of his scheme for colonizing America would plant the prosperity of England upon an immovable basis in the future, he soberly surveyed the whole field: and bringing to his aid the experience already learned at so great a price, he at once went to work with more heroic zeal and higher intelligence in the fitting out of another fleet with which he resolved to move to Virginia a colony that would never leave its shores.¹

An Agricultural State.—He had matured his views, and seen the mistakes made in his former attempts. All his movements were now directed to carrying out the plan of founding an agricultural colony. His conduct here indicated one of the greatest qualities statesmen ever display: a comprehension of the

directions for the preservation of his ship, that it might remain a monument of her and of his country's glory. When the vessel was going to decay, it was broken up, and a chair made of the planks was presented to the University of Oxford, where it is still preserved.

In 1662, Cowley, the poet, wrote the following epigram, addressed to the chair:

To this great Ship, which round the globe has run,
And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,
This Pythagorean Ship (for it may claim,
Without presumption, so deserv'd a name),
By knowledge once, and transformation now,
In her new shape this sacred post allow,
Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from fate
An happier station, or more blest estate;
For, lo! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford, and to him in Heaven.

¹ Raleigh's vigorous and searching mind had made

the discovery that an immense revenue could only be obtained through free-trade; but as that idea was not likely to meet with much favor from the Lord Treasurer, he had devised other plans for filling the national coffers. Spain, he knew, imported incalculable treasures from America, where gold, it was believed, sparkled in every stream, and lay in inexhaustible abundance in the bowels of every mountain. Thitherward, therefore, would the enterprise of England tend. At the very moment when his dalliance with the Queen maddened Sir Christopher Hatton, and appeared to absorb his thoughts and exhaust his vigor, his imagination, in truth, was wafting its way across the Atlantic, and planting in the virgin soil of North America the germs of those mighty colonies whose power and grandeur constitute at this moment the astonishment, if not the terror of the world.—St. John's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 110-11.

law by which society has to be constructed. In this his broad common-sense stamped him as the first civilian of his age. Recognizing the great fact that nothing permanent can exist in the form of civilized society except by beginning to build up the family as the corner-stone, he chose his colonists among married men, who clearly understood that they were going to Virginia to live,—that their homes would afterwards be beyond the Atlantic: that there they were to construct their own dwellings, till their own soil, protect their own rights: that, if they ever again saw their native land, it would be after they should have given success to their enterprise—neither more nor less than that of transplanting the tree of English life to a wilderness soil.¹

Raleigh was the prophet of the future; but inspiring a sufficient number of men with some little portion of his zeal and intelligence, he saw his squadron at last ready to sail.

His fleet of transports had been got ready entirely at his own expense. Clothed with the power of a Viceroy by an Act of Parliament, and enjoying the prestige of the favor, if not, indeed, the passionate love and caresses of his queen; already grown rich by his enterprise, and the generous partiality of Elizabeth; mingling with, and often guiding the councils of the kingdom; restricted by no instructions, and hampered by no restraints, he had a fair opportunity to show the practical wisdom of his statesmanship. He granted to the colonists a charter of incorporation, and drew up a plan for the municipal government of the 'City of Raleigh.' He appointed John White, Governor; and to him, with eleven assistants named by himself, he committed the administration of his new colony.

April 26, 1587.—Thus equipped they struck out into the Atlantic, and a favorable passage brought them direct to the American coast. Their anchors had no sooner struck the soil, than a party landed on the Island of Roanoke, expecting to be greeted by the little company of fifteen men whom Grenville had left. 'They found the tenements deserted and overgrown with weeds—human bones lay scattered on the field—wild deer were reposing in the untenanted houses, and were feeding on the productions which the rank vegetation still forced from the gardens. The fort was in ruins; no vestige of surviving life appeared: the miserable men whom Grenville had left had been murdered by the Indians.'

July 23.—If the instructions of Raleigh had been followed; the city which bears his name would have been founded on the Bay of the Chesapeake. But

¹ Still the predominant idea in Raleigh's mind was, that of founding for England a colonial empire, partly by discovery and peopling unknown lands, but chiefly by wresting America, North and South, from the grasp of Spain. He frequently conversed with Sidney, as well as many others, on these subjects, but his highest ambition was to inflame Elizabeth's imagination by the dazzling prospect of extending her sceptre over America. Raleigh left out of sight scarcely any consideration which could actuate a statesman in coveting foreign possessions. In his addresses and memorials he constantly expatiates, not only on the raw materials

of opulence, but on the outlet for redundant population, on the expansions and improvement of industry, on the advantages to be derived from a large carrying trade, on the increase of political power, and on the satisfaction of imparting the Christian religion, and the more enlightened morality to savage men. These were the topics by which he prevailed upon the Queen, as well as upon Parliament, to favor his scheme of colonization, which, on March 25, 1584, was shown by the famous patent granted him to search out and take possession of new lands in the Western Hemisphere.—*St John's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. I. p. 122-3.

the naval officer of the expedition, whose eye was turned towards the West Indies, with a view to gainful traffic, refused to co-operate with White. By a further exploration of the shores to the north, he was obliged to content himself with commencing his operations on the northern part of the island. There were still 'sundry decent dwelling-houses,' with the fort which Governor Lane had built, and here White began his work.¹

August 13, 1587.—Although old provocations to revenge still haunted the minds of the surrounding Indians, yet the mother and family of Manteo gave a warm welcome on their Island of Croatan to the new English visitors; and on the 13th of August, at the command of Sir Walter Raleigh, that faithful Indian Chief received Christian baptism, and was made a feudal Baron, under the title of Lord of Roanoke. This was the first and last peerage ever created by England on this soil.

Having fulfilled its mission, the time came for the principal vessel to return to England. Governor White felt bound in honor to remain and carry out the designs of Raleigh; but the colonists, men and women, with one voice, implored him to go home, and lose no time in returning with supplies, to secure the colony against the hazards of want. The colonists knew they could trust White, for he left two magnets behind him. His daughter, Eleonore Dare, who had married one of his assistants, had just given birth to a little girl, the first child of English parents born on the soil of the United States. She and her infant were among the colonists, who numbered now eighty-nine men, seventeen women, and two children. So, kissing his little granddaughter, and naming her Virginia Dare, he sailed for home, and for supplies, which, alas, were to arrive only too late.

England was now transported with apprehensions at the invasion of her island by the powerful and vindictive Philip II., and all the leading spirits of the time were drawn into the excitement. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and all the great adventurers of the ocean, were preparing for sea. Grenville, Lane, and, above all, Raleigh, were absorbed in Governmental or individual preparations for meeting the dreaded power of the Spanish monarch. All thought of the little Roanoke colony was lost, except in the heart of Raleigh, who, in the spring of the next year, 1588, despatched White with two supply vessels. But they were diverted by the glittering prospect of prizes, and falling in with parties too strong for them, the rifled ships were barely able to escape to England. Indignant as Raleigh was at this faithless diversion of his supplies, and anxious as he was to relieve the colony, the terror of the 'Invincible Armada' rendered him powerless to do it, and the further history of this neglected plantation is involved in the gloom of uncertainty. The inhabitants of the 'City of Raleigh,' the emigrants from England, and the first

¹ The Island of Roanoke is now almost uninhabited; commerce had selected securer harbors for its pursuits. The intrepid pilot and the hardy wrecker, rendered adventurously daring by their familiarity with the dangers of the coast, and in their natures wild as the storms to which their skill bids defiance; unconscious

of the associations by which they are surrounded, are the only tenants of the spot where the inquisitive stranger may yet discern the ruins of the fort, round which the cottages of the new settlement were erected. —Bancroft, vol. i. p. 104.

born of America, failed, like their predecessors, in establishing an enduring settlement. But, unlike their predecessors, they awaited death in the land of their adoption. 'If America had no English town, it soon had English graves.'

The wrecks of the Grand Armada were strewn along the shores of the Atlantic, and blackened the waters of the German Ocean. The valor of England and the favor of heaven had overwhelmed the mightiest expedition ever launched on the ocean, and Spain,—the champion of the Church of the Popes, the remorseless foe of Protestantism,—never recovered from the disaster. From this point history marks the decline of her power. Raleigh's star, which had blazed so bright, was soon to pass into its deep eclipse, and he could no longer by his own means save his colony from destruction.¹ But, to the last, he did not give up his great idea of colonization in the New World. He made an arrangement by which the previous grant to White and his associates was extended. But two years went by before White could return, and when he reached the Island of Roanoke nothing was left to tell him of the fate of his colony, but an inscription on the bark of a great tree, with a finger pointing to Croatan!

The season of the year was unfavorable to the search; and what became of the colonists, history has left nothing definite enough to satisfy the millions of the curious and the good, who for three centuries have expended their sympathies upon the luckless and abandoned people.

The educated men of Virginia, and the scholars of Europe, after tireless researches, have at last been obliged to be satisfied with the following conjecture, which, at least, wears the color of reasonable probability. In Manteo, 'the Lord of Roanoke,' and Chief of Croatan, the English colonists had a firm and loyal friend. Lawson's '*South Carolina*' sustains the conjecture that he came to the rescue of the colony, and hospitably adopted its members into the tribe of the Hatteras Indians; and that they afterwards became amalgamated with them. A tradition to that effect has always been preserved; and many shrewd observers have adopted the belief by tracing in the physical character of that tribe the blended characteristics of the English race.

But to the last, even during his long imprisonment in the Bloody Tower, the fortunes of his Virginia colony, and the scheme for the colonization of Virginia, were never given up. He made five successive attempts, from his impoverished means, to send relief. But while he was dragging out the long years of his cruel imprisonment the rivers of Virginia, springing from the unwasting fountains of her own mountain ranges, were flowing through that vast domain of virgin soil. 'That Paradise of the Continent' was yet to wait for times more auspicious before a colony could be planted that would strike its roots deep enough to outlast the miscarriages of time.

¹ For long years Raleigh persisted in the endeavor to achieve with the fortune of the subject what demanded the revenues of an emperor, and at last, in despair, he made over his rights to a joint-stock company. Down to the time of Southey there were those who persevered in accusing him of being wanting both in liberality and humanity towards the colonists whom he induced to emigrate to the New World; but unprejudicial research [St. John quotes Napier's article on

Raleigh in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 143, to sustain his assertion] has proved all those accusations to be groundless, since, from the beginning of his undertaking to its close, Raleigh exhausted the resources both of his invention and of his purse, to promote the interests and alleviate the misfortunes of those who had confided in him.—St. John's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. i. p. 139-140.

With a few words from the inimitable tribute which Bancroft pays to the illustrious prisoner of the Tower, we reluctantly take leave of the man to whom America owes so lasting a debt of gratitude.

Bancroft's Tribute to Raleigh.—'Raleigh had suffered from palsy before his last expedition [to South America]. He returned broken-hearted by the defeat of his hopes, by the decay of his health, and by the death of his eldest son. What shall be said of King James, who would open to an aged paralytic no other hope of liberty but through success in the discovery of mines in Guiana? What shall be said of a monarch who could, at that time, under a sentence which was originally unjust, and which had slumbered for fifteen years, order the execution of the decrepit man, whose genius and valor shone brilliantly through the ravages of physical decay, and whose English heart within the palsied frame, still beat with an undying love for his country?'

'The judgments of the tribunals of the Old World are often reversed by public opinion in the New. The family of the chief author of early colonization in the United States was reduced to beggary by the government of England, and he himself was beheaded. After a lapse of nearly two centuries, the State of North Carolina, by a solemn act of legislation, revived in its capital THE CITY OF RALEIGH; thus expressing its grateful respect for the memory of the extraordinary man who united in himself as many kinds of glory as were ever combined in an individual.'

To the North.—Leaving the fair shores of Virginia for a little while, we come north, to glance at other discoveries and attempts at colonization before the permanent establishment of the Colony of Virginia, or the landing of the Pilgrims. The ideas of Raleigh were not to die. Every one of them was to be carried out. A colony as grand as he ever contemplated was to be established on the banks of the James River; and from that colony was to spring a Commonwealth that has exceeded in glory all the splendors of the imagination of its foster-father.

1593-1602.—The fisheries of Newfoundland had never languished. The European path to them had been ploughed by the keels of hundreds of fishing vessels every year. In that trade was raised up a race of seafaring men, who were afterwards to shed glory over the approaching period of American colonization, in which not only England, but France and Holland were to act such important parts. Even here we trace, in these northern latitudes, the beneficent influence of Raleigh's ideas and efforts.

Bartholomew Gosnold, March 23, 1602.—Among this class was Bartholomew Gosnold. This brave navigator came very near winning for New England the honor of holding the first permanent English colony on these shores. On the 26th of March, in a little vessel, he began his voyage in a direct line across the Atlantic, and in seven weeks he struck the Island of Elizabeth, on

the coast of Maine. On the 14th of May he anchored off the coast to the south, near Savage Rock, east of York Harbor; but not liking the appearance of the shore, he sailed on one day longer, when he discovered the promontory of Cape Cod. He went ashore with a few of his men, and it is believed that they were the first Englishmen who had ever stood on the soil of New England. Even at that moment not one single European family was living in North America, from frozen Hudson's Bay to the blushing savannahs of Florida. Bearing to the south, through Buzzard's Bay, he landed on a little island which he called after his Queen, and which was to give its name to the whole Elizabeth group that lay to the eastward. 'Here they beheld the rank vegetation of a virgin soil: noble forests, wild fruits and flowers bursting from the earth; the eglantine, the thorn, and the honeysuckle; the wild pea, the tansy, the young sassafras; strawberries, raspberries, grapevines, all in profusion. The island contains a pond, within which lies a rocky islet; on this the adventurers built their storehouse and their fort: and *the foundations of the first New England colony were laid.* The island, the pond, the islet, are yet visible; the shrubs are luxuriant, as of old; but the forests are gone, and the ruins of the fort can no longer be discerned.

'The whole party soon set sail and bore for England. The return voyage lasted but five weeks, and the expedition was completed in less than four months, during which entire health had prevailed.' ¹

The Concord.—Gosnold's little ship, *Concord*, was laden with sassafras, which the friendly Indians had assisted him in gathering, and which enjoyed at that time a reputation in the pharmacy of Europe similar to the Peruvian bark, afterwards discovered by the Jesuits in South America. He intended to leave some of his party there; but the shadows of an uncertain future gathered too thickly over the fancies of the little group. Between fear of the Indians and destitution, they all insisted upon returning; and on the 18th of June, when everything was beautiful around them, and, as far as we know, they might have established a permanent colony, they lifted anchor for home, having completed the excursion in the short period of four months, which it seems to us must have been but a pleasure trip, since every soul returned in perfect health.

Richard Hakluyt.—Next to Raleigh no man of the time held such enlightened views about commercial enterprises, or wrote their history so minutely or so well as Richard Hakluyt. His name never will be mentioned without inspiring, at least in the minds of American historians, the warmest admiration.

Martin Pring, April 10, 1603.—Still in confidential intercourse with Raleigh, and acting under his advice, the merchants of Bristol entertained the idea of returning to the region Gosnold had left. The death of the

¹ Bancroft, vol. i. p. 112-13.

Queen did not arrest their undertaking; and a few days after that important event, Martin Pring, in command of the *Speedwell*, of fifty tons, and the *Discoverer*, of twenty-six, carrying forty-three men all told, sailed on this private expedition. Their chief object being traffic with the natives, they supplied themselves with an abundance of trinkets, and steered for the coast of Maine. Pring had what he called, and what we can readily believe, an exciting and successful summer voyage. He discovered most of the harbors of Maine, which he named and described; went up the Saco, Kennebunk and York rivers, and ascended the Piscataqua for ten or fifteen miles. The region, however, was destitute of sassafras, and doubling Cape Ann he landed on the shore of Massachusetts. Finding no sassafras, he looked into the harbor of Old Town on Martha's Vineyard, where the sassafras abounded, and laid at anchor till his vessel was loaded. It proved a profitable venture on his return to England, after an absence of only six months.

Shakespeare and his Friends, 1605.—Most of the annalists of these times seem to have indulged in the pleasures of speculation when they reached the end of the thread of their authentic narrative. We do not know why we may not have the same privilege; nor need we draw very largely on the imagination in supposing that, during a pleasant evening over their sack at Boar's Head Tavern, Shakespeare, then about retiring from the stage, should, with his chief patron the Earl of Southampton, Bacon, and other kindred spirits, in view of Hakluyt's proposed expedition, have uttered his splendid prophecy, which promised to England the possession of a hemisphere through the patronage of King James, who had then just ascended the throne.

' Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him.'

Certain it is that the words, if not the imagined scene, bring that divinest of all the poets nearer the American shores; where his name was in coming ages to be mentioned a thousand times, and his plays a thousand times be heard by American ears, where they were once to be in his native land—where, instead of the narrow precincts of a little island, holding at best but a handful of people, he was to have a whole continent for a theatre, and auditors whom no man could number. We do, however, certainly know that the Earl of Southampton, in conference with Hakluyt and the Bristol merchants, confided the new expedition which had been got ready, to the command of George Waymouth, an experienced navigator, who had already coasted the southeastern shores of America.

Easter Sunday, 1605.—On this auspicious morning Waymouth weighed anchor, and a short passage brought him in sight of the sands of Cape Cod. But escaping its long and treacherous shore, he sailed northward, threading his way among the St. George's Islands, where he found a safe harbor with

a fine anchorage, under the shelter of protecting cliffs. It was the latter part of May, and the climate was delightful. The sea was alive with the finest fish, and the islands overshadowed with waving forests of gigantic growth. They drove successful traffic with the native Indians, obtaining for their trinkets sables, otter, and deer skins. They were almost tempted to settle. But Waymouth was for further exploration, and he tells us that he ascended the river—St. George—‘six and twenty miles, as he reckoned, where all consented in joy to admire its width of a half mile, or a mile; its verdant banks; its gallant and spacious cones, and the strength of its tide,’ which he estimates as high as eighteen or twenty feet. Still further up the stream he planted a memorial cross, where he says he found no trace that a Christian had ever been there. Satisfied with the success of his venture, he managed to get five of the native Indians on board, whom he was ‘to instruct in English, and use as guides on some later expedition.’

Such is a hurried view of the discoveries which were made in North America, and the attempts at colonization during the first century which followed the death of Columbus. Although this period is distinguished by no events of astounding magnitude, yet the occurrences we have related were to color all the future, and assume vast importance in connection with other events that were shortly to transpire.

The mind of Europe had become familiar with the idea of a western continent standing in the ocean by itself, midway between Europe and Asia. Immense progress had been made in the art of navigation, and in the construction and equipment of vessels and expeditions for distant voyages. A knowledge of the shores of America, the nature of its soil, the character of its inhabitants, the salubrity of its climate, and the inexhaustible wealth of its fisheries, had become known, and the result was to direct the attention of the Old World to the New; while gradually the idea of its permanent colonization had begun to take possession of the popular mind of England, and gain some place in the consideration of her statesmen.

The fiercest scenes were over in the conflict between the ancient church and what was to become the new religion—a religion which was to pass through all forms of Protestantism before the world could receive a spiritual Christianity, which is to be the future faith of all mankind. These scenes of ferocity and bloodshed were never, we hope, to be renewed. The great struggle, however, between liberty of thought and restraint on conscience, was by no means intermitted. That struggle, so far from being over even in our time, has but just begun. Its heaviest work, indeed, may have been achieved; for Feudalism, with its long train of self-arrogated rights of oppression, so slow in going down, has disappeared at last, and slavery is hastening to the same doom. Among civilized nations, the sacredness of human rights is no longer successfully disputed, and even barbarous nations are no more to outrage the code of humanity with impunity.

In no European country were circumstances so favorable for American colonization, as in England. The miscarriage of so many expeditions had

not repressed the ardor of Raleigh, and in the midst of his sublime studies in the Bloody Tower, the pursuits of the scholar did not dampen the ardor of the patriot statesman. His country was yet to reap the reward of all his efforts to establish her dominion in the Western wilderness ; and when at last he was carried out to an ignominious death, one of the chief thoughts that sustained his lion spirit, was that he had lived to see, in the permanent establishment of the colony of Virginia, the realization of hopes he had so long cherished.

England was better prepared to become the file-leader of civilization than any other nation. It was there that the frenzied passion for gold first gave way to the dignity of honest labor and higher enterprises. It was there that piracy was first proclaimed outlawry on the sea,—a crime without pardon ; that commerce was elevated to a high standard of intercourse between nations ; that constitutional liberty and personal freedom, which were to go side by side with the Protestant religion, were first established, and the sacredness of humanity began to be vindicated.

Captain John Smith.—Next to Sir Walter Raleigh, Virginia was to be more indebted to Captain John Smith than to any other man in her early history ; and among all the names that are left on her scroll of heroic achievement, his will forever stand among the brightest. His broad common-sense rose above mere cool reason ; it reached the sphere of illuminated sagacity. The clearness of his perception ; the infallible intuition by which he saw at a glance all things that were hidden from common eyes ; his prophetic forecast which shed light over the future ; the exhaustless resources of his genius ; the unwavering steadiness of his purpose ; the chivalry of his honor ; the sublimity of his courage ; the loftiness of his magnanimity ; his unwasting enthusiasm for humanity ; the rapidity of his execution—all combined to complete one of the fairest and noblest characters that have ever adorned the annals of the human race. He was one of those men that God raises up for great exigencies—men who never disappoint the expectations of the world. When all others quail, they remain undaunted ; when others waver, they stand unmoved. Upon their strong arms hang the hopes of their times ; to their guidance is committed the bark which carries the treasured hopes of whole generations.

Preparations for the Permanent Colonization of Virginia.—Gosnold had been slowly maturing a wiser expedition than any which had preceded it. He was one of those few men who are endowed with that very rare gift of learning by experience ; for the power to retrieve, the capacity to learn from one's own experience, and profit by the mistakes of others, is a most precious gift. He could speak of trans-Atlantic matters from his own knowledge, and he had the power to persuade others. He knew how to choose his assistants, as was fully shown in the sagacity he displayed. He clustered around him a group of men, very diverse in character, but each endowed with a special quality adapted to the part he was to perform. In Wingfield, an adventurous merchant, of the west of England, he found money, and a spirit of gain that knew when to play hazards. In Robert Hunt, a clergyman of honest re-

ligious convictions, winning manners, ripe learning, and firmness of character. In Smith, everything that was required to crystallize his plan. This was the magnetic centre which was to attract the loose elements scattered through England, and, by the law of affinity, blend them together.

Gorges, Popham, Hakluyt, and James I., 1606.—We have here placed the British sovereign last, because he was the least. And yet, in all charity, we may thank that pompous and silly king, since the vanity, which was his ruling passion, of connecting his name with an enterprise that might turn out so well, induced him to extend all the favor that was necessary to this last movement which was to assume so shortly such large proportions. We must look into this Council, which carried on its deliberations sometimes in the palace and sometimes in the tavern. The king was easily flattered. Gorges was needed for his rank, his wealth, and his influence; and the sanction of the Lord Chief-Justice of England, Sir John Popham, it was almost imperative to win. But the greatest of all these councillors was Richard Hakluyt, the ablest and most reliable historian of the maritime enterprises of his times. He, better than all other men, represented the views of Raleigh, and shared more fully in his noble spirit. He also more thoroughly understood the history of all preceding expeditions. He, moreover, represented the interests of Raleigh's assigns, who had never abandoned the idea of carrying out his plan. Bancroft, with his usual felicity, thus sums up the elements on which the new expedition depended: 'When therefore, a company of men of business, and men of rank, formed by the experience of Gosnold, the enthusiasm of Smith, the perseverance of Hakluyt, the hopes of profit, and the extensive influence of Popham and Gorges, applied to James I. for leave "to deduce a colony into Virginia," the monarch promoted the noble work by readily issuing an ample patent.'

The First Great Colonial Charter.—We must look at this carefully, for out of it grew the elements of our national life. It determined as much the fortunes of New England as it did of the great State of Virginia, and the commonwealths that were soon clustered around her. They gave to Virginia the precedence she has till this day held, and which she so honorably won, as the pioneer and leader of the South—as Plymouth colony was soon to be surrounded by the other commonwealths of New England, which was to become the source of light and the fountain of power for swaying the whole continent.

The title of England to the territory stretching from Cape Fear to Halifax was undisputed.¹ This embraced a belt of twelve degrees of latitude on the Atlantic coast, and it was to be settled by two Companies, who, in friendly rivalry, were to divide a common work; the limits to each clearly defined.

The London Company.—This Company had its headquarters in London,

¹ Except to the bright little spot in Acadia, where the French had established a settlement, and which was soon to be blotted out by the brutality of Argall.

and was composed of men of rank, and merchants of wealth and enterprise. They had the exclusive right to occupy the soil from the 34th to the 39th degree, which, beginning at Cape Fear extended to the southern line of Maryland, the Atlantic being the eastern boundary. No limits were assigned to the west, for it was an unknown wilderness.

The Plymouth Company.—It was composed of the same corresponding classes in the west of England—knights, gentlemen, and merchants. Its exclusive right to establish plantations, was limited to the 41st and 45th degrees; while, between the two Companies, from the 38th to the 41st, lay a region from which both were forever excluded. This was deemed a wise provision against infringement by either. Although the London Company alone succeeded, yet most important results followed the granting of the two charters, and especially the reservation of the tract of one hundred miles between them.

The Nature of the Grant.—The colonists were to remain Englishmen, parting with none of their rights, but bound by all the claims of homage due to their king. The further condition was the payment to the crown of one-fifth of the net proceeds of the gold and silver, and one-fifteenth of all the copper mined or coined—the right of coining, for the purpose of facilitating commerce with the natives, being granted in the charter. The duties on tonnage were to be devoted for twenty-one years solely to the benefit of the colony. A colonial council was established in England, appointed and presided over by the king. English laws were to regulate the tenure of the soil. All that the colonies received, in fact, by this first-written American charter for permanent colonization, was a wilderness territory, which they were to people and defend. Emigrants were not guaranteed the elective franchise, nor a single right of self-government. They were entirely subject to the council in Virginia, which, in turn, was subject to the supreme council in England, and that was subject to the will of the sovereign. Although the arbitrary character of this charter precluded all idea of independent colonial government, yet it worked very well for the time, since the domestic council had no power to tyrannize over the members of the colony; and in after times the people of Virginia were to take care of themselves. The great thing was, to make a start; and this was done. Wherever Englishmen went, they bore with them the palladium of the common law, and the grandest provision of the old Magna Charta, trial by jury. These two colossal principles of civilization were enough to determine the symmetry and strength of any future structure that was to be reared on such immovable foundations.

Sailing of the Expedition, Dec. 19, 1606.—The squadron consisted of three vessels, the largest being less than one hundred tons, and carrying one hundred and five men to establish the colony. Strange enough, too, were the materials chosen: a dozen common laborers, half as many mechanics, perhaps, four carpenters, and forty-eight gentlemen—who were no more qualified to

get a living in the woods than as many young lady graduates of our fashionable schools are to go out to day's washing. As for houses—of which there was not one standing in Virginia—none of the four carpenters had ever seen a saw-mill for getting out lumber, since England herself was not to be in the possession of such a thing for a hundred and sixty years.¹

Newport, the commander, had crossed the Atlantic; but, knowing only the southern route, he wasted the whole winter in the long passage by the Canaries and West Indies. They soon found themselves at sea, in more senses than one. King James, who was at best little more than a royal hen-hussy, had carefully concealed the names of the Virginia council, with their instructions, in a tight box, which was to remain unopened till the colony reached its destination. There was no authority to restrain discontent, nor repress disorder, except such as belonged of necessity to Newport, who seems to have been incompetent to exert it. It early became evident, however, that Smith was the master-spirit of the whole company, which gave rise to the envy and malice that afterwards brought so much trouble on them all.

In making the northern passage from the West Indies a gale swept them beyond Raleigh, for which they had sailed; and passing the two headlands of the Chesapeake, which they named Capes Henry and Charles after the King's sons, they came to safe anchorage at Northern Point, which, Captain Smith tells us, 'found the ready name of Comfort,' which indicated the feelings of relief the emigrants experienced after all the apprehensions and dangers of the voyage. The whole region was clothed in the beauty of early spring, and in describing it, Smith says that 'heaven and earth seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation.'

After getting things ready, they sailed up the mouth of the magnificent stream which they named after their king, till they reached a peninsula which they called Jamestown, fifty miles from the mouth; and this was by common consent chosen as the site of their colony.

Lacking as they were in some of the elements necessary to the founding of a prosperous colony; embarrassed by a superabundance of gentlemen, and a lack of common workmen and artisans for construction; and, above all, *destitute of women*, they might still have been successful had not other troubles arisen of their own making. When their instructions were opened, they chose Wingfield president of the council; and bringing a charge of sedition against Smith they excluded him from any share in their councils. But Stith tells us that no serious attempt was made to sustain the charge, and through the good doctrine and exhortation of Mr. Hunt, without whose aid the vices of the colony would have caused its immediate ruin, Captain Smith was soon

¹ The first saw-mill built in England was set up at Limehouse in 1768: but it was regarded either as an enemy to the workingman, or else as a contrivance of the Devil, and a mob destroyed it. It may seem strange, but more than one hundred and thirty years before England had a saw-mill, one was in full opera-

tion at the falls of the Piscataqua: and this was only fourteen years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Having lived in Holland, where saw-mills were in operation so long before England had one, the Pilgrims lost no time in introducing this grand invention into their settlements.

restored to his station, while it soon became evident enough that if any thing effectual was to be done it would be accomplished by his energy and control. After consultation with the commander, he started up the river with twenty men, and reaching the falls just below Richmond, went to pay a visit to 'the Emperor of the country.' Their predecessors had left none too favorable an impression on the minds of the great Powhatan's subjects. But this really superior man, who held undisputed sway over his rude subjects, allayed their discontent by telling them 'they will not hurt you: they take but a little waste land.' This all did very well for a while; but unmistakable signs of hostility on the part of the natives became evident, and soon after Newport had sailed for England,—the middle of June,—the clouds began to gather over the young colony. Only a few men knew how to fell the trees, or clear or plant the soil. The heat became intense, and melted them down. The provisions brought with them had been spoiled on the voyage. 'Our drink, says the account, 'was unwholesome water; our lodgings, castles in the air: had we been as free from all sins as from gluttony and drunkenness, we might have been canonized for saints.' Only a few days after Newport's departure, the emigrants were so stricken down that 'hardly ten of them were able to stand.' The exhaustion of building their fort left them without five able men to guard the bulwarks; and the relation is filled with disheartening descriptions of the groans of the sick and the dying. The ravages of disease were so great that 'the dead bodies were dragged out of the cabins like dogs to be buried.' Before the forest leaves began to turn in the autumn, one-half of the colonists had perished. Even the resolute and noble Bartholomew Gosnold had to succumb; and with the sadness of utter desolation, his companions laid him in his grave, on a rise of ground overlooking the river.

As if the prospects of the colony were not gloomy enough, the bitterest passions of malice and selfishness came in to complete the disaster. Wingfield had appropriated to his own use the best of the provisions, and was suspected of a design to escape to the West Indies. He was deposed, and Ratcliffe, an equally incompetent man, chosen as his successor. But at this moment of helplessness and gloom, when all other reliances gave way, Smith took the command. With a training which no other man of his time, or perhaps of any other, ever had, he brought to the crisis the indomitable energies of his wonderful character. He had not yet reached thirty years of age, although he had lived the lives of a hundred men. He alone could save the disheartened colony. Inured by exposure to every hardship and danger in every clime, he went through enormous labors. He alleviated the sufferings of the sick; he breathed hope into the ears of the dying; he dug graves for the dead, and sustained the feeble and broken-hearted by his own cheerfulness. He foiled the selfish schemes of Wingfield, and the feeble treachery of Ratcliffe, by a sternness of conduct which cost one of the leaders his life, and inspired the rest with salutary awe. But even he would have found the work impossible, had not the close of the season for navigation been brought

on by the early inclemency of the weather, and the wild fowl and game been so abundant that there was no fear of famine.

Smith Explores the Country.—1607-8.—Having reduced the remains of the colony to submission and order, he could for the first time turn his attention to one of the instructions of the home Council, which was to discover some stream by ascending whose current he might form a connection with the great ocean—the South Sea—which was supposed to lead to illimitable wealth. Smith was too well informed to place any reliance on such vague notions; but in the spirit of disciplined obedience, he attempted to carry out his instructions. The deep and sluggish Chickahominy was ascended as far as his boats could go, when he took to the woods with his compass, to continue his explorations.

The folly and disobedience of his men betrayed them into an ambush which cost them their lives. Unable to strike any terror into the soul of Smith, and over-awed by his firmness and self-possession, the savages were content to hold him as a prisoner. But his former experience with tribes quite as savage, stood him in good stead.¹ He showed them his pocket compass, which they—poor souls—understood just as well as we do to this day. It was enough for his purposes and theirs, as it is for ours, that it always pointed in the same direction. Worship and fear are akin to mystery: they looked upon him with reverence. He wrote a letter, which they consented to send to Jamestown; for they did not dare to retain long in their possession so mysterious a thing. If the civilized mind sometimes cannot resist the superstition engendered by mystery, why should we wonder at the spell which held these simple savages? He showed and did other things which still more excited their wonder and dread. The news of this strange visitor soon spread through the forest, and the members of other tribes, stealing in from hour to hour, and day by day, gazed upon him with increasing awe. But as he manifested a kindness of feeling which went to their hearts, the awe which had first inspired them, gradually gave way to a softer sentiment. They would keep and show the great visitor as a trophy and friend, to their neighbors. And so with the honors of a victor, rather than the signs of a captive, they took him to all the villages along the Chickahominy,

¹ Though not thirty years of age, he was already a veteran in the service of humanity and Christendom. His early life had been given to the cause of freedom in the Low Countries, where he fought for the independence of the Batavian Republic. Again, as a traveler, he had roamed over France; had visited the shores of Egypt; had returned to Italy; and, panting for glory, had sought the borders of Hungary, where there had long existed an hereditary warfare with the followers of Mahomet. It was there that the young English cavalier distinguished himself by the bravest feats of arms, in the sight of Christians and infidels, engaging fearlessly and always successfully in the single combat with the Turks, which, from the days of the crusaders, had been warranted by the rules of chivalry. His signal prowess gained for him the favor of Sigismund Bathori, the unfortunate prince of Transylvania. At length, he, with many others, was overpowered in a sudden skirmish among the glens of Wallachia, and was left severely wounded on the field of battle. A prisoner of war, he was now, according to the eastern custom, offered for sale 'like

a beast in a market-place,' and was sent to Constantinople as a slave. A Turkish lady had compassion on his misfortunes and his youth, and, designing to restore him to freedom, removed him to a fortress in the Crimea. Contrary to her commands, he was there subjected to the harshest usage among half-savage serfs. Rising against his task-master, whom he slew in the struggle, he mounted a horse, and through forest paths escaped from thralldom to the confines of Russia. Again the hand of woman relieved his wants; he traveled across the country to Transylvania, and, there, bidding farewell to his companions in arms, he resolved to return 'to his own sweet country.' But, as he crossed the continent he heard the rumors of civil war in Northern Africa, and hastened in search of untried dangers, to the realms of Morocco. At length returning to England, his mind did not so much share as appropriate to itself the general enthusiasm for planting states in America; and now the infant commonwealth of Virginia depended for its existence on his firmness.—Bancroft, vol. i. pp. 127-8.

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CALIFORNIA



POCAHONTAS SAVES CAPTAIN SMITH'S LIFE.

and on to the Rappahannock, and still further north, to the Potomac. At last they reached the residence of the great chief Opechautanough, at Pamunkey. Here for several days, they exhausted all the power of their religious incantations in gaining, from earth or heaven, some revelations of the terrible mystery that hung around their prisoner. They could not tell what fate might be in store for them. He might have been sent by the departed, from their invisible homes, a beneficent or direful messenger—they could not tell. But so strong a hold had Smith by this time gained on their veneration, they treated him with as much hospitality and reverence as if he had indeed been an ambassador from the Great Spirit.

Powhatan.—Smith's fate was at last to be determined by a chieftain whose name would always have been enchanting enough, had it been left to the simple records of authentic history. Powhatan held sway over one of the fairest, and what was afterwards to become one of the most classic regions of the continent. Those same fields were to witness the crowning struggle of the American Revolution; those shining rivers were to be crossed by the glittering battalions of France and England; the defeat of Cornwallis, and the laurels won by Lafayette, were to be mentioned in the same breath with which our children utter the familiar names of the heroes of the Revolution.

Powhatan held his court, from which there was no earthly appeal. He was himself arrayed in all the splendor of his savage royalty. Near him sat his chiefs in council, and a dusky cloud of savage warriors and squaws, all decked out as if for a festival, hovered around the scene of judgment. Terror dictated the verdict: this strange and awful being must die. As he was motioned to bend his neck for the fatal tomahawk, Pocahontas, the young daughter of Powhatan, sprung to his breast, and clung to it with the agony of pity, devotion and terror.¹

The ferocity of the band was softened. The tomahawks of the executioners slowly came to the ground; and there, with one arm still unlocked from the embrace, she plead with his judges. She appealed with uplifted eyes to the Great Spirit above them; in tenderer tones she told her father how the pale face could make hatchets for him, and strings of beads and rattles for his favorite child. Judgment was suspended, and in silence the awe-struck band at last turned their eyes away from this more than mortal being, on whom a higher power had stamped the seal of sacredness. It was the decision that he should not only cease to be a prisoner, but be adopted as a friend and an equal into the councils of the nation. Thus was the last hope of the colony saved by the man whom Virginia to this day calls her father.

The released captive did not at once hasten to Jamestown. He cultivated the acquaintance, and sealed the friendship of Powhatan, and made his charming daughter a favorite companion. Whatever trinkets he had with

¹ The girl was of tenne or twelve years old, which not only for feature, countenance, and expression much exceeded any of the rest of his people, but for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country.—*Smith's Virginia.*

him were given to decorate the beautiful maiden, and his tenderness to her won the heart of the father. He studied the language and the manners, and comprehended the spirit of the natives. He hoped he had linked them in lasting friendship with his countrymen. When he returned to the fort—master now, beyond a doubt, for he had been the saviour of the colony—every few days the friendly Indians appeared, and Pocahontas always came with them. They brought baskets of corn and other presents for their pale-faced friends.¹

On returning from his wanderings and captivity, Smith found his colony reduced to one hundred and forty men, and, in their helplessness, many of them had determined to put to sea in the little pinnace. Their design was soon discovered and defeated. They were disappointed in their second attempt; and in the third and last, Smith crushed their scheme only by a desperation which would have cost any other man his life. And so, with the hope of relief from England, he sustained the last energies of the colony by the mingled firmness and humanity of his great soul.

Newport at last came, bringing with him little of service except the needed supplies, without which they might have continued to subsist. The hundred and twenty emigrants he brought were 'chiefly vagabond gentlemen, and goldsmiths, who, thinking they had discovered in some of the glittering grains of the soil around Jamestown evidences of gold, there was now no talk, no work, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold.' This is the record Smith gives us. Newport was a good sailor, but nothing more. He was seized with the gold fever, and contrary to the arguments of Smith, and the intelligent assurances of Powhatan, he went wild with the fancy that the James river flowed in from the neighboring Pacific, and that a cargo of Jamestown ore, with the gloss of his own descriptions, would cover him with wealth and glory. He idled away three or four months, and finally set sail for England with 'a freight of worthless earth.'

Summer of 1608.—But nothing diverted Smith from the achievement of some practical results in the broad field he had entered. He did not endanger the authority he swayed by any unnecessary severity, but showed what lenity he could to the follies of the Council, and the vices of the colonists. He could now prosecute, with some hope of success, his explorations of the great Bay of the Chesapeake, and the many rivers that flowed into it from the northern and western hills. He tells us that, attended only by a few companions, he made two voyages in an open boat, in which, by careful estimate, his oars had carried him as many miles as a ship would sail in a voyage to England. He

¹ Fancy became the first historian and latest interpreter of these strange occurrences. As early as 1608, an account of them appeared in 'The True Relation, etc.,' which contained much that was incredible. But the authentic history of the rescue of Smith by Pocahontas, appeared by authority in 1617, that being the date of Smith's 'Relation to Queen Anne.' Many attempts have been made to cast doubt over the whole story; but it is as well established as any other fact in the history of America. Iconoclasts abound in every

climate and period. They are first cousins to the Bourbons of the human family, who haunt chiefly the graveyards, forgetting all that it is useful to know, and learning nothing that is worth acquiring. Nature has given this class a prodigious capacity for doubting everything good, and believing in everything evil. But they have been obliged to leave this bright little spot in Virginia's annals still green on her fair record, and the pretty story of Pocahontas will live forever in the pages of authentic history.

went as far as the mouth of the Susquehanna, where he made the acquaintance of the Mohawks, 'who dwelt upon a great water, and had many boats, and many men, and made war upon all the world.' They had, indeed, made a terrible impression upon the less warlike Algonquins of the south; for the famous Mohawks, then in the prowess of their primitive strength, had dominated as far as they pleased over the wide region that stretched from the northern lakes to the south of the Ohio and its tributary rivers. Fleets of their canoes had also been seen on the waters of the Chesapeake.

To these shore and inland explorations by Smith over unknown waters, belongs every element of romance and utility. He may well have been struck with the majesty of the broad Potomac, which spreads seven miles as it opens to the sea. Tracing his course on his own map, guided by his descriptions, we find him slowly pulling against the stream under the shades of Mt. Vernon, where Washington's ashes now repose; and passing up the bend around the heights of Arlington, he reached the falls above Georgetown. But he was not satisfied with knowing merely the courses of these rivers, and the character of their banks. He penetrated the regions around him in all directions. Wherever he met Indian tribes, they were prepared from previous rumors to receive him with deference and kindness, or he won their favor by the manliness and benevolence of his character. The beneficial consequences that followed these well-directed exertions, were to be felt long after that generation had disappeared.

This time, on his return to Jamestown, he was better received. The colonists had learned to prize the wisdom and thoroughness of his judgment; feeling their own incompetence, the members of the Council elected him President. He could now invoke the authority of law in the administration of affairs. Things soon put on a new face, and fortune seemed to favor them from the ocean. Newport's flag once more came in sight, with another expedition, bringing supplies, with seventy emigrants. Among them were two females, who had been induced to risk their fortunes, or tempt the fickle goddess, by displaying their charms in fresh fields.

The colonial Council in England had not yet learned, however, what class of men was needed in the new plantation. In addition to what he had hitherto requested, Smith wrote once more, and in plainer terms: 'When you send again,' he said, 'I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers-up of trees' roots, well-provided, than a *thousand* of such as we have.' Here the old Anglo-Saxon speaks out, for it was nothing less than that glorious quality, with which Smith was so munificently gifted, that ever dealt against the hardships of a wilderness life any telling blows in the settlement of this continent.

1609.—*Smith's Authority*.—None now were left to dispute it, and he became in fact as well as name, the ruler of the colony. In dividing up the hours, he enforced six for work, from all hands; and we are not surprised to learn, that under such discipline, even accomplished gentlemen soon become

accomplished woodcutters. 'He who would not work might not eat,' Smith says was the first item in his code. But in spite of this admirable system, less than fifty acres of ground had yet been tilled; and, in the scarceness of provisions, large numbers were put upon the hospitalities of the natives in the neighboring villages. It speaks well for Smith's administration, as for the now proverbial healthfulness of the region, that during the year only seven of the colonists died, out of two hundred.

May, 1609.—The first object of the London Council had been the acquisition of sudden wealth; for the golden lining still lingered along the clouds that rested over every western expedition. But better information was being disseminated, especially through the writings of Hakluyt, who placed upon Virginia a higher estimate as a field for agriculture, than he had ever entertained for gold. He says that vast and honorable plans were now conceived, and an appeal was made to the wealth of London. The nobles and opulent gentry, with the rich merchants of the Capital came forward, and under the lead of the now all-powerful Lord Burleigh, considerable sums of money were contributed. Through the influence of the minister a new charter was granted, clothing the Company with higher powers. The Supreme Council was to be elected by the stockholders, instead of being appointed by the king. In fact, all their legislation was independent of the throne. The governor of the colony was afterwards to be the executor of the will of the Council in London, and he was even invested, in some cases, with power over life, involving the right to declare martial law at his own discretion. Most writers have lamented this change; but from our standpoint, we hail with joy any accession of strength in money or men for the establishment of English civilization on this side of the ocean. Some of the immediate consequences were indeed disastrous. To supersede Governor Smith at this time, was an act of folly, as it very nearly became one of suicide. Nor was the choice altogether fortunate in falling upon Lord Delaware, for had he been endowed with every other virtue under heaven, he was to carry with him such notions of rank and splendor as would surround his person with a set of men who could contribute nothing to the prosperity of a youthful colony. Idle and vicious favorites flocked about him, and with visions of a royal court, and the allurements of a life of splendid leisure, and unlimited control, little good could be seen in store for Virginia.

The Fever of Emigration.—England was now on fire for emigration. Everybody who wanted to better his condition was ready to start. In a short time, nine vessels were ready for sea; and the fleet sailed, with five hundred emigrants and abundant supplies. Newport was made Admiral, attended by Sir John Somers, and Sir Thomas Gates, who were to administer the affairs of the colony until the arrival of the Captain-General, Lord Delaware. Two of the vessels were wrecked on the Bermudas, but the rest arrived in safety. The description which Smith gives of the character of these new emigrants,

tends somewhat, at least, to diminish the regret we feel for their subsequent fate. He says that they were 'mostly dissolute gallants, packed off to escape worse destinies at home; broken tradesmen, gentlemen, poor in spirit and purse; rakes, libertines, and worthless characters.' From such elements nothing but the disorder which followed could be expected. Although, by the abrogation of the old charter, Smith's powers were supposed to be ended, he still held a firm sway over the disorderly mob, which the colony might now with truth be called. He devised occupations; he persuaded or enforced industry; and by his marvellous qualities averted for a while the fatal disorders which seemed so inevitable. How different a termination may have come, human prescience never could foretell: but the accidental explosion of a quantity of gunpowder wounded Smith so seriously, that no way of saving his life was possible except by returning to England for surgical aid. After delegating his authority to Percy, the best man in the colony, and making such provisions, and uttering such counsels as he only could give, he bade farewell to the only spot which the hand of the Anglo-Saxon had made to bloom in the western world. As he reclined upon the deck of the ship that carried him home, worn by physical suffering, he was in that sad hour spared the knowledge of the approaching calamities of his colony, and the bitter lot of neglect and ingratitude that was to follow his heroic and generous efforts.¹

No sooner was Smith's hand of protection and control withdrawn from the colony, than it began to go to destruction. Idleness and confusion succeeded industry and order. All work was suspended; their stock of provisions began to give out, and the Indians would no longer furnish them supplies. In fact, all friendly relations with the natives had grown out of their reverence and affection for Smith; and no occasion was now lost to show their hostility to the colonists, whom they had resolved to exterminate. Every one who fell into their hands, was put to death. Driven to dire extremity, thirty of the most daring and dissolute seized one of the pinnaces and escaped to sea, to become pirates. In less than six months from the time of Smith's departure, of the four hundred and ninety colonists only sixty were left; and even these were on the verge of starvation.

In reviewing the history of these early colonies, the number of providential rescues we notice is marvellous; and at this distance of time we know not whether we are most impressed by the folly and improvidence of man, or the untiring beneficence of heaven. Of the vessels which were lost on the Bermudas from this expedition, their entire crews had got safely ashore. Under

¹ Bancroft has left a noble tribute to the Father of Virginia: Extreme suffering from his wounds and the ingratitude of his employers, were the fruits of his services. He received, for his sacrifices and his perilous exertions, not one foot of land, not the house he himself had built, not the fields his own hands had planted, nor any reward but the applause of his conscience and the world. He was the Father of Virginia, the true leader who first planted the Saxon race within the borders of the United States. His judgment had ever been clear, in the midst of general despondency. He united the highest spirit of adventure with consummate powers of action. His courage and self-possession ac-

complished what others esteemed desperate. Fruitful in expedients, he was prompt in execution. Though he had been harassed by the persecutions of malignant envy, he never revived the memory of the faults of his enemies. He was accustomed to lead, not to send his men to danger; would suffer want, rather than borrow, and starve, sooner than not pay. He had nothing counterfeited in his nature; but was open, honest, and sincere. He clearly discerned, that it was the true interest of England not to seek in Virginia for gold and sudden wealth, but to enforce regular industry. 'Nothing,' said he, 'is to be expected thence, but by labor.'—Vol. i. pp. 138-9.

the resolute direction of Sir Thomas Gates, they succeeded in constructing from the cedars of the forest and the remains of the wreck, two vessels, with which they bravely worked their way at last to join the colony. But before their voyage was over, the few remaining colonists had determined to embark in the four pinnaces still left, and sail for Newfoundland to escape the fate that surely awaited them. With the strange depravity which destitution and suffering engender, they had resolved on burning the little town before their departure. 'Why not?' they said, and they were proceeding to do it. But Gates and his party arrived at this moment of desperation, and through his firmness that act was prevented. Nothing, however, could dissuade the wretched men from their purpose to abandon the scene where, on leaving, 'none dropped a tear, for none had enjoyed one day of happiness.' Finding his best efforts unavailing, Gates reluctantly turned his back upon the deserted, but fortunately not destroyed town. He was the last man to go on board.

But the hopes of Virginia were in safer keeping. The current had carried them down but a few miles, when they came in sight of the barge of Lord Delaware, whose squadron stood off the mouth of the river. All ideas of Newfoundland now vanished, and with the help of a fair wind the pinnaces were that evening moored once more safely under the fort of Jamestown.

June 10, 1610.—In a few hours how changed the scene! Lord Delaware's fleet lay anchored in the river; Sir Thomas Gates, with his companions, so marvellously saved from wreck on the rocks of Bermuda, had escaped the fate of drowning, or death by starvation! and the remnant of Smith's colony had been rescued as if by a miracle. In such hours the heart of helpless man turns instinctively to pay its homage of recognition and gratitude to his Almighty Father. In this instance the recognition was complete. The homage could not be withheld, and the gratitude was sincere. We do not wonder at finding these words, as they recorded them: 'It is the arm of the Lord of Hosts, who would have His people pass the Red Sea and the Wilderness, and then possess the Land of Canaan.' 'Doubt not,' was their language, in writing home to their friends, 'God will raise our State, and build his church in this excellent climate.'

The piety of the colonists had erected a rude little log-cabin church, and it was now profusely decorated with wild flowers from the forest. In this tiny temple—not vainly erected to the great Creator, and which shone on the eyes of bending spirits in that far-off wilderness, brighter than the jewelled altars and gilded domes of the fairest cathedrals of Europe—the whole company now gathered. The beautiful service of the Church of England was read, and the whole scene was one of adoration, gratitude, and tears.

Lord Delaware assembled his Council, and read his commission and instructions; and when the fires of that evening sun faded out in the tops of the mighty forest-trees that sheltered the banks of the James River, order, peace and joy reigned in the rescued settlement of Jamestown.

The colony now consisted of two hundred men. Vice and idleness were banished; industry and providence were restored; and with a cheerfulness unknown before, everybody began to work. The natives were not slow to witness the change, and they were awed into the appearance of friendship by the sight of these new signs of power. The transformation from its former condition was complete, and kinder skies seemed to be bending over the majestic shores of the glorious river which was afterwards to reflect from its crystal bosom all the emblems of Christian civilization.

Under Lord Delaware's firm and unexpectedly wise rule, the condition of the colony was every day improving. Comfortable dwellings were constructed; heavy timbers were squared and hewn, rude boards and plank were sawed by hand, and Indian-made gaily colored mattings of bark and wild grasses, covered the floors. Nothing was needed but the presence of woman to add the last element of strength and symmetry to complete the structure of civilized life. But the health of Lord Delaware gave way. Exhausted by constant cares, and change of climate, he was obliged to return to England. The consequences were disastrous. Percy, his deputy, although well enough disposed, could not fill his place, and a feeling of the deepest discouragement depressed the spirits of the colonists. Since the glamour of gold had passed away, no more tales of fairy-land were to be told, and no profitable returns had been made to the stockholders. The Supreme Council began to lose their interest, and look upon their investment as lost. The whole scheme was brought into disfavor. The disgust of the public found expression through satirical pamphlets, and representations in the theatres—those two instruments for wielding public opinion in those days, for which we have substituted the creations of the Briarean Press. The friends of Virginia came to the rescue, and one of the Jamestown colonists indignantly said,—‘This plantation has undergone the reproofs of the base world. Our own brethren laugh us to scorn; and Papists and players, the scum and dregs of the earth, mocke such as help to build up the walls of Jerusalem.’

Sir Thomas Dale, May 10, 1611.—The cause, however, was steadily gaining ground, and multitudes of the unemployed,—and what was even then deemed, surplus population of England,—were every day looking with more interest towards American shores. Before the return of Lord Delaware, the Supreme Council had dispatched Sir Thomas Dale, with liberal supplies. He immediately proclaimed martial law in the colony, as Delaware's successor, and showed his code, which had been drawn up by himself. Having been an old soldier in the war of the United Provinces, it was but a transcript of their rules of war, and this code he proceeded vigorously to enforce. Every spark of personal or civil freedom was quenched. It was a narrow field for such pitiful despotism, and even he saw how bootless would be his reign. In writing to the Council, he did not try to conceal the feebleness of the colony, nor could he help applauding their spirit of patient endurance. He said,—‘If anything otherwise than well betides me, let me commend unto your

carefulness the pursuit and dignity of this business, than which your purses and endeavors will never open in a more meritorious enterprise. Take four of the best kingdoms in Christendom, and put them all together, they may no way compare with this country, either for the commodities or goodness of soil.'

Of these facts the colony, and Englishmen generally, were well persuaded, and the influence of Lord Delaware, and the judgment and virtue of Gates, determined the Council to prosecute the business they had undertaken, with greater earnestness and decision. They wisely committed the new expedition to his hands. Six well-equipped and liberally provisioned ships were fitted out, and three hundred emigrants, of a better class, were taken by Gates to Virginia. Another matter of importance was not overlooked: one hundred good-blooded cows, bulls, and oxen were put on board, and well cared for on the voyage. Their offspring are still grazing on the green banks of the James River.

We cannot forego one glance more at the great Raleigh, who, stripped of almost every other consolation from the outside world, learned in the Bloody Tower that Cecil, his lifelong and malignant enemy, was lending his best influence as minister of the crown for the colonization of Virginia, in whose fortunes the illustrious prisoner cherished a heart-interest to the last. Heaven has graciously decreed that its best helpers in the work of human advancement, should sometimes live long enough to see those enterprises on which they bestowed the best energies of their active years, finally carried to their consummation with the aid and applause of those who either withheld all assistance when most needed, or on which they heaped obloquy in the beginning. If this was not one of the rarest, it was certainly one of the most signal instances, in illustration of this blessed truth.

Administration of Sir Thomas Gates.—The sudden appearance of a fleet towards the last of August, in response to Dale's appeal of the preceding spring, filled the colonists with apprehensions at first, lest some powerful enemy might be approaching. But this was soon followed by demonstrations of joy. Again the little temple was crowded with glad and thankful worshippers, and the government of Gates was inaugurated with the solemnities of Christian worship. Nor was one single day enough to be dedicated to this high purpose: morning and evening prayers were said in the church every day. The author of *Lawes Divine* relates that at matin and vesper the colonists tenderly repeated the prayer—'Lord bless England, our sweet native country.'

Gates' wise Administration.—Prosperity now attended the colony. It grew in numbers; agriculture became a settled pursuit; the neighboring Indian tribes all displayed a more friendly spirit, and some of them were ready to give their allegiance to the British King. Gates was sagacious and liberal, and comprehended the conditions of colonial success. No unnecessary hard

ships or restraints were imposed, although severity enough was practised to preserve order. To all deserving parties, titles to small parcels of land were granted for planting orchards and gardens, and thus becoming interested in the soil, the colonists began to feel that their homes were actually established three thousand miles away from England. Gradually the Domestic Council was allowed larger discretion and authority in the management of their local affairs, and the disposition to dictate, relaxed in England.

March 12, 1612.—In the spring of this year, another patent was granted for Virginia. New parties became interested by the concession of greater rights and privileges. The corporation gained larger control, and somewhat of an independent spirit was infused into its management. The Company was allowed to hold weekly meetings, elect their own officers, and manage their own affairs. No political rights whatever were conferred upon the colonists; but the Government grants gave wider scope to the activity of the Company, and more deeply interested the stockholders. Among other privileges, they were allowed to establish lotteries, for a while—unpopular as they were in England—and from this source they realized large sums, until they were suppressed as a public evil, after the notice of Parliament.

The Natives still badly Treated.—But it is lamentable to relate that just in proportion as the colony at Jamestown grew in numbers and stability, the less consideration was shown to the native inhabitants. Frequent forays were made on the Indian villages, in one of which Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, was stolen. The motive for this abominable act at the time, seems to have been the extortion of a considerable ransom from the Indian chief. But the wrong had only inflamed his animosity, and in the pride of his manhood, he prepared to resent the insult with hostilities. But, as good fortune would have it, it was not to be so luckless an affair for any of the parties concerned. Among the colonists were many men of sincere religious convictions, John Rolfe being especially distinguished for his pious enthusiasm. To spread the knowledge of Christianity among the savages, was his dream by night and day. In the artless description of his own feelings, he says,—‘The Holy Spirit demanded of me why I was created;’ and in the perplexity of seeking the right road to travel, he was told that he must follow the indications of divine light, without regard to ‘the censure of the low-minded.’ He frankly confesses that his heart was leading him one way, while his conscience seemed to be pointing in another. But it ended in that happy compromise which usually follows such struggles: Love got the best. In some way he surrounded those awkward barriers with which Moses fenced in his refractory subjects, but within whose enclosure Christian sheep have so meekly staid for centuries. Why should the maledictions which the young gentlemen of the house of Levi suffered for bringing heathen women into the family circle, be visited upon him? He might at least hope that heaven would hear his prayer for the chieftain’s daughter; and so with right good-will he went to

work 'for the conversion of the unregenerated maiden.' Pocahontas seems to have returned his passion. She adopted the beautiful religion of her lover with admirable docility; and the first Christian marriage we have any account of celebrated by the English race in Virginia, 'came off' in the little rustic church at Jamestown. It had already been consecrated by more solemn, though less beautiful scenes. The temple 'rested on rough pine columns, fresh from the forest, and was in a style of rugged architecture as wild, if not as frail, as an Indian's wigwam,—she stood before the font, 'that out of the trunk of a tree, had been hewn hollow, like a canoe;' openly renounced her country's idolatry, professed the faith of Jesus Christ, and was baptized. The gaining of this one soul, the first fruits of Virginian conversion, was followed by her nuptials with Rolfe, in April, 1614, to the joy of Sir Thomas Dale, and with the approbation of her father and friends. Opachisco, her uncle, gave the bride away, and she stammered before the altar her marriage vows, according to the rites of the English service.'

Pocahontas Visits England: Summer of 1616.—The bride, under the—what sounds to us so truly barbarous, although truly Christian name—Mrs. Rolfe, went to school, like a good girl, to her new master, and soon acquired a marvellous facility in the English tongue.

Two years had gone by since the nuptials, and she was 'dying of curiosity' to see England. With a laudable spirit of acquiescence, the husband yielded, and the happy pair sailed for that distant country. Among the best classes and at the court, she excited the greatest admiration. She became a mother, which made her an object of deeper interest and affection. She had been overwhelmed and delighted with the magnificence of her adopted country. She at last desired to return to her native land. But the sudden transition from the wild freedom of her former life, and exposure to an ungenial climate, were too much for the daughter of the Indian chief, who had drawn her first breath, and passed her sunny youth in the paradise air of Virginia. When everything was ready for her return, she committed her little child to the care of a tender husband, and made her grave in England. But her name has been fondly cherished in the hearts of the millions who have read her gentle story, and the pride of some of the noblest names that have adorned the scrolls of Virginia, has claimed relationship with her blood.

This was a crowning event in the history of the colony. The bereaved old chieftain had not only, with all his tribe, sworn lasting friendship to the colonists, and loyalty to the king, but the powerful tribe of the Chickahomnies offered their alliance, and desired to become subjects of the great monarch over the big water. Some blending of the two races followed this first Indian marriage, over which no regret seems ever to have been uttered: but this mingling did not extend very far, and another illustration, of which the history of the English-speaking race furnishes us so many, was offered to show, that the intercourse between them and the aborigines of other lands has thus far never succeeded, on a large scale, in the blending of the races.

1613.—But we revert to the year which witnessed the successful termination of Mr. Rolfe's missionary enterprise, to notice an event which one hundred and fifty years later kindled a war that blazed round all the earth.

Samuel Argall, 1613.—This violent and arbitrary man made a great deal of trouble for the London Company, and their colonists in America. He was a sailor, and had command of an armed vessel which was maintained ostensibly for the protection of English fishermen on the Newfoundland banks. The French had commenced a settlement on Mt. Desert Isle, near the Penobscot River, and built the little hamlet of St. Sauveur. The Governor of the Virginia colony, claiming the sole right to the coast as far north as 45 degrees, Argall determined to break up the French settlement. His cannon opened the way for the landing, and his musketry soon gave him possession of the place. The cross around which they had clustered their dwellings, was thrown down, and the terrified inhabitants fled to the vessels in the harbor. Many of them succeeded in escaping in one which carried them back to St. Malo, while the rest were taken captive and sent to the Chesapeake. But the infamous work of Argall was not yet complete. He returned again, and burned the deserted settlement of Port Royal, and throwing down the arms of France, and destroying the fortifications on the Isle of St. Croix, he set up the arms of England over the ruins of the French in Acadia. It was these acts of piratical barbarity that began the collision between the French and the English in North America, which ended only in the fall of Quebec in 1759, a century and a half later, which swept out the last vestige of French power on the Atlantic coast, and in the northern portion of the continent.

Return of Sir Thomas Gates to England, March, 1614.—This estimable and discreet man, who had managed the affairs of the colony so well, thought he could render a higher service at home, by reviving the drooping resolution of the London Council; and leaving the government in the hands of Dale, he embarked for England. In the following May, on his representations, a petition was presented to the House of Commons, for aid to the Virginia colony; and it was nobly advocated by Lord Delaware, who, with the simple appeal, 'All it requires is a few honest laborers, burdened with children,' procured a committee to consider the subject. But King James had already begun to involve his ill-fated race in the collision with the British Commons, which, after long and repeated struggles, was to end in bringing the head of his son to the block at Whitehall, and to be followed later by the ignominious expulsion of his grandson from the throne of England. The House of Commons was dissolved, and the Virginia colony left to shift for itself. Here Bancroft well remarks, that 'It was not to lotteries, or privileged companies, to Parliaments or Kings, that the new State was to owe its prosperity. Private industry, directed to the culture of tobacco, was to enrich Virginia.'

We must now rapidly glance at the social condition of the colonists of

Virginia, up to the year 1619, when Sir George Yeardley arrived to assume its government

Up to this time, twelve years had passed from the first settlement, and its history had been marked by constantly recurring scenes of disaster, confusion, and blood. The London Company had treated colonization as a speculation, and its best members were powerless to accomplish much good. Ignorance, avarice, arbitrary rule, and heartless oppression, had characterized the government of the colony. Most of its agents were unprincipled; and the few good men entrusted with power, found their best designs defeated. Moreover, the colonists themselves being chosen from those classes that never furnish the material for building up permanent institutions, it was mercifully ordered that better elements were to be substituted for the structure of society that was afterwards to rise on the Virginia soil. The colonists had emigrated under all sorts of inducements, except such as were likely to command desirable characters. Not many of them would have succeeded anywhere; least of all, under such wretched management. Only a few became interested in the soil, as proprietors; most of them had been sent out at the expense of the company, and remained their servants, instead of rising into honorable citizenship. Dale and Gates had offered tracts of land under more or less favorable conditions. But there was no established policy, such as was afterwards adopted in all the other colonies, where it was clearly understood that homestead binds men to the glebe stronger than villanage. The hostilities of the native tribes, which had been so wantonly provoked, rendered life at all times insecure, and repeatedly brought the settlement to the verge of extinction. Even as late as 1617, there were but fifty-four colonists left at Jamestown, men, women, and children, all told. The rule of Argall was most fatal of all. He was young, hot-headed, and tyrannical. He governed by martial law on land, and had procured himself to be made Admiral of the surrounding seas, which clothed him with the attributes of a tyrant and a freebooter.

Lord Delaware Embarks again for America, 1617.—With the exception of Raleigh, no man in her early history felt a deeper interest in Virginia than Lord Delaware. Learning the hopeless condition of the colony under the blighting rule of Argall, he induced the company to fit out another expedition, and with a large number of emigrants, he sailed once more to take command at Jamestown, and save the remains of the colony. But this estimable nobleman had overtaxed his strength in making his preparations; and although some English authorities assert that he died in England, yet all the writers on Virginia agree that he died on the voyage. Thus a further lease was granted to the tyranny of Argall. But it was to be brief.

One of the colonists had been unjustly condemned to death by Argall, and an appeal for clemency was made for the first time to the mother country. Foreseeing his fate, this infamous character escaped from the colony, with such spoils as he and his freebooters had extorted. The colony was saved

by the earnest persuasion of the enlightened and estimable Sir Edwin Sandys through whose influence Yeardeley was appointed Captain-General.

Condition of the Colony on Yeardeley's Arrival.—The best authorities agree that of the large number of emigrants who had been sent out during twelve years, not one in twenty was now alive. In Jamestown the only buildings left standing were those erected by Sir Thomas Gates; one the Governor's residence, and the other our favorite little church, which was 'fifty foote in length, and twenty in breadth.' In the small settlement of Henrico, where the city of Richmond now stands, there were only 'three old houses, and a poor ruined church, with some poore buildings in the islande.' The Church of England was by law the established religion, and two of its ministers were doing the best they could. The old friendliness of the Indians was soon extinguished on the death of Pocahontas and her father, and the prospects for the permanent establishment of an Agricultural State in Virginia were dark indeed.

On the arrival of Yeardeley, however, a more enlightened and efficient administration began. It had been made plain to the London Council that a different policy must be adopted, and the views of some of their best men were listened to. The great Lord Bacon, among others, had turned his attention to Virginia colonization, and as early as the embarkation of Newport on his first voyage, he had likened the expedition to the fabled Amadis de Gaul. Seeing wiser counsels prevail, he uttered the memorable prophecy at the time of Yeardeley's departure:—'Certainly it is with the kingdoms of earth, as it is in the kingdom of Heaven; sometimes a grain of mustard-seed proves a great tree: who can tell?'

It is refreshing indeed to find that the most glorious men of England, at this turning period of her own political destinies, as well as of the shaping of ours, saw the future rise of the English race in the western wilderness, with such clearness of vision. It makes us feel more tenderly towards Raleigh; it inspires us with greater veneration for the stupendous genius of Bacon: our blood kindles quicker at the name of the heroic Smith: we think more generally of the Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakespeare, and the steady friend of Virginia: and above all does it bring the divine Shakespeare himself nearer to our hearts. One and all, they are household names in every home of culture in the Western Hemisphere.

The Political Life of Virginia Begins. Inauguration of Yeardeley, July 30, 1619.—The new Captain-General made a proclamation to the plantations, announcing his commissions and instructions from the Company. His mission was 'the better establishinge of a commonweath; those cruell lawes by which the ancient planters had soe longe been governed, were now abrogated, and they were to be governed by those free lawes which his majesties subjectes lived under in Englande. That the planters might have a hande in the governing of themselves, yt was graunted that a generall assemblie shoulde be helde yearly once, whereat were to be present the governor and counsell, with two burgesses

from each plantation, freely to be elected by the inhabitantes thereof, this assemblie to have power to make and ordaine whatsoever lawes and orders should by them be thought good and profitable for their subsistence.'

In pursuance of these instructions, the Governor 'sente his summons all over the country, as well to invite those of the counsell of estate that were absente, as also for the election of burgesses.' On the 30th day of July the delegates from the eleven plantations assembled at James City.

First Legislative Assemblage in America.—Few as were their numbers, their proceedings were dignified by all the solemnities of a full Parliament. They elected a speaker, Mr. John Pory, who was a counsellor, and Secretary of the colony; and when he took his seat, their deliberations were opened by a solemn appeal of a clergyman of the Church of England, for the blessing of Almighty God—an example followed in American legislative assemblies ever since. The next act was a motion to accept the great charter. 'It had the general assent and the applause of the whole assembly, with thanks to Almighty God.' Basing all their actions upon the concessions made to the colony by the London Company, which they treated as the fountain of all their rights and authorities, they found in it their political charter; and while they acknowledged their loyalty to it, they emphatically announced that they retained the liberty of seeking redress 'in case they should find aught not perfectly squaring with the state of the colony.'

All the proceedings of this first legislative assembly held in the New World are worthy of the closest study. They have from that time constituted a model for legislative proceedings, and have ever been quoted as a parliamentary manual, by the statesmen of Virginia. All the doings of this young Parliament were marked with order and dignity;¹ and the laws they enacted were carried at once into execution. A new spirit of good feeling and encouragement pervaded the settlements, and the colony began to put on the aspects of well-ordered society. 'From this time,' they tell us, 'we fell to building houses and planting corn, for we regarded Virginia as our country.'

Sir Edwin Sandys, as Treasurer of the London Company, thoroughly investigated, and made a full exposé of its affairs. They had, during the first twelve years of their existence, expended eighty thousand pounds, and of the thousands of emigrants sent out hardly six hundred souls remained. But he submitted a plan for future action so clear and convincing that it was warmly adopted, and all the new elected council was composed of liberal and patriotic men.

¹ The Church of England was confirmed as the Church of Virginia; it was intended that the first four ministers should each receive two hundred pounds a year; all persons whatsoever, upon the Sabbath days, were to frequent divine service and sermons both forenoon and afternoon; and all such as bore arms, to bring their pieces or swords. Grants of land were asked not for planters only, but for their wives, 'because, in a new plantation, it is not known whether man or woman be the most necessary.' Measures were adopted 'towards the erecting of a university and college.' It was also enacted, that of the children of the

Indians, 'the most towardly boys in wit and graces of nature should be brought up in the first elements of literature, and sent from the college to the work of conversion' of the natives to the Christian religion. Penalties were appointed for idleness, gaming with dice or cards, and drunkenness. Excess in apparel was taxed in church for all public contributions. The business of planting corn, mulberry trees, hemp, and vines was encouraged. The price of tobacco was fixed at three shillings a pound for the best, and half as much 'for the second sort.'—Bancroft, vol. i. pp. 155-6.

The Treasurer was authorized to carry his measures into vigorous operation with the assurance of support.

From this time the prosperity and permanence of the Virginia colony seemed to be placed upon a stable foundation. Within twelve months Sandys sent over twelve hundred and sixty-one emigrants, all of whom understood that they were going to find themselves homes.

A new element was also invoked. There had hitherto been no inducements for the better class of women to join the colony, and well-regulated families could hardly be persuaded to do so. But Sandys' reputation for integrity and candor, with his earnest persuasions, induced one hundred 'agreeable, young and virtuous' women to emigrate, since their outfit and voyage would be paid by the Company, and they were assured of a kind and respectful welcome. Of course they ultimately contemplated marriage with the settlers, and on their arrival they were not disappointed. They readily found good husbands, who guaranteed their comfortable support, and to refund to the company the expenses it had incurred. The liquidation of these debts was to be made in tobacco, the only currency of the colony, this being equivalent then, as it is now, to gold, in the English market. The price of a wife was settled at one hundred pounds of the 'beguiling weed.' The thing worked so well, that the next year a company of sixty others was sent, who, we are assured, were 'maids of virtuous education, young, handsome, and well recommended.' With the improvement in the quality of this class of emigrants, the price of a wife rose from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. The whole transaction was wise and fortunate. The manners and morals of the colony improved. Married men had preference in all things. Industry, thrift, cleanliness, and all the amenities which society owes to woman, marked the new period. Before three years had gone by, the number of colonists rose to four thousand.

May 17, 1620.—This year of the efficient administration of Sandys determined the stability of the Virginia colony. Dark days were indeed before them, and many were to fall by a cruel massacre, while others were to suffer terrible misfortunes. But the colony was no longer to be imperilled, and it was striking its roots deep into the soil. In choosing Sandys' successor, a new and deeper interest in colonization was displayed. The struggle in the election was earnest and bitter; but the patriot party prevailed, and the Earl of Southampton was called to its administration. The King had attempted to interfere in the election; but the Company threw themselves upon the guaranties of their charter, and had everything their own way, undisturbed. The administration of Yeardley was wise and lenient, and he was allowed the largest scope in administering the laws, and securing the rights of the colonists. Trial by jury was forever established. The acts of the Colonial Assembly were confirmed, and thus a distinct recognition of their independence in legislation was made.

July 24, 1621.—During this year, a written Constitution was established for Virginia, containing all the cardinal principles of the British Constitution. It served as a model for nearly all the constitutions that were subsequently adopted by the colonies that were planted in the South. It declared that its purpose was ‘the greatest comfort and benefit to the people, and the prevention of injustice, grievances and oppression.’ The Governor was to be appointed by the Company in London, and with him a permanent Council. The General Assembly was to hold yearly sessions, and be composed of the councillors, and two burgesses chosen from each of the plantations by universal suffrage. All the laws were to be enacted by the Assembly. The usual right of veto was reserved to the Governor, and all ordinances were required to be ratified by the Company in England. The grand clause was also inserted, that no orders of the Company in London should be binding on the colony until they had been ratified by the General Assembly. Courts of justice were required to conform their procedure to the judicial standards of England.

Civil Liberty Established in Virginia.—We thus find the first free State founded in the western world. The system of representative government, with trial by jury, constituting the two chief pillars on which the superstructure of civil liberty was to rise in America, had now been settled. In spirit, and in fact, the General Assembly was a Parliament, acknowledging allegiance to the British sovereign as King of Virginia. With all these reforms the name of the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare’s friend, will forever be associated. He was one of the broadest-minded and most liberal-spirited men of his time. He fought steadily against every illiberal restriction, and proposed and advocated the extension of the largest franchises of freedom.

The people of Virginia may not only be excused, but applauded, for taking pride in the events we have here recorded. It was on their soil that the foundations of free institutions in America were first laid. It was on the banks of the James River that the first permanent colony of Anglo-Saxons was planted. There, was opened the first nursery of American statesmanship; there was promulgated the first written constitution which contained the elements of self-government; and to her glory be it said that she was ever afterwards to preserve the priceless rights she inherited.

Introduction of Negro Slavery.—But by the decree of a Power—against which all human efforts and designs are unavailing—while the Tree of Liberty was taking root on that soil, the fatal Upas was being planted side by side. Here we may appropriately quote the words of Charles Sumner, in a letter to the New England Society of New York, December 21, 1863:

‘Amid all the sorrows of a conflict without precedent, let us hold fast to the consolation that it is in simple obedience to the spirit in which New England was founded, that we are now resisting the bloody efforts to raise a wicked power on the corner-stone of Human Slavery, and that as New Eng-

landers we could not do otherwise. If such a wicked power can be raised on this continent, the *Mayflower* traversed its wintry sea in vain.

'We remember too that another ship crossed at the same time, buffeting the same sea. It was a Dutch ship with twenty slaves, who were landed at Jamestown, in Virginia, and became the fatal seed of that Slavery which has threatened to overshadow the land. Thus the same ocean, in the same year, bore to the Western Continent the Pilgrim Fathers, consecrated to Human Liberty, and also a cargo of slaves. In the holds of those two ships were the germs of the present direful war; and the simple question now is between the *Mayflower* and the slave ship. Who that has not forgotten God can doubt the result? The *Mayflower* must prevail.'¹

To that Pilgrim ship we shall shortly turn.

Captain John Smith on the Coast of New England.—March, 1614.—We left the Father of Virginia returning prostrate from the accident which had disabled him in Virginia. Despairing in his efforts to inspire the London Council with a wiser policy in the management of the Virginia colony, but with an interest in American colonization still unabated, he turned his attention, after the recovery of his health, to maturing a scheme that might better reward enterprise further north on the continent. The Plymouth Company had made little use of their charter, which had been granted at the same time as the one for Virginia; but their rights had not expired. Still adhering, with the firmness of settled conviction, to the belief, that colonization in the west was the true interest of the British Government, and the British people, he endeavored to impress his convictions upon the members of that body. Meantime, while he was waiting for his arguments to take effect, he induced four merchants of London to unite with him in a private trading adventure, to sail for what had then begun to be called Northern Virginia. In the event of 'not finding gold,' they were to carry on traffic with the Indians, and secure a cargo of dried fish, which was to be disposed of at Malaga.

He sailed with two vessels. Reaching the Penobscot, he examined and mapped the coast from that river to Cape Cod, and gave to the territory the name of New England—a name which, being confirmed by Prince Charles, was to remain. His venture was successful; and in the seventh month from his departure from England, he had returned safely with his principal ship. The other had been left in charge of Thomas Hunt, whose avarice was satiated only by the perpetration of a crime which had been better left to the freebooters of Spain. He became a kidnapper, and stole as many of the natives as he could entice on board—'poor innocents,' indeed, as they were termed—and sold them in the great slave-market of the world—Spain. There is a blessed consolation in the fact which history is always recording, however much bad men may deride it as a dogma of religion, that 'the wrath of man shall praise God.' Some good even came out of this. One of the chiefs of the kidnapped party escaped from slavery in Spain, and found his way to

¹ Lester's *Life and Public Services of Charles Sumner*, pp. 467-8.

England, where, being kindly received, and taught the English language, he was subsequently taken back to his native country, and became a useful interpreter between the English and the native tribes, maintaining his friendship for the colonists to the last.

Smith's Second Expedition to New England, 1615.—The success of his first voyage won the favor of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and other members of the Plymouth colony; and although they would furnish him with but a small vessel, and sixteen adventurers, with these he started. But hostile tempests drove him back. Undismayed, he put out again, when his vessel was seized by French pirates and taken into the harbor of Rochelle. But the intrepid hero escaped at night in an open boat, and reached the shores of England.

He now published a 'map and a description of his New England,' and scoured the whole of the west of the island with the zeal of a crusading Peter. He gave away copies to a large number of influential persons, to excite an interest in the cause of colonization. He inflamed the cupidity of the merchants with the prospects of gain, as he had shown his own voyages to be prosperous; he appealed to noblemen, through their lust for dominion and power; to the romantic, by vivid descriptions of scenery, and the charms of game, with the wild freedom of the forest, 'angling and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle, over the silent streams of a calm sea:—and in the discontented, and ambitious, he kindled hopes for a nobler condition of life. This time the force of his genius prevailed. He wished to give resurrection to the old Plymouth charter, and success to a Plymouth colony; and so far was he successful in moving the minds of influential classes, that rivalries soon sprang up, and the strife waxed warm in intrigues and persuasions to gain new concessions from the government. The party was sure to prevail which had the favor of the Crown. Prince Charles gave a ready ear to the solicitations of his favorites; and his father, the King, was induced to grant to forty men the most extraordinary charter ever heard of. They were called 'The Council established at Plymouth, in the County of Devon, for planting, ruling, ordering and governing New England in America.' They received in fee-simple an absolute grant of all the lands and waters from the 40th to the 48th degree of north latitude, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, wherever that might be. It covered all of New England and New York, more than half of New Jersey, and nearly all of Pennsylvania. Nothing was withheld from the clean sweep of the pen: the fisheries and islands along the coast; the entire monopoly of navigation; trade in the interior with the Indians: and absolute control over emigration and commerce. All the inhabitants were placed under their rule; and however little reliance might be placed on other sources of income, it was certain that this gigantic corporation could grow rich by the imposition of whatever duties they pleased to lay on all the tonnage employed in the fisheries of the western Atlantic.

The fever of colonization now rose high in England. The King had

issued a royal proclamation confirming this Parliamentary grant. Prince Charles was its chief patron, and an interested party. Powerful nobles, rich merchants, and daring and reckless adventurers, who were favorites at court, blended harmoniously in the new enterprise. Surely there was something substantial, on which to build the most extravagant hopes, when all these elements of power and success were brought together.

The confidence of the Plymouth colony in Smith had been so great that they had appointed him Admiral for life ; and now they entered into the strife for obtaining greater and more clearly defined privileges. But it proved a vain effort. The new monopolists succeeded, and hereafter the old Company disappears.

Here too we part with Captain John Smith :—a name that will in all coming ages be uttered by all true American lips with something of the feeling which inspired George S. Hillard, in the close of his charming and best of all the biographies of this intrepid pioneer of American colonization—‘The debt of gratitude which we of this country owe to Captain Smith can hardly be exaggerated. With the exception of Sir Walter Raleigh—and perhaps Richard Hakluyt—no one did so much towards colonizing and settling the coast of North America. The State of Virginia is under peculiar obligations to him as its virtual founder ; since without his remarkable personal qualities and indefatigable exertions, the colony at Jamestown could never have taken root. In reading the history of his administration, we are made to feel in regard to him, as we do in regard to Washington, when we contemplate the events of the American Revolution : that he was a being specially appointed by divine Providence to accomplish the work entrusted to him. He was exactly fitted for the place which he filled, and not one of his many remarkable gifts could have been spared without serious detriment.

‘His claims upon the gratitude of the people of New England are hardly inferior. He was the first to perceive the advantages held out by it as a place of settlement, in spite of its bitter skies and iron-bound coast, and to correct the erroneous, unfavorable impressions prevalent concerning it. Though he himself had no direct share in the settlement of Plymouth, yet without doubt it was owing to the interest which had been awakened by his writings and personal exertions, that the ranks of the colonists were so soon swelled by those accessions of men of character and substance, which gave them encouragement, and insured them prosperity and success. It was the peculiar good fortune of Captain Smith to stand in so interesting a relation to the two eldest States in the Union, and through them to the northern and southern sections of the country. The debt of gratitude due to him is national and American, and so should his glory be. Wherever upon this continent the English language is spoken, his deeds should be recounted, and his memory hallowed. His services should not only be not forgotten, but should be ‘freshly remembered.’ His name should not only be honored by the silent canvas, and the cold marble, but his praises should dwell living upon

the lips of men, and should be handed down by fathers to their children. Poetry has imagined nothing more stirring and romantic than his life and adventures, and History, upon her ample page, has recorded few more honorable and spotless names.¹

The Pilgrims in Holland.—But while this stupendous scheme of the court, its favorites, and the monopolists of England, was absorbing public attention, a small band of exiles from their native land, who had found an asylum in Holland from the religious persecution of England, were silently maturing by faith, prayer, and stalwart heroism, a plan of colonization which was as far to eclipse all the feeble attempts of lords, merchants, and potentates, as the noiseless processes of nature surpass the puny parades of man. We need not enter into the European history of the Pilgrim Fathers; as Webster said of them and their descendants,—‘The world knows it by heart: the past, at least, is secure.’²

¹ After summing up Captain Smith’s noble character, Mr. George S. Hillard, in his ‘Life and Adventures of Captain John Smith,’ says of his writings:

‘He was alive to the beautiful and grand in the outward world, as his animated descriptions testify; and above all, his style is characterized by fervor, earnestness, and enthusiasm. His heart is in everything which he writes. His mind is warmed and kindled by the contemplation of his subject, and it is impossible to read any of his works—after being accustomed to his antiquated diction—without ourselves catching a portion of their glow. If he has not the smoothness, he has not the monotony of a professed man of letters. His style has the charm of individuality. It has a picture-like vividness arising from the circumstance, that he describes, not what he has heard, but what he has seen and experienced.

‘Reading his tracts, as we do now, with the commentary which the lapse of two centuries has given them, we cannot but wonder at the extent of his knowledge, the accuracy of his observation, and the confidence, amounting almost to inspiration, with which he makes predictions, which, it is needless to say, have been most amply fulfilled. Had he done nothing but write his books, we should have been under the highest obligations to him; and the most impartial judgment would have assigned to him an honorable station among the authors of his age.’

And of his death:

‘The death of Captain Smith occurred in 1631, at London, in the fifty-second year of his age. We know nothing of the circumstances which attended it, and we are equally ignorant of his domestic and personal history; with whom he was related and connected, where he resided, what was the amount of his fortune, what were his habits, tastes, personal appearance, manners, and conversation; and in general, of those personal details which modest men commonly do not record about themselves.’—*Life and Adventures of Capt. John Smith, by George S. Hillard, in Sparks’ American Biography*, vol. ii. pp. 388, 395-7.

² And now the English at Leyden, trusting in God and in themselves, made ready for their departure. The ships which they had provided—the *Speedwell*, of sixty tons, the *Mayflower*, of one hundred and eighty tons,—could hold but a minority of the congregation; and Robinson was therefore detained at Leyden, while Brewster, the governing elder, who was also able as a teacher, conducted ‘such of the youngest and strongest as freely offered themselves.’ Every enterprise of the Pilgrims began from God. A solemn fast was held. ‘Let us seek of God,’ said they, ‘a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance.’ Anticipating their high destiny, and the sublime doctrines of liberty that would grow out of the principles on which their religious tenets were established, Robinson gave them a farewell, breathing a freedom of opinion, and an independence of authority, such as were then hardly known in the world.

‘I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. I can not sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches who are come to a period in religion, and will do at present no further than the instruments of their reformation.—Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not unto the whole counsel of God.—I beseech you, remember it,—’tis an article of your church covenant,—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God.’

‘When the ship was ready to carry us away writes Edward Winslow, “the brethren that staid at Leyden, having again solemnly sought the Lord with us: and for us, feasted us that were to go, at our pastor’s house being large; where we refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts, as well as with the voice, there being many of the congregation very expert in music; and indeed it was the sweetest melody that ever mine ears heard. After this, they accompanied us to Delft Haven, where we went to embark, and then feasted us again; and after prayer performed by our pastor, when a flood of tears was poured out, they accompanied us to the ship, but were not able to speak one to another for the abundance of sorrow to part. But we only, going aboard, gave them a volley of small shot, and three pieces of ordnance; and so, lifting up our hands to each other, and our hearts for each other to the Lord our God, we departed.” A prosperous wind soon waits the vessel to Southampton, and, in a fortnight, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, freighted with the first colony of New England, leave Southampton for America. But they had not gone far upon the Atlantic before the smaller vessel was found to need repairs, and they entered the port of Dartmouth. After the lapse of eight precious days, they again weigh anchor; the coast of England recedes; already they are unfurling their sails on the broad ocean, when the captain of the *Speedwell*, with his company, dismayed at the dangers of the enterprise, once more pretends that his ship is too weak for the service. They put back to Plymouth “and agree to dismiss her, and those who are willing, return to London, though this was very grievous and discouraging.” Having thus winnowed their numbers, the little band, not of resolute men only, but wives, some far gone in pregnancy, children, infants, a floating village, yet but one hundred and two souls, went on board the single ship, which was hired only to convey them across the Atlantic; and, on the sixth day of September, 1620, thirteen years after the first colonization in Virginia, two months before the concession of the grand charter of Plymouth, without any warrant from the sovereign of England, without any useful charter from a corporate body, the passengers in the *Mayflower* set sail for a new world, where the past could offer no favorable auguries.—Bancroft, vol. i. p. 306-308.





Embarkation of the Pilgrims, September 6, 1620.—At last the *Mayflower* was ready for sea, and she lifted her anchor for the Bay of New York; for the Pilgrims had intended to settle near the mouth of the Hudson. Fifty five men—21 with families, one hundred and two in all! After a long and stormy passage of sixty-three days, they gained their first sight of land; and two days later the *Mayflower* swung to her moorings in the harbor of Cape Cod. Their purpose of settling on the banks of the Hudson was irrevocably overruled by the Providence which directed their fortunes; as the Virginia Colony, which had sailed for the coast of North Carolina, was driven by a tempest into the broad bay of the Chesapeake. Historians have indulged in fanciful conjectures as to how different would have been the results, in either case. But such speculations belong to the vague ‘history of events which have never happened,’ which is the realm of the romancer, rather than to the sober record of facts, which is reserved for the historian.

Before any person had left the ship, the whole company assembled in the cabin, and entered into a voluntary compact, in the following words:

‘In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign, King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first Colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together, into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid. And by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame, such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the Colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.’¹

¹ To this instrument Mr. Morton sets the subscribers in the following order: but their names corrected, with their titles and families, I take from the list at the end of governor Bradford’s folio manuscript. Only this I observe, that out of modesty he omits the title of Mr. to his own name, which he ascribes to several others.

N. B. 1. Those with this mark (*) brought their wives with them; those with this (†), for the present, left them either in Holland or England.

2. Some left behind them part, and others all their children, who afterwards came over.

3. Those with this mark (§) deceased before the end of March.

NAMES	NO. IN FAMILY.	NAMES	NO. IN FAMILY.
1. Mr. John Carver,*	8	23. Francis Eaton,*	3
2. William Bradford,*	2	24. James Chilton,* §	3
3. Mr. Edward Winslow,*	5	25. John Crackston,§	2
4. Mr. William Brewster,*	6	26. John Billington,*	4
5. Mr. Isaac Allerton,*	6	27. Moses Fletcher,†	1
6. Capt. Miles Standish,*	2	28. John Goodman,§	1
7. John Alden,	1	29. Degory Priest,§	1
8. Mr. Samuel Fuller,†	2	30. Thomas Williams,§	1
9. Mr. Christopher Martin,* §	4	31. Gilbert Winslow,	.
10. Mr. William Mullins,* §	5	32. Edmund Margeson,§	1
11. Mr. William White,* §	5	33. Peter Brown,	1
12. Mr. Richard Warren,†	1	34. Richard Britteridge, §	.
13. John Howland, a.	.	35. George Soule, b.	.
14. Mr. Stephen Hopkins,*	8	36. Richard Clarke,§	1
15. Edward Tilly,* §	4	37. Richard Gardiner,	1
16. John Tilly,* §	3	38. John Allerton, §	1
17. Francis Cook,†	2	39. Thomas English, §	1
18. Thomas Rogers,§	2	40. Edward Dotey, c.	.
19. Thomas Tinker,* §	3	41. Edward Leister, c.	.
20. John Rigdale,* §	2		
21. Edward Fuller,* §	3		
22. John Turner,§	3		

101

c. He was of Mr. Hopkins’s family.

a. He was of governor Carver’s family.
b. He was of governor Winslow’s family.

—Prince’s *Chronological History of New England*, p. 172, Boston, 1826.

Forty one signed the paper. John Carver was unanimously chosen Governor for one year, and thus, constitutional Democracy was born in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. A State was inaugurated—the first one of the kind in the history of the world.

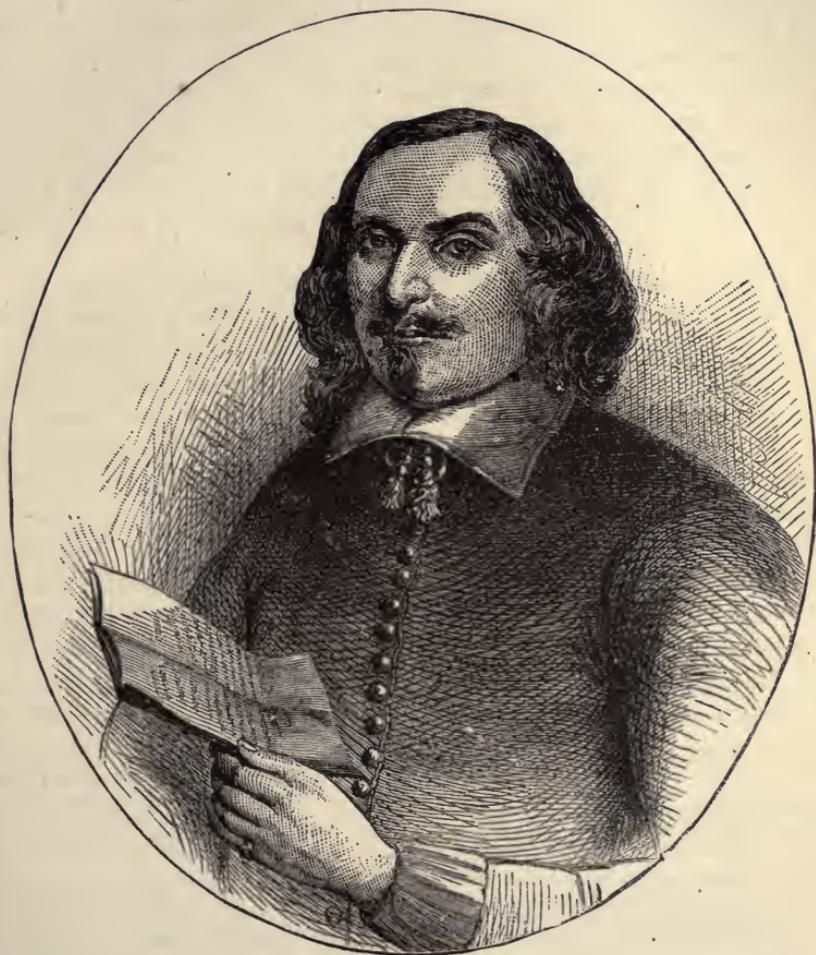
The desolations of an Arctic winter were already sweeping down the coast, and it was necessary to go ashore and fix on a site for their habitation. When the shallop was unshipped, she was found not to be seaworthy, and many days were required for repairs. Impatient of delay, Miles Standish and Gov. Bradford, with a few resolute companions, landed, covered with frozen spray. 'Tired with marching up and down the steep hills and deep valleys, which lay half a foot thick with snow, they searched in vain for inhabitants; but they came upon a heap of maize, and an Indian graveyard.' But they 'saw no more corn, nor anything else but graves.' In landing again the next morning at daybreak, they were greeted by a flight of arrows from the natives, who had hitherto known Englishmen only as kidnappers. Taking to their shallop again, they beat along the coast, searching for a harbor, for many hours, through a blinding storm, which at last became so wild their rudder was lost, their mast broken in three pieces, while thick night was closing around them. But the Providence they trusted in was guiding their little boat, and the tide drifted them into quiet water, under the shelter of an islet where, half-frozen, they kindled a fire on the shore, and outwatched the night. Time was pressing, and not an hour was to be lost. But it was the 'Christian Sabbath,' and the day was spent in solemn acts of worship and thanksgiving to Almighty God. The following morning they landed at a spot on the mainland now known as Plymouth, which they so named, in recognition of the kindness they had received at the English port from which they had last sailed.¹

Landing at Plymouth, December 22, 1620.—On this day the *Mayflower* was safely moored in the quiet harbor by the immortal Rock, whose name is now a charmed word in the ears of millions of their descendants. In the midst of a blinding tempest of sleet, rain, and snow, the fathers of New England began to swing their axes, every man building a house for himself. But sickness soon so prostrated the colonists that there were scarcely well ones enough to nurse the sick, or bury the dead. Soon after landing, Carver had lost a son: before the wild violets of spring had bloomed over his grave, that great and good man also died, and his broken-hearted wife soon after joined him in the better country.

¹ A walk of somewhat less than two miles from the Rock of Plymouth, now brings the visitor to one of the loveliest gardens in 'the wide, wide world.' From the County road out of old Plymouth, skirted on the left with belts and clumps of ornamental shrubs and trees in all stages of growth, the land slopes away into a broad valley whose surface is completely hidden by luxuriant foliage, till reaching the junction of Billington Sea Lane, glimpses of warm hillsides and broad-leaved plantations give place, through a fine vista, to the sight of a home dwelling with its surrounding green-houses cozily nestled in the midst of a scene of enchantment. From this commanding spot a complete view is had of

the wide tract of eighty acres, which to the strangers' eye is a vast labyrinthine panorama of waving luxuriance, where trees and shrubs and flowers of every clime are mingled in all the witchery of a living mosaic. This is 'Hillside,' the old Colony nurseries of Mr. B. M. Watson—names as familiarly known in far off Japan, as to our next-door neighbors in St. Petersburg, London and Paris.

What a transformation from the Pilgrim days, when nothing met the eyes of the weary voyagers, but the dense frozen forests, with their towering pines, shivering in the winter blast over the same grounds now blushing in bewildering beauty.



EDWARD WINSLOW.

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We shall not rehearse the touching story of the privations and sufferings of the men and women of Plymouth; but we shall let them in their own rude words, tell the tale which has both saddened and inspired the hearts of the true and the good all over the world for two hundred and fifty years.¹

While these stricken but undismayed exiles were beginning to hew out the timbers for their rude dwellings, and lay the foundations for an enduring free Christian State, the little *Mayflower* was preparing to return to England. But she must go back without the guardian angels who had guided her first voyage; they were to stay with the colonists. Her lessening sail, as it went down behind the last wave, was a sublimer sight than De Soto looked on when he saw his fleet disappearing from the Florida coast. As the saddened group gathered on the bleak shore at evening, to waft their parting blessings to the solitary rover of the deep, clearer eyes than ours could see celestial sentinels standing guard by their side.²

In approaching this bleak spot, consecrated by souvenirs the most sacred and inspiring, I feel like some travel-worn stranger going back to the graves of his fathers. So, too, may the myriads of their descendants feel, when in fancy they gather around that old-colony-cradle where the infancy of American Liberty was rocked. To them at least, it will be pleasant to 'indulge' for a little while 'in refreshing recollections of the past.'

Prince gives a graphic picture of the Colony:—'Besides the natives, the nearest plantation to them is a French one at Port Royal, who have another at Canada. The only English ones are at Virginia, Bermudas, and Newfoundland; the nearest of these about 500 miles off, and every one incapable of helping them; wherever they turn their eyes, nothing but distress surrounds them; harassed for their scripture worship in their native land, grieved for the profanation of the holy Sabbath and other licentiousness in Holland, fatigued with the boisterous voyage, disappointed of their expected country, forced on

¹ Mrs. Felicia Hemans, at the suggestion of Edward Everett, wrote that beautiful poem, which, although familiar to every son of New England, shall find its place here:

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er;
When a band of exiles moored their bark,
On wild New England's shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drum,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the deep woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that Pilgrim-band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a Faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

² Boughton—the American painter—has portrayed the scene in his noble picture, *The Departure of the Mayflower*, with great beauty and truth; and Mr. Knoedler, who has done so much for the fine arts in

this country, had it superbly engraved by an eminent London artist. No picture can more appropriately adorn the dwelling of a man who traces his descent from the Fathers of New England, or venerates their memory.

this northern shore both utterly unknown and in the advance of winter; none but prejudiced barbarians round about them, and without any prospect of human succor; without the help or favor of the Court of England, without a patent, without a public promise of their religious liberties, worn out with toil and sufferings, without convenient shelter from the rigorous weather; and their hardships bringing a general sickness on them, which reduces them to great extremities, bereaves them of their dearest friends, and leaves many of the children orphans. Within five months' time above half their company are carried off; whom they account as dying in this noble cause, whose memories they consecrate to the dear esteem of their successors, and bear all with a Christian fortitude and patience as extraordinary as their trials."¹

The darkest skies bent over these rude dwellings; the bleakest winds swept round them, during that first dreary winter. The water, the earth, the air, the trees, the rocks themselves were frozen. Wood-fires, the only comfort that was plenty, blazed bright, and around the warm hearth-stones the prayer of thanksgiving was said, and the song of praise was sung. 'Above all, there was freedom to worship God—that dearest of blessings. Only half of our company had died: the rest were getting strong. God was nearer to us than He ever had been in dear old England. He had planted His vine in the wilderness, and the vine of His planting would grow—what more could we ask?' It was all told in these simple, sublime words.

We will look at the life they led this first winter, as painted by themselves. It is the literal record, arranged in chronological order by Prince,² from Mourt's Relation, Winslow's Relation, Purchas's Pilgrims, Smith's History, Johnson's History, Sir F. Gorge's, Morton's Memorial, Governor Bradford's History and Register, and the Massachusetts Colonial Records. The words are as brief as monumental inscriptions, and more significant:

1620. Nov. 9.—At break of day, after long beating the sea, they make the land of Cape Cod, whereupon they tack, and stand to the southward, the wind and weather being fair, to find some place about Hudson River, for settlement. But sailing this course about half a day, they fall among roaring shoals and breakers, and are so entangled with them as they find themselves in great hazard; and the wind shrinking upon them at the same

¹ *Chronological His. of New England*, pp. 129-30.

² Of the Rev. Thomas Prince, the author of the invaluable *Chronological History of New England*, the *New England Biographical Dictionary* says:—'He was one of the most learned and useful men of his age. He would deserve this character, if he had never published anything but this *Chronology*.' He was for forty years pastor of the Old South Church, in Boston, and died in 1758. In speaking of the settlers of the two first and principal colonies, that of Plymouth, and the Massachusetts, from whence the others were originally derived, Prince says:—

It was for their great concern that the same vital and pure Christianity and liberty, both civil and ecclesiastical, might be continued to their successors, for which they left their own and their fathers' houses in the most pleasant places then on earth, with many of their dearest relatives, and came over the ocean into this then hideous wilderness; and the peaceful fruits of whose extraordinary cares, labors, hardships, wisdom, courage, passions, blood, and death, we, under the divine protection and justice of the best of Kings, enjoy.

It is to these we firstly owe our pleasant houses, our fruitful fields, our growing towns and churches, our wholesome laws, our precious privileges, our grammar-schools and colleges, our pious and learned ministers

and magistrates, our good government and order, the public restraints of vice, the general knowledge of our common people, the strict observation of the Christian Sabbath; with those remains of public modesty, sobriety, social virtues and religion for which this country is distinguished among the British colonies, and in which we are as happy as any on earth.

August 5, 1614.—Captain John Smith puts in at Plymouth, and in the end of the month arrives at London, draws a plat of the country, and first calls it New England. After Smith left New England, Hunt gets twenty Indians aboard him at Pawtuxet, one of whom is called Squanto, or Squantum, or Tesquantum; and seven more at Nausit, and carries them to Malaga and sells them for slaves, for twenty pounds per man, which raises such an enmity against our nation as makes further attempts of commerce with them very dangerous.—*Prince's New England Chronology*, p. 132.

1617.—'This winter and the spring ensuing, a great plague befalls the natives in New England, which wasteth them exceedingly, and so many thousands of them die that the living are not able to bury them, and their skulls and bones remain above ground, at the places of their habitations, for several years after.—P

time, they bear up for the Cape; get out of those dangers before night, and the next day into the Cape harbor, where they ride in safety.

Nov. 11, Saturday.—Being thus arrived, they first fall on their knees and bless the God of Heaven; but their design and patent being for Virginia, and not New England, which belongs to another jurisdiction, wherewith the Virginia company have no concern, before they land, they this day combine into a body politic, by a solemn contract, to which they set their hands, as the basis of their government in this new-found country; choose Mr. John Carver, a pious and well-approved gentleman, their governor for the first year, and then set ashore fifteen or sixteen men, well armed, to fetch wood and discover the land, who at night return, but find neither house nor person.

Nov. 13, Monday.—The people go ashore to refresh themselves, and every day the whales play round about them, and the greatest store of fowl they ever saw. But the earth here, a company of long sand hills and the water so shallow near the shore, they are forced to wade a bow-shot or two to get to land, which, being freezing weather, affecteth them with grievous colds and coughs, which after proves the death of many, and renders the place unfit for settlement.

Nov. 15.—While the shallop is fitting, Capt. Standish, with sixteen men, well armed, sets out on the Cape, to search for a convenient place to settle. William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins, and Edward Tilly, are of the number adjoined to the captain for counsel. When they had marched a mile southward, they see five or six savages, whom they follow ten miles, till night, but could not overtake them; and lodge in the woods. The next day they head a great creek, and travel on to a valley, wherein is a fine clear pond of fresh water, a musket shot wide, and two long. Then they come to a place of graves. * * They meet with heaps of sand, dig into them, find several baskets full of Indian corn, and taking some, for which they purpose to give the Indians full satisfaction as soon as they could meet with any of them, return to the pond, where they make a barricade and lodge this night, being very rainy; and the next day wading in some places up to the knees, get back to the ship, to the great joy of their brethren.

Nov. 27.—The shallop being fitted, twenty-four of their men, with Mr. Jones and nine sailors, thirty-four in all, set forth on a more full discovery of the aforesaid harbor. But the weather growing rough, and the winds cross, they are soon obliged to row for the nearest shore, and then wade above their knees to land; it blows, snows, and freezes all this day and night; and here some receive the seeds of those fatal illnesses that quickly seized them. The next day they sail to their designed port, but find it unfit for shipping; land between two creeks, and marching four or five miles by the greater, are tired with travelling up and down the steep hills and valleys covered half a foot with snow, and lodge under pine trees. The next morning, return to the other creek, and thus to the place of their former digging, where they dig again, though the ground be frozen a foot deep, and find more corn, and beans; make up their corn to ten bushels, which they send with Mr. Jones, and fifteen of their sick and weaker people, to the ship, eighteen staying and lodging there this night. Next day they dig in several such like places, but find no more corn, nor anything else but graves. Discover two Indian wigwams, but see no natives; and the shallop returning, they get aboard at night, and the next day, December 1st, return to the ship. The corn they found happily served for their planting on the spring ensuing, or they would have been in great danger of perishing, for which they gave the owners entire content about six months after. Before the end of November ensuing, Susanna, wife of William White, was delivered of a son, who is called Peregrine [he lives to July 22, 1704, when he dies at Marshfield], being the first-born since their arrival, and I conclude the first of the European extract in New England.

Dec. 4.—Dies Edward Thomson, servant of William White, the first that dies since their arrival. *Dec. 6.* Dies Jasper, a boy of Mr. Carver's. *Dec. 7.* Dorothy, wife of William Bradford. *Dec. 8.* James Chilton.

Dec. 6.—They again send out their shallop, with ten of their principal men, viz.: Mr. Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Capt. Standish, with eight or ten seamen, to circulate the Bay and find a better place: though the weather is very cold, and the spray of the sea freezes on them, that their clothes look as if they were glazed, and feel like coats of iron. This night they get to the bottom of the Bay, see ten or twelve Indians ashore busy a cutting up a grampus. By reason of the flats, they land with great difficulty, make a barricade, lodge therein, and see the smoke of the Indian fires that night, about four or five miles from them.

Dec. 7.—This morning they divide their company, some travelling on shore, eight others coasting in the shallop, by great flats of sand. About ten o'clock the shore people find a great burying-place, part thereof encompassed by a large Pallizado full of graves, some poled about, others having small poles turned and twisted over them. Without the Pallizado were graves also, but not so costly.

Dec. 8.—At five this morning they rise, and after prayer the day dawning, and the tide high enough to call them down to the shallop, they suddenly hear a great and strange cry, one of their company running towards them, calling out, 'Indians! Indians!' Therewith, arrows come flying about them. Upon discharging their pieces, the Indians soon get away. * * And not one of the company wounded, though the arrows flew close on every side, upon which they gave God solemn thanks; then sailed along the coast about fifteen leagues; find no convenient harbor, and hasten on to a port which Mr. Coppin, their pilot, assures them is a good one, which he had been in, and they might reach before night. But after some hours' sailing, it begins to snow and rain; at mid-afternoon the wind rising, the sea grows very rough; they break their rudder; it is as much as two men can steer her with a couple of oars, and the storm increasing, the night approaching, and bearing what sail they can to get in, they break their mast in three pieces, their sail falls overboard into a very grown sea; they

are like to founder suddenly. Yet by the mercy of heaven they recovered themselves, and the flood being with them, strike into the imagined harbor, but the pilot being deceived, cries out,—‘Lord be merciful!—my eyes never saw this place before!’ and he and the mate would have run her ashore in a cove full of breakers, before the wind, but a seaman calling to the rowers,—‘About with her, or we are cast away!’ they get under the lee of a small rise of land; but they are divided about going ashore, lest they fall into the midst of savages. Some therefore keep the boat; but others being so wet, cold, and feeble, cannot bear it, but venture ashore, and with great difficulty kindle a fire; and after midnight the wind shifting to the north-west and freezing hard, the rest are glad to get to them and here staid the night.

Dec. 9.—In the morning they find the place to be a small island secure from Indians, and this being the last day of the week, they here dry their stuff, fix their pieces, rest themselves, return God thanks for their many deliverances; and here the next day keep their Christian Sabbath.

December 11, Monday.—They sound the harbor, find it fit for shipping, march into the land, see diverse cornfields, and running brooks, with a place they judge to be fit for habitation, and return to the ship with the discovery, to their great comfort.

Dec. 15.—The ship sails for this new found port, gets within two leagues of it, when a north-west wind springs up and forces her back; but the next day the wind comes fair, and she arrives in the desired harbor. Quickly after, the wind chops about, so that, had they been hindered but half an hour, they would have been forced back to the Cape.

Dec. 18, Monday.—They land with the master of the ship, and three or four sailors, march along the coast seven or eight miles, but see neither wigwam of Indians nor navigable river, but only four or five brooks of sweet fresh water running into the sea, with choice ground formerly possessed and planted, and at night return to the ship. Next day they go again to discover, some on land, others in the shallop; find a creek into which they pass three miles and return.

Dec. 20.—THIS MORNING, AFTER CALLING TO HEAVEN FOR GUIDANCE, THEY GO ASHORE AGAIN TO PITCH ON SOME PLACE FOR IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT. AFTER VIEWING THE COUNTRY, THEY CONCLUDE TO SETTLE ON THE MAIN, ON A HIGH GROUND FACING THE BAY, WHERE CORN HAD BEEN PLANTED THREE OR FOUR YEARS BEFORE; A SWEET BROOK RUNNING UNDER THE HILL, WITH MANY DELICATE SPRINGS. ON A GREAT HILL THEY INTEND TO FORTIFY, WHICH WILL COMMAND ALL AROUND, WHENCE THEY MAY SEE ACROSS THE BAY TO THE CAPE. AND HERE, BEING IN NUMBER TWENTY, THEY RENDEZVOUS THIS EVENING; BUT A STORM RISING, IT BLOWS AND RAINS HARD ALL NIGHT, AND CONTINUES SO TEMPESTUOUS FOR TWO DAYS THAT THEY CANNOT GET ABOARD, AND HAVE NOTHING TO SHELTER THEM.

Dec. 21.—Dies Richard Britteridge, the first who dies in this harbor.

Dec. 23, Saturday.—As many as can, go ashore, cut and carry timber for a common building.

Dec. 24, Lord's Day.—Our people ashore are alarmed with the cry of ‘Savages!’ expect an assault, but continue quiet. And this day dies Solomon Martin, the sixth and last who dies this month.

Dec. 25, Monday.—They go ashore again, felling timber, sawing, riving, carrying. Begin to erect the first house, about twenty foot square, for their common use, to receive them and their goods, and leaving twenty to keep a court of guard, the rest return aboard at evening; but in the night and next day another sore storm and wind and rain.

Dec. 28, Thursday.—They go to work on the hill, reduce themselves to nineteen families, measure out their lots, and draw for them. Many grow ill of grievous colds, from the great and many hardships they had endured. *Dec. 29, 30,* very cold and stormy again, and they see great smokes of fires made by Indians, about six or seven miles off.

Dec. 31, Lord's Day.—Though the generality remain aboard the ship, almost a mile and a half off, yet this seems to be the first day that any keep the Sabbath in the place of their building. At this time we therefore fix the era of their settlement here, to which they give the name of PLYMOUTH, the first English town in this country, in a grateful memory of the Christian friends they found at Plymouth in England, as of the last town they left in that their native land.

January 1, 1621, Monday.—The people at Plymouth go betimes to work, and the year begins with the death of Degory Priest.

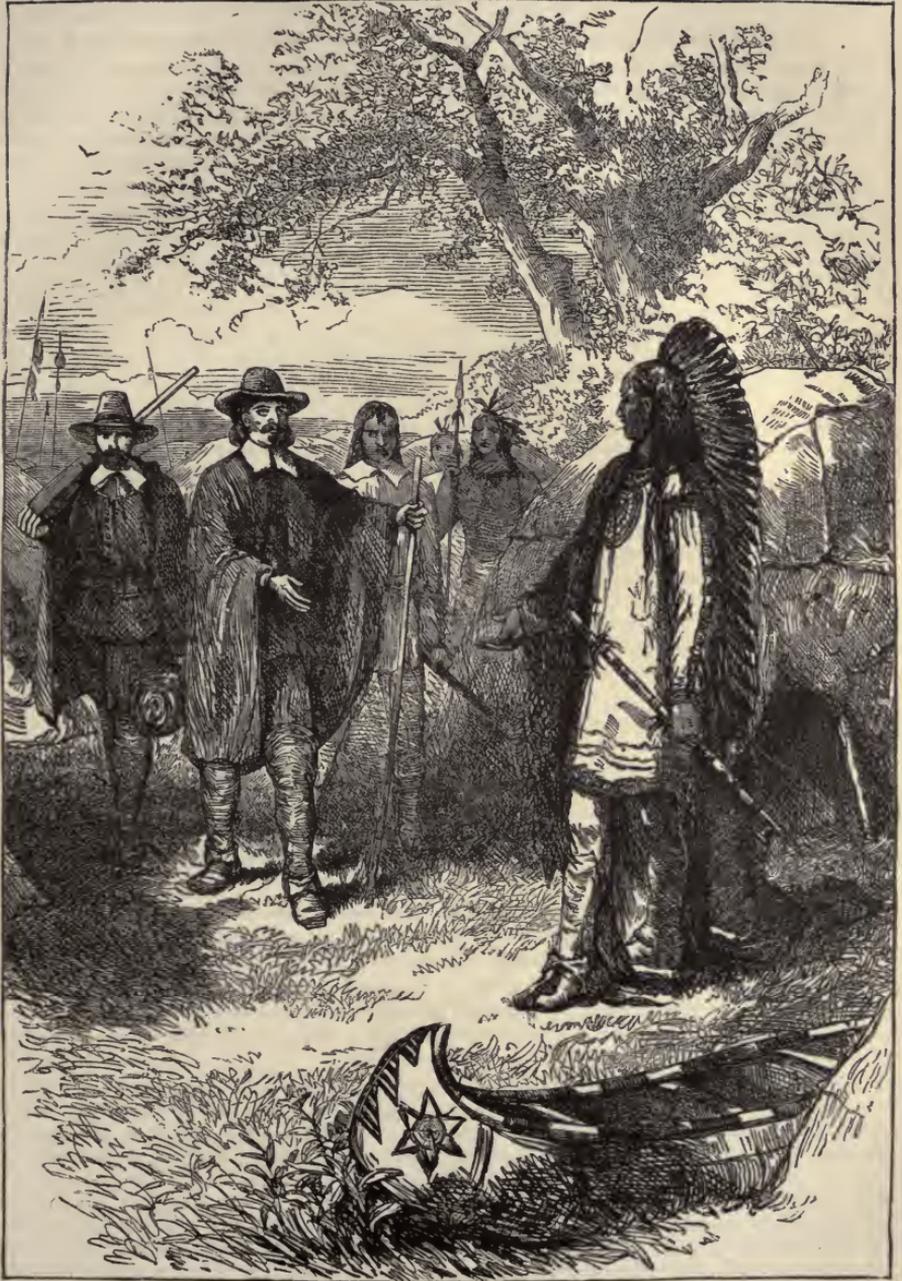
Jan. 2.—Some abroad see great fires of Indians, and go to their cornfields, but discover none of the savages, nor have seen any since we came to this harbor.

Jan. 4.—Capt. Standish, with four or five more, go to look for the natives, where their fires were made; find some of their houses, though not lately inhabited, but none of the natives.

Jan. 9.—We labor in building our town in two rows of houses, for greater safety; divide by lot the ground we build on: agree that every man shall build his own house.

Jan. 13.—Having the major part of our people ashore, we purpose there to keep the public worship to-morrow.

Jan. 14.—Lord's Day morning at six o'clock, the wind being very high, we on shipboard see our rendezvous in flames. * * It was fired by a spark flying into the thatch, which instantly burned it up. The greatest sufferers are Governor Carver and Mr. Bradford.



WINSLOW'S VISIT TO MASSABOIT.



Jan. 21.—We keep our public worship ashore.

Jan. 29.—DIES ROSE, THE WIFE OF CAPTAIN STANDISH.

Jan. 31.—This morning the people aboard the ship see two savages, the first that we see at this harbor, but cannot speak with them. N.B. This month eight of our number die.

Feb. 9.—This afternoon our house for our sick people is set afire by a spark lighting on the roof.

Feb. 16.—One of our people a fowling by a creek about a mile and a half off, twelve Indians march by him towards the town. In the woods he hears the noise of many more, lies close till they are passed by, then hastens home and gives the alarm; so the people abroad return, but see none; only Capt. Standish and Francis Cook, leaving their tools in the woods, and going for them, find the savages had took them away; and towards night a great fire about the place where the man saw them.

Feb. 17.—This morning we first meet for appointing military orders, choose Miles Standish for our captain, give him power accordingly, and while we are consulting, two savages present themselves on the top of the hill, over against us, about a quarter of a mile off, making signs for us to come to them. We send Captain Standish and Mr. Hopkins over the brook towards them, one only with a musket, which he lays down in sign of peace and parley. But the Indians would not stay their coming; the noise of a great many more is heard behind the hill, but no more come in sight.

Feb. 21.—Die, Mr. William White, Mr. William Mullins, with two more, and the 25th dies Mary, the wife of Mr. Isaac Allerton. N.B. This month seventeen of our number die.

This spring there go ten or twelve ships from the west of England to fish on the north-eastern coast of New England; who get well freighted with fish and fur.

About this time the Indians get all the Pawaws of the country, for three days together, in a horrid and devilish manner, to curse and execrate us with their conjurations; which assembly they hold in a dark and dismal swamp, as we are afterwards informed.

March 7.—The Governor with five more go to the great ponds; and we begin to sow our garden seeds.

March 16.—This morning a savage boldly comes alone along the houses, straight to the rendezvous, surprises us with calling out 'Welcome Englishmen! Welcome Englishmen!' having learned some broken English among the fishermen at Monhiggon; the first Indian we met with, his name Samoset, says he is a Sagamore, or lord of Moratiggon, lying hence a day's sail with a great wind, and five days by land, and has been in these parts eight months. We entertain him, and he informs us about the country: that the place we are in is called Patuxet; that about four years ago all the inhabitants died of an extraordinary plague, and there is neither man, woman nor child remaining; as indeed we find none to hinder our possession, or lay claim to it. At night we lodge and watch him.

March 17.—This morning we send Samoset to the Masassoits, our next neighbors, whence he came. The Nausites near south-east of us being those by whom we were first encountered, as before related, are much incensed against the English; about eight months ago slew three Englishmen, and two more hardly escaped to Monhiggon; they were Sir F. Gorges' men, as our savage tells us. He also tells us of the fight we had with the Nausites, and of our tools lately taken away, which we required him to bring. THIS PEOPLE ARE ILL AFFECTED TO US BECAUSE OF HUNT, WHO CARRIED AWAY TWENTY FROM THIS PLACE WE NOW INHABIT, AND SEVEN OF THE NAUSITES, AS BEFORE OBSERVED. He promised within a night or two to bring some of the Masassoits, with beaver skins, to trade.

March 18.—Samoset returns with five other men, who bring our tools, with some skins, and make shew of friendship; but, being the Lord's Day, we would not trade, but entertaining them, bid them come again and bring more; which they promised within a night or two. But Samoset carries with us.

March 21.—This morning, the Indians not coming, we send Samoset to inquire the reason. In his absence, two or three savages present themselves on the top of the hill against us, with a shew of daring us; but Captain Standish and another going over, the Indians whet their arrows and make shew of defiance; but as our men advance, they run away.

March 22.—About noon Samoset returns with Squanto, the only native of this place, ONE OF THE TWENTY HUNT HAD CARRIED TO SPAIN, but got into England, lived in Cornhill, London, with Mr. John Slanie, and can speak a little English, with three others; bring a few skins, and signify that their great Sagamore, Masasoit, the greatest king of the Indians bordering on us, is hard by, with his brother Quadequina, and their company. After an hour, the king comes to the top of an hill over against us, with a train of sixty men. We send Squanto to him, who brings word that we would send one to parley with him. WE SEND MR. EDWARD WINSLOW TO KNOW HIS MIND, AND SIGNIFY THAT OUR GOVERNOR DESIRES TO SEE HIM, AND TRUCK AND CONFIRM A PEACE. Upon this the king leaves Mr. Winslow in the custody of Quadequina, and comes over the brook with a train of twenty men, LEAVING THEIR BOWS AND ARROWS BEHIND THEM. Capt. Standish and master Williamson, with six musketeers, meet him at the brook, where they salute each other, conduct him to a house, wherein they place a green rug and three or four cushions; then instantly comes our governor, with drum, trumpet and musketeers. After salutations, the governor kissing his hand, and the king kissing him, they set down, the governor entertains him with some refreshments, and then THEY AGREE ON A LEAGUE OF FRIENDSHIP, AS FOLLOWS:

I. THAT NEITHER HE NOR HIS SHOULD INJURE ANY OF OURS.

2. THAT IF THEY DID, HE SHOULD SEND THE OFFENDER, THAT WE MIGHT PUNISH HIM.
3. THAT IF OUR TOOLS WERE TAKEN AWAY, HE SHOULD RESTORE THEM; AND IF OURS DID ANY HARM TO ANY OF HIS, WE WOULD DO THE LIKE TO THEM.
4. IF ANY UNJUSTLY WARRED AGAINST HIM, WE WOULD AID HIM; AND IF ANY WARRED AGAINST US, HE SHOULD AID US.
5. HE SHOULD CERTIFY HIS NEIGHBOR CONFEDERATES OF THIS, THAT THEY MIGHT NOT WRONG US, BUT BE COMPRISED IN THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE.
6. THAT WHEN THEIR MEN COME TO US, THEY SHOULD LEAVE THEIR BOWS AND ARROWS BEHIND THEM, AS WE SHOULD LEAVE OUR PIECES WHEN WE COME TO THEM.
7. THAT DOING THIS, KING JAMES WOULD ESTEEM HIM AS HIS FRIEND AND ALLY.

This was the first display of humanity and justice towards the natives, on the part of any of the Europeans who had appeared on the American coast, and it bore its legitimate and beneficent fruits. More than half a century went by before this solemn treaty was violated on either side; nor would it then have been broken, had it not been for the intervention of other parties, for whose acts neither side was responsible. After the treaty had been ratified, the record continues :

The governor conducts him to the brook, where they embrace and part; we keeping six or seven hostages for our messenger. But Quadequina coming with his troop, we entertain and convey him back, receive our messenger, and return the hostages. * * The king is a portly man, in his best years, grave of countenance, spare of speech. And we cannot but judge he is willing to be at peace with us, especially because he has a potent adversary the Narragansetts, who are at war with him, against whom he thinks we may be some strength, our pieces being terrible to them. But Samoset and Squanto tarry.

This day we meet on common business, conclude our military orders, with some laws convenient for our present state, and choose, or rather confirm Mr. Carver our governor for the following year.

March 24.—DIES ELIZABETH, THE WIFE OF MR. EDWARD WINSLOW.

THIS MONTH THIRTEEN OF OUR NUMBER DIE. AND IN THE THREE MONTHS PAST DIES HALF OUR COMPANY; THE GREATEST PART IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER, WANTING HOUSES AND OTHER COMFORTS, BEING INFECTED WITH THE SCURVY AND OTHER DISEASES, WHICH THEIR LONG VOYAGE AND UNACCOMMODATE CONDITION BROUGHT UPON THEM; SO AS THERE DIE SOMETIMES TWO OR THREE A DAY, OF 100 PERSONS SCARCE FIFTY REMAIN; THE LIVING SCARCE ABLE TO BURY THE DEAD, THE WELL NOT SUFFICIENT TO ATTEND THE SICK; THERE BEING IN THEIR TIME OF GREATEST DISTRESS BUT SIX OR SEVEN, WHO SPARED NO PAINS TO HELP THEM. TWO OF THE SEVEN WERE MR. BREWSTER, THE REVEREND ELDER, AND MR. STANDISH, THEIR CAPTAIN.

But the spring advancing, it pleases God the mortality begins to cease, and the sick and lame recover, which puts new life into the people, though they had borne their sad affliction with as much patience as any could do.

April 5.—After this we plant twenty acres of Indian corn, wherein Squanto is a great help, showing us how to set, fish, dress and tend it, of which we have a good increase.

While we are busy about our seed, our governor, Mr. Carver, comes out of the field very sick, complains greatly of his head; within a few hours his senses fail, so as he speaks no more; AND IN A FEW DAYS AFTER HE DIES, TO OUR GREAT LAMENTATION AND HEAVINESS. His care and pains were so great for the common good as therewith it is thought he oppressed himself and shortened his days; of whose loss we cannot sufficiently complain; and his wife deceases about five or six weeks after.

Soon after we choose Mr. William Bradford our governor, and Mr. Isaac Allerton his assistant, who are by renewed elections continued together sundry years.

The second offence is the first duel fought in New England, upon a challenge of single combat, with sword and dagger, between Edward Doty and Edward Leister, servants of Mr. Hopkins, both being wounded, the one in the hand, the other in the thigh. They are adjudged by the whole company to have their head and feet tied together and so to lie for twenty-four hours, without meat or drink; which is begun to be inflicted; but within an hour, because of their great pains, at their own and their master's humble request, upon promise of better carriage, they are released by the governor.

July 2.—We agree to send Mr. Edward Winslow, and Mr. Stephen Hopkins, with Squanto, to see our new friend Masassoit at Pakanokit, to bestow some gratuities on him, bind him faster to us, view the country, see how and where he lives, his strength, etc.

We can now afford to leave the Plymouth colony for a while, assured that its councils are to be guided by wisdom, and that it will be blessed by the favor of heaven, while we greet Henry Hudson's yacht, which had long before been approaching the waters of New York.

In our early history, European events sometimes affected us quite as seriously as they ever have since. The colonization of New England, which had its first important beginning with the Pilgrims, grew out of the strifes between the hierarchy of the Anglican Church and the English dissenters. No sooner had the Reformation emancipated the Netherlands than the Dutch settlements on the Hudson began, and the principle of popular representation for federal legislation carried out by the Dutch Republic, served as a model for the first confederation of the Thirteen Colonies which afterwards crystallized into the Constitution of 1789, which consolidated the Republic of the United States of America.

The Colonization of New Netherland.—It forms nearly as attractive a subject as that of Virginia or New England. The immediate consequences were indeed by no means so great, nor were the Dutch colonists to have so controlling an influence over the political institutions of the country. But many noble characters appear in the records of those times, and their descendants may well be proud of their Dutch ancestry. The Republic of the United Netherlands has formed the theme of one of the most fascinating and useful histories written in recent days. The attempt of Philip II. to crush out the last vestige of ancient municipal liberty in the Low Countries, led to one of the most memorable struggles known in the history of the world. There is, in fact, no page in the records of tyranny, bigotry, and remorseless cruelty, that equals the story of the Netherlands; while the valor and devotion to liberty displayed by the mass of the people, the rich burghers, and the nobility headed by Egmond and Horn, scarcely found a parallel even in the courage and endurance of our fathers. Indeed, the spirit of independence which inspired the colony of New Netherland, and which the sturdy Dutch settlers and their children displayed all through to the close of the Revolution, was but a continuation of the stream that, flowing from the fountain of the Dutch Republic, reached these shores. When the confederation of the Low Countries took place,—just two hundred years before the battle of Bunker Hill,—nearly all those provinces had united in driving the armies of Philip from their soil. Of their unparalleled devotion to liberty and independence, the great Sidney, in writing to Queen Elizabeth, said,—‘The spirit that animates them is the spirit of God, and is invincible.’

Of the wealth and extent of the commerce of the Dutch Republic, we commonly have but a faint conception. Its genius was well portrayed on its coin, which bore the image of a sailless and oarless ship struggling in the waves. The Provinces of Holland and Zealand,—the two largest members of the Dutch confederacy,—consisted chiefly in flat lands, bathed on all sides by salt water. If the ‘home of Britain’ was by fair poetical license said to be ‘on the deep,’ the people of the Low Countries may be said to have been born on the water, and like ducks they took to it as their native element. Amsterdam became the first commercial city of the world; ‘the Tyre of

modern times, the Venice of the north ; the Queen of all the seas.' Raleigh wrote that 'the ships of the Dutch outnumbered those of England, and ten other kingdoms.' The flag of the Dutch Republic was on every ocean. Holland could hardly raise a sheaf of grain,—but she had the largest granary in the world. She had no grazing fields,—but she became the centre of the woollen manufactures of Europe. Not a wild or cultivated forest waved over her soil,—but she built more ships than all the other nations. She could not even grow her own flax,—but she was weaving linen for the rest of Europe. In resisting the despotism of Spain, Holland enriched herself by despoiling the commerce of her enemy. The treasures of all lands and all seas flowed into her ports, and a strong republic, guided by the political wisdom, and sustained by the valor and virtue of a great people, set to the world the most brilliant example that had ever been offered, of the blessings which follow the establishment of civil liberty. It is not strange that the genius of an American historian, bathed as it was in the baptismal font of cis-Atlantic freedom, should in this enticing field have found entrancing scenes for revelling.

Holland now stood at the front of liberty and civilization in Europe. She had wiped out from her soil the last vestige of Spanish despotism. The Lutheran Reformation had emancipated the altars of God, and the deliberations of her senate chambers. She alone, of all the nations, could extend the hand of welcome to the Pilgrim fathers, who found little to choose between the tyranny of the Anglican Church,—which, in the harlot embrace of the State, had hardly taken the first step on the road to liberty of conscience,—and the Church of the Middle Ages ; for she still preserved somewhat of the spirit which had restrained the rapacity of Feudal lords, and curbed the despotism of Princes. But while England had lost whatever she once held under the old Church, of the splendors of a great hierarchy, and the magnificence of a still more imposing ritual, she was in that miserable transition state where all that existed in the form of a bitter spirit of persecution in Rome, was mingled with petty acts of tyranny to enforce conformity in ritual and worship.

All this was offensive and disgusting to the pride of such men as Carver, Bradford, Winslow and Miles Standish, and so they left England for a 'better land.' These men were *pilgrims* : precisely what they pretended to be. They were in search of a home ; and where Liberty dwelt, there they would find one :—there could be no other home for them. When at last they had seen, to their grief, that in worn-out old Europe there was no place to build up a fair heritage for the future, they tore up the tree of liberty by the roots, and brought it to a more congenial clime. It was in that spirit they reached the shores of Massachusetts ; and it was with souvenirs just as dear to them that the Hollanders made their first settlement on the Island of Manhattan.

Henry Hudson. The Half-moon inside of Sandy Hook. Sept. 3, 1609.—Before we greet the brave sailor who had just passed Navesink in his little yacht, we must go back to find out how the storm-torn *Half-moon* had found its way into these strange waters.

The explorations of the English on the shores of North America, and their success in the fisheries of Newfoundland, had already attracted the attention of the opulent merchants of Holland, and the embarkation of Smith for Virginia in 1607 had roused their spirit of rivalry. The Dutch East India Company had been chartered in the spring of 1602, its field being restricted to the exclusive commerce beyond the Cape of Good Hope on the east, and the Straits of Magellan at the west. This was the first commercial monopolist company, which had so many successors.

The strife of the Spanish and Portuguese for the commerce of Asia was now the chief object of Dutch ambition ; and so far were they successful, they held for a long time that enormous commerce with Asia, which poured such wealth into their coffers. As the English could lay no claim to the approach to Asia by the Cape of Good Hope,—since all these commercial rights had been ceded to the East India Company by the Dutch, who had been the friendly allies of England during the war with Spain,—the merchants of London bethought themselves of finding another passage-way. For this purpose they employed Henry Hudson to search for a nearer route to Asia by sailing to the north. In the same year that Smith sailed for Virginia, Hudson, with a small vessel, and his only son for a companion, reached the shores of Greenland, and penetrated nearer to the Pole than any preceding navigators. On the coast of Spitzbergen he encountered icy barriers which he could not pass. But the attempt was renewed the succeeding year, for he believed that through the waters dividing Spitzbergen from Nova Zembla, he could pass to China. But he returned to London, and his employers footed the loss. As, however, the passion of his life was to make such a discovery, he went over to Holland and offered his services to the East India Company, and through the influence of the merchants of Amsterdam, they were promptly accepted.

On the 4th of April, 1609, he sailed in a yacht of eighty tons, for China, by way of the north-west. Baffled by those eternal ice-fields, he gave up further effort, and being fully informed of Smith's explorations on the Virginia coast, he turned his prow towards the Chesapeake. Escaping the tempests which carried away his foremast, and stripped his canvas, he found himself drifting among the fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland. But he managed to reach a harbor on the coast of Maine, and mooring the *Half-moon* in safety, he made for the woods, where he got out a foremast, with which, after making further repairs, he started for the south. He gave to Cape Cod, in passing, the name of New Holland, and on the 18th of August was at the mouth of the James River. He had gone too far south. Ten days later he was in Delaware Bay. But he gave only a few hours to the survey of that region, and steering to the north was greeted on the 2d of September with the 'pleasant sight of the high hills of Navesink.' Somewhat bewildered with the rivers and inlets around the flat beach, he doubled the beetling bluff, and on the 3d day of September, with his little son, saw the New Jersey Highlands, as John Cabot had, with his boy Sebastian, first looked on the 'cismal cliffs of Labrador.'

Thus the three great points where civilization on the western coast was to plant its settlements, and from which streams of wealth and enterprise were to flow over the continent, were at last reached. Plymouth Rock, the mouth of the Hudson, and the settlement at Jamestown—New England, New York, and Virginia, began America: they constitute America still!

Hudson Explores the Great River, Sept. 3.—The next thirty days were given to an exploration of the Bay of New York, its surrounding shores, and a beautiful sail up the great river, which has ever after been called by his name. Bringing the *Half-moon* to anchor on the Jersey shore, the natives came in from the surrounding country, gayly dressed in the furs and feathers of the forest. Launching their light canoes, they quickly clustered around the ship with a warm welcome, and eager proposals for traffic. Hudson describes their habits and customs. They seemed to be a happy community, living upon maize and beans, and carrying with them their red copper pipes, with earthen bowls, and the ever-present elastic bows and sharp stone-pointed arrows. They furnished the *Half-moon* with a plentiful supply of good oysters, maize, and beans.

It was the loveliest autumn weather, and Hudson was entranced with the scene around him. The lofty Palisades were clothed with 'goodly oakes,' grander than any he had ever seen; and the Island of Manhattan, sheltered by a mighty forest, stretched down the eastern side of the river. Away behind him rose the green hills of Staten Island, and the towering heights of Navesink; from the north rolled down the glorious river, which at first he believed could only be an arm of the sea. But loosing the *Half-moon* to a delicious southern breeze, he passed up the stream; and when he found how great a discovery he had made, as he lay off Yonkers, he wrote that 'it was as fair a land as can be trodden by the foot of man.' And so he floated on leisurely, till a fresh breeze swept him by West Point into the broader reaches beyond.

In the afternoon of the 15th he came in view of the magnificent range of the Catskills, and as the sun was setting behind them, he dropped anchor off the bold bluff on the east of the river, where a beautiful city called by his name was soon afterwards founded. The next day, at the invitation of an aged chief of the tribe of River Indians, he went on shore to receive their hospitalities. Here he found himself surrounded by every sign of peace and comfort. The chief showed him to a large circular building made of oak bark, with a high arched roof, which was filled with beans and maize, and stacked around stood the last year's harvest,—'enough to load three ships.' A feast was prepared, and mats were laid for the guests. The young men had early gone to the woods with their bows and arrows, and soon returned with a quantity of pigeons. These were cooked, and succotash of corn and beans was served in red wooden bowls. But Hudson would not prolong his visit, and as he was starting for his ship, the Indians one and all snapped their arrows in pieces, and cast them into the fire, in token of friendship.

Traditions of that visit were long preserved by the little River Tribe, and the stories are still told to the children of the neighborhood. The navigator had found a balmy climate than England, or, above all, Holland, ever knew. No river in Europe could match in the magnificence of its flood and forest scenery the lordly stream he had discovered. The soil was a miracle of fertility; the woods were haunted with game; and the contented and friendly inhabitants had added to all these attractions, the charms of the most abundant hospitality. 'Of all the lands,' said Hudson, 'on which I ever set my foot, this is the best, for tillage.'

He describes the month he passed in the North River as one of constant delight and strange surprises. And well he may, for as the shores of the Hudson must then have appeared, still clothed with the unmarred beauty of nature,—water, mountain, and sky all bathed in the gorgeous atmosphere of the Indian summer—it must have made a spectacle of which even those of us who dwell here to-day can form no just conception except by the witchery of fancy. But these halcyon days could not last forever: the *Half-moon* had made profitable traffic, and she was ready for sea.

Hudson Returns, Oct. 4, 1609.—On this day he 'sailed out of the great mouth of the great river,' for home. A prosperous voyage of a little more than a month brought the *Half-moon* into the port of Dartmouth. Here she and her cargo were seized by the British authorities, on the alleged superiority of the claims of England to the regions she had invaded. The *Half-moon* was indeed afterwards restored to the Amsterdam merchants, and the written report of their commander had been already forwarded. But he was never again to gaze on the shores of the Hudson, nor reap any reward for his signal services to the Netherlands of the Old World, or the New. His name, however, was to be a household word in the myriad homes that were to adorn the green banks of his lordly river.

Hudson's Fate, 1610.—Still swayed by his ruling passion, and believing that he could yet find a new passage to China, the English merchants equipped for Hudson another vessel, the *Discoverer*, with which he put to sea. Climbing beyond the fires of Hecla, the coast of Greenland, and Frobisher's Straits, till he entered 'a great sea to the westward,' he believed he had realized the dream of his life. But he found himself in the midst of an inextricable labyrinth of bays and islands, from which there was no escape. Amidst the discontent of his crew and the merciless frost he passed the long, dark winter. It was far into the next year before spring came, and his crew had grown too mutinous to be any longer controlled. His provisions had given out, and when he handed to his men the last crust, 'he wept as he gave it them.' Maddened by hunger, they vented all their wrath upon the unfortunate commander. He was seized and cast into the shallop; his little son was pitched in after him, and then seven others, four of whom were in a dying state. 'Seeing his commander thus exposed, Philip Staffe, the carpen-

ter, demanded and gained leave to share his fate ; and just as the ship made its way out of the ice on a midsummer day, in a latitude where the sun at that season hardly goes down, and evening twilight mingles with the dawn, the shallop was cut loose. What became of Hudson? Did he die miserably of starvation? Did he reach land, to perish from the fury of the natives? Was he crushed between ribs of ice? The returning ship encountered storms by which he was probably overwhelmed. The gloomy waste of waters which bears his name is his tomb and his monument!'¹

Adriaen Block. 1611-1613.—Between these years, however, private enterprise profited by Hudson's discovery. 'The wealthy Adriaen Block, with Hendrik Christiansen, chartered a ship with the skipper Ryser,' and made a successful trading voyage to New York, bringing back with them two of the sons of the native sachems.

March 27, 1614.—In the delay of granting the West India Company's charter, a privilege was conceded to any adventurers for four successive voyages, and the merchants sent out a fleet of five small vessels—the *Fortune*, of Amsterdam, commanded by Christiansen, the *Tiger*, by Adriaen Block, and three others, sailed for New York. The *Tiger* was burned in New York, but Adriaen Block constructed for his own explorations a little yacht of sixteen tons, which he called the *Unrest*. Passing up the East River, then new sailing ground, he was the first European sailor to pass through Hell Gate, and into the calmer waters of Long Island Sound.

Gliding by the islands that cluster in front of Norwalk, he discovered the beautiful river still called the Housatonic. Further on, he entered the mouth of 'the Freshwater,' which has always persisted in bearing its native name, Connecticut. Its banks were clothed with heavy forests, except in some grassy reaches cultivated by the Indians, one being where Wethersfield now stands; another, the site of Hartford. Reaching the Sound again, he found the Pequods living on the bank of their river Thames. He touched at Montauk Point, then inhabited by a savage race. But beyond it opened the Atlantic, when he made the discovery that he had circumnavigated what was afterwards appropriately called Long Island. Exploring the shores to the East, he gave to the land encircled by the two channels the name of Roode Eiland. He followed the coast as far as Nahant, ignorant that John Smith was at the same time mapping the coast of Maine and Massachusetts. Cornelis Hendrickssen was doing so well in the fur trade, that Block left with him his first American-built yacht, and returned to Holland in one of the other vessels of the fleet.

The Charter Granted for New Netherland, Oct. 11, 1614.—The States-General granted to the same Company a three years' monopoly to trade from the 40th to the 45th degree of latitude, generously extending the rights of the Amsterdam merchants over the very territory that Capt. Smith had that same

¹ Bancroft.



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year mapped and called New England. For a time, however, there was no conflict in their claims, and Christiansen ascended the Hudson river as far as Castle Island, just south of Albany, where for the convenience of traffic, and protection, he built a fortified 'truck-house,' which was garrisoned with a dozen men. To this station they gave the name of Nassau, and they called the Hudson river the Maurice, after their illustrious countryman. This was the first permanent establishment of the Dutch on the Hudson, and for a long period a profitable and extensive trade in peltry was carried on with the Indians.

The Iroquois.—The Hollanders now began their long and friendly intercourse with the Six Nations,¹ which but for the injustice and tyranny of Kieft would never have been disturbed. The French had already founded Quebec and Montreal, and while Hudson was sailing up his great river, Champlain was penetrating the Northern frontier.

But the moment was approaching when the religious agitations throughout the Low Countries were to be renewed with intensity, and culminate in the Thirty Years' War of religion in Germany. It was still the development of the great principle of the Reformation which was dividing all communities into the two parties,—the one for progress, the other for conservatism, if not retrogression. Even in Holland, where the Reformation had achieved its chief conquests, two parties had grown up. The stadtholder led the one which represented the principles of close corporations and commercial monopolies. On his side were wealth and power; on the other, the popular interests. The one represented the spirit of Feudalism and monopoly, not only in commerce, but in land, carrying with it political power, and rendering deliberative assemblies aristocratic. While the stadtholder wished to centralize all power in the States-General, the truer republican spirit, represented by Olden Barneveldt and Grotius,—the former the founder of the republic, and the latter the greatest political writer of his age, and an authority still of frequent citation in matters of national and international law,—sided with the Provincial assemblies. They not only clearly defined the rights, but valiantly asserted the sovereignty of the old municipalities that had borrowed their civil franchises

¹ New York, at the time of its discovery and settlement by the Europeans, was inhabited by a race of men distinguished above all the other aborigines of this continent for their intelligence and prowess. Five distinct and independent tribes, speaking a language radically the same, and practising similar customs, had united in forming a confederacy which, for durability and power, was unequalled in Indian history. They were the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, called the Iroquois by the French, and the Five Nations by the English. In cases of great emergency each tribe or nation acted independently; but a general council usually assembled at Onondaga, near the centre of their territory, and determined upon peace or war, and all other matters which regarded the interests of the whole. The powers of this council appear to have been not much dissimilar to those of the United States Congress under the old confederation.

Their language, though guttural, was sonorous. Their orators studied euphony in their words and in their arrangement. Their graceful attitudes and gestures, and their overflowing sentences, rendered their discourses, if not always eloquent, at least highly impressive. An erect and commanding figure, with a blanket thrown loosely over the shoulder, with his na-

ked arm raised, and addressing in impassioned strains a group of similar persons, sitting upon the ground around him, would, to use the illustration of an early historian of this State, give no faint picture of Rome in her early days.

They were very methodical in their harangues. When in conference with other nations, at the conclusion of every important sentence of the opposite speaker, a sachem gave a small stick to the orator who was to reply, charging him at the same time to remember it. After a short consultation with the others, he was enabled to repeat most of the discourse, which he answered article by article.

These nations were distinguished for their prowess in war, as well as for their sagacity and eloquence in council. War was their delight. Believing it to be the most honorable employment of men, they infused into their children in early life high ideas of military glory. They carried their arms into Canada, across the Connecticut, to the banks of the Mississippi, and almost to the Gulf of Mexico. Formidable by their numbers and their skill, they excited respect and awe in the most powerful tribes, and exacted tribute and obedience from the weak.—Introduction to Campbell's *Border Warfare of New York*.

from the Roman code, and still preserved them. The strife became so fierce that Protestantism itself was split into two great parties. The Calvinists sided with the stadtholder. Their creed was despotic in its claims over the conscience, and bitter in its spirit of persecution. It was burning Servetus at the stake in Geneva. In the summer and autumn of 1618, parties came into violent collision, and Barneveldt and Grotius were imprisoned. The latter was soon afterwards sentenced to imprisonment for life, while the venerable Barneveldt, the greatest patriot of Holland, died on the scaffold.

These fierce struggles in the Low Countries led directly to the settlement of New Netherland. But for these, the work would have been done by the English. Hitherto, the religious element had had little or nothing to do with the motives of the Hollanders in their ventures of trade or exploration. But this element soon developed itself.

Charter of the Dutch West India Company. June 3, 1621.—The demands of the merchants of Holland could no longer be resisted; and on the 3d of June, 1621, the Dutch West India Company was chartered. It conferred upon its members the exclusive privilege of trafficking and planting colonies on the American coast, from the Straits of Magellan to the furthest north. It received all the pledges of favor and protection which the States-General could confer as patrons, and in war as allies. All the Low Countries became interested, and millions were subscribed by the great cities. They were governed by a Board of nineteen Directors, whose power was almost unlimited. Their field extended all down the South American coast; while in North America, New Netherland was their centre. Amsterdam—one of the five Chambers of Government and Administration of the Company—assumed the control of what was soon to be the Dutch colonies on the Hudson and the Delaware. This was all in contravention of the claims of England, and some protest was made against it by Sir Dudley Carleton, the British ambassador at the Hague. But the colony of Virginia had done so poorly, no effectual resistance was offered to the Dutch further north; and when in the year following the granting of their charter, their ships came on the coast, they found none to offer resistance.

The Colony of New Netherland Founded, 1623.—In the spring of this year thirty families were transported on a ship of 260 tons—the *New Netherland*—made up chiefly of Walloons, Protestants, who had fled from persecution in the Belgian Provinces. They carried with them the first religious element into the Dutch settlements. Some of them, under the leadership of Cornelis Jacobsen May, settled on Timber Creek, which empties into the Delaware a few miles below Camden, and there they built Fort Nassau.

In the meantime, Adriaen Joris had constructed Fort Orange, on the spot where the chief business part of Albany now stands, and there eighteen families had built their little huts under its protecting shadow, while the friendship of the surrounding tribes of Indians had been in good faith guaran-

teed. This colony prospered from the start; their ships returned with rich cargoes of furs, and brought back emigrants. These Dutch settlements were under the government of May, as First Director, and all the powers of civil administration were conferred upon him, except punishment by death.

1625.—William Verhulst succeeded May in 1625, and the colony grew rapidly. Two large ships arrived with horses and cattle, swine and sheep; children were born; broad fields were cultivated; traffic with the Indians extended up the Hudson, and along the shores of the Mohawk, and the smaller chain of lakes that connect the waters of Central New York with those of the Delaware on one side, and the Hudson on the other. The new stadtholder inflamed once more a patriotic spirit among the Hollanders at home, and attention was directed to the Dutch settlement; and the official report of Henry Hudson about these regions was published. The following year a new impulse was given to Dutch enterprise on these shores.

The First Governor of New Netherland. May 4, 1626.—Peter Minuit was sent out with authority as Director-General over New Netherland, and with him commenced Dutch proprietorship in the soil. His first step was to purchase the Island of Manhattan from the Indians—a tract of land which may have been considered cheap at the price paid for it, viz., twenty-four dollars, or eight and one-third cents per acre. He chose the south end of the island, fronting directly on the Bay, for a battery; a spot of ground which, in the midst of all the earlier vicissitudes, and later changes of the island, has maintained its name and its position, having witnessed many scenes we shall hereafter allude to. A fort was constructed, which received the name of New Amsterdam.

In the New World, no settlement had commenced under such fair auspices. Friendly relations with the Indians were cultivated and maintained; traffic with them was carried on upon a constantly growing scale, and wealth poured in rapidly. The kindest feelings had prevailed between the Pilgrims and the Hollanders at home, and those friendly relations were now to be perpetuated on this side of the Atlantic. The Plymouth colony being the nearest neighbor to New Amsterdam, the Governor of the Island addressed to Governor Bradford, in March, 1627, a formal letter, breathing the spirit of the warmest friendship, and proffering '*good-will and service,*' with '*kindness and neighborhood.*' It spoke of 'the nearness of our native countries, the friendship of our forefathers, and the new covenant between the States-General and England against the Spaniards.'

The Plymouth Governor replied to the letter in a warm and generous spirit, which showed the largeness and magnanimity of his character. 'We accept,' he says, 'this testimony of love. Our children shall never forget the good and courteous entreaty which we found in your country, and shall desire your prosperity forever.' But he displayed somewhat of the Yankee shrewdness

in another clause of his letter, for he reminds these friendly Dutch intruders that the English patent for New England extended to 40 degrees, within whose limits they had 'no right to plant or trade,' and he begs them not to send any of their ships into the Narraganset. But the reply of the Director showed his Dutch pluck. 'Our authority to trade and plant we derive from the States of Holland, and will defend it.' There was, however, no hostile feeling, nor any intention of collision between the two friendly colonies. Lest there should be misunderstanding, however, in the fall of the same year Minuit sent his deputy, De Rasieres, on a pacific and formal mission to the Pilgrims. The ambassador was attended by all the pomp and circumstance which his dignity demanded. On landing at Monument with his trumpeters and soldiers, he marched over the neck of land, and at Scusset was met by a boat from Plymouth Rock, and 'honorably attended with the noise of trumpets.' Hospitalities were extended and enjoyed, and friendly relations were established; although the Dutchman was advised to recommend the people of New Amsterdam to 'clear their title,' without any loss of time. This would not seem to have presaged well, but no harm came from it.

And so the colony of New Netherland went on flourishing. In 1628, only five years from their first landing, it had a population of two hundred and seventy men, women, and children, all counted, and making a strange mixture of Dutch, Walloons, and African slaves: for be it known that the Dutch first introduced, and, for a considerable time, held a monopoly in the trade of stealing men from the coast of Africa and selling them into slavery in this country.

Although the settlers on Manhattan Island were neither Pilgrims nor Puritans, still they were earnest in their religion; and in the spring of 1628 the Rev. Jonas Michaelius came over to establish a church. On the first celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there were fifty communicants. From such small beginnings trade with the Indians was carried on with great activity, and the Dutch agents were pushing up all the streams that branch off from the Delaware into New Jersey and Pennsylvania; and from the Hudson to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the shores of Lake Ontario.

Feudal Institutions in America.—This language sounds strange enough, but the seeds of Feudalism were planted on our soil, and the remains of it are still left on the banks of the Hudson. It is curious, in tracing its origin, to see that however much of a political likeness prevailed among the communities that settled in Virginia, Massachusetts, and New York, the social differences between them were very wide.

I have thus drawn the outlines of the three most important settlements that have been made in the United States. If I have seemed to give a disproportionate attention to them as compared with all the rest that were to follow, I have had an object in it. The common reader of American history seldom gets a clear idea of the elements which made up our national character. They

were all strained out of the Old World; and, although ultimately blended into a harmonious whole, yet it was only by the slow process of time that these heterogeneous materials came together. If the Dutch had preponderated as at one time it seemed likely they would,—for Holland had reached such a period of glory, advanced her political institutions so far, and covered earth and sea with her commerce and augmented wealth, far transcending that of any other nation, not excepting Spain herself—if, at this period, her energies had not been drawn off by the Thirty Years' War, absorbing her surplus population, and making her surplus strength tributary to commerce on the ocean,—North America would have very easily become another Holland—a second Germany. Settling in New York, they had the fairest chance. The soil of Pennsylvania was indeed more fertile, and agriculture was to prove a source of great wealth; but her capital, Philadelphia, could never be anything but a large and prosperous inland town, while New York could never be prevented from becoming a metropolis. Boston would be the commercial centre of trade and manufactures, fisheries and explorations, at the east; but the severity of the climate, and the hardness of the soil, would forever limit the extent of her growth and power. It would be strong in the strength of individuals and separate communities. All appliances would develop force of character. The spirit of thrift and economy; her myriad-sided ingenuity, invention, discovery, and contrivance; her keen perception of individual rights; her persistence in the establishment of institutions for culture, learning, and religion, and her jealousy of foreign interference, were all to combine to give to New England an enormous intellectual predominance over the thoughts of the nation; while the equal distribution of wealth, comfort, and independence among the people, would make them the most prosperous and extraordinary cluster of communities on the earth.

Virginia was then, as she is now, the representative of the South. Planting, and not manufactures; agriculture, and not commerce, was to be her chief business. Here alone lay her sources of wealth. They were to be large, but few; there was to be little diversity of interest, and no general development of enterprise. She imparted the same character to the States around her; and as she grew in population, the surplus found inducements for emigration, which gave the first establishment to Kentucky, and led her pioneers across the Mississippi. These were the distinguishing traits of her character, and they account for the type she first assumed, and has so persistently maintained.

When we come to speak of African slavery, we shall see that it was no accident which determined the growth of that institution. The mere fact that in 1620 a Dutch ship landed a score of Africans at Jamestown, who constituted the nucleus of slavery which was to overshadow the State, and become the chief feature of its existence, would have had no special significance had not African labor been wanted there. No accident made it flourish. Till cotton 'became king,' tobacco was master. The soil and climate were specially adapted to the *croon* negro labor could best raise it; and it was the cultiva-

tion of tobacco that gave the first great start in wealth to that State, while another source that long brought a great revenue to the commonwealth was the sale of the surplus negro population, which always corresponded to the demand as the new lands of the south were brought under cultivation.

If the reader carries in his mind a clear idea of the elements which made up these three great colonies, it will help him to understand better our subsequent history. He will as clearly trace to its fountains the great national stream upon which we are now floating, as he can the sources of the Mississippi, in standing at Cairo, where the Ohio pours its silver waters into the clouded flood which had already received the vast contributions of the Missouri. This may not be the luckiest illustration I can give, but it suits my purpose.

There were jealousies—territorial, political, and religious—between these three colonies. Slavery for a long time was an institution in common, and made nobody any particular trouble. It died first at the North, and flourished longest at the South, because the negro is a tropical man, and slavery is a tropical institution. It could not long survive the frost, the religion, the enterprise, and, I will even add, the humanity of the North. For without arrogating to any section of my country preëminence in virtue, it is easy enough to account for a higher standard of moral and intellectual culture where the soil demands more labor for a return of its fruits; where none of the enervating influences of the tropics prevail; where there is greater intellectual and physical activity; where there is a keener thirst for knowledge, and the spirit of enterprise begets a spirit of universal emulation. Out of such materials grow naturally and inevitably, social conditions of a higher, as well as of a different kind.

But to Feudalism :—It is plain enough to see how planting on a large scale in a warm climate, and the capacities of the soil to produce tobacco, cotton, rice, and sugar, the great staples of the world, almost without rivalry,—the two first, certainly,—by any other nation, sustained slavery, which was a Feudal institution. But it is curious to trace how, in another form, its very spirit gained foothold at the north. It was an age when commerce would undertake few adventures without exclusive monopolies granted by governments. This idea gave origin to all the Royal Charters and Grants conferred on companies and individuals. Raleigh was Proprietary of Virginia at one time, and even down to within a hundred years of the Declaration of Independence, Penn received as a gift the whole State of Pennsylvania. In fact, these vast territories were parcelled out among favorites of kings, and the continent was given away over and over again. In no other way would it have been so early colonized; and when there is only one way to do a thing, it is always the best one.

Holland was far advanced in liberal institutions. She had nurtured statesmen who were to be venerated in all succeeding times; whose works were to be guide-books for the founders of States, and for jurists adjudicating



UNCAS AND MIANTONGMOH.



international claims. Still her ideas of civil liberty were limited chiefly to the rights of municipalities,—to the freedom and franchises of cities. They, as well as her institutions, were derived from the old Roman Law. The great body of agricultural classes in the Low Countries had nothing to do with the soil but to live on it, and till it on such terms as its lord might dictate. They had no political franchises; they did not dream of holding fee-simple in the solid earth. The Lordships of the Netherlands were transferred to the New Netherland, and the settlers were ruled by a Director-General. His authority was modified it is true, by the infusion of the Democratic sentiment here; and his arbitrary power was restrained by the supreme authority at home: But the only way the men of those times could see to promote colonization in New Netherland, was to carry out the home system. Consequently large grants of land were made to all enterprising capitalists who chose to comply with the prescribed conditions. Whoever would within four years take out and settle upon the soil fifty persons, became the patroon in absolute fee of all the lands he colonized at his own expense. They were restricted only to sixteen miles in length, or eight miles on each side of a river, limits being seldom assigned to the interior. They were only required to comply with the conditions of settlement, and to recognize the rights of the Indians, and complete their titles by purchase. The institutions and government of these estates were vested in the patroons. There was no provision made for maintaining education or religion. These depended upon the will of the master of the soil, or upon the tenants who worked it. A further guarantee was given by the Holland Company that the patroons were to be furnished with negro slaves, as long—they were wise enough to add—as the Company found it profitable. But the most onerous restrictions were laid upon manufacturers and commerce: neither of these could be entertained.¹

I shall have occasion hereafter to show how blind and fatal a policy this was, and how cruelly it operated in the colonies. It was these oppressive restrictions laid upon the Thirteen Colonies when they came under the exclusive control of Great Britain, that began to alienate them from the mother country. The policy of the governments of Europe, and of its chartered companies, was, all through, not only to discourage and depress, but absolutely to prohibit anything in the shape of freedom of manufactures or commerce here. Without regard to the laws of nature, the indications of Providence, or the exigencies of human wants and conditions, regulations were enforced which accumulated wrong upon wrong, until at last the whole mountain was heaved off in a revolution. By the hardest indeed, did these poor colonies become strong enough to do it—slowly enough did their European masters learn that they had undertaken a job they could never carry out.

It was the destiny of America ultimately to change all this. In Europe,

¹ The colonists were forbidden to manufacture any woolen, or linen, or cotton fabrics: not a web might be woven, not a shuttle thrown, on penalty of exile. To impair the monopoly of the Dutch weavers was punishable as a perjury.—Bancroft, vol. ii. p. 281.

the individual was nothing ; here, he was all. From the start, he was supreme in New England ; for there the golden-souled thought of the sacredness of man himself as an individual—as a child of God, and an equal brother of his fellows—had its full birth. There was nothing new in this as a principle laid down ; it was only new in action. It had all been said before by the wondrous Being of Palestine,

‘Over whose acres walk’d those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.’¹

But what had the world cared for that?—except the neglected millions who had thought of it enough in the gloom of their desertion and suffering. But as for Kings, Barons, Lords, Popes, Priests, and Patroons,—what mattered all this to them? With an assumption which now seems infinite in its blasphemy, from immemorial time the anointed King had been ‘the fountain of justice, of mercy, and of honor.’ Even in England, the cradle of the liberty of all nations, Macaulay tells us all about it in the striking picture he draws of Royal Power.²

The settlements of the Dutch on the Delaware were extended. In 1629 two Directors of the Amsterdam Chamber—Samuel Goden and Samuel Blommaert—purchased from the Indians a tract more than thirty miles long, from Cape Henlopen to the mouth of the Delaware, and this Indian title is the oldest deed for land in Delaware.

Kiliaen van Rensselaer, another of the Amsterdam Directors, became lord of much larger tracts on the Hudson, extending north and south of Fort Orange, these purchases having been made from the Mohawk and Mohigan chiefs. To these, other additions were made, until his manor extended twenty-four miles on the east side of the Hudson river, and forty-eight miles into the interior. This tract he immediately began to colonize—sending out his first emigrants to the settlement of Renssalaerwyck—one of the fairest and most interesting regions in the whole country. It afterwards held the capital of the State. It was at the head waters of navigation on the Hudson river ; near the mouth of the Mohawk, which drained the waters of the great water-shed stretching from Central New York towards the Atlantic ; near Lake Champlain, and the upper sources of the Hudson ; and being in a direct line from

¹ First Part of King Henry IV., Act i. Scene 1.

² The prerogatives of the sovereign were undoubtedly extensive. The spirit of religion and the spirit of chivalry concurred to exalt his dignity. The sacred oil had been poured on his head. It was no disparagement to the bravest and noblest knights to kneel at his feet. His person was inviolable. He alone was entitled to convoke the estates of the realm ; he could at his pleasure dismiss them ; and his assent was necessary to all their legislative acts. He was the chief of the executive administration, the sole organ of communication with foreign powers, the captain of the military and naval forces of the State, the fountain of justice, of mercy, and of honor. He had large powers for the regulation of trade. It was by him that money was coined, that weights and measures were fixed, that marts and havens were appointed. His ecclesiastical patronage was immense. His hereditary revenues,

economically administered, sufficed to meet the ordinary charges of government. His own domains were of vast extent. He was also feudal lord paramount of the whole soil of his kingdom, and, in that capacity, possessed many lucrative and many formidable rights, which enabled him to annoy and depress those who thwarted him, and to enrich and aggrandize, without any cost to himself, those who enjoyed his favor.—Macaulay’s *History of England*, vol. i. p. 14-15.

In the middle ages the state of society was widely different. Rarely, and with great difficulty did the wrongs of individuals come to the knowledge of the public. A man might be illegally confined during many months in the Castle of Carlisle or Norwich, and no whisper of the transaction might reach London. It is highly probable that the rack had been many years in use before the great majority of the nation had the least suspicion that it was so employed.—*Id.*, 16-17.

Boston through to the great west ; a territory which became the theatre of some of the bloodiest scenes in the French war, embracing the battle-ground of Saratoga, where the tide first began to turn against England in the war for Independence.

This great manor grew into vast importance under the guardianship and culture of Kiliaen van Rensselaer and his descendants—a family which, by intermarriages with many others of the early settlers on the shores of the Hudson, has left a brilliant record in the history of our agriculture, literature, statesmanship, jurisprudence, and arms ; embellishing our annals with many of its noblest achievements in government and civilization.

The enterprise of the Dutch settlers, and their friendly relations with the Indians, gave them a monopoly of the fur trade of this whole region. As they brought with them among their emigrants all classes of mechanics and working men, cattle, agricultural implements, and seeds of every variety, whenever they planted a settlement, prosperity and plenty bloomed around it.

Their first settlement on the Delaware was older than any other in Pennsylvania. It was established by a company of which Van Rensselaer, Goden, Blommaert, and other enterprising men were members ; and soon the shores of Delaware Bay showed fields of wheat and tobacco, and waving Indian corn. In 1631 another colony was planted on Lewes Creek, just inside of Cape Henlopen, where a fort with strong palisades was thrown up, promising to afford protection to the thirty or forty souls constituting the colony, the name of Swanandel being given to the place. But these fair prospects of Dutch settlement were speedily overcast by an act of folly and crime committed by Hasset, the agent in charge of the settlement. He had wickedly caused the death of an Indian chief. The foul play was to be fully avenged. On the first visit of De Veries, who had been absent on an expedition with the ship, he found nothing but the ruins of the fort and palisades, and the charred bones of the last of his colonists. This act permanently impaired the power and prosperity of the Dutch in that region ; for before they could recover the soil of Delaware, three other events occurred to cripple their authority and restrain their spreading :—

First, The patent to Maryland had been granted to Lord Baltimore, and he was not only a competitor, but an Englishman,—a name that the Dutch were fast learning to regard as another title for formidable rival in commerce, however friendly they might be as allies in arms.

Second, The Patroons had already grown powerful enough to dispute the valuable fur trade with the agents of the West India Company.

Third, Quarrels had grown up between Minuit and the inhabitants of New Amsterdam, ending in his recall and the appointment of the feeble and despicable Wouter van Twiller.

The English had no intentions of allowing the Dutch to keep the Island

of Manhattan, or plant their stakes very deep in any portion of its neighborhood. On Minuit's return to Holland, he stopped at the port of Plymouth, where his ship was detained by the English; and not long after, an English vessel appeared in New York harbor, which, in defiance of the authorities, and the menaces of cannon sailed up the Hudson.

Growing jealous of the rapidly increasing emigration of the Puritans in New England, and foreseeing their encroachments, the Dutch began to make good their claim to the shores of the Connecticut river which they had discovered, and thereby claimed by the same right they had to those of the Hudson. They secured the Indian title to the site of Hartford, where they erected a fort and were strengthening a settlement. Only a few months later, however, some of the members of the Plymouth colony raised a block-house at Windsor, across the river; and two years later, Hooker and Haynes laid the foundations of the colony of Connecticut, which was afterwards to become the eagle's-nest of the Republic.

It required no prophetic eye to see that the Dutch settlement at Hartford, would soon melt away before the advancing and irresistible tide of Plymouth colonization.

Gustavus Adolphus.—This greatest of all Scandinavian monarchs,—and, we had almost said, the greatest of all Scandinavian men—had early given his attention to the subject of American commerce and colonization; and had not his chivalric devotion to the great principles of the Reformation drawn him into the Thirty Years' War, he would probably have cut his name deep into our colonial history. Enriched by the rarest qualities of mind and heart; illuminated by all culture; liberalized by study, travel, and intimate intercourse with the great statesmen of his times; seeing a better future for men and for nations, and greeting with enthusiasm the new light that was breaking over mankind, he saw, with the eye of a prophet, the tendencies which were drifting the energies of Europe towards the new regions of the West. Inheriting the inspirations of courage and freedom which hovered over the waters, and dwelt among the wild crags of the North, nothing less than the championship of liberty, humanity, and truth could satisfy the aspirations of his great soul. The grandeur of his schemes; the broad fields they were to cover, and the influence he was to put forth upon the affairs of Europe, seemed to be in an inverse ratio to the poverty of his resources and the restricted limits of his dominions. But he was one of those men who have all along the line of history appeared at intervals, to show how much grander is the empire of mind than the sway of brute force—how vaster the conceptions of genius than the edicts of arbitrary power—how men in all ages instinctively bow to the majesty of true greatness.

Let my young readers recall the fine examples we have of all this in the records of men, as well as of nations. Perched like an eagle on his eyrie, from immemorable time Switzerland has preserved her mountain freedom. Even the genius of Sir Walter Scott could never have invested the Highlands

of Scotland with so magic a charm, had he not listened in his youth to the tales of heroism and romance which are embalmed in her traditional Border Minstrelsy. One of the last lessons we learn from experience, is one of the first that should be taught in the school—that it is quality and not quantity that determines results. The spirit of true achievement is the spirit of the universe; and that must be the spirit of real power. Despotism grows feeble in the presence of one indomitable soul. The wronged Hagar, as she turns her back upon the outrage of her home, and plunges off into the desert with that lion boy on her shoulders, has made a finer subject for the pencil of the Frenchman than the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The imprisoned cobbler wrote the imperishable guide-book to eternal life in Bedford jail. Homer sang the greatest of epics, to get his bread, before the gates of a hundred cities that afterwards fought for the honor of having given him birth. Twenty centuries later, his brother Dante filled the Dark Ages with the light of the Divine Comedy as he trode his painful way into exile from his beloved Florence; and four hundred years had to go by before the crime of his exile could be expiated by the genius of her artists, and the adoration of her people. The only portions of history worth reading are made up of those deeds that spring from the chivalry of noble souls—of words that voice the hopes, and foretell the triumphs of the brave and the suffering.

Of such was Gustavus Adolphus, one of the earliest benefactors of the United States. Like all other great rulers, he clustered great men around him. Tormented by no pitiful jealousy of superiority in his counsellors, and rejoicing in their greatness as much as in his own, he found in them allies, where smaller men would have discerned only rivals. While the *Mayflower* was struggling through that winter sea, William Wesselinx, a Netherlander, who had known the Pilgrims, and what sort of people they were, was on his way to the court of Gustavus Adolphus. He spread before the candid mind of the Prince the fruits of all his observations of the commercial movements of his time. Monopolies were the order of the day. He drew up a plan for the charter of a great commercial Company for planting colonies, and carrying on traffic anywhere beyond the Straits of Gibraltar. On the recommendation of the King, the States of Sweden confirmed the incorporation, and the sovereign became the first subscriber in the sum of \$400,000—money of the State, because he intended to have all his subjects become as much interested in it as himself. Subscriptions were invited from all the great cities outside of his dominions. The charter reads more like an illuminated State paper than an act to incorporate a monopoly. The colonies to be founded were to be governed by the Royal Council of Sweden; for 'politics lie beyond the profession of merchants.' Their commercial and agricultural affairs were not to be interfered with, while their political institutions were to be determined by statesmanship. Colonists were invited from all Europe; 'free men, and not slaves, since they cost a great deal, labor with reluctance, and soon perish from hard usage.'

And now we have the grand announcement, which was one of the earliest and certainly the greatest declaration those times had listened to—‘THE SWEDISH NATION IS LABORIOUS AND INTELLIGENT, AND SURELY WE SHALL GAIN MORE BY FREE PEOPLE WITH WIVES AND CHILDREN.’ The colonies to be founded were to ‘afford security to the honor of wives and daughters; refuge for fugitives from persecution and bigotry; A BLESSING TO THE COMMON MAN, AND TO THE WHOLE PROTESTANT WORLD.’ So much importance did Gustavus attach to the kind of colonization he proposed to promote, and so ample was his conception of its character and scope, that he wrote these words: ‘I HOPE IT MAY PROVE AN ADVANTAGE TO ALL OPPRESSED CHRISTENDOM.’

If the genius which presided over American fortunes did not on that fair morning see the sunlight breaking through the thick mists that hung over the American shores, Gustavus Adolphus did. His scheme was fairly under way, and a Swedish colony was to be founded. But the first check had to be given to the roused energy of the Papal power. Alarmed at the progress of the new ideas which threatened the overthrow of colossal Rome, that had so long held the nations in her grasp, the Catholic powers of the continent had rallied to crush out the intellectual rebellion that had risen to assert the freedom of the individual man. The Thirty Years War was to determine the issue, after the longest and one of the hardest struggles ever maintained to disenthral the human race. Gustavus threw all his energies into the crusade to assert the rights of conscience, and establish religious toleration in Germany by his sword.

But the noble Prince did not live to carry out his scheme of colonization. In commending it, a few days before his death, to all the people of Germany, he declared it to be ‘the jewel of his kingdom.’

He was foully murdered after winning the hard-fought field of Lützen, which was one of the most glorious triumphs for humanity ever achieved. But his noble thought was not to die. Oxenstiern, the great Chancellor of Sweden, who had embraced it with all the warmth of his nature, and cast over it all the illumination of his statesmanship, still attempted its consummation. The independent city of Frankfort, a powerful republic in itself, confirmed the Swedish charter; and the attention of the Low Countries, and a considerable part of the Germanic world, was drawn to the contemplation of the scheme of American commerce and colonization. Nor was all this without effect: if Gustavus Adolphus was the god-father of the State of Delaware, it might call itself the child of Oxenstiern.

The Swedes and Finns on the Delaware, 1637-8.—A large portion of the capital subscribed for the colony had been diverted from its purpose for carrying on the struggle in Germany: but the project was not to perish. Minuit, the deposed Governor of New Netherland, proffered his services to the Swedes, who fitted out for him two vessels, under the auspices of the government. If the colony which this little fleet carried was small, it was complete

Everything necessary was furnished, provision being made for religious, as well as secular instruction. The expedition passed up the Delaware in the spring of 1638. Friendly intercourse with the Indians was opened, and a purchase made of the great tract that extends from the southern cape, on both sides of the Delaware, as far up as the falls at Trenton. They commenced their settlement at the mouth of a creek within the limits of the State of Delaware. They named their fort after Christiana, the girl Queen of Sweden.

The impulse given resulted in larger emigration, chiefly of the peasant classes of Sweden and Finland, who had been as much captivated by the descriptions of the fertility of the soil and the beauty of the climate, as adventurers in other parts of Europe had been by the dream of gold. Every opportunity to reach America was so eagerly seized, that multitudes of families were unable to obtain passage. Their settlements dotted the banks of the Delaware even as far as the neighborhood of Philadelphia, before the world had ever heard of William Penn. The whole region was known as *NEW SWEDEN*; and to these emigrants the existence of the State of Delaware, and the first establishment of Europeans in Pennsylvania, were due. We shall soon see how their settlements on the upper Delaware afterwards merged into the proprietaryship of Penn.

The Settlement of Maryland.—This State owes its existence to the persecution of the Roman Catholics of England and Ireland. King James had said that he would 'harrie the Puritans out of his kingdom,' for non-conformity with the established church of England; and he did his best to keep his word. The Roman Catholics were still further beyond the pale of royal toleration, and the penalties they endured were more extreme. Suffering under these terrible disabilities, they looked to America as the only place of refuge. Their leader was George Calvert, who through his great talents for business and administration, with his large liberality of spirit, had maintained the difficult position of member of the London Company, and Catholic Secretary of State. How he managed to retain the favor of the King, without disloyalty to his faith, was best known to himself. But he stood so high in the grace of James, that in 1621 he was created an Irish peer, with the title of Lord Baltimore.

Lord Baltimore Goes to Virginia, 1628.—He visited the Virginia colony, with the hope of a friendly reception; but he found them as intolerant as the church party of England, or the Puritans. Leaving Jamestown in disgust, he started for the north of the Potomac on a tour of examination over a region very little known. Here he was so well satisfied that he applied for a royal patent to establish a colony; and as the London Company was no longer in existence, Charles I., as monarch of all the soil, granted his request.

The Charter for Maryland, April 25, 1632.—In the meantime, Calvert had died; but on the 20th of June, two months after the date of the charter,

the patent was issued to Cecil his son and heir. The territory extended along both shores of Chesapeake Bay, from the 30th to the 40th degree of latitude, the western boundary being the line of the Potomac. It was the most liberal charter that had ever issued from the British Government. It had been drawn up by Lord Baltimore's own hand, and the limits and conditions were fixed by himself, after a full knowledge of the territory, from personal exploration. The colony was to remain independent of the Crown, and perfect equality in civil and religious rights was secured to every settler, regardless of sect,¹—one unhappy exception alone being made, against all who doubted the doctrine of the Trinity, or did not accept the Bible as a divine revelation.² No laws could be imposed, nor taxes levied upon the colonists, except by a majority of the freemen, or their representatives.

The establishment of such a colony, under such auspices, is worth contemplation.³ On the face of the earth, hitherto, nothing of the kind had existed. It antedated by some years the next similar announcement which was made by Roger Williams in Rhode Island. The fruits of the large views of the first Lord Baltimore were soon reaped. Emigrants flowed in from Europe, and many victims of English persecution flocked to Maryland, to find liberty, protection, and peace. It was the only spot on the globe where such nearly absolute civil and religious freedom had been guaranteed by a constitution which gave birth to a new State. It was the first clear enunciation made of the great principle which was afterwards to inspire every constitution and Bill of Rights that was to be promulgated on this soil. The glad news went through the European nations. This was freedom, indeed. Nor will the historian hereafter arise, whose eye will not catch the first herald fires of freedom that blazed from the sightly hill of Baltimore, now so fitly crowned by a monument to the Father of his country.

The Maryland charter was granted a hundred years before the birth of Washington; and while the hours of that century were slowly gliding away, the example of toleration displayed in Lord Baltimore's constitution, was putting forth its benign influence upon the spirit that was to be infused into the statesmanship of the world.

¹ Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of the liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers, which, as yet, had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State.—Bancroft, vol. 1. p. 214.

² The clause for liberty in Maryland extended only to Christians, and was introduced by the proviso, that 'whatsoever person shall blaspheme God, or shall deny or reproach the Holy Trinity, or any of the three persons thereof, shall be punished with death.' * * * But the design of the law of Maryland was undoubtedly to protect freedom of conscience; and, some years after it had been confirmed, the apologist of Lord Baltimore could assert, that his government, in conformity with his strict and repeated injunctions, had never

given disturbance to any person in Maryland for matter of religion; that the colonists enjoyed freedom of conscience, not less than freedom of person and estate, as amply as any people of any place of the world. The disfranchised friends of prelacy from Massachusetts, and the Puritans from Virginia, were welcomed to equal liberty of conscience and political rights in the Roman Catholic province of Maryland.—Bancroft, vol. 1. pp. 256-7.

³ Every other country in the world had persecuting laws; through the benign administration of the government of that province, no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ was permitted to be molested on account of religion. Under the munificence and superintending mildness of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness was soon quickened with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance.—Bancroft, vol. 1. p. 248.



CECIL, SECOND LORD BALTIMORE.

Emigration to Maryland, 1633.—On the second of December, nineteen months after the date of Lord Baltimore's charter, his son, Leonard Calvert, brother of Cecil, embarked for Maryland, commissioned as Governor of the province, with a colony, made up chiefly of the Roman Catholic faith. They sailed up the Potomac as far as Mount Vernon—that charmed spot which seemed to have a magnetic power of drawing men to it, whilst reserving its possession for Washington alone. But they were not to settle there. Floating back to the mouth of the river, they landed at an inviting site on an estuary of the Chesapeake, and in the month of April, by friendly treaty with the Indians, purchased a village,¹ and laid the foundation of a town which they named St. Mary, after the reigning Queen of England. It had been an honest bargain; for integrity and kindness had won the friendship of the natives, who from that hour preserved their loyalty with more than Christian faith—as that desecrated name has been so commonly applied.²

Democratic Government Organized in Maryland, March 8, 1635.—On this day the first legislative Assembly met at St. Mary. It was a pure democracy, for the Legislature consisted of the whole body of freemen. Thus their laws were made, and their government carried on for four years; when it became representative for greater convenience. The delegates put forth a Declaration of Rights, constituted themselves a Commonwealth, defined the powers of the proprietor, planted themselves upon the constitutional rights of Englishmen, and ever after adhered to the principles of independence and civil liberty. On that day the commonwealth of MARYLAND had its birth.

The Connecticut Colony, 1632.—With a desire of consolidating their claims to the lands bordering on Long Island Sound, in connection with the government of New Netherland, Minuit had early advised the Puritans of Massachusetts to abandon their barren and rocky soil, and settle on the banks of the Connecticut.³ A few years later—1631—a chief of the Mohegans, who were carrying on a bitter war with the Pequots on the Thames river, forty miles east of the Connecticut, had sent messengers, inviting the English on Massachusetts Bay, to come and settle in that valley. It would serve as a barrier between him and his foes, and he proffered his alliance. The motives of all these parties were clearly understood, and the New England settlers chose staying where they were.

¹ Of Calvert's settlement at the Indian town of Yoacomoco, and its purchase from the natives, Bancroft, vol. i. p. 247, says: 'Mutual promises of friendship and peace were made, so that, upon the 27th day of March, 1634, the Catholics took quiet possession of the little place, and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary.'

The ship which brought Leonard Calvert and his two hundred people was named *Ark and Dove*, every way a fitting name!

² Three days after the landing of Calvert, the *Ark and Dove* anchored in the harbor. Sir John Harvey soon arrived on a visit; the native chiefs, also, came to welcome or to watch the emigrants, and were so well received that they resolved to give perpetuity to their league of amity with the English. The Indian women taught the wives of the new-comers to make bread of

maize; the warriors of the tribe instructed the hunters how rich were the forests of America in game, and joined them in the chase. And, as the season of the year invited to the pursuits of agriculture, and the English had come into possession of ground already subdued, they were able, at once, to possess cornfields and gardens, and prepare the wealth of successful husbandry. Virginia, from its surplus produce, could furnish a temporary supply of food, and all kinds of domestic cattle. No sufferings were endured; no fears of want were excited; the foundation of the colony of Maryland was peacefully and happily laid. Within six months it had advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years.—Bancroft, vol. i. p. 247.

³ The spelling of the Indian word *Quon-eh-ta-cut*, signifying the long river, gave the sanction to the name and its orthography in English.

Mr. Winslow Visits the Valley of the Connecticut, 1632.—This broad-minded, sagacious man, preferring to trust his own judgment, visited the valley of the Connecticut, and determined to colonize it. In the meantime, learning their intentions, the Dutch had purchased the land where Hartford now stands, and planted two cannon on their fort, resolved to dispute the passage of the English up the river. But the Plymouth Governor had entrusted the expedition to Captain William Holmes, who had put his company on board, with the frame of a house, and other appliances necessary for starting a settlement. Armed with a commission from Plymouth, he went up the river, heedless of the Dutch guns; and landing at the spot where Windsor now stands, went to work and put up his house. The next year the Dutch sent a company of seventy men to drive him out. But meeting with a warm reception, words were substituted for bullets: the Dutch were first talked into good humor, and finally into friendship. There was not a fairer spot on the continent than the green bank of the Connecticut; and Holmes worked so vigorously, that the next season he announced to his friends in Massachusetts that he was ready to receive accessions to his little colony.

A Winter Journey through the Wilderness, Oct. 25, 1635.—We now reach one of the most extraordinary expeditions of which we have any knowledge. On the 25th of October, 1635, a little party of sixty men, women, and children, with their cattle, and all their earthly possessions, started out through the wilderness on a journey of a hundred miles for their new home. They were one month on the road,—making their way as best they could through dense forest and dismal swamps,—till they finally reached the frozen river, and a settlement wrapped in a winding sheet of deep snow. It was a hard, long winter. They all suffered with hunger; but for the milk of the cows they had brought with them, their children must all have perished. Many of their cattle died. A small vessel that had been sent to them, laden with food, was wrecked on the coast. At last their only food was slender supplies of corn from the Indians, and the acorns they could gather. Those of them least able to endure these terrible privations, made their way to the fort erected at Saybrook,¹ where they embarked for Boston.

But the settlement was to remain and flourish. At the opening of spring, supplies reached the settlers: they erected a little meeting-house; organized their first court; opened the soil to the sun; and the banks of that lovely river began to blush under the culture of the Anglo-Saxon.

Progress of the Connecticut Colony.—We here strike upon names that have filled large spaces in history. Henry Vane, Hugh Peters, and a son of Governor Winthrop had reached Boston as Commissioners for the Proprietors of Connecticut; and continuing their voyage to the mouth of the river, had built a fort and made a permanent settlement at Saybrook. The results which

¹ The Council of Plymouth had granted, in 1630, the soil of Connecticut to the Earl of Warwick, who the next year transferred the grant to Lord Say-and-Seal, Lord Brooke, and John Hampden; and thus the fort had its name, *Saybrook*.

followed, however, bear little comparison in importance with a new expedition that started from Boston in June of the same year, 'by the overland route,' under the guidance of Rev. Thomas Hooker, who was honored as 'the light of the western churches'—with other ministers of the Gospel, their families, and settlers to the number of one hundred, with their flocks and herds, their utensils and all their worldly goods. It was a long and toilsome journey. As their provisions gave out, they lived chiefly upon wild berries, and the milk of the cows. But they went on, light-hearted; and on the 4th of July—that wonderful day in our history—they saw the clear waters of the Connecticut sweeping by the banks of Hartford, gleaming in the midday sun. The little church was ready for the great preacher, and there he administered the communion of the Lord's Supper to his heroic and reverent congregation. With a spirit of independence which characterized those early settlers, each looked about for himself; and they soon dotted the region with their little settlements. One was Wethersfield, four miles below; another Springfield, twenty miles above Hartford; five in all—weak, unprotected, but bound together by the strongest ties the earth ever knows: all sublimated by a common reliance upon their Almighty ally for protection.

With the exception of the first colony of Plymouth, we hardly find a parallel to the daring, and apparent desperation of these first settlers of Connecticut. On the east lay the powerful tribe of the Pequots, bloody and remorseless savages, now freshly enraged at the apparent alliance of these English intruders with their worst enemies, the Mohegans of the Connecticut valley; and their old and powerful foes the Narragansets, who were friendly to the Plymouth settlers. Resolute upon their extermination, the Pequots stealthily plotted their ruin. If a settler straggled too far into the forest, he was pierced by an arrow. Unguarded children playing at any distance from their houses, were kidnapped. One of the trading vessels on the Sound was seized and plundered, and the captain killed; and on the outskirts of every settlement lurked the wily foe. Matters were made worse by an unsuccessful attempt of the Puritans of Massachusetts, who sent a small expedition into the Pequot territory, which only inflamed the hostility of the savages, who attempted, and thought they had secured, the co-operation of the Narragansets in their scheme for a general massacre of the English settlers.

Roger Williams Saves the Colonists.—Help came from a quarter least expected, and least deserved. It was reserved for Roger Williams—an exile

¹ Hooker, of vast endowments, a strong will, and an energetic mind; ingenious in his temper, and open in his professions; trained to benevolence by the discipline of affliction; versed in tolerance by his refuge in Holland; choleric, yet gentle in his affections; firm in his faith, yet readily yielding to the power of reason; the peer of the reformers, without their harshness; the devoted apostle to the humble and the poor, severe towards the proud, mild in his soothing of a wounded spirit, glowing with the raptures of devotion, and kindling with the messages of redeeming love; his eye, voice, gesture, and whole frame animate with the living vigor of heart-felt religion; public-spirited and lavishly charitable; and, though persecutions and banishments

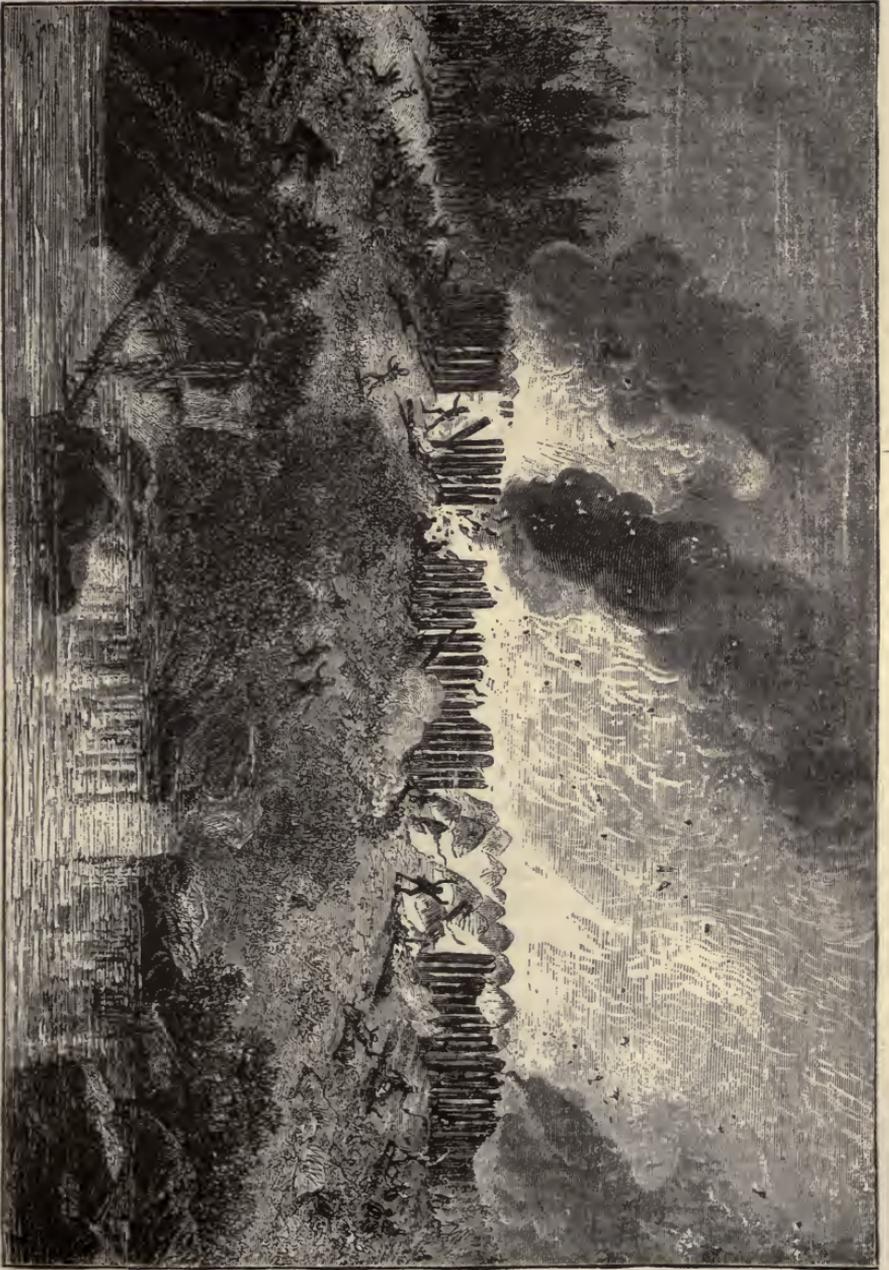
had awaited him as one wave follows another, ever serenely blessed with 'a glorious peace of soul;' fixed in his trust in Providence, and in his adhesion to that cause of advancing civilization, which he cherished always, even while it remained to him a mystery. This was he, whom, for his abilities and services, his contemporaries placed 'in the first rank' of men; praising him as 'the one rich pearl, with which Europe more than repaid America for the treasures from her coast.' The people to whom Hooker ministered had preceded him; as he landed, they crowded about him with their welcome. 'Now I live'—exclaimed he, as with open arms he embraced them—'now I live, if ye stand fast in the Lord.'—Bancroft, vol. i. p. 365.

from Massachusetts, but now a guest of the Narraganset tribe, to defeat the infernal alliance. His great heart could harbor no revenge against men of his own blood, though they had driven him out from their protection. Knowing that the Massachusetts Bay colonists were doomed, without this treaty could be broken up, he perilled his life in an open canoe on Narraganset Bay, in the midst of a storm, to reach the head-quarters of Miantonomah, the great Narraganset sachem. He boldly entered the cabin at Newport where the ambassadors of the Pequot tribe were holding their council with the Narraganset chiefs. The ferocious Pequots sprang forward to seize him, threatening him with death. But the intrepid Williams appealed to the hospitality of Miantonomah, who gave him audience and protection. For three days he argued with these fierce men. He had learned much of their language; but what his tongue failed to utter, was accomplished by the majesty of his manner, and the greatness of his spirit. He broke up the alliance; and when the Pequots had left the island, he not only sealed the friendship of the Narragansets, but persuaded the noble Miantonomah to make war on his savage neighbors. Thus was the bloody design of the savages defeated, and the infant colonies saved. No wonder good men love the name of Roger Williams; the saviour of all the other colonies was worthy to become the founder of Rhode Island—the first commonwealth established on these shores, which raised the standard not only of toleration, but of *protection* for liberty of conscience, for all men, regardless of creeds.

First Indian War, June 5, 1637.—The failure of their murderous scheme only enraged the remorseless Pequots. They renewed their depredations to such an extent, that the next year the settlers on the Connecticut declared war against them; and the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies joined them in the common cause. The English settlements had all received accessions of strength, and what they lacked in numbers was made up in the courage and sagacity of the allies who joined the expedition. Captain Mason, the commandant of the Saybrook fort, with Captain John Underhill, and about eighty men, and seventy Indians under the great Uncas, sailed for Narraganset Bay. Miantonomah received them with his two hundred warriors, and on their march to the Pequot country, volunteers from the brave Niantics swelled their numbers to upwards of five hundred, every man fully equipped for his work; Mason and Underhill being worthy leaders.

But what could such a band of invaders do against the ferocious Sassacus, the terrible Pequot chief, who could bring two thousand warriors into the field? He felt too secure: for the subtlety of Miantonomah outmatched his formidable hosts. The stronghold of Sassacus was on the Mystic river, eight miles north-east of New London,—he could defy them. But before daylight on the morning of the 5th of June, the invaders suddenly sprang upon the village, and before the sun rose, six hundred warriors, with their wives and children, had perished by bullets, tomahawks, or fire. Only seven escaped to tell the story. The colonists had lost but two of their numbers, and only a

ATTACK ON THE PACIFIC POINT.





score were wounded. To complete the overthrow, a hundred and twenty men from Massachusetts, under the gallant Captain Stoughton, reached the scene, and in a few weeks the history of the Pequots was ended.

Lossing in his History gives the following fine description of the scenes which followed: 'The terrified Pequots made no resistance, but fled in dismay toward the wilderness westward, hotly pursued by the English. Terrible was the destruction in the path of the pursuers. Throughout the beautiful country on Long Island Sound, from Saybrook to New Haven, wigwams and cornfields were destroyed, and helpless women and children were slain. With Sassacus at their head, the Indians flew like deer before the hounds, and finally took shelter in Sasco swamp, near Fairfield, where, after a severe battle, they all surrendered, except Sassacus and a few followers. These fled to the Mohawks, where the sachem was treacherously murdered, and his people sold into slavery, or incorporated with other tribes. The blow was one of extermination, relentless and cruel. There did not remain a sannup or squaw, a warrior or child of the Pequot name. A nation had disappeared in a day. The New England tribes were filled with awe, and for forty years the colonists were unmolested by them.'

While humanity mourns over such recitals, the cloud turns a silver lining to the light of history. It had been a fearful moment—but the holocaust had purchased salvation. No provocation for these atrocities had been offered by the settlers of New England. Every acre of ground they had taken possession of to which the natives pretended to lay any claim whatever, had been bought and paid for, and a clear title executed. No effort had been spared to win the friendship of the natives, and they knew that the colonists were not men of blood. This treatment had won the Mohawks and the Narragansets. The warriors of the other tribes had never shown a lack of appreciation of the white man's friendship; but nothing could be proof against the ferocity of the Pequots. They cumbered the earth, and they had to be removed. It was more an act of Heaven, than the deed of man. A few words further, and we can leave the colony of Connecticut marching on its road to prosperity and power.

New and Strong Men Join the Colony.—In the same summer which witnessed the overthrow of the Pequots, three men reached Boston, of such rank and resources as made the Massachusetts colonists anxious for their settlement. John Davenport, one of the eminent non-conformist ministers of London, with two friends, rich merchants and true men, Theophilus Eaton and Edward Hopkins, had determined to risk their fortunes in the rising world of the West. But they soon became so disgusted with the bigotry and injustice displayed in the Hutchinson affair—of which we shall soon speak—that they chose rather the undisturbed wilderness, to a scene of strife. In the autumn, Eaton and some of his companions explored the southern coast of Connecticut, and entering Quinipiac—where the beautiful city of New Haven now stands—they chose it for a settlement, and passed the winter.

New Haven Founded, April 13, 1638.—Davenport had heard the favorable news from Eaton, and in the spring he joined their settlement with the rest of his friends. Under the broad branches of a great oak—which long afterwards stood at the intersection of George and College streets—Davenport preached his first sermon. They bought the land from the Indians, and formed a colony after their own liking—choosing, as they said, the Bible for their guide, and drawing up what they called their Plantation Covenant,—a purely religious organization. This was the fair start they made. Of course they were in constant intercourse with their brethren at the settlements of Hartford, Wethersfield, Springfield, and Windsor; and on the 24th of the following January, they met in convention at Hartford, where they adopted a written Constitution. It provided for the annual election of a Governor and legislature by the whole body of the people, only one oath being required—that of allegiance to the Commonwealth, and not to the King of England. This was the origin of the CONNECTICUT COLONY. Its union with the New Haven colony was not complete till 1665; but the Commonwealth of Connecticut, which was founded by the Hartford convention, was maintained for a hundred and fifty years.

Progress of the Puritan Colonies.—The death of James I., five years after the landing of the Pilgrims, followed by the accession of his son, Charles I., whose animosity towards the non-conformists was even greater than his father's, brought fresh persecutions to the Puritan ministers in England. Their best preachers were either imprisoned, or silenced. Too few to offer forcible resistance, no road opened but to join their brethren in America, and a general movement for emigration began. They were of the best class of men and women then living. Men the most learned, women the most resolute; all God-fearing Christians; many in good circumstances, some of them rich: accustomed for the most part to the comforts and luxuries then enjoyed by the better classes of Englishmen. Every one of them made old England poorer when he embarked, and New England richer when he landed. Each was an accession of strength. No temptations were held out to ruined men, to reckless characters, to desperate adventurers, to seekers after gold, or worldly glory. They were the best of Englishmen, in blood, in physical training, in power of endurance, loftiness of purpose, readiness for sacrifice. Ripe in learning, stern in character, inflexible in will, republicans by conviction: bowing to no sovereign except the King of Kings. It was picked men of Heaven's own choosing that settled New England: hence their strength never could be measured by their numbers. Quantity had nothing to do: quality, everything. The bravest and best spirits of England would not endure the insolence of the minions of power, and they loathed the corruption and debauchery of the court. They must be free—it was the sole condition of their existence. Many most sterling characters were now starting for New England; not only learned, devout, and gifted ministers, but broad-minded statesmen, scholars, school-teachers, agriculturists, mechanics, inventors, code

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JOHN ENDICOTT

makers—there was not an idle man among them when they left, and no idle man could live among them when he got to his destination. There were no drones in that New England bee-hive. There was order, industry, economy, virtue, reverence for principle,—devotion to God. There was no baby-play in that business; there was no frivolity, no intrigue, no avarice, no greed, no ambition except for the glory of founding free commonwealths.

Charles I. was as anxious to get rid of such men, as they were to get rid of him. The best men were leaving. Every ship was an ark laden with men, women, live-stock, seeds, and agricultural implements for planting and raising crops; bibles, school-books, codes of law, the classics of the Romans, the Greeks and the old Hebrews of the Orient—each vessel was a cosmos, and could have started a new world.

The Colony of Massachusetts Bay, 1628.—John Endicot—one of the imperishable names—under the promise of a charter, sailed with a hundred emigrants, every one of whom he knew, and landed at Naumkeag, where he began to build the city of Salem, which was so long to be the seat of the foreign commerce of New England. On the 14th of March, 1629, he received his charter, entitled: 'The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England.' Four months later he was followed by those three strong, godly men—Higginson, Skelton, and Bright—leading two hundred emigrants, their neighbors and personal friends: they founded Charlestown, under the protection of the Massachusetts Bay charter. Many good men in England had been members of the Corporation; and on the first of September of the same year, they all met at Cambridge—the old seat of learning—and made a legal transfer of their charter to the colonists. This gave that ample security which men of wealth and social rank, who had everything to lose, required. John Winthrop—another honored name in New England annals—was chosen Governor of the colony, and in July, 1630, he sailed with three hundred families, for Salem; with him also Thomas Dudley, deputy Governor, and a council of eighteen. They chose the neighborhood of Boston for settlement: and shortly the new Cambridge—the child of the old—and the first, and still the greatest seat of learning in the Western Hemisphere rose, with Dorchester, Roxbury, and Watertown. The fame of a wonderful spring of pure water flowing out from one of the three hills where Boston stands, induced them to build some cottages around it. Two other neighboring hills also standing on the peninsula of Shawmut, lifted their sightly summits over the surrounding land and waters; hence they called the place Tri-mountain. And thus they built, wiser than they knew, the future metropolis of New England. The oaks, and pines, and elms cut off even from these hills the view of other cottages going up at Cambridge, only four miles to the west; otherwise they might have seen the heavy timbers being drawn, and scored, and hewn, that were soon to go together in the shape of the first school, the parent college of the Western Anglo-Saxon World.

But with all the appliances for comfort they could command, disease en-

tered their ranks, and death followed. Before the December blasts had completely disrobed the forests, the polar winds were sweeping over two hundred graves. But while the earth lay helplessly locked in winter ice, around their log kitchen fires these strong men were making a code that has been the wonder of succeeding times.

Civil Government Organized, May, 1631.—A General Assembly of the people was held. All the officers of government, by universal suffrage of the freemen of the colony, were elected. For this pure Democracy, a Republican government was substituted, three years afterwards, and the second free State had birth in America. The noble Governor Winthrop was the chief pillar of the new Commonwealth, and he was clothed with a dignity greater than any office could bestow, because of the greatness of his character. The sachems of all the surrounding tribes were guests at his table. But he was not too great to go on foot to Plymouth, to pay an official visit to Bradford, the Governor of the Pilgrims. Friendly greetings came from New Netherlands; and the colony at Jamestown sent them a cargo of corn—the first bread ship that ever entered the harbor of Boston.

What fairer spectacle than this can the historian of any period show? The great point was reached: civilization, with every element of security, strength, and progress, was established. The fruits of all the struggles of the human race, through all the ages—from the Pyramids of Egypt, from the Acropolis of Athens, from the Rome of the Cæsars and the Pontiffs, and from the shrines of learning and religion in the British Isles—were all clustered here. It was a new starting-point for a higher civilization in the future.

Origin of Rhode Island. Roger Williams.—The name of this extraordinary man shines out with peculiar lustre even at a period illuminated by a galaxy of greater lights than have ever blazed over the origin of any other people. Born in Wales, and educated at Oxford under the patronage of the mighty jurist, Edward Coke; driven in 1631, while yet less than thirty-two years of age, from England, by persecution, he became assistant minister of the church at Salem. But he was too broad in his views of toleration to suit the restricted polity or sectarian spirit of the Puritans; and soon left for Plymouth, where he was also coldly received. But so highly was he esteemed, he was invited to return to Salem, where he proclaimed his advanced views, with a freedom which could not be tolerated; and a year later the general court of Massachusetts passed sentence of suspension and banishment against him. He was found guilty of denying the right of civil authority to control the conscience of the people; of declaring it to be wrong to withhold its protection from any religious sect whatever; that the King had no right to demand an oath of allegiance from the colonies; and that the charters he had granted were invalid, since he could not give away lands which belonged to the Indians.

Roger Williams was irreconcilably opposed to the entire polity of the Pu-

itan church. Its chief leaders at home, and even in New England, still desired to avoid an open rupture with the Church of England. They attempted what has, and will forever prove a failure, —working a radical religious reform inside of such an organization. He did not believe that the church of Christ was intended to be a theocracy, but a simple body of believers ; that it could have no alliance with the State without becoming hopelessly corrupt, and being made an instrument of power in the hands of bad men ; that the strifes of civil society should never find a place in ‘the garden of the Lord’ ; above all, said he, ‘the doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience is most inevitably and lamentably contrary to the doctrine of Christ Jesus.’ The magistrates insisted on enforcing a law requiring all persons to attend public worship. He declared such a law to be one of the worst statutes in the English code. No one should be bound to worship, or maintain worship, against his own consent. He opposed the exclusive selection of magistrates from members of the church. ‘As well,’ said he, ‘might you select a doctor of physic, or a pilot, for his skill in polemics, or his standing in the church.’ The grandest cause of difference, however, between them, was the right of the magistrates, under the plea of guarding the people against corruption in morals, to punish them for heresy. Exclaimed Williams, ‘You are only the trustees of the people ; no spiritual power has been conferred on you : each individual conscience is sacred in itself. The civil magistrates may not intermeddle, even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy : their power extends only to the bodies and goods and outward estate of men.’ At a later period he dwelt with the joy of prophetic exultation over the triumph of his principles, where he says, ‘the removal of the yoke of soul-oppression, as it will prove an act of mercy and righteousness to the enslaved nations, so is it a binding force to engage the whole, and every interest and conscience to preserve the common liberty and peace.’

The magistrates at first did not risk his forcible removal from the church that loved him ; but they withheld from them the possession of a piece of land to which they had a legal title, as a punishment for adhering to their pastor. This, however, did not break the tie that bound them. They protested against the injustice, and their representatives in the government were instructed to secure justice to the citizens of Salem. But they were not strong enough to win the battle. They were on the eve of being divested of their civil rights as well. The hated principle of the alliance of church and state, which had poisoned religion, debauched Christianity, and outraged civilization, was already established in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, and to dispute it cost a man his citizenship. Nor was it rooted out from the new garden of human hope on this side of the Atlantic until many a man had been robbed of his property ; till many others had dragged out long imprisonments ; till men, and even women, had either been chased out of the colonies, or burned to cinders at the stake. The fires of Smithfield—the *auto-da-fé* of Spain were attempted to be established in New England, and they were—long enough to

show that they were exotics, that could never flourish in the pure air of the New World.

The Decree of Banishment, 1635.—Solitary and alone he stood, deserted by those who loved him best, through terror of a magistracy which embraced within itself the power not only of property, but of life and death. 'I confess,' he said, 'it was mine own voluntary act; yea, I hope the act of the Lord Jesus, sounding forth in me the blast which shall in His own holy season cast down the strength and confidence of those inventions of men.' And in the presence of the magistrates, on his trial, it is reported that he 'maintained the rocky strength of his grounds, declaring himself ready to be bound and banished, and even to die in New England, rather than reject the light which had come from God into his own soul.' Bancroft here finely remarks, 'At a time when Germany was the battle-field for all Europe in the implacable wars of religion; when even Holland was bleeding with the anger of vengeful factions; when France was still to go through the fearful struggle with bigotry; when England was gasping under the despotism of intolerance; almost half a century before William Penn became an American proprietary, and two years before Descartes founded modern philosophy on the method of free reflection, Roger Williams asserted the great doctrine of intellectual liberty. It became his glory to found a state upon that principle, and to stamp himself upon its rising institutions in characters so deep that the impress has remained to the present day, and can never be erased, without a total destruction of the work. . . . We may compare him to the lark, the pleasant bird of the peaceful summer, that, affecting to soar aloft, springs upward from the ground, takes his rise from pale to tree, and at last surmounting the highest hills, utters his clear carols through the skies of morning. He was the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law; and in its defense he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and superior of Jeremy Taylor—for Jeremy Taylor limited his toleration to a few Christian sects;—the philanthropy of Williams compassed the earth.

Well may our national historian pass this eulogium upon the Christian statesman:—'If Copernicus is held in perpetual reverence because on his death-bed he published to the world that the sun is the centre of our system; if the name of Kepler is preserved in the annals of human excellence for his sagacity in detecting the laws of the planetary motion; if the genius of Newton has been almost adored for dissecting a ray of light, and weighing heavenly bodies as in a balance;—let there be for the name of Roger Williams at least some humble place among those who have advanced moral science, and made themselves the benefactors of mankind.'

That place has been assigned, and is by no means a humble one. When all the States were invited to send statues or memorials of their greatest men to adorn the national Capitol, Rhode Island, among a whole constellation of illustrious citizens, had no hesitation in choosing Nathaniel Greene to represent the

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chivalry of her soldiers, and Roger Williams the spirit of her Christian statesmen.¹

January, 1636.—He had the free, boundless wilderness before him where to choose his home. Fearing, however, lest he might settle too near them, they determined to detain him; and he would probably have been kept as a prisoner, had he not escaped in the dead of winter. For fourteen weeks he wandered through the forests, over deep snows, escaping death from cold or starvation, only by the shelter extended to him by the savages. At last he reached the cabin of Massasoit, the chief of the Wampanoags, at Mount Hope. Here he was hospitably entertained till spring, when he was joined by five of his friends from Boston, when he chose a settlement on the Seekonk river. His movements were carefully watched, and he soon received notice that he was within the territory of Plymouth colony. The gentle Winslow kindly advised him to cross over into the Narraganset country, where he would be secure from molestation.² The little party committed themselves to a canoe, and

¹ In all our history no name shines with a purer light than his whose memorial we have lately placed in the Capitol. In the history of all the world there is no more striking example of a man grasping a grand idea, at once, in its full proportions, in all its completeness, and carrying it out, unflinchingly, to its remotest legitimate results.

Roger Williams did not merely lay the foundation of religious freedom, he constructed the whole edifice, in all its impregnable strength, in all its imperishable beauty. Those who have followed him, in the same spirit, have not been able to add anything to the grand and simple words in which he enunciated the principle, nor to surpass him in the exact fidelity with which he reduced it to the practical business of government.

Religious freedom, which now, by general consent, underlies the foundation principles of civilized government, was, at that time, looked upon as a wilder theory than any proposition, moral, political, or religious, that has since engaged the serious attention of mankind. It was regarded as impracticable, disorganizing, impious, and, if not utterly subversive of social order, it was not so only because its manifest absurdity would prevent any serious effort to enforce it. The lightest punishment deemed due to its confessor was to drive him out into the howling wilderness. Had he not met with more Christian treatment from the savage children of the forest than he had found from 'the Lord's anointed,' he would have perished in the beginning of his experiment.

Such a man was Roger Williams. No thought of himself, no idea of recompense or of praise interfered to sully the perfect purity of his motives, the perfect disinterestedness of his conduct. Laboring for the highest good of his fellow-men, he was entirely indifferent to their praises. He knew, for God, whose prophet he was, had revealed it to him, that the great principle for which he contended, and for which he suffered, founded in the eternal fitness of things, would endure forever. He did not inquire if his name would survive a generation. In his vision of the future, he saw mankind emancipated from the thralldom of priestcraft, from the blindness of bigotry, from the cruelties of intolerance; he saw the nations walking forth in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free; he saw no memorial of himself, in marble or in bronze, or in the general admiration of mankind. More than two centuries have passed since he died, buried like Moses, for 'no man knoweth of his sepulchre;' and now the great doctrine which he taught pervades the civilized world. A grateful State sends up here the ideal image of her Founder and her Father. An appreciative nation receives it, and, through her accredited representatives, pledges herself to preserve it among her most precious treasures.—*Speech of Senator Anthony in the Senate of the United States, Jan. 9, 1872, on the*

presentation of Simmons' statue of Roger Williams by the State of Rhode Island.

In the year 1859, an association of some of the more public-spirited citizens of Providence was formed, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Roger Williams. After a careful search, his grave was found on the land he once owned, and satisfactorily identified. He was buried near the living spring which had attracted him as he turned the bow of his canoe to land. The following incidents are taken from Mr. Zachariah Allen's 'Paper read before the Rhode Island Historical Society, May 18, 1820:'

On looking down into the pit whilst the sextons were clearing it of earth, the root of an adjacent apple-tree was discovered. This tree had pushed downwards one of its main roots in a sloping direction and nearly straight course towards the precise spot that had been occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There making a turn conforming with its circumference, the root followed the direction of the back-bone to the hips, and thence divided into two branches, each one following a leg-bone to the heel, where they both turned upwards to the extremities of the toes of the skeleton. One of the roots formed a slight crook at the part occupied by the knee-joint, thus producing an increased resemblance to the outlines of the skeleton of Roger Williams, as if, indeed, moulded thereto by the powers of vegetable life. This singularly formed root has been carefully preserved, as constituting a very impressive exemplification of the mode in which the contents of the grave had been entirely absorbed.

The roots still remain in my possession (January, 1869), and are preserved as corroborating the statements of Mr. Allen in his historical address.

STEPHEN RANDALL.

² It is amazing how abounding was his charity, even for his persecutors. He shields them as much as he can, in his own account of these transactions. 'That ever honored Governor Winthrop,' he says, 'privately wrote to me to steer my course to the Narraganset Bay, encouraging me, from the freeness of the place from English claims or patents. I took his prudent motion as a voice from God.'

'I did ever from my soul honor and love them [the magistrates who had banished him], even when their judgment led them to afflict me.' He assailed with the utmost severity the wrong, the crime of intolerance and persecution,—never the persecutor. He relates the following incident: 'Many hearts were touched with relents. That great and pious soul, Mr. Winslow, melted, and kindly visited me, and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife, for our supply.' And Cotton Mather kindly said of the exile: 'In the whole course and tenor of his life and conduct, he has been one of the most disinterested men that ever lived—a most pious and heavenly-minded soul.'

paddled their way around the head of Narraganset Bay, where, on a beautiful green slope, warm with the sun of the advancing season, they gathered around a spring of pure water, and consecrated with prayer the new home they had chosen. When Canonicus, the aged chief of the Narraganset tribe, learned that the men had been banished by their own brother pale-faces, and that they had come with peaceable intentions, he generously ceded them the spot they had chosen, and 'in commemoration of God's merciful providence to us in our distress, we called the place *Providence*.'

'My time,' he says, 'was not spent altogether in spiritual labors; but day and night, at home and abroad, on land and water, at the oar, for bread.' He was within the territory of the Narragansets, and needing more land for himself and those who were joining him, he purchased a large tract, and obtained an undisputed title from Canonicus and Miantonomah,—so that 'it was my own as truly as any man's coat on his back. But I could not reserve to myself one foot of land, nor one tittle of political power, more than we grant to all servants, and all strangers—my share.' In fact, he gave away not only of his lands, but of all his other property, to those he thought most in want, until he had given away all. And thus he founded the State, a pure Democracy, 'in civil things only, since God is the sole ruler of the conscience.'

Absolute Toleration Proclaimed for the First Time in North America.—From that sacred spot the banner of absolute freedom was unfolded, and the constitution of the new State was proclaimed. It embraced the cardinal principles of the religion founded by Jesus of Nazareth, and ratified in the next century by the Declaration of Independence; complete liberty of conscience, in religion and politics—a pure, Christian, Democratic brotherhood, in which membership of the commonwealth consisted only in subscribing to an agreement to submit to such rules as should be adopted by the free suffrage of the inhabitants, so far as they should not affect the individual conscience. The founder reserved no privileges or power for himself. Perfect equality in citizenship was the fundamental law.¹ As might be supposed, this constitution formed a basis for growth and permanent prosperity. It was the realization of the ideal of a Christian Democratic State carried out. Canonicus was one of those great men on whom the hand of Nature puts her seal, regardless of clime, race, or age; and he completely understood the spirit of the stranger whom he had made his guest. He adopted him as a son, and treated him with deference and love. He remained his friend to the last; he extended over him his protection; and during the terrible Pequot war which we have briefly described, Roger Williams's settlement remained unmolested.

Accessions from the Surrounding Colonies.—News of what was going on at Providence soon flew through the colonies, and from all quarters those who considered themselves the victims of persecution, fled to it as to a city of refuge. None were excluded. Persecution for opinion's sake was waxing

¹ The word Narraganset means Peaceful Isle, sometimes called Aquitneck or Aquitnet.

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MRS. ROWLANDSON AND THE INDIANS.

strong in Massachusetts, and Anne Hutchinson, a pure-minded and lofty spirited woman, had been thrown into Boston jail for the crime of free thought and free speech. The authorities were too strong to be resisted, and submission or flight were the only alternatives. Dr. John Clark, William Codrington, and the husband of Mrs. Hutchinson, with sixteen other aggrieved persons, accepted the invitation of Williams to settle in his neighborhood. Miantonomah told them that he would give them the beautiful Aquiday—the Indian name of Rhode Island—if they chose to give him forty fathoms of white wampum. In addition to this trifle, it was proposed to add ten coats and twenty hoes, if they would remove from the island before the next winter. During the summer they planted a settlement on the northern verge of the island, which they called Portsmouth. They adopted a constitution in harmony with Roger Williams's; and borrowing the form of government from the Levitical code, they chose a chief magistrate under the title of Judge, with three associates. Other settlers from Boston flocked in, and in 1639, Newport, at the other end of the island, was founded. And thus this little cluster of free and independent communities went on harmoniously together, each taking care of its own separate interests; but they were all united by love, the firmest of all bonds, and they adopted a common seal with the significant motto, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Many a tear has fallen over the fate of that heroine and martyr, the gifted Anne Hutchinson. She had been accustomed in her English life to the luxuries and sweet charities of refinement, wealth, and culture; and a feeling of indignation at last waxed so strong against her persecutors in Boston, that she might perhaps have lived and escaped death by burning; but she preferred to join her friends in Rhode Island. Even there, however, the suspicion of witchcraft followed her to embitter her home, now made happy by a growing family of children. At last she preferred the tranquillity of the wilderness desolation, and she plunged off with her boys and girls into the deep forests, resolved to throw herself upon the hospitalities of the Dutch of New Amsterdam. She reached New Rochelle, and was safe until the hostilities of the Indians had been provoked by the atrocities of Kieft, the Dutch magistrate. In one of those bloody skirmishes her house was set on fire, and between the tomahawks of the savages and the flames, she perished with her family in the ruins of her humble dwelling:—only a little daughter escaped.¹

The Charter, March 24, 1644.—The three settlements acknowledged no allegiance to the Massachusetts or Plymouth colonies; but desirous of forming a more perfect political union among themselves, Roger Williams went to England, and, through the powerful influence of Sir Henry Vane, obtained a charter which united them all under the title of 'Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.' And thus another pearl was added to the string of

¹ Of Mrs. Hutchinson, Dudley says: 'Her profitable and sober carriage was such that her enemies could never speak of her without acknowledging her eloquence and her ability.'

free States that was to form the necklace of thirteen gems to be laid on the bosom of our goddess of Liberty.

Maine.—The coasts and rivers of Maine were explored at an early period, and she claims precedence in attempted settlements, even over Massachusetts.¹ Sir Fernando Gorges had for many years been carrying on traffic with the Indians of New England, and became associated with John Mason, a merchant and seaman of great energy and enterprise. He had been the Secretary of the Plymouth Council for New England; and with Gorges obtained a grant, in 1622, of the territory stretching from the Merrimac to the Kennebunk rivers, and to the north-west as far as the St. Lawrence. The year before, David Thompson had settled a colony of fishermen at the little harbor on the Piscataqua river, just below Portsmouth; and two years later, another fishing station was established at Dover.

New Hampshire—*Rev. Mr. Wheelwright*, 1629.—Banished from the Massachusetts colony during the persecution of his sister-in-law, Anne Hutchinson, he purchased from the Indians the title to the forest lying between the Merrimac and the Piscataqua, and in 1629 he founded Exeter. Gorges had at the same time made Mason exclusive owner, in his right, to the same tract. In 1631 he built a house on the site of the present city of Portsmouth, and called the whole domain New Hampshire. Other settlements were established, and trading-houses were built as far east as Machias; but they were driven off by the French, who claimed authority for the western limits of Acadia as far as Pemaquid Point. But these settlements were too feeble and scattered to stand securely alone, and they formed a coalition with the Massachusetts colony in 1641,² and remained dependencies of that province for forty years. In 1680 this coalition was dissolved by act of the King of England, when New Hampshire became a royal province, ruled by a governor and council appointed by the King, and House of Representatives elected by the people. Such was the origin of the Commonwealth of NEW HAMPSHIRE.

¹ Mr. R. K. Sewall, of Wiscasset, Me., has investigated the subject of the early history of that region, with more patience and learning probably than any other man. In a very interesting letter, which he was kind enough to write me on the 20th of May, this year—1874—he says:

"My investigations cover transactions in New England history from 1565 to 1620—a period now blank. I show conclusively that New England had its beginnings in Maine; and also the probable visit of Phœnician adventurers here; and Spanish military posts or strongholds. I must refer you to my *Ancient Dominions of Maine*, published in 1859; and my late lecture before the Massachusetts Genealogical Society; and the February transactions of our Maine Historical Society, for my papers on the facts and theories I have in hand. I also have nearly ready a work on *The Beginnings of New England*, concerning the points in question."

² The people of these eastern settlements, which formed the basis of the present commonwealth of Maine, did not like the government attempted to be established by the proprietor, and taking political power into their own hands, placed themselves under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in 1652. The territory was erected into

a county, and called Yorkshire. In 1621 King James, as sovereign of Scotland, placed the Scottish seal to a charter, granting to Sir William Alexander, afterward [1633] Earl of Stirling, the whole territory eastward of the State of Maine, under the title of *Nova Scotia*, or New Scotland. The French had already occupied places along the coast, and called the country *Acadia*. The Scotch proprietor never attempted settlements, either in this territory or in Canada, which Charles the First had granted to him, and the whole country had passed into the hands of the French, by treaty. The Earl died in 1640, and all connection of his family with Nova Scotia ceased. His title was held afterward by four successors, the last of whom died in 1739. In 1759, William Alexander (General Lord Stirling during our war for independence) made an unsuccessful claim to the title. The next claimant was Alexander Humphrey, who commenced operations in the Scottish courts in 1815, and, by forgeries and frauds, was partially successful. The whole was exposed in 1833. Humphrey was in this country in 1852, pressing his claims to the monopoly of the eastern fisheries, by virtue of the grants of Kings James and Charles more than two hundred years ago!—Lossing's *History of the United States*, p. 80.

The United Colonies of New England, 1643.—Although the emigrants to New England now numbered upwards of twenty thousand, and they had established fifty villages, and built as many places of worship, yet they were surrounded by perils which not only retarded their growth, but threatened their overthrow. They had received no favor from the home government; not a ship had been offered for their embarkation; not a dollar of the money of the Crown had been given for their outfits or maintenance in their settlements. At most, the king was willing to get rid of them, regarding them only as disturbers of the public peace, and entertaining principles of liberty which menaced the security of royalty itself. But as the rank of the emigrants gradually rose, and men of wealth and consideration were beginning to leave, the government took alarm, 'lest too many of the best people should go away.' Severe measures were resorted to. In John Milton's plea for the Puritans, he speaks of 'the departure of so many of the *best* of faithful and freeborn Englishmen, and good Christians.' The Archbishop of Canterbury was clothed with authority to control the American colonies; to regulate their religion; 'inflicting heavy penalties against all refractory persons, revoking charters, and suppressing every measure which indicated insubordination to the Throne.' A fleet of eight vessels in the Thames, all ready for sailing—on which Hampden and Cromwell themselves were said to have embarked, with many others of the strong men of England—was detained. Things went so far that a writ of *quo warranto* from the King's Bench was issued against the Massachusetts Bay colony. It seemed to be the determination of the Royalist party to crush out all germs of independence in the new settlements. But this only inflamed a spirit of indignation, and means were at once devised for self-protection. Poor as the colonists were, at a general meeting in Boston, attended by all the ministers, as well as leading citizens, bold declarations were made, and efficient measures adopted. Six hundred pounds were raised for constructing fortifications, and a sort of Declaration of Independence was made. Rumors had reached them that a Royal Governor—a Viceroy clothed with arbitrary power—was on his way. They were firmly resolved to resist him.

Growing Hostility of the Indian Tribes.—Immediately after the close of the Pequot war, in 1637, a plan for the union of the Colonies began to be discussed. Massasoit was indeed loyal in his friendship, and continued so to the last; and Miantonomah could be depended on. But Canonicus was dead, and his son and successor, Philip,—a man of rare qualities, fired by a patriotic zeal for his race and country,—was so ceaselessly urged on by the fiery spirits of his tribe, that it was evident he could no longer restrain them. There was, besides, a general feeling of hostile jealousy growing up among the Indians of New England, that would soon bring about a life and death collision between them and those whom they regarded as invaders. They saw them increasing in numbers; all the time new ships were arriving; the settlements were spreading in all directions; comfortable dwellings and churches were going up; the strong hand of labor was levelling the forest, and bringing

large tracts under cultivation ; hostilities between the native tribes had weakened their numbers : and in the terrible fate of the Pequots they easily read their own, unless they should all unite in a common alliance. This union could not be one merely of self-defense. The more sagacious of the chiefs saw that the struggle must end in the supremacy of one party or the other. At last Philip himself, very much against his own will and judgment, as he afterwards confessed, was forced into the plan for a general extermination of the colonists. By no other means could he or his allies discern any escape from destruction.

There were also early evidences of a design on the part of the French settlers of Acadia and the St. Lawrence, to win over the native tribes ; and how steadily and adroitly this policy was pursued, became evident enough afterwards, when the fruits of this careful sowing were reaped in those Indian alliances which led to the frightful massacres which marked the bloody history of the French war against the English in North America. Moreover, the colonists were already suffering from the growing encroachments and depredations of the Dutch on their western borders, and a survey of the perils of their position led to a union of the colonies of New England, which embraced the separate governments of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven. This was the first organization of political power on this continent. Plymouth being the oldest colony, claimed precedence, to which Rhode Island would not yield ; for they believed that the friendly relations which Roger Williams and his associates had established and maintained with the Indian tribes would insure them against hostilities :—and events justified them in their confidence.

The rights of each member of this confederacy were so jealously guarded that we find in the reservation of their powers, something corresponding very closely with the doctrine of State Rights, which afterwards became so popular, and withal so fatal a notion in the Southern States of our own Republic. Those public interests which appertained strictly to the confederacy, were intrusted to commissioners, two of whom were appointed by each colony. Their powers were restricted to ‘the proper concomitants, or consequence of a confederation.’ They were to determine all questions of war or peace with the Indian tribes. The money for public purposes was to be raised by a *per capita* assessment ; and no precedence was given in this directory, since all the colonies were equal in their representation. This union assumed the chief attributes of sovereignty ; and in 1652 established a mint, and coined silver money—the first within the territory of the United States. The confederacy lasted, moreover, for forty years—a period during which the Government of England was changed three times by revolution.¹

Growing Strength of the Colonies.—However unfriendly had been the

¹ Now that the causes of apprehension were suspended, the great work of constitutional legislation was resumed ; and in December, 1641, a session of three weeks was employed in considering a system which had been prepared by Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich.

As the author of the fundamental code, he is the most remarkable of all the early legislators of Massachusetts ; he had been formerly a student, and practised in the courts of common law in England, and became a non-conforming minister ; so that he was competent to

spirit which Kings James and Charles had displayed towards the New England colonies, they were powerless to materially interfere with their prosperity; and a great event was about to occur in England which was to leave a period of freedom for their undisturbed progress. The reigning house of Stuart was rushing blindly to its ruin. My readers all know how the brave English nation rose against the despotism of Charles I., and shook from herself the mountain-load of tyranny, in the throes of a great revolution.

The Commonwealth of England Established, 1640.—The hour had come when the Anglo-Saxon race was to achieve its independence forever. That same spirit which was afterwards to work our own emancipation from the despotism of England, was now to achieve liberty for England herself. The same volcanic fires were burning beneath both nations. The rupture came later here, because the occasion for the explosion was delayed. In England the exigencies of the times demanded immediate action. Since the days of the Magna Charta, it had been an established principle with the British Government, that Parliament was supreme; and that however broad may have been the concessions to the royal prerogative, it could never entrench upon the parliamentary supremacy of the British people. *All power inhered in the people—all laws must issue from their representatives.* The arbitrary will of the British sovereign was to be heard of no more. It was a question never afterwards to be entertained for debate a single hour. This great principle, however, was to be incorporated more clearly into the British Constitution than it had ever been; it was to be placed within the sacred category of precedents, behind which England seldom has gone; never when those precedents were in favor of popular liberty.

During this struggle despotism was too weak to interfere with the colonists. While the Throne was tottering at home, it was a poor time to oppress colonists three thousand miles away. While Tyranny was reeling to its fall there, Liberty was coming out from its cradle here, to begin her more than Herculean labors.

Cromwell the Friend of America.—It matters little to us what England may think of Oliver Cromwell, the greatest man she has had since Alfred, under whom she achieved all the liberty she has to this hour. The period in which he controlled the affairs of the British Empire, Americans will always remember as a time when they were exempt from despotism and rapacity. He removed restrictions upon commerce; he interposed no obstacles to emigration; he comprehended fully the spirit that moved the colonists of America; he entered warmly into their enterprise of establishing Christian civilization on these shores; they desired from him nothing more. All the American colonies ever asked for from England was not to be interfered with in the prosecution of their just, legal, and honorable enterprises, as equal subjects of the home

combine the humane doctrines of the common law with the principles of right and equality, as deduced from the Bible. After mature deliberation, his 'model,' which for its liberality and comprehensiveness may vie with any similar record from the days of Magna Charta, was adopted as THE BODY OF LIBERTIES of the Massachusetts colony.—Bancroft, vol. i p. 416-417.

empire. It was only when they were driven to it in the last extremity, that the Declaration of Independence was extorted from them; for extorted it was—it did not come so willingly; it was the work of British oppression, and not the out-growth of American aspiration or desire. The records of those times are filled with expressions of sympathy entertained by Cromwell for the American settlers, and by them for him, as the champion of the great principles of freedom. In the praying circles of America; by every hearthstone, at least in New England, ‘the spirits of the brethren were carried forth in faithful and affectionate prayers in his behalf.’ ‘They are engaged,’ said the great Protector, ‘in the same work of the Lord as we are; they are fighting God’s battle, as well as we.’

The Character of the Puritans.—There has been more careless writing about the Puritans; more reckless judgments have been passed upon them; they have been less understood, and worse misrepresented than any other class of men. How were they judged by the standard of their times? John Milton, Richard Baxter, Edward Coke, the Earl of Southampton, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon,—the strongest and best names that embellished that age,—paid to them such honors as have never been offered by contemporaries to any other set of men. Their characters were elaborated in the throes of a mighty revolution of thought. They were purified by passing through the seven times heated furnace of persecution. They were stripped of every earthly treasure, and looking only to the rewards of everlasting life, they went to work to lay up treasures in heaven. Pained and sickened at the religious bigotry and superstition of their times; indignant at the heavy yoke of priestly tyranny that bent down the necks of men; outraged by the insults and indignities heaped upon the human soul by the usurpers of conscience; fired by love of freedom; deep beyond modern soundings in their convictions that the Bible was the sole revelation of the mind of God to his creatures; recognizing the intervention of no priest, except the Great High Priest who had made an eternal sacrifice, and passed within the veil forever to intercede for his people; feeling the worthlessness of all earthly possessions, and the vanity of all worldly honors, they acknowledged no citizenship except in heaven. Believing that the earth with all its works was to be burned up, they sought ‘a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.’ There were but two items in their creed—God in heaven, the sole Master, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; and the absolute liberty of his children on earth. All oppression of man by his fellow-man was an insult to God. Their politics were all summed up in a pure Democracy for civil government, with one Supreme Ruler, even God.

Such men made bad subjects for despotism. They could not live in the Old World in peace; and valuing liberty dearer than all else, they chose the hardships of a wilderness life, rather than sacrifice the chief object of existence. Having no abiding-place, but seeking one to come, they ‘confessed that they were Pilgrims and strangers on the earth.’

Having once fixed their home in the wilderness, secured by fair purchase their title to the soil from its only owners, and planted their communities, they had a legal and a moral right to regulate their institutions, and establish such a civil and religious system as to them seemed best. By no law of God or man could any other being come in to disturb them. If they had a right to establish their system, they had a right to defend it against all comers.¹ The world knew all this: every emigrant that embarked to join them knew beforehand exactly the conditions on which he had voluntarily become a member of those communities, or could enjoy their protection. If he didn't like them, he could stay away: but he could not be allowed to go there and make trouble. If he did, he knew the penalty. Not a man or woman was banished from their communities but what acknowledged the justice of their exclusion, provided they could not subscribe to the rules and regulations that had been established. And thus, sooner or later, outsiders learned that no legal wrong had been committed on them; that if they were not satisfied, they could choose a new home, and follow the example of those who had preceded them; there was ample room and verge enough: and so the thing took care of itself.

The Dutchman was no Pilgrim; the Frenchman was no Puritan: even the Quaker, intense in his Orthodoxy, pure in his life, but holding all human authority in contempt, became a disturber of the public peace, and had to leave. Their State constituted a body of believers; the elect alone were citizens: they were determined that their communities should remain pure from all these disturbing elements. They had themselves become exiles to gain this great boon, and they were determined never to surrender it: and they never did. Roger Williams himself acknowledged at last the justice of it, and retired, setting a higher example of illuminated statesmanship and sublime Christian charity. William Penn, with marvellous judgment and sagacity, saw and felt it all. He proposed on a large scale, what Roger Williams had done on a smaller one. Coming half a century later, when the whole American question was fully understood; when the great revolution in England was completed; when all the new light of the age had been poured upon government and human rights, he could, under better auspices, with the favor of men in power, get a vast territory for the asking, and lay out a State, liberal and grand enough to suit his ideal of a free commonwealth.

¹ It was in self-defense that Puritanism in America began those transient persecutions of which the excesses shall find in me no apologist; and which yet were no more than a train of mists, hovering, of an autumn morning, over the channel of a fine river, that diffused freshness and fertility wherever it wound. The people did not attempt to convert others, but to protect themselves; they never published opinion as such; they never attempted to torture or terrify men into orthodoxy. The history of religious persecution in New England is simply this:—the Puritans established a government in America such as the laws of natural justice warranted, and such as the statutes and common law of England did not warrant; and that was done by men who still acknowledged the duty of a limited allegiance to the parent state. The Episcopalians had declared themselves the enemies of the

party, and waged against it a war of extermination; Puritanism excluded them from its asylum. Roger Williams, the apostle of, 'soul-liberty,' weakened the cause of civil independence by impairing its unity; and he was expelled, even though Massachusetts always bore good testimony to his spotless virtues. Wheelwright and his friends, in their zeal for strict Calvinism, forgot their duty as citizens, and they also were expelled. The Anabaptist, who could not be relied upon as an ally, was guarded as a foe. The Quakers denounced the worship of New England as an abomination, and its government as treason; and therefore they were excluded on pain of death. The fanatic for Calvinism was a fanatic for liberty; and he defended his creed; for in the moral warfare for freedom, his creed was a part of his army, and his most faithful ally in the battle.—Bancroft, vol. i., p. 463-4.

Our age offers no standard by which the Puritans can be judged as civilians, only in their conceptions of the inviolability of human liberty, and the dignity and sacredness of the individual soul,—in all of which they far transcended our most enlightened ideas ; while in virtue, sturdy as the Romans understood it—courage, loyalty to the gods, fidelity to the commonweal,—in the vigilance with which they guarded public morals ; in the purity of their private life ; in the tenderness and love of their social relations ; in their sublime devotion to God ; in the sacredness with which they guarded their altars ; the inviolability with which they surrounded their hearths and homes ; in the patient industry which wrung from a reluctant soil the wealth which secured independence ; in economy and self-denial, and in industry that never tired :—those men and women stand sublime in the presence of an age where prodigality is substituted for thrift ; where speculation pushes aside honest enterprise ; where luxury scorns frugality ; where indolence looks down on labor ; where the stern integrity that grows out of the fear of God as the Supreme Judge of the earth, and the friend and vindicator of virtue, have given way to laxness of morals ; where selfishness is the law, and generosity the exception ; where even Christian charity itself is prostituted under the name of a liberality which garnishes crime and compromises with iniquity ; where money is the god of idolatry ; where even women of boasted refinement and culture, have almost lost the sentiment of maternity ; where large families are growing scarce, and family bonds weaker ; where desertion takes place with the slightest provocation, and divorce is invoked as the sovereign panacea for every marital ill ; where household thrift and scrupulous cleanliness, have ceased to characterize our American homes ; where the education of children is turned over to the schoolmaster and the governess ; where well-regulated households filled with cheerfulness and plenty, hospitality, reverence for parents, purity of private character, the culture of gentleness, and the whole galaxy of domestic virtues and graces, have all but gone out of fashion ;—where love gives place in marriage to a settlement for life ; where home is no longer the centre of attraction, but *society* becomes its miserable substitute ; where friendships are quick struck, and short-lived ; where a solid, manly character, growing like an oak, stronger and more venerable by time, is no longer the standard of manhood ; where men in high office steal, and debauch public morals ;—And yet, in so fearful a social condition as our society presents to day, we go back and rail at those God-fearing, noble men ; those matronly women, who were clothed with the dignity, the graces, the beauties and the glories of pure and gentle womanhood.

Would to God that when we had at last grown into a system of government—which by the common consent of the best men of the world was nearer a model of perfection than had yet been reached—we could have preserved those primitive virtues ; that feeling of reverence for the Creator ; that regard for justice ; that unbending adherence to honesty they had : that while, in getting rid of the severity of the Levitical law, we had preserved the tender



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charities of the law of Christian love; that while we enlarged the pale of religious toleration, and even went beyond it,—basing the law in America upon the duties of Christian States not only to tolerate but to *protect* all religions,—we had not become ourselves indifferent to any; that we could have preserved the thrift and frugality of the household, the sacredness of the honor, and the depth of the sentiment of maternity among women; that in the strain for modern culture, the sentiment of delicacy itself should not have been impaired; that we might still have had sons growing up like pillars, and daughters like plants around our table, instead of having them fly early from the family circle, to test the world before they could resist its enchantments,—to try the struggle of life and be broken on the wheel before they are strong enough to go alone; to spring from ignorance into the ostentation of learning; to substitute—in a single word—an infinite sham for an eternal verity. This is the modern society that undertakes to sit in judgment over the men that founded the Commonwealths of America; that laid the hewn stone so deep upon the bed-rock of principle, that we have to recur to them now for whatever we need of strength and cohesion to hold our Union together. For now, in inculcating the virtues of citizenship, we must go back a generation or two for examples in illustration. No: instead of dragging the founders of America up to our standard, in God's name, let us go back to theirs. To them are we indebted for whatever we now have of things of inestimable value that belong to life, in the close of the first century of our national existence.¹

*King Philip's War, July 4, 1675.*²—But while the colonies were relieved from all solicitude about English interference, and they saw with delight the

¹ I have dwelt the longer on the character of the early Puritans of New England, for they are the parents of one-third the whole white population of the United States. Within the first fifteen years,—and there never was afterwards any considerable increase from England,—we have seen that there came over twenty-one thousand two hundred persons, or four thousand families. Their descendants are now not far from four millions [more than double since Bancroft wrote these words]. Each family has multiplied on the average to one thousand souls. To New York and Ohio, where they constitute half the population, they have carried the Puritan system of free schools; and their example is spreading it through the civilized world.

Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues; the glory and the benefits, of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans from the fear of God. The knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans of liberty. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdainful ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure, multiplied amusements, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commanded the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued courtesy; the latter, justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually-increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty.—Bancroft, vol. i. p. 467-9.

² I was interrupted in the final revision of these paragraphs, by the painful news of the dreadful flood which day before yesterday (Saturday, May 16, 1874) turned the upper portion of the valley of the Connecticut into a vale of death. A spectator of the tragedy thus recalls some of the heart-chilling scenes which were witnessed in that fair region two centuries ago:

The valley of the Connecticut and the numerous smaller valleys that debouch into it on each side were, in the early days of their settlement, used to irruptions more destructive, as they were more frequent, than a sudden rush of water. Hatfield, Deerfield, and Northfield are names connected with bloody memories of King Philip's war, in the seventeenth century. Hadley is another name made memorable in the time of savage warfare. It was this place that the Indians attacked one smiling Sabbath morning in 1675, when the Puritans were at worship. The whites were almost paralyzed. They saw with dread the yelling savages applying torches to their houses, and lacked resolution to abandon for a moment their wives and children to drive them off. Suddenly a venerable, white-haired man appeared at the church door, and, waving a sword, lured them out against the Indians. When the battle was over, and the savages had been driven off, the people looked for the old man who was their savior. He had gone, however, and it was not known for many years that he was Goffe, the regicide, who long before had fled before the emissaries of Charles II., and who, for several years, had found a refuge near Hadley, the town which he saved from destruction. In this vicinity, also, is Bloody Brook, where, in 1676, the Indians surprised and massacred ninety of the valiant young soldiers of the sparsely settled valleys. Edward Everett has embalmed the incidents connected with that massacre in the most perfect of oratorical eloquence.¹

growth of Republican principles in England, they had cause for serious apprehensions at home. Troubles came upon them which they had neither provoked, nor found themselves able to resist. The hour had come for testing the supremacy of the English colonists over the native possessors of the soil. Serious strife was inevitable. The Indians found themselves fading away; and maddened to desperation by the thought of their approaching fate, the least cause of irritation might bring on a collision.¹ Under a provocation which had enraged the young Indians, they had revenged themselves by the murder of several of the colonists in the neighborhood of Swansey. When King Philip heard that white men's blood had been shed, his manhood gave way to tears. He could not restrain the ferocity of his warriors; war had begun. Within a few days, volunteers from the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies—June 9, 1675—had gathered in sufficient force to drive the Pocanokets from their stronghold, Mount Hope, and Philip had fled into the interior of Massachusetts, to rouse all the surrounding tribes to a war of extermination. The country of the Narragansets was invaded, and the Indians fled. But they soon rallied under Canonchet, their chief sachem. He was the son of Miantonomah, and the grandson of Massasoit, who had been the first to welcome the Pilgrims on the coast of Plymouth. The wrongs of the young king seemed too great even for revenge, and he fired his tribe with the same spirit. There was to be no open warfare; they were to lurk around the settlements, and like beasts of prey, spring upon every defenceless dwelling. Hiding in swamps by night, and skulking through thickets by day, singly or in small parties, every settlement in Massachusetts was marked out for ruin. The local Annals of that region record more instances of female heroism than embellish almost any other period in the history of the Indian wars of America.

For more than a year, not a colonist in New England slept sound at night. 'They hung,' says Washington Irving, 'along the skirts of the English settlements, like the lightning on the edge of the clouds.' Brookfield, Deerfield, and Springfield were burned. Hadley was for a moment saved by what seemed an intervention from heaven. While the inhabitants were gathered in their church on Sunday and engaged in public worship, a venerable man, with white flowing locks and beard, suddenly appeared, brandishing a sword, and screamed—'The Indians are descending on your village! Leave this altar of God, and follow me!' The savages were met and defeated. The terror-stricken inhabitants believed that he was a messenger of heaven, sent to their rescue. He disappeared as suddenly as he came, and was never seen again.

¹ The aged Massasoit—he who had welcomed the Pilgrims to the soil of New England, and had opened his cabin to smelter the founder of Rhode Island—now slept with his fathers; and his son, Philip of Pokanoket, had succeeded him as chief over allied tribes. Repeated sales of land had narrowed their domains, and the English had artfully crowded them into the tongues of land, as 'most suitable and convenient for them.' There they could be more easily watched, for the frontiers of the narrow peninsulas were inconsiderable. Thus the two chief seats of the Pokanokets were the necks of land which we now call Bristol and Tiverton.

As population pressed upon other savages, the west was open; but as the English villages drew nearer and nearer to them, their hunting-grounds were put under culture; and as the ever-urgent importunity of the English was quieted but for a season by partial concessions from the unwary Indians, their natural parks were turned into pastures; their best fields for planting corn were gradually alienated; their fisheries were impaired by more skilful methods; and, as wave after wave succeeded, they found themselves deprived of their broad acres, and, by their own legal contracts, driven, as it were, into the sea.—Bancroft, vol. ii. p. 99.

He was Goffe, the regicide, so-called; one of the judges who had condemned Charles I. to the block. With his companion Whalley, he had escaped from England on the restoration, with a price upon their heads, and a demand on the colonies for their surrender to the British Government. They had themselves brought to Boston the news of the restoration of Charles II., and in their exile they had grown old: insecure even in their new home; living like wild men, in caves and secret places; seen now and then only as fitting ghosts on the verge of the settlements. The colonists had no desire to deliver these regicides to certain death, nor would they perhaps have been able. But they paid dearly for their sympathy with them, in the hatred of Charles II. and the loyalist party, who revived the most stringent provisions of the Navigation Act¹—an easy but unworthy mode of retaliation.

The scourge of fire and death swept from Springfield northward up the valley of the Connecticut. A fierce battle was fought near Deerfield, on Bloody Brook, where the flower of the young men of that part of Massachusetts, at the cost of the lives of the most of their number, repulsed the savages in one of the hardest fought battles in our history. The settlements had risen as one man, and Philip was obliged to escape to Rhode Island. In violation of their late treaty, the Narragansets received him, and becoming his allies, some three thousand, under his leadership, had collected at a fort, which stood in a swamp on an island a short distance to the south-west of the village of Kingston. Here Philip made his last stand. It was in the dead of winter—December 29—and here he was to measure his force with the more terrible implements of civilized men. The colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut had gathered fifteen hundred fighting men, and the fort, its vast cluster of wigwams, and the chief force of the Indians, were doomed. The work of slaughter and fire began. The village was in a blaze, and a thousand warriors were slain or wounded; hundreds were taken prisoners, and women and children perished by fire. Canonchet was taken prisoner and slain. Philip effected his escape, with the fragment of the Narragansets, and fled for refuge to the Nipmucks.

But the war was not over. Early in the spring of 1676, it was renewed with still fiercer atrocities. Groton, Weymouth, Lancaster, Medfield, and Marlborough, in Massachusetts, and Providence and Warwick in Rhode Island, were laid in ashes. Wherever the Indians could be found in considerable bodies, they were cut to pieces; while along the whole theatre of war, stretching over three hundred miles, brave and skilful partisan officers,—among whom Benjamin Church was the most distinguished,—hunted the scattered savages. The last hour for mercy had passed. The Indians must be subdued or exterminated, or the colonies cease to exist. During the next few

¹ The first Navigation Act, by the Republican Parliament, prohibited foreign vessels trading to the English colonies. This was partly to punish the sugar-producing islands of the West Indies, because the people were chiefly loyalists. The act of 1660 provided that no goods should be carried to or from any English colonies, but in vessels built within the English do-

minions, whose masters and at least three-fourths of the crews were Englishmen; and that sugar, tobacco, and other colonial commodities should be imported into no part of Europe, except England and her dominions. The trade between the colonists, now struggling for prosperous life, was also taxed for the benefit of England.—Lossing's *History of the United States*, p. 109

months, probably three thousand were killed, or had submitted. Philip would listen to no terms. He was hunted like a wild beast, from lair to lair. When one of his warriors spoke to him of yielding to the pale-faces, Philip clove his hand from the arm with a lightning stroke of his tomahawk. But 'the last of the Wampanoags'—the title which he carried to his grave—was obliged to give out. He found his way back to Mound Hope, which held the bones of his fathers; and there he was still pursued. His wife and sons were taken prisoners. 'Now,' he exclaimed, when he saw them led away, 'my heart breaks; I am ready to die.' The stricken chief shut himself up in his cabin, where he was shot by a traitor of his own tribe. His body fell into the hands of Captain Church, who struck off the head of the dead chief and carried it away as a trophy. 'This ends the King Philip war,' said he, as he swung the head of the Narraganset sachem. It did. The last indignity was heaped upon his body; it was quartered, and pitched away as carrion. His only son was sold as a slave, and carried to Bermuda. The Massachusetts Historical Society now holds Church's sword:—it was the last one that was drawn in the King Philip war.¹

New Jersey, 1640.—The first settlement was begun by the Danes in New Jersey in 1622, at Bergen, and the second on the Delaware, under the protection of the New Netherland charter. We have already spoken of the log fort, Nassau, built by the Dutch, below Camden. In the same year, four couples who had been married on the voyage from Amsterdam, settled on the site of Gloucester, just below Fort Nassau; and these little settlements were the beginning of west New Jersey. In 1613, Michael Pauw purchased from the Indians the title to Staten Island and the whole land extending from Hoboken to the Raritan River, to the whole of which he gave the name Pavinia. His title also embraced Bergen, and he called the spot we now know as Jersey City, Paulus' Hook. After the English had become possessors of New Netherland, in 1664, and the Duke of York, who owned the province, had ceded to Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkely all the tract lying between North and East Rivers,—then called the Hudson and the Delaware,—under the title of Nova Cæsarea, Elizabethtown was settled by some families from Long Island. Philip Carteret, who was appointed Governor of the new province in 1665, brought with him a liberal charter, containing the same general provisions as the other royal provinces, and entering upon the administration of his office the same year. the commonwealth of NEW JERSEY began her existence.

The Temporary Overthrow of the French Power in North America.—In 1628, Port Royal, which was little more than a small trading station for the French, was taken by the English, and Sir David Kirke was sent up

¹ Slavery of the American Indians in Europe.—Many of the early navigators to America, including Columbus himself, carried considerable numbers of the aborigines to Europe, where they were sold into slavery. Queen Isabella commanded the liberation of Indians held in bondage in her possessions in 1501—but the

next year the slavery of Indians was recognized as lawful; and the practice of selling the natives of North America into foreign bondage continued for nearly two centuries. The excellent Winthrop enumerates Indians among his bequests.—Bancroft.

the St. Lawrence to take possession of the French settlements. They had been nearly reduced to starvation, and on the first summons Quebec capitulated. This completed the conquest of New France, its capital being little more than a barren rock surrounded by a few hovels; but at this time it left the French without a port in North America, and England without a rival. But by virtue of a treaty of April 14, 1629, between England and France, these possessions were restored. Their boundaries, however, were not clearly enough defined, which led to future collisions, resulting finally in the great French and Indian war.

Threatened Ruin of New Netherland under Kieft's Administration.—The colony had been brought to the verge of ruin under the merciless and brutal administration of Kieft. He wantonly outraged the surrounding Indians by acts of injustice, and abetted the traders whose plunders he shared, in their depredations on the Indians. Mean in all other things, he was profuse only in furnishing brandy to entrap them into ruinous bargains, and madden them to vengeance after they woke from the debauch. At the first sign of retaliation they were proclaimed outlaws, and rewards were offered for every scalp brought into the fort. Remonstrances from the colonists were unheeded. An old chieftain of the River tribe had said to the Governor, in the presence of his council, 'You are yourselves the cause of all these evils: you ought not to craze the young Indians with brandy.' Passionate and implacable, he resolved to wipe out the native tribes by a general massacre. Many of the chiefs, who had met for council on the New Jersey shore, were surprised in the darkness of night, and massacred in their wigwams. At daylight the next morning, the survivors were seen dragging their mangled, bleeding, and half-frozen bodies over the snow, and frantic mothers plunged after their children, who had been thrown into the river before their very eyes. The victims numbered over a hundred.

But the revenge was swift and awful. The terrible Mohawks, whose ancient sovereignty over the Algonquin tribes in the neighborhood of New York had been disputed, were now greeted as deliverers as they came to the rescue. 'War, to the death!'—was the cry that rang along the shores of the Hudson, New Jersey, Long Island, and the Connecticut frontier. For two years the fires of blazing dwellings over the whole region, lit up the heavens as surely as the stars themselves. Not only most of the surrounding settlements had dwellings burned, women butchered, and children kidnapped, but the white population of Manhattan Island itself was threatened with extinction. The colony now rose against the author of their misery, and demanded his recall. He was allowed to gather the fruits of his extortion on a vessel, with which he sailed for Holland. But he was not to enjoy his plunder. What could not be visited upon him by the power of man, was effected by the justice of God. A storm dashed his homeward-bound vessel on the coast of Wales, and he and his booty were swallowed up in the waves:—another of the many instances recorded, of the justly

deserved doom of the plundering and bloody tyrants of the early settlements of America.

Peter Stuyvesant assumes Control as Governor of New Netherland, May 27, 1647.—He was a distinguished soldier, who had been called from the government of Curaçoa, where he had displayed the firmness and integrity that now commanded confidence and admiration. His was one of those brave, primitive characters which abounded among the Hollanders of those days. Generous, unsuspecting, large-hearted; blunt, indeed, but genial and humane, both the colonists and the natives understood that while he had the kindness of a father, he had the firmness of a judge. There could be no robbery, cheating, or injustice where he was. Loyal to the West India Company, he was still more loyal to justice. When his instructions did not suit him he violated them; if the laws were wrong, he made laws that were right. He was diplomatic, withal. Finding the Connecticut men too strong for him, he gave up all claim further east, and contented himself within the limits of Oyster Bay on Long Island, and Greenfield in Connecticut. The chief object of his ambition, however, was to reduce the pretensions of the Swedes; and, ignoring their claims altogether, in 1651 he built Fort Cassimir, where Newcastle, in Delaware; now stands. The Swedes, however, were strong enough to seize the garrison. But the government of the States-General stood by him, and furnished him aid. In August, 1665, with six hundred men, he sailed for the Delaware, seized the Swedish fortresses, made a prisoner of the governor and the chief men of New Sweden, and sent them back to Europe. This made an end, not of their settlements, nor their prosperity, but of their political power; and, after a brief existence of seventeen years, NEW SWEDEN disappeared from the map of North America. But the Scandinavian settlers remained and prospered. They lost their nationality, but the subjects of Gustavus Adolphus became good American citizens, and to them can be traced some of the best population of the Delaware.

The English take Possession of New Netherland, and the History of New York begins, October, 1666.—Regardless of all claims or rights of the Dutch, Charles II., in the spring of 1664, gave away the territory of New Netherland to his brother James, the Duke of York; and sending Col. Richard Nicolls with a squadron to enforce the decree, almost without resistance, on the 3d of September of the same year, the cross of St. George was unfurled over the fort of New Amsterdam, and the name of the place changed to the one it was ever afterwards to bear. Hereafter there was to be new life here. Holland had lost her chance; the hope of Scandinavian empire in the New World lay buried in the grave of Gustavus Adolphus; and from the last English settlement in Maine, to the southern border of the Carolinas, the English standard alone floated. On the 17th of October, 1683, a Charter of Liberties was established, with the full consent of Governor Dongan, who had been instructed by the Duke of York, under the advice of William Penn, to call an as-



sembly of the representatives of the people, when the foundations of free government were laid. Threatened—threatened indeed, by that same Duke of York when he became James II. ; but James II. was to be driven from his throne, and die in exile, while the commonwealth that was afterwards to be known as the Empire State was beginning to assert her commercial and political dominion.

William Penn and his Pennsylvania Colony.—It was a much greater thing to be a Quaker in that age than most men now suppose. The Quakers were the children of the great Reformation which had emancipated half of Europe, and was afterwards to emancipate the rest. They alone, of all men, carried its legitimate principles out to their logical conclusion, in religion and morals, as well as in government. The human soul had never been allowed to come in direct intercourse with its Maker ; it stood afar off, and trusted to the intervention of a third party for the adjustment of all its concerns. The awed worshipper crept distrustfully across the threshold of the temple, and waited for the mitred priest to pass within the veil. The Quakers rejected all this ; they took Jesus of Nazareth at his word ; and in the New Testament they found their MAGNA CHARTA :

SEEING THAT WE HAVE A GREAT HIGH PRIEST, THAT HAS PASSED INTO THE HEAVENS, JESUS, THE SON OF GOD, LET US HOLD FAST OUR PROFESSION.

FOR WE HAVE NOT A HIGH PRIEST WHICH CANNOT BE TOUCHED WITH THE FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES ; BUT WAS IN ALL POINTS TEMPTED LIKE AS WE ARE, YET WITHOUT SIN.

LET US THEREFORE COME BOLDLY UNTO THE THRONE OF GRACE, THAT WE MAY OBTAIN MERCY, AND FIND GRACE TO HELP IN EVERY TIME OF NEED.

WHEREFORE HE IS ABLE ALSO TO SAVE THEM TO THE UTMOST THAT COME UNTO GOD BY HIM, SEEING HE EVER LIVETH TO MAKE INTERCESSION FOR THEM.

FOR SUCH A HIGH PRIEST BECAME US, WHO IS HOLY, HARMLESS, UNDEFILED, SEPARATE FROM SINNERS, AND MADE HIGHER THAN THE HEAVENS.

WHO NEEDETH NOT DAILY, AS THOSE HIGH PRIESTS, TO OFFER UP SACRIFICE, FIRST FOR HIS OWN SINS, AND THEN FOR THE PEOPLE'S : FOR THIS HE DID ONCE, WHEN HE OFFERED UP HIMSELF.

WHEREFORE WE RECEIVING A KINGDOM WHICH CANNOT BE MOVED, LET US HAVE GRACE WHEREBY WE MAY SERVE GOD ACCEPTABLY, WITH REVERENCE, AND GODLY FEAR.

THIS IS THE TRUE LIGHT, THAT LIGHTETH EVERY MAN THAT COMETH INTO THE WORLD.

With this charter in his hand, the Quaker moved with covered head, calmly and majestically by the long lines of priests, hierarchs, and kings, casting mitre, missal, and creed behind him, and went boldly, though meekly, into the presence of the King of kings—only one object of supreme ado-

ration; only one mediator between heaven and earth, — the man Christ Jesus.

What could a poor fallible being like himself, though crowned with a thousand mitres, consecrated never so many times with sacred oil, do for such a man as George Fox? In such business as this, how small did the poor priest appear. At the foot of the throne of the Eternal, what tinselled stuff were baubles of jeweller's coronets, and holy vestments of Pontiff, and incense burning before human altars. That any mortal should stand between the soul and its father, God, was blasphemy.

If Copernicus had found his way to the sun as the central throne of the solar system, George Fox had found direct access to the throne of the universal Father. He had discovered a new spiritual world; known, it is true, to the earlier Christians before theology had been substituted for the Gospel of Christ; and this divine light which had illuminated the souls of many of the gifted children of the earth could not be quenched; for in all nations 'he had those who feared him.' Luther was a mightier reformer; nor did George Fox surpass or eclipse the virtue and purity of the Puritans, whose religious creed he adopted, and more, for he was the Puritan of the Puritans. But he was more radical; he went further than they; he lingered not so long in the gloomy shadows of a revolting Calvinism. Beyond where even they had penetrated, he boldly pushed his way; groping no longer an orphan in a flaming but bewildering universe, he discovered and adopted in his very heart of hearts the fatherhood of God, and the complete brotherhood of humanity.

Such was the creed, such the charter, such the life of George Fox, the founder of the people called Quakers; such was William Penn, one of his early, and the greatest of his disciples.

Europe was no place for such a plant as this. In the midst of royalty the proudest, hierarchy the most audacious, of superstition the most abject, and despotism the most merciless, it could not flourish; it must find a new world. Penn brought it to America, and planted it on the fair banks of the Delaware.

And thus, one by one, the fruits of all the struggles of all the nations through all the ages, were to be gathered here. No martyr for liberty anywhere had died in vain; no devout seeker after truth sought in vain; no seer of better days to come, had prophesied in vain. Already the future was advancing up to meet him. Shakespeare, Fox, Cromwell, Milton, Bacon, Brewster, Williams, Penn, Whitfield, Edwards, Wesley! These men held the golden skirts of the Millennium in their hands.

William Penn was no needy adventurer; he sprang from no obscure origin. His father was an Admiral in the British navy. His ancestors were fighting sailors; they received instructions from kings direct. While William was a student at Oxford, at the age of seventeen, and Cromwell held the government of England, Penn was reading the story of the infant colonies of America. From this source he borrowed the light that guided him in his



WILLIAM PENN.

A faint, circular portrait of a woman with long, dark hair, wearing a high-collared dress. The portrait is centered on the page and is very light in tone.

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future career. Born with a spirit that made liberty of thought and freedom of action the imperative conditions of his life, his soul loathed the shams of a political church. He heard Quaker preaching. His heart was touched, and he was brought into 'the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free.' His father, a churchman as well as a sailor, intense in his loyalty, 'would have nothing of this.' He took him from his college, beat him, turned him into the streets, and discarded him forever. He could be restored to favor only by renouncing his 'infamous notions.' But he was an only son, a beautiful and noble boy; and his father, like a true-hearted sailor, could relent somewhat. He gave him leave to travel on the continent,—as though this would cure such a man of 'infamous notions,' begotten by the spirit of Everlasting Life that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The fire on that altar was kindled by celestial hands, and was never to go out.

In 1662 we find him pursuing his studies at the college of Saumer, where the learned and devout Amyrault indoctrinated him into the theology of Calvin, tempered by the sweet spirit of Christian charity. He learned the history of the Huguenots by heart, and his soul went out to them. Recalled to manage the estates of his father, he pursued the study of law at Lincoln's Inn. Polished in manners, adorned with every grace and accomplishment, skilled in the use of the sword, and maturer in learning than his years could justify; in his name the inheritor of wealth, the favor of his sovereign, all beckoned him to a future as fair as this world can give. But he says: 'I turned away with a deep sense of the vanity of the world, and the irreligiousness of its religions.' In Ireland he heard more of this new preaching. He says himself, 'God in his everlasting kindness guided my feet in the flower of my youth, when about two and twenty years of age.' He remonstrated with the viceroy of Ireland against his wickedness, and was thrown into jail. His only defence was, 'Religion is my crime and my innocence. It makes me a prisoner to malice, but my own free man.' This was more than even his fond parent could stand, and on reaching his home he turned him penniless from the door. Nothing but his mother's love saved him from begging his bread. He could contain himself no longer. He seized the pen and wrote *No Cross, no Crown*, announcing 'to all men that he was a member of that despicable, persecuted, scoffed-at society called Quakers.' He boldly went to the palace, wearing his hat in the presence of courtiers, and plead the cause of his afflicted brethren. Stocks, whips, dungeons, banishments, and all persecution were too good for his insulted companions. This time he was cast into the Tower. A threat of imprisonment for life extorted no recantation;—'My prison shall be my grave,' was his answer. Charles II., who loved his father, sent a friend with a kind message to the son, who plead with him. 'Tell the king,' was his answer to these long and affectionate appeals of Stillingfleet, 'that the Tower is to me the worst argument in the world; I want my rights—the natural privileges of an Englishman.'

At last the imprisonment of this brilliant and talented young man cast

some opprobrium upon the king and court. His manliness had extorted their respect, and he gained the favor of his father. But even he was too proud to petition for the liberty of his son. The Duke of York, however—be this one good thing said to his honor, for he was quite a promising man, till he became king—demanded his release. But in less than twelve months he was found haranguing at Quaker meetings against the infamous Conventicle Act that had just been passed. Remonstrated with again: ‘Not all the powers on earth shall divert us from meeting to adore our God who made us.’ Summoned before the Recorder of London on a charge of violating a supreme law, and the jury after remaining shut up two days and nights, without refreshment, bringing in a verdict ‘Not guilty,’ the Recorder fined the prisoners forty marks apiece, and sent Penn back to prison. That jurist volunteered an opinion also, which I think had better be recorded here, for fear such a precious scrap of jurisprudence should be lost. ‘It never will be well with us,’ he said, ‘till something like the Spanish Inquisition shall be in England.’

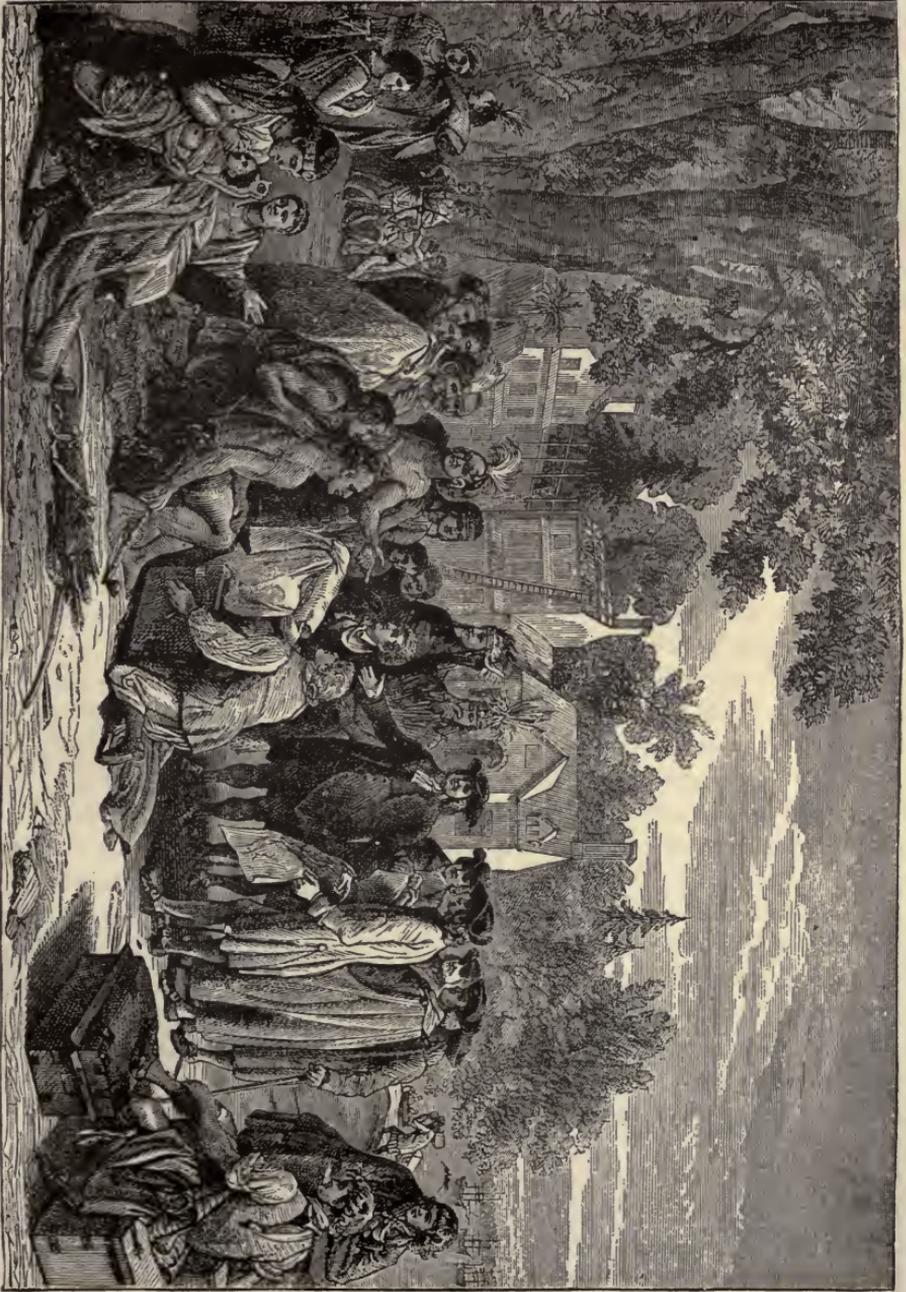
The old Admiral was dying. He paid the fines, and called the boy to his side. ‘Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching and living, you will make an end of the priests.’ And they did come pretty near it.

He buried his father, inherited his vast estate, and devoted himself ‘to God and the cause of liberty of worship.’ His pen was throwing off the boldest and the best defences for conscience that had ever appeared. Everywhere he was speaking at the Quaker meetings; everywhere defying the tyranny that would interfere with ‘the freedom of the children of God.’ This time he was thrown into Newgate, reeking with filth, the very air loaded with blasphemy and curses. He preached to his companions the love of God, and the hope of Heaven. From his cell he sent to Parliament the grandest, perhaps, of all the pleas for liberty of conscience ever written, closing his argument with these words: ‘If we cannot obtain the olive-branch of toleration, we bless the providence of God, resolved by patience to outweary persecution, and by our constant sufferings to obtain a victory more glorious than our adversaries can achieve by their cruelties.’

But things had gone too far in England not to meet with a reaction. To the Puritans and the Quakers, to Cromwell and the Republican party, to the great thinkers of the time, to the fathers of English literature and modern thought, the British people were indebted for the strong convictions of the sacredness of personal liberty such as they had never felt before. England was advancing rapidly towards greater purity in morals, and higher philosophy in government. No more such scenes of persecution were to be witnessed; the fires of Smithfield were never again to be relighted; imprisonment for opinion’s sake was to be rarer; liberty was growing strong.

Owing to Penn’s high social rank and wealth, his intimacy with such men as Russell, Sunderland, Halifax, Shaftesbury, Buckingham and Sidney; a companion of Sir Isaac Newton, and a member, like him, of the Royal Society, enjoying the companionship, the respect and the sympathy of the scholars of

ENTICING THE BRAVE WARRIOR





his age, but still finding less scope for his exertions than satisfied his ambition to serve his fellow-men, which was the purest and strongest passion of his life, he formed the scheme of establishing a great settlement in America. He had the wealth and the influence to secure whatever privilege he desired. He wrote a charter for a territory now known as the State of Pennsylvania; it was given to him, and he sailed for the Delaware. 'In that new land,' he said, 'I will try THE HOLY EXPERIMENT.'

Penn Reaches America, Oct. 27, 1682.—The news spread rapidly that 'the Quaker King' had reached Newcastle. On the day after his landing, in presence of a crowd of Swedes, Dutch, and English, who had gathered round the court-house, his deeds of feoffment were produced; the Duke of York's agents 'surrendered the territory by the solemn delivery of earth and water,' and Penn, invested with supreme and undefined power, addressed the assembled multitude on government; recommended sobriety and peace, and pledged himself to grant liberty of conscience and civil freedom.

Penn's first Treaty with the Indians—November, 1682.—In an open boat, with a few companions, clothed in his simple Quaker costume, and surrounded with all the emblems of peace, Penn landed on the west bank of the Delaware, where the foundations of Philadelphia were soon to be laid. Here he met the Indians for the first time. Underneath a large elm tree,¹ a numerous delegation of the Lenni Lenape tribe had already assembled to receive their sovereign. Other treaties with the natives of the continent had been for the purchase of lands; but this was for a higher purpose. They had the year before received a letter from the great proprietary, through William Markham, his agent, declaring himself equally responsible with them, to one and the same God, who had written his laws in their hearts; and that they were equally bound to love, and help, and do good to one another. Now he had come to redeem his word. 'We meet,' he said, 'on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children; for parents sometimes chide their children too severely: nor brothers only; for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you, I will not compare to a chain: for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood.'

These were new words to fall from the lips of a white man on the ears of the Indian. They were prepared for friendly assurances; but when they heard them uttered with the dignity and earnest tenderness which characterized the great and good man whom they talked with, all the ferocity of their savage natures melted away. The rich and abundant presents were then

¹ In 1810 this venerable elm was blown down in a storm, and found to be two hundred and eighty-three years old. On the spot where it stood, the Penn Society of Philadelphia erected a monument, which is to be seen near the intersection of Hanover and Beach streets, Kensington, Philadelphia.

opened. The chiefs gathered around, and as they handed the wampum belt, they declared, 'We will live in love with William Penn, and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure.' And there, under the sheltering arms of the broad elm, the golden sun was pouring his light upon the strange group. On all sides, the majestic pines were shooting their tall spires into heaven. The squaws—their papposes laid carelessly on the ground—were inspecting the presents with all the curiosity of woman; while the stern old warriors, erect as the monarchs of the forest around them, pledged to this messenger of peace their fidelity forever. At evening they accompanied Penn and his companions to the boat; and it glided away over the bosom of the calm Delaware, on its return to Chester. 'The simple sons of the wilderness, returning to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum; and long afterwards, in their cabins, would count over the shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their own memory, and repeat to their children, or to the stranger, the words of William Penn. New England had just terminated a disastrous war of extermination; the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins; the laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres which extended as far as Richmond. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood has ever been shed by an Indian to this day.'¹

From this time, Penn became a beloved name. He made frequent visits to the Indians in their villages; he enjoyed the simple, but large hospitality of their cabins, where the rude tables were loaded with wild game—deer from the forest, birds from the skies, and fish from the streams. The yellow hominy, and the roasted acorns, steamed from the board, and their drink was the crystal water, 'brewed by nature's own Arch-Chemist in his cool rocky hills.' This apostle of peace entered heartily into all their amusements: he joined in their athletic games; he played with the papposes, and kissed the tawny cheeks of the dreamy-eyed maidens. His cheerful laugh was always heard from the cabin where mirth and frolic were going on. The little savages climbed his knees and learned to love him.

Nor was this any hollow truce, to be broken by either party. Right hearty good-will prevailed between the proprietary and all his Indian subjects. They were his children, and he was their loving father. Presents of wild game were continually sent to him. The robes of bears from the Pennsylvania forests, and the skins of buffalo from the distant prairies, were their un-failing offerings. All things which they could bestow to increase comfort, or heighten luxury, were sent to his dwelling; not so much as peace-offerings, but rather, as tokens of filial veneration and love.²

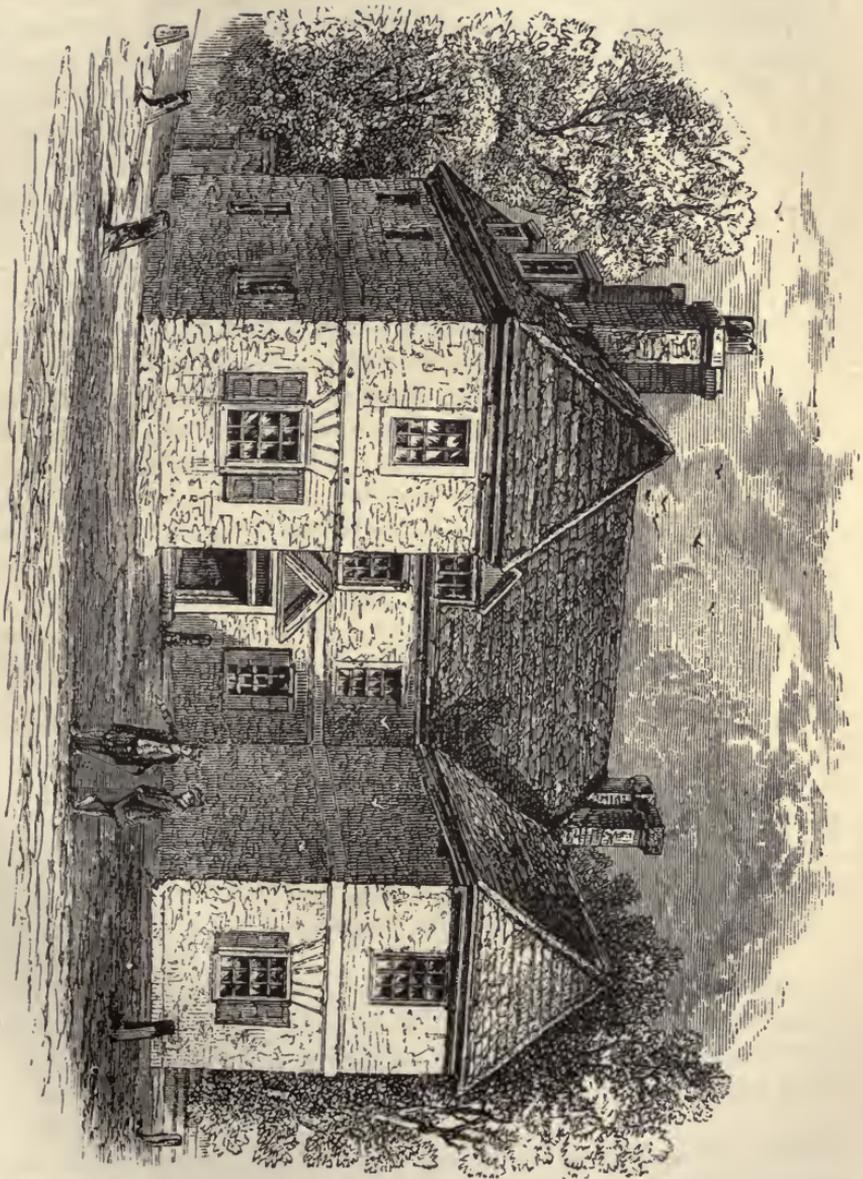
Would to God that this had been the spirit with which the Christians of

¹ Bancroft, vol. ii. p. 382.

² We have done better than if, with the proud Spaniards, we had gained the mines of Potosi. We may make the ambitious heroes, whom the world admires,

blush for their shameful victories. To the poor, dark souls round about us we teach their RIGHTS AS MEN.—Planter's Speech, 1684.

PENN'S HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.



the Old World had from the beginning come to the Natives ! The tomahawk never would have grown red : those primitive tribes would long since have become vast communities of illuminated, Christian men ; and we should have had a long holiday of peace with our brethren of the forest.¹

Our Treatment of the Indians.—Some few plain words should be said on this subject, and I may as well say them here, and not have to refer to the matter again. I shall go no further into the sad history of these fading races than is required to show our connection with the aboriginal possessors of the soil. Nor is it necessary ; every American reader becomes familiar with the subject ; it is taught in all our school-books, and is found throughout our colonial history. No subject has received more attention. From the early settlement of the country, the Federal Congress has dealt with no problem which has so long and hopelessly baffled a solution, as the Indian question. It is safe to state, as a general proposition, that our whole treatment of the Indian tribes, from the beginning, has been marked by the greatest generosity, and the most continued injustice. Nor does this involve any contradiction. Aside from the vast sums that were expended by the original colonies, and have been since by philanthropic and good men, for what has been called the civilization of the Indians, the amount which has been appropriated for them from the Federal treasury has amounted to several hundred millions of dollars. More money has been appropriated under the pretext of civilizing them, than has been expended by the people of the United States in civilizing all the rest of the world. And yet we have been always at war with them. It has been one continual record of butchery and revenge from the first landing of the Spaniards on our Southern coast, down to the massacre of Gen. Canby.

I esteem nothing as sacred in the exclusive claim of the savage to any portion of God's green world or free waters. The earth was given for the service of the human family ; and any exclusive right, by conquest or discovery, to the absolute control of any part of it, without regard to the well-being of its original inhabitants, is founded in essential injustice. The only basis upon which such claims can rest with original races, is fair treaty and the corresponding obligations of humanity and good neighborhood, which proceed therefrom.

There is no more justice in the discoverer entering upon the territory of an unknown people, and driving them out like wild beasts, or exterminating them by the vices of so-called civilization, than there is in the conqueror who invades the soil of a civilized nation, and appropriates its possessions to the conqueror's use.

True, indeed, fertile tracts of the earth are to be occupied by civilized men, and the whole globe is yet to be turned into a garden. This must be

¹ I have elsewhere treated this subject as fully as my space would allow. The American conscience has been too easily lulled into security by the impious assumption that the Aborigines of this country are incapable of civilization. This demoralizing doctrine has done mischief enough. Carry it out to its logical conclusion, and these poor children of Nature could look forward to no other doom than extermination, which is not a fate that the humanity of this age can contemplate with complacency.

done, too, through the agency of discovery, settlement, colonization, agriculture, and all the arts of civilization. But there are conditions affixed by the Creator by which this process must be regulated.

There is no more mystery in the gradual disappearance or extinction of the Indians of this continent, or the aborigines of any other part of the world, than there is in the extinction of the wild beasts. The modern doctrine, that the fittest must survive in the great struggle—that the weakest must go under—that the strongest must prevail—has so warped the public conscience, that the whole country has resigned itself to a shameful apathy concerning the fate of the Indian, and hugged to itself what comfort it could find in this Darwinian justification. The great mass of the American people have looked upon the fading away of the Indian races with the same indifference with which the geologist contemplates the extinction of the Saurian races. But the principle is nevertheless true, as we find it laid down in the eternal code of justice and divine legislation, that, 'Woe unto the world because of offences, for offences must needs come; but woe unto the man through whom they come.' All through our history we find frequent and striking illustrations of the truth that might does *not* make right—which is the code of barbarism, and not of humanity. The Nemesis of the red-man's curse still pursues the pale-face. Scarcely a day has gone by in our frontier annals but some so-called civilized man's home has smoked in flames, or his wife or children been brained by the tomahawk of Indian vengeance.

That large class of men who soothe their consciences by the brazen and blasphemous assumption, that the Indian is incapable of civilization, find all history at war with them. In fact, we search in vain for any one nation except our own, that has not had to climb up to civilized life from the depths of barbarism.

Nineteen hundred years ago the Roman standard first floated on the shores of Britain. Then a race of barbarians—our ancestors—clothed in the skins of wild beasts, roamed over the uncultivated island. The tread of the Legions was then heard on the plains of Africa and Asia, and the name of Rome was written on the front of the world. Two thousand years have rolled by, and Julius Cæsar, and all the Cæsars, the Senate, the People, and the Empire of Rome, have passed away like a dream. The population of the Eternal City now falls short of that of Brooklyn, while that island of barbarians has emulated Rome in her conquests, and not only planted and unfurled her standard in the three quarters of the globe that owned the Roman sway, but laid her all-grasping hand on new continents. Possessing the energy and valor of her Saxon and Norman ancestors, she has remained unconquered and unbroken amidst the changes that have ended the history of other nations. Like her own island that sits firm and tranquil in the ocean that rolls round it, she has stood amid the ages of man, and the overthrow of empires.

If the policy of the Romans had been extermination instead of civilization, where would the descendants of the ancient Britons have been to-day? If from the beginning the same policy had been displayed by the settlers of this continent, which was carried out by the Romans in their settlements and conquests, the Indian races whom we found here in their primitive state,—vastly superior in intellect, culture, spiritual conceptions of God and his appropriate worship, and in all the capabilities for progress and civilization,—would long ago have grown into a great civilized people by themselves, or they would at once have been recognized as citizens, participating with our fathers in all the blessings of civic life. It is well enough to talk about the fittest being the survivor when we come to the inferior orders of animate creation; but this talk will not do when we come to man, made in the image of God, destined to endless life; the equal brother of the most gifted and enlightened, and as fairly entitled as he, to participate in the great fortunes of the human race, inheriting from a common Father capacities for improvement through endless ages. Here Darwinianism is blasphemy, if indeed that illustrious savant would countenance so brutal a doctrine or so gross a perversion of his system, which I more than doubt.

In tracing back the stream of civilization, we glance for a moment behind the times of the Cæsars—beyond the founders of the Roman Empire. They had received their civilization from cultured races. Greece herself, who became the mother of refinement and the teacher of all the ages, was but the child of earlier and mightier empires. She was but a colony that went off from the east; so, too, old Egypt, which reached so high a point in culture, was but a child of an older civilization which spread westward from the great heart of still older Asia.

Thus the river of civilization has refreshed instead of submerging nations; and this abominable doctrine of the impossibility of civilizing the North American Indian finds no comfort or sanction in the records of mankind. It had no place in the theory or practice of the first settlers of New England. The Plymouth colony had no trouble with the Indians. For a long period they were looked upon as friends, and treated as neighbors; their rights were respected: they were civilized to a considerable extent. Thousands of them were, through the labors of Eliot, Williams, Edwards, Brainard, and other good and great men, gathered into schools, colleges and churches: while experience, not only with individuals but with whole tribes, feeble as the efforts have been, have demonstrated the capacity of the Indian races for equal culture and elevation with the men of any other race—always excepting the Caucasian—the highest form which humanity has yet reached. The careful reader of the efforts that were made by the Puritans and their descendants to make Indians civilized, Christian men, will find among them the most fascinating and beautiful records of the history of virtue and religion.

Penn Found his Capital, Jan., 1683.—His reasons for the choice of the

beautiful site of Philadelphia, he thus gives: 'The convenience of the two rivers—Schuylkill and Delaware—the solid character of the land; pure springs of water, and salubrious air, make it a situation not surpassed by one among all the many places I have seen in the world.' 'Here,' wrote his companions at the time, 'we may worship God according to the dictates of the Divine Principle, free from the mouldy errors of tradition; here we may thrive, in peace and retirement, in the lap of unadulterated nature; here we may improve an innocent course of life on a virgin elysian soil.'

Legislation Begins.—Less than three months passed after he had chosen the spot and obtained its title from the Swedes who owned it, when he invited representatives from the six counties into which his dominions were divided, and these nine representatives, Swedes, Dutch, and Quakers, duly elected by the free inhabitants, met to frame a charter for their government and perpetual liberty. He had indeed drawn up a plan embracing his own views; but when he laid it on the table around which this little Parliament was holding its councils in a log hut, he says: 'You may amend, alter, or add: I am ready to settle such foundations as may be for your happiness.' They did establish a free republican government; so free that throughout his own dominions the Quaker King could not appoint a justice of the peace, or even a constable; nor could the Governor perform any public act without the consent of the Council. All viceroys and governors in America had always and were then deriving a revenue from exports and various taxes. These were expected and offered to Penn: but he declared that the very name of tax-gatherer should be unknown in his province. With the single exception that the office of Proprietary was vested in him, and would remain hereditary, the new government of Pennsylvania was a pure Democracy. William Penn's work was done; and he contemplated it with deeper gratitude and joy perhaps, than was felt by those who had considered themselves his subjects, and who had received, as they declared, more liberty than they expected. 'I only wanted,' he replied, 'to show men as free and as happy as they can be.' Long after he had returned to his native country, where his heart kept beating just as warm, and in the very spot where it was when he called that first Legislature together to make a code for Pennsylvania, he writes to his friends in these words:—'If in the relation between us, the people want of me anything that would make them happier, I should readily grant it. I left them free to change their frame of government when and as they liked. I never wanted to impose my will upon free men.'¹

In the changes of parties in England, Penn had been deprived of his charter; but it was restored to him in 1694. He would have at once returned to the banks of the Delaware, but he was now a poor man. That portion of

¹ It may seem strange, after all this, that Penn should have lived and died a slaveholder; for it was contrary to his creed,—to all his religious and political principles. The fact itself was denied for more than a century; nor would it perhaps have been commonly believed at all, had not Bancroft many years ago pub-

lished a letter from James Logan to Mrs. Hannah Penn, written 'ye 11th, 3 mo., 1721,' in which are these unmistakable words: 'The Proprietor, in a letter left with me at his departure hence [death], gave all his negroes their freedom,' etc.

his fortune which he had not lost in England, had been expended upon his colony, which he always treated with the largest magnanimity. But he invested Markham with executive power, and in the spring of 1695 he deputed him to visit Pennsylvania. The following year Markham met the legislature, and they enacted such laws as they pleased, with his full concurrence. No attempt was made to interfere with their independence.

In the close of November, 1699, Penn himself once more landed in Philadelphia. He was received with the utmost kindness and respect, and he went to work with earnestness to advance the interests of his people. He made an effort to improve the condition of the Negro slaves, and strongly urged the enactment of a law securing the sanctity of their marriage, with guarantees for their personal safety. He failed in the first, for in no part of the civilized world could he find anybody to agree with him that the institution itself was not just. But he ameliorated their social state, and they suffered few of those privations which were attached to the condition of slavery in other countries. He made new treaties of peace with the Indian tribes all through the territory of Pennsylvania, and away to the north, as far as Oswego. The wide range of the beneficent measures he proposed was warmly adopted by the colonists. There was toleration, protection, and peace; and his great work seemed to be done. It had been his intention, when he returned, to make his permanent home in America, to remove his family to their final settlement, and lay his bones on the banks of the Delaware. In the exercise of his legal power he had divested himself of every attribute of sovereignty; but it still left him the owner of all unappropriated lands in the colony. Having thus stripped himself of all political power, he would have alienated most of his vast estate also, had it not been necessary for him to retain his feudal rights, in order to hold the franchises of his charter, which otherwise would have lapsed to the throne, and thus involved the loss of the liberties of the colony. But having the good of the colony at heart, he remained its feudal sovereign, although the settlers everywhere found him ready to acquiesce in every demand or request that they made. He had founded a democracy, and he interposed no restrictions to the possession of the soil. Nothing was left to be done; and bidding his friends and the colonists an affectionate farewell, he sailed for the last time for England. The great principles of British liberty now being fully consolidated under the peaceful reign of William and the ascendancy of the Whig party, Penn's influence was so great, and the respect entertained for him was so general, that the statesmen and leading men of England were ready to concur in any proposition he made concerning the well-being of his colony; and as long as he lived, this influence was put forth for their good.

Such had been the beginnings of government and Christian civilization in Pennsylvania; and such they have been preserved. His farewell to his colonists is touching and beautiful:—'My love and my life are to you,

and with you, and no water can quench it, nor distance bring it to an end. I have been with you, cared over you, and served you, with unfeigned love ; and you are beloved of me and dear to me, beyond utterance. I bless you in the name and power of the Lord ; and may God bless you with his righteousness, peace and plenty, all the land over. You are come to a quiet land, and liberty and authority are in your hands. Rule for Him under whom the princes of this world will one day esteem it their honor to govern in His place. * * * And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province ; my soul prays to God for thee ; that thou mayest stand in the day of trial ; and that thy children be blessed. * * * Dear friends, my love salutes you all.' From that hour the image of the grand old Hall of Independence must have risen on the vision of the guardian prophet who watched over the City of Brotherly Love, and he must have known that it was to be the Mecca of liberty forever.

I may leave the history of Pennsylvania for the next hundred years untold. With his characteristic and admirable citations of original authorities, Bancroft illustrates it:—'In August, 1683, Philadelphia consisted of three or four little cottages ; the conies were yet undisturbed in their hereditary burrows ; the deer fearlessly bounded past blazed trees, unconscious of foreboded streets ; the stranger that wandered from the river bank was lost in the thickets of interminable forests ; and two years afterwards, the place contained about six hundred houses, and the school-house and the printing-press had begun their work. In three years from its foundation, Philadelphia gained more than New York had done in half a century. This was the happiest season in the public life of William Penn. I must without vanity say—such was his honest exultation—I have led the greatest colony into America that ever any man did, upon private credit ; and the most prosperous beginnings that ever were in it are to be found among us. And after he reached England, he assured the eager inquirers that things went on sweetly with Friends in Pennsylvania ; that they increased finely in outward things, and in wisdom. On his death-bed, the venerable apostle of equality was lifted above the fear of dying, and esteeming the change hardly deserving of mention, his thoughts turned to the New World. Pennsylvania, and Delaware, and West New Jersey, and now Rhode Island, and in some measure North Carolina, were Quaker States. As his spirit, awakening from its converse with shadows, escaped from the exile of fallen humanity, nearly his last words were—"Mind poor Friends in America, His works praise him. Neither time nor place can dissolve fellowship with his spirit."—Bancroft, vol. ii., pp. 391, 392, 393, 402.

The Colony of Virginia.—We left the colony of Virginia growing strong in the year of the landing of the Pilgrims. Under the wise administration of Yeardley and Sandys, the first free State on American soil seemed to be firmly established. We now return to the banks of the James river to witness a scene of desolation.

The Great Indian Massacre, March 22, 1622.—Powhatan had now been dead four years, and the ashes of the red-man's friendship slept in the grave of the honored chief. A younger brother, who succeeded to his rank and possessions, had never looked complacently upon the encroachments of the pale-faces, and he stealthily organized a plot for their complete extermination. The natives within sixty miles of Jamestown hardly exceeded six thousand, and they numbered only twenty-four hundred warriors. They lived chiefly in scattered villages of wigwams clustered around the skirts of the white settlements; nor till nearly at the last moment had a suspicion of their deadly purpose been breathed into the ear of one of the four thousand colonists whose homes dotted the banks of the James for a hundred and forty miles, and stretched far away towards the Potomac. The day and the hour fixed on had come; and as the sun of the 22d of March reached the meridian, the wild yell of the savages rang out on the still air, and the tomahawk fell upon the helpless and unsuspecting dwellers at the same instant in every settlement of the colony of Virginia. The bolt and the flash came together, and there was no mercy. Mothers and babes were cleft down by the same blow. Missionaries of peace, and benefactors who had shown kindness, were murdered alike at their hearth-stones. Death itself could not satiate their ferocious vengeance. They sprang upon the still bleeding corpses, and tore them into fragments like wild beasts. Within that fatal hour three hundred and forty-seven Anglo-Saxons lay mangled and dead. But for the noble though tardy act of a converted Indian, who stole into Jamestown under cover of the previous night, and revealed the plot to a settler whom he wished to save, the ruin would have been complete. Heaven averted so awful a calamity. The conflict and obscurity of the various records leave the exact number of the victims undetermined. We only know that of the four thousand on the morning of the massacre, the entire colony, one year later, counted only twenty-five hundred!

This atrocious deed sealed the doom of the native races of Virginia. They could no longer live among the pale-faces. They fled from the ashes of their wigwams to the depths of the forests. The bloody story was told in London, and the heart of all England went out to their stricken friends in Virginia. Help reached them as quick as relief ships could cross the ocean: men, money, provisions, and implements of death were the freight. We are prepared for the result which history always records of the indomitable Anglo-Saxon—the *blood of the victims*, says Stith, *became the nurture of the plantation*. Missionary zeal had suddenly cooled, and for a considerable time we find no account of Rolf-Pocahontas nuptials in our little log temple at Jamestown. But we do hear of two other facts that occurred about this time:—

I. *The Bishop of London collected and paid over a thousand pounds to begin the foundation of a University in Virginia:*

II. *Cotton seeds began to be planted, and they came up plentifully.*

We need have no more solicitude for Virginia. She had brave men and devoted women, which gave her a commonwealth too well founded ever to be

overthrown—tobacco, for export, which gave her commerce and wealth—Indian corn, and sweet-potatoes, which gave her bread—negro slavery, which secured an unfailing supply of labor—a fertile soil and a genial climate—a steady flow of emigration—the seeds of a university—and, above all, citizens to sustain the structure of a Christian civilization. When we again return to Virginia we shall find her grown into a splendid commonwealth, and giving birth to a race of statesmen who, when the hour came, were to light the fires of National Independence.

The Carolinas.—We are now passing to the blushing groves of the magnolia and palmetto regions of the purple South. The first child of the Mother of States was North Carolina. From the overflowing population of Virginia were established the first settlements on Albemarle Sound. Grants were made to Virginians by Sir William Berkeley, as rewards for taking settlers to the new region. He had himself become a joint proprietary of Carolina, in a royal charter already given. New-comers were fast flocking in from discontented parties in Virginia, and Puritans of the north, grown restive under New England restraints. William Drummond, a native of Scotland, of Puritan tendencies, but an enthusiast for popular liberty, was appointed Governor of North Carolina. Genial in disposition, benevolent of heart, and large in his views of liberty, he imposed no restraints on conscience, and extended all possible encouragement to emigrants from any part of the world. A colony of planters came from Barbadoes and settled on a tract thirty-two miles square, which they purchased from the Indians on Cape Fear river. The great Earl of Shaftesbury¹—one of the most brilliant and influential statesmen, scholars, and philosophers of his time—had, with Clarendon and other men of rank and wealth, obtained a charter from Charles II., June 13, 1665, covering a territory of vast extent, seven and one-half degrees from the southern line of Virginia, south, and forty degrees west, comprising the two Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and most of Florida, Missouri, Texas, and Mexico. It was a magnificent grant, and vast results came from it, although it was too unwieldy to be managed by any men living in those times. But the large and liberal spirit of Shaftesbury breathed through every line of the charter. Religious freedom was secured as completely as in the charter of Roger Williams.

Locke's Constitution.—This great metaphysician was the chosen friend of Shaftesbury, and together they elaborated the famous Constitution for the new empire, which, at the time, was supposed to be the maximum of all political wisdom. It was a splendid aristocratic structure, but as purely an ideal dream as Plato indulged in for his form of a republic. There could be no

¹ Shaftesbury was at this time in the full maturity of his genius; celebrated for eloquence, philosophic genius, and sagacity; high in power, and of aspiring ambition. Born to great hereditary wealth, the pupil of Prideaux had given his early years to the assiduous pursuit of knowledge; the intellectual part of his nature

had from boyhood obtained the mastery over the love of indulgence and luxury. Connected with the great landed aristocracy of England, cradled in politics, and chosen a member of Parliament at the age of nineteen, his long public career was checkered by the greatest varieties of success.—Bancroft, vol. ii., p. 139.

permanent legislative union between hereditary wealth and political power in this country, and of course these constitutions never took effect. Bancroft well says, on this point: 'But the formation of political institutions in the United States was not effected by giant minds, or nobles after the flesh;' and, borrowing the maxim which Lord Bacon lays down in that treasure-house of imperishable wisdom, the *Novum Organum*, the American historian adds: 'American history knows but one avenue to success in American legislation—freedom from ancient prejudice. The truly great law-givers in our colonies first became as little children.'

The Quakers and Huguenots in the Carolinas.—With a spirit not unworthy of a Christian apostle, George Fox, who was now visiting his disciples in all their settlements scattered through the colonies, penetrated the Carolinas in his missionary travels. Some of the Friends had early chosen their homes in those districts, attracted by a spirit of toleration as grateful to the Quaker character as the corresponding blandness of the climate itself. The Quaker apostle found himself the only preacher of the Gospel in the whole region, and he luxuriated in the perfect freedom with which he could do his divine Master's work in the most strange medley which constituted the society there growing up. Insensible to fatigue, heedless of danger from malaria, savages, or wild beasts, he tells us how he crossed the great bogs of the Dismal Swamp, 'laying abroad anights in the woods by a fire,' till he reached some cabin, and brought to the settler and his family the winning message of love from the Prince of Peace. He tells us how the settlers lived, 'lonely in their woods, with no sentinel on guard but the watch-dog.' We next find the apostle a guest of the Governor, 'who, with his wife, receive him lovingly.' In parting from this magistrate, he had for a companion in travelling towards the south, the Governor of South Carolina, a superior man, who showed him the way through the luxuriant region, to his own plantation, where another warm greeting was extended; for, as the Governor's boat got aground, the wife of the Secretary of State shot out in her light canoe and took the preacher to her home. And so he completed his tour; having, as he said, found the people 'generally tender and open, and a little entrance for the Truth.' Entrance, indeed!—so broad that the principles of a pure Gospel were introduced, which left little hope for the constitutions of Locke and Shaftesbury; for it was not the metaphysician, but the Nazarene, who was to shape the fortunes of those Carolina settlers and their distant posterity.

But a vigorous effort was made by Shaftesbury and his fellow-corporators, to colonize and rule the Carolinas. Ships were sent out, carrying superior classes of emigrants,—scholars, philosophers, Puritans, Quakers—but all free thinkers, divided on all points except the two great ones,—a new home in Nature's own paradise, and freedom of conscience. They embraced the noblest elements that could have been invoked to form a great State. The country was moreover freer to them than it had been to the other colonists,

for wasting epidemics had long before swept the native population away along the shore of the Atlantic and the banks of the great rivers; and murderous wars between the tribes had still further reduced their numbers. Sites for towns were chosen with little reference to commerce, and even the spot between the two rivers, selected by Shaftesbury himself, and called after him, proved not so attractive nor useful as the neck of land known as Oyster Point, where a village soon sprang up called Charleston, after the king of England.¹ The history of that little hamlet which afterwards was to grow into the opulent and beautiful city destined to so checkered, and sometimes so mournful, but always heroic and brilliant a life, is worthy of a larger record than I can find space for. But her record is in the memory and in the literature of the last two centuries; and may it live in all that are to come.

Glowing accounts of this beautiful region captivated the fancies of some of the noblest and most gifted of the English people. They were lured from all ranks. Fergusson brought a colony from Ireland. Joseph Blake, the brother of the great Admiral, took a company of persecuted dissenters from Somersetshire, and lavished upon their establishment the wealth he had inherited from the Spanish plunder of his gallant brother, as a part of the reward of his immortal victories.

Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Oct. 22, 1685.—The compensations which Providence, history, and men work out, are among the most mysterious, and when solved, the most exquisitely beautiful riddles that puzzle the brains of angels or mortals. My readers will not have forgotten how the noble Coligny, a century before, had been allowed by Francis to found asylums for the hunted Huguenots on the Carolina and Florida coasts; nor how they had been laid waste by the cruelty of the remorseless Melendez. The actors of those times had all passed away. Francis, Coligny, Melendez, the slaughtered Huguenots were all forgotten, or lived only on the pages of history. But ideas never die: and from a higher sphere the exalted spirit of the protector of the Huguenots now saw his darling scheme carried to consummation. I have never heard any Carolinian express his gratitude to Madame de Maintenon, the fascinating mistress of Louis XIV.; and yet the Carolinians are still in her debt. But for that mysterious supremacy she gained over the mind of the Grand Monarque, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes never would have been proclaimed, and the ascended Coligny never would have seen the grandchildren of his beloved Huguenots finally established in their western homes.²

¹ On the spot where opulence now crowds the wharfs of the most prosperous mart on our southern seaboard, among ancient groves that swept down to the rivers' banks, and were covered with the yellow jasmine, which burdened the vernal zephyrs with its perfumes, the cabins of graziers began the city. Long afterwards, the splendid vegetation which environs Charleston, especially the pine, and cedar, and cypress trees along the broad road which is now Meeting street, delighted the observer by its perpetual verdure. The settlement, though for some years it struggled against an unhealthy climate, steadily in-

creased; and to its influence is in some degree to be attributed the love of letters, and that desire of institutions for education, for which South Carolina was afterwards distinguished.—Bancroft, vol. ii., p. 170.

² When Louis XIV. approached the borders of age, he was troubled by remorse; the weakness of superstition succeeded to the weakness of indulgence; and the flatteries of bigots, artfully employed for their own selfish purposes, led the vanity of the monarch to seek in making proselytes to the Church, a new method of gaining glory, and an atonement for the voluptuous profligacy of his life. Louis was not naturally cruel, but

Emigration of the Huguenots to America.—How much France lost, and the rest of Europe, but above all America gained, by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, history has but partially disclosed; for it could not fully. Many Huguenots came to New England, hungry, and naked: they were clothed and fed. Others were kindly received at New York. But those of them who had fled from Languedoc on the Mediterranean, were more attracted to the balmy regions of the south. It was not, however, from that province of France alone that they came to Carolina, but from the old bombarded cities of Rochelle and Bordeaux, and the far-off enchanting valley of the Tours; men who, as Bancroft so truthfully says, had the virtues of the English Puritans, without their bigotry; attracted to the land whither the tolerant benevolence of Shaftesbury had invited the believer of every creed. From a country that had suffered its king in wanton bigotry,—rising from the embrace of the Delilah of France—‘to drive half a million of its best citizens into exile, they came to the land which was the hospitable refuge of the oppressed; where superstition and fanaticism, infidelity and faith, cold speculation and animated zeal, were alike admitted without question, and where the fires of religious persecution were never to be kindled. There they obtained an assignment of lands, and soon had tenements; there they might safely make the woods the scene of their devotions, and join the simple incense of their psalms to the melodies of the winds among the ancient groves. Their church was in Charleston; and thither, on every Lord’s Day, gathering from their plantations upon the banks of the Cooper, and taking advantage of the ebb and flow of the tide, they might all regularly be seen, the parents with their children, whom no bigot could now wrest from them, making their way in light skiffs, through scenes so tranquil that silence was broken only by the rippling of oars, and the hum of the flourishing village at the confluence of the rivers.’¹

We have thus glanced at the settlement of the Carolinas. We may safely leave them in their garden homes, all under their own vines and fig-trees, having for a long time none to molest them or make them afraid.

Georgia, 1733.—The youngest of the Thirteen Colonies was founded one year after the birth of Washington. The Spaniards claimed the territory as a

was an easy dupe of those in whom he most confided—of priests and of a woman. The daughter of an adventurer—for nearly ten years of childhood a resident in the West Indies, educated a Calvinist, but early converted to the Roman faith,—Madame de Maintenon, had, in the house of a burlesque poet, learned the art of conversation, and in the intimate society of Ninon de l’Enclos, had studied the mysteries of the passions. Of a clear and penetrating mind, of a calculating judgment, which her calm imagination could not lead astray, she never forgot her self-possession in a generous transport, and was never mastered even by the passions she sought to gratify. Already advanced in life when she began to attract the attention of the king, whose character she profoundly understood, she sought to intrall his mind by the influences of religion; and becoming herself devout, or feigning to be so, always modest and discreet, she knew how to awaken in him compunctions which she alone could tranquillize, and subjected his mind to her sway by substituting the sentiment of devotion for the passion of love. The conversion of the Huguenots was to excuse the sins of his earlier years. They, like herself, were to become re-

conciled to the Church; yet not by methods of violence. Creeds were to melt away in the sunshine of favor, and proselytes to be won by appeals to interest.—Bancroft, vol. ii., pp. 175-6.

¹ The United States are full of monuments of the emigrations from France. When the struggle for independence arrived, the son of Judith Manigault intrusted the vast fortune he had acquired to the service of the country that had adopted his mother; the hall in Boston, where the eloquence of New England rocked the infant spirit of independence, was the gift of the son of a Huguenot; when the treaty of Paris for the independence of our country was framing, the grandson of a Huguenot, acquainted from childhood with the wrongs of his ancestors, would not allow his jealousies of France to be lulled, and exerted a powerful influence in stretching the boundary of the States to the Mississippi. On the north-eastern frontier State the name of the oldest college bears witness to the wise liberality of the Huguenots. The children of the Calvinists of France have reason to respect the memory of their ancestors.—Bancroft, vol. ii., pp. 182-3.

portion of Florida, and the cloud of war hung along the settlements—the Indian tribes having been influenced to make common cause with the Spaniards. The origin of this colony rose in one of the abuses of oppressive government in Europe, and under circumstances so peculiar they demand our notice. Imprisonment for debt was so generally enforced, that many thousands of good people in England were dragging the chain of prison life, beyond the hope of relief. Not a prison but what swarmed with them. The educated and the ignorant, the refined and the brutal, the pure and the infamous, were all herded together. At last a brave and benevolent man came to their relief.

Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe.—This humane gentleman, whose wealth and rank, united to his rare abilities as a statesman, had already undertaken in Parliament the cause of this numerous and neglected class, enforcing it with such eloquence that a committee of inquiry was appointed, of which he was made chairman. His report embraced a plan of practical relief. A thorough investigation was to be made, and the prison doors of England opened to every virtuous man who would consent to emigrate under the government of a colony to be founded of that class. The plan met with the approval of Parliament and the sanction of George II., then on the throne. On the 9th of June, 1732, a royal charter for twenty-one years was granted to a corporation, 'in trust for the poor,' to establish a colony within the disputed territory, south of the Savannah, to be called Georgia, in honor of the king. A general subscription took place among the benevolent and enlightened classes, and two years after the signing of the charter, Parliament itself appropriated \$180,000 for the purpose. Gen. Oglethorpe was so earnest and practical in his philanthropy, that he headed the movement, and in November of the same year he sailed for Georgia with a hundred and twenty emigrants.

Savannah Founded, Feb. 12, 1733.—Touching at Charleston, after a passage of only fifty-seven days, and afterwards at Port Royal, where he landed most of his emigrants, he proceeded up the Savannah river as far as Yamacraw Bluff, and chose the site for the foundation of a city, which was to become the capital of his State. From the commencement of settlements in North America, no one had started under auspices so fair. The equipment was complete; the management was under the control of a great man, loyal to his king, large in his liberality—not of purse only, but of soul—sagacious in business, and illuminated in political judgment. The work was begun at once; the town was laid out with regularity in broad streets; public squares were reserved; and the houses, all of the same model, were twenty-four by sixteen feet. The work went on without interruption during the winter, and early in the spring crops were put in. Oglethorpe had no sooner pitched his tent on the bank of the Savannah, than he entered into friendly relations with the sachems of the Lower Creek confederacy for a regular purchase of land. We have a most interesting description of the reception of To-mo-chi-chi by



VISIT OF OGLETHORPE TO THE HIGHLAND COLONY.

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Governor Oglethorpe in his tent, where it stood for a whole year as his head-quarters under the shadow of four lofty pines. On the first reception of this aged and venerable chief, he presented to the governor the skin of a huge buffalo, skilfully ornamented with the figure of an eagle, bearing his own beak, claws, and feathers, and through an interpreter addressed the following words: 'I give you buffalo skin; inside, eagle head and feathers. Take it. Eagle, speed; buffalo, strength. English, swift, like eagle; strong, like buffalo. Eagle fly over big seas; buffalo hard fight. Eagle feathers soft: that is, love. Buffalo skin warm: that is, take care of us. English protect and love our little people.'¹

And thus was founded the COMMONWEALTH OF GEORGIA and its Capital on the Yamacraw bluff, where now stands the beautiful city of Savannah. Its constitution afforded the fullest protection to all its people, and the fair structure of a civilized Christian State sprang into being in an unbroken wilderness.

Order of Colonial Foundations.—And thus we give the résumé of the order in which the settlements were made, whose foundations we have so briefly surveyed. 'Twelve years—1607 to 1619'—says Lossing, 'were spent by English adventurers in efforts to plant a permanent settlement in Virginia. For seventeen years—1609 to 1623—Dutch traders were trafficking on the Hudson river before a permanent settlement was established in New York. Fourteen years—1606 to 1620—were necessary to effect a permanent settlement in Massachusetts; and for nine years—1622 to 1631—adventurers struggled for a foothold in New Hampshire. The Roman Catholics were only one year—1634—5—in laying the foundation of the Maryland colony. Seven years—1632 to 1639—were employed in effecting permanent settlements in Connecticut; eight years—1636 to 1643—in organizing colonial government in Rhode Island; and about fifty years—1631 to 1682—elapsed from the landing of the Swedes on South river, before Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania presented colonial features. Almost sixty years—1622 to 1680—passed by before the first settlements of the Carolinas became fully developed colonies. But Georgia, the youngest of the Thirteen States, had the foundation of its colonial government laid when Oglethorpe, with the first company of settlers, began to build Savannah, in the winter of 1733.'

¹ To-mo-chi-chi gave his very heart to Oglethorpe and his colony, and in turn they all loved him, and treated him with fondness and respect. When he was dying, in 1739, at the age of nearly one hundred, he begged that his body might be buried with the English in their graveyard. The *Gentleman's Magazine* 1740, p. 129, contains an account of his burial with public honors.

Oglethorpe was worshipped almost as a divinity. The Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasas, and even the distant Choctas, came seven hundred miles from their homes on the Mississippi, bringing gifts. When a great war was approaching between those southern tribes, his power was sufficient to prevent it, through the simple ascendancy he had gained over the savages. 'In the summer of 1733, Oglethorpe,' says Bancroft, 'made his way through solitary paths, fearless of the suns of

summer, the night-dews, or the treachery of some hireling Indian; he came into the large square of their council-place to distribute presents to his red friends; to renew and explain their covenants; to address them in words of affection; and to smoke with their nations the pipe of peace.'

In July, 1743, Oglethorpe sailed for England, never to return to the land where for ten years he had exhausted the benevolence and philanthropy of his nature, and sanctified with his wealth the cause of religion and humanity. He had fared harder than any of the people that were settled there. Bancroft says of him: 'He was merciful to the prisoner; a father to the emigrant, the unwavering friend of Wesley; the constant benefactor of the Moravians; honestly zealous for the conversion of the Indians; invoking for the negro the panoply of the Gospel; his heart throbbed for all around

SECTION THIRD.

THE STRUGGLE OF FIVE POWERS FOR THE EMPIRE OF NORTH AMERICA—
SPAIN—FRANCE—ENGLAND—THE THIRTEEN COLONIES, AND THE RED MEN.

AT some future period, not very remote, this inviting field for a philosophical historian will doubtless be entered, and one of the most instructive and fascinating histories be written. As yet, it has not been attempted. Many of its fragmentary parts have indeed been given by some of the most charming writers of England, France, Spain, and Italy, as well as by our own authors. I could not find space for the mere enumeration of their works.

I cannot enter into the discovery, the settlement, or the history of any part of South America, not even to glance at the part which Portugal enacted in the period of early American discoveries—especially under the auspices of her enlightened Prince, King John — although the political hold which she gained, has proved far more permanent than that of Spain, her great rival.

The Empire of Brazil now stands before the world as the principal power of South America. Under a wise policy, she has generally enjoyed peace, and launched upon the stream of progress which it is fondly hoped will steadily bear her forward to participate in the highest blessings of modern civilization. Our own great example of consolidated liberty has long been her inspiration. She will soon, as we have—and by no such terrible sacrifice—rid herself entirely of the incumbrance of negro slavery; and with a domain vast enough for a mighty empire, and richer perhaps than any other portion of the globe, and possessed of the advantage of unity—which has never belonged to the Spanish reign in the New World—Brazil has a future that may well invoke the highest statesmanship, and fill all her children with the ardor of patriotic loyalty and pride. Separated far enough from the great Republic of the North, and with nothing to gain by attempted conquest, or the annexation of the fragmentary ruins of Spanish dominion spread around her borders; and at peace with all the world, she has but to complete the emancipation of her million and a half of laborers; encourage emigration from Europe; make a thorough exploration of all her territory, from the South Atlantic to the great chain of the Andes; promote the education of all her people; develop agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, under the auspices of freedom for trade as well as for men, and a future opens before her of unclouded brightness.¹

him. He loved to relieve the indigent, to soothe the mourner; and his name became known as another expression for vast benevolence of soul. Loyal and brave; choleric, though merciful; versed in elegant letters; affable, even to talkativeness; slightly boastful, and tinged with vanity.—he was ever ready to expose his life for those who looked to him for defense. A monarchist in state; friendly to the church; he seemed, even in youth, like one who had survived his times—like a relic of a former century, and a more chivalrous age, illustrating to the modern world of

business what a crowd of virtues and charities could cluster around the heart of a cavalier.' The life of Ogleshorpe was prolonged to near five score, and even in the last year of it, he was extolled as the 'finest vigor ever seen, the impersonation of venerable age. His faculties were as bright as ever, and his eye was undimmed. Ever 'heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry, he was like the sound of the lyre, as it still vibrates after the spirit of the age that sweeps its strings has passed away.'

¹ For a very carefully written and comprehensive

I have never proposed to trace the progress of the Spanish in their discoveries, settlements, and establishment of civil government in South America, nor in the islands of the West Indian Archipelago. The course of narrative will necessarily lead us to Mexico, for our relations with Spain and the Spanish States have been most important, from the acquisition of Florida to the independence and annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and the acquisition of California and New Mexico. But these matters will not be reached till a later period.

How far we may yet be influenced by the remains of Spanish power and institutions in America, it is impossible to conjecture. But it is rational to suppose that those elements of the Latin race, which have proved themselves too feeble in their strife to maintain themselves against the hardier races of the North, will not hereafter seriously affect the fortunes of our republic or its people. And since it has been proved abundantly in the past, that the Latin people and powers have grown weak just in proportion as they attempted to move north, it is believed that their example will deter us from any further attempts to move south. It will be far better for us to adhere to the policy which the Republic has always followed, of preserving *the unity of her people*, and as far as possible, *the purity of their northern blood*. Better by far, if these broken but glittering fragments of former Spanish dominion are to be consolidated, and show themselves capable of forming a great and powerful confederation, that they should do it by themselves. In going some steps further than we have already advanced towards the equator, we might, indeed, be conferring a possible boon upon those mixed communities; but no possible good could come to ourselves. We should part with some of the virility of our own power, by attempting to add political strength to those States by a union with our own.

But in speaking of the French dominion in the New World, we had to be more minute. Our relations with France have been far more intimate and significant. It was indeed a long and a hard struggle which our early settlers went through in the French and Indian War,—at which we are soon to glance—and

historical sketch of Brazil, see the article 'Brazil,' in Appleton's *NEW CYCLOPÆDIA*, vol. iii.—now in course of publication, and constituting altogether the most valuable contribution to literature yet made on this continent. In all matters concerning America, it is of absolute authority. After very close examination of many of its Titles, I have found it so uniformly exact and reliable, that I have felt safe in following it implicitly in the final revision of this work. Probably no other similar publication, even in Europe, has been prepared with such unwearied vigilance.

From this article I gather the latest facts known about Brazil, down to last year—1873.

No regular census has yet been taken, but it cannot vary much from ten millions—an agglomeration of many races. The whites number about one-third of the entire population. The other two-thirds are made up of mixed Indian and negro, and Africans; the latter constituting the largest unmixed race in the Empire. In 1850, the slave-trade was effectually suppressed, and a law was passed, Sept. 28, 1871, for the

gradual abolition of slavery. The act emancipated the slaves owned by the government, and within fourteen months upwards of 30,000 slaves were manumitted by private individuals; and the system of apprenticeship is carried out in such good faith, that it will hardly live out its allotted term of twenty-one years. The value of the imports for the three years ending in 1869 was \$225,400,000—the exports, \$272,000,000. One quarter of these exports were to the United States.

Brazil is advancing in popular education. She has 4,437 schools, of which 3,603 are public, and devoted to primary education. The annual cost of all the public schools is \$1,681,000, or nearly 15 per cent. of the annual revenue of all the twenty-one provinces. The number of scholars enrolled is 134,000. The number of children attending school is rapidly increasing. The whole educational system is under the jurisdiction of the Minister of the Interior and the control of the General Assembly. The Emperor, Don Pedro II., is an enlightened ruler, and Brazil seems to be advancing securely, if not rapidly, in civilization.

no statesman of that time would have prophesied the peaceful relations that so soon afterwards grew up between France and the United States. But the fact is easily explained. England and France were struggling for the Empire of North America. Nor was it looked on as a war between Americans and Frenchmen. It was not a war between Louis and the Thirteen Colonies: it was a war between the King of France and the King of England; and it was regarded as of infinite importance to both, to preserve their dominion in the New World.

No sooner had the French power yielded, and its last ensign in North America had disappeared, than the third power was seen to enter the field; and that power was the Thirteen Colonies, who were preparing to construct here an *American*, and not a European Empire.

This idea did not early dawn upon the mind of Europe. It was an *American idea*; and when once fairly conceived, it was bound to work itself out. We heard no longer of any animosities between the French and the American people. On the contrary, France became our ally; and the strange spectacle was witnessed of French officers and soldiers, who had fought against each other in the French and Indian war, now fighting side by side, as brothers, against a common foe that in all lands, and on all oceans, was attempting to sweep the French nation out of existence, while the colossal power of England was to dictate political institutions to the rising people of the American colonies, and repress every aspiration here for an independent life.

The Indian was the Fifth Power contending for the dominion of the New World, and he has not yet given up the battle. He has survived every invader and oppressor. The Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Englishman: and now if we are determined to inflict upon him the last wrong he can ever suffer on the earth, we can decree his extinction.

Causes of the Seven Years' War.—With the discovery of the New World, the rivalries of France and England for its possession began; and they continued till the French dominion in America went down before the united forces of England and her colonial allies. As early as the granting of the charter to the West India Company by England, Richelieu, the powerful minister of France, made a vain effort to secure the commerce of Asia for his country; and the English had no sooner occupied Barbadoes than the French took a part of St. Christopher's. The English increasing their possessions till they finally added to them Jamaica, the French settled on Martinique and Guadeloupe, founded a colony at Cayenne, and took possession of the west of Hayti. This extension reached the African coast: from Sierra Leone to the Cape of Good Hope; and planting a colony on the island of Madagascar, the maritime power of France even exceeded that of England: for a while she had even a larger colonial system. But she seemed to be destitute of those qualities in which England excelled all the world—genius for controlling colonies, and thereby augmenting her commercial importance.



The fiercest rivalry, however, was for the territory of North America. At the opening of the Seventeenth Century, when American colonization began to flourish, Louis XIV. claimed sovereignty over by far the largest part of the continent. A mighty struggle was to take place, to determine who should be master. We have already seen that the French preceded the English in colonial enterprise in the northern part of the continent; that settlements were made on the St. Lawrence before they were at Jamestown; that the missionaries of France had established a Roman church in the eastern portion of Maine, years before the Pilgrims landed. Four or five years prior to that event, Le Caron, an humble Franciscan, who attended Champlain, had passed into the hunting-grounds of the Wyandots; and bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had on foot, or paddling a bark canoe, gone onward, and still onward, taking alms of the savages, till he reached the shores of Lake Huron. While Quebec contained scarce fifty inhabitants, priests of the Franciscan order—Le Caron, Viel, Sagard—had labored for years as missionaries in Upper Canada, or made their way to the neutral Huron tribe that dwelt on the waters of the Niagara.

In 1627, Richelieu, Champlain, Razilly, with several also of the rich French merchants, received a charter from Louis XIII., containing a grant to New France, which embraced the St. Lawrence and its great basin, and all the rivers that flow into the Atlantic; as well as to Florida, the name by which the whole country south and west of Virginia was known. To all this region claim was made, and it was all laid down on the map as NEW FRANCE: its assertion brought on the collision known as the Seven Years' War.¹

¹ Bancroft has given one of the most effective descriptions of the character and the exploits of the Jesuit missionaries anywhere to be found.

Religious zeal, not less than commercial ambition, had influenced France to recover Canada; and Champlain, its governor, whose imperishable name will rival with posterity the fame of Smith and of Hudson, ever disinterested and compassionate, full of honor and probity, of ardent devotion and burning zeal, esteemed 'the salvation of a soul worth more than the conquest of an empire.' The commercial monopoly of a privileged company could not foster a colony; the climate of the country round Quebec, 'where summer hurries through the sky,' did not invite to agriculture; no persecutions of Catholics swelled the stream of emigration; and at first there was little, except religious enthusiasm, to give vitality to the province. Touched by the simplicity of the order of St. Francis, Champlain had selected its priests of the contemplative class for his companions; 'for they were free from ambition.' But the aspiring honor of the Gallican church was interested; a prouder sympathy was awakened among the devotees at court; and, the Franciscans having, as a mendicant order, been excluded from the rocks and deserts of the New World, the office of converting the heathen of Canada, and thus enlarging the borders of French dominion, was intrusted solely to the Jesuits.

The establishment of 'the Society of Jesus' by Loyola had been contemporary with the Reformation, of which it was designed to arrest the progress; and its complete organization belongs to the period when the first full edition of Calvin's Institutes saw the light. Its members were, by its rules, never to become prelates, and could gain power and distinction

only by influence over mind. Their vows were, poverty, chastity, absolute obedience, and a constant readiness to go on missions against heresy or heathenism. Their colleges became the best schools in the world. Emancipated, in a great degree, from the cloistral forms, separated from domestic ties, constituting a community essentially intellectual as well as essentially plebeian, bound together by the most perfect organization, and having for their end a control over opinion among the scholars and courts of Europe and throughout the habitable globe. . . .

Thus it was neither commercial enterprise nor royal ambition which carried the power of France into the heart of our continent: the motive was religion. Religious enthusiasm colonized New England; and religious enthusiasm founded Montreal, made a conquest of the wilderness on the upper lakes, and explored the Mississippi. Puritanism gave New England its worship, and its schools; the Roman Church created for Canada its altars, its hospitals, and its seminaries. The influence of Calvin can be traced in every New England village; in Canada, the monuments of feudalism and the Catholic Church stand side by side; and the names of Montmorenci and Bourbon, of Levi and Condé, are mingled with memorials of St. Athanasius and Augustin, of St. Francis of Assisi, and Ignatius Loyola.

Within three years after the second occupation of Canada, the number of Jesuit priests in the province reached fifteen; and every tradition bears testimony to their worth. They had the faults of ascetic superstition; but the horrors of a Canadian life in the wilderness were resisted by an invincible passive courage and a deep internal tranquillity. Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of vain-

The previous collisions in America between the English and the French colonies had grown out of hostilities between these powers in other parts of the world. But the great struggle now to take place, was for the supremacy of North America. More than a million English colonists were settled on the Atlantic coast, stretching a thousand miles, from the Penobscot to the St. Mary, and extending back to the Alleghany ranges, and northward to the St. Lawrence.¹ The number of French settlers on the continent could not have exceeded one hundred thousand; but their chain of settlements reached from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi. It would be thought that they must have held their power by a very frail tenure; but such was by no means the case. The Jesuit missionaries were the first pathfinders of empire in the New World. In all history, no parallel can be found to the daring and endurance of this wonderful class of men, as they moved up the two arterial rivers—from the St. Lawrence along the chain of the great lakes, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the head waters of the Mississippi. Winning through kindness the favor of the Indian tribes, and inspiring their awe by the imposing ceremonies of religion; displaying a zeal known only to the disciples of Loyola, they gained a sway over the savage mind which no other religion or race of men has ever been able to command. They seized upon all the strong points where wealth has since centred, and commerce made her halting-places on the great lines of transportation—Quebec, Montreal, Niagara, Detroit, Pittsburg, and the line of the Mississippi. Few and scattered as they were, these settlements were all fortified; and when the collision with English power came, they served as a continuous chain of military posts. Their control over nearly all the savage tribes through these vast regions, except the Six Nations, gave them facilities for carrying on war altogether disproportionate to the amount of their population. As early as 1683 they had founded Detroit; Kaskaskia one, and Vincennes six years later; and New Orleans in 1717.

The capture of Louisburg in 1745 had roused among the French a spirit of determination to resist the encroachments of the British colonists. They

glory, they became dead to the world, and possessed their souls in unalterable peace. The few who lived to grow old, though bowed by the toils of a long mission, still kindled with the fervor of apostolic zeal. The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America: not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way.—Bancroft, vol. iii. pp. 119-121.

¹ Bancroft estimates the population of the Thirteen Colonies in the beginning of the French War, at one million one hundred and sixty-five thousand whites, and two hundred and sixty-three thousand negroes. After his exhaustive investigations, these estimates may be considered as final. He distributes them as follows: of European descent, fifty thousand dwelt in New Hampshire; two hundred and seven thousand in Massachusetts; thirty-five thousand in Rhode Island; and one hundred and thirty-three thousand in Connecticut: which gave to New England four hundred and twenty-five thousand souls.

Of the middle colonies, New York had eighty-five thousand; New Jersey, seventy-three thousand; Pennsylvania, with Delaware, one hundred and ninety-five thousand; Maryland, one hundred and four thousand; in all, four hundred and fifty-seven thousand.

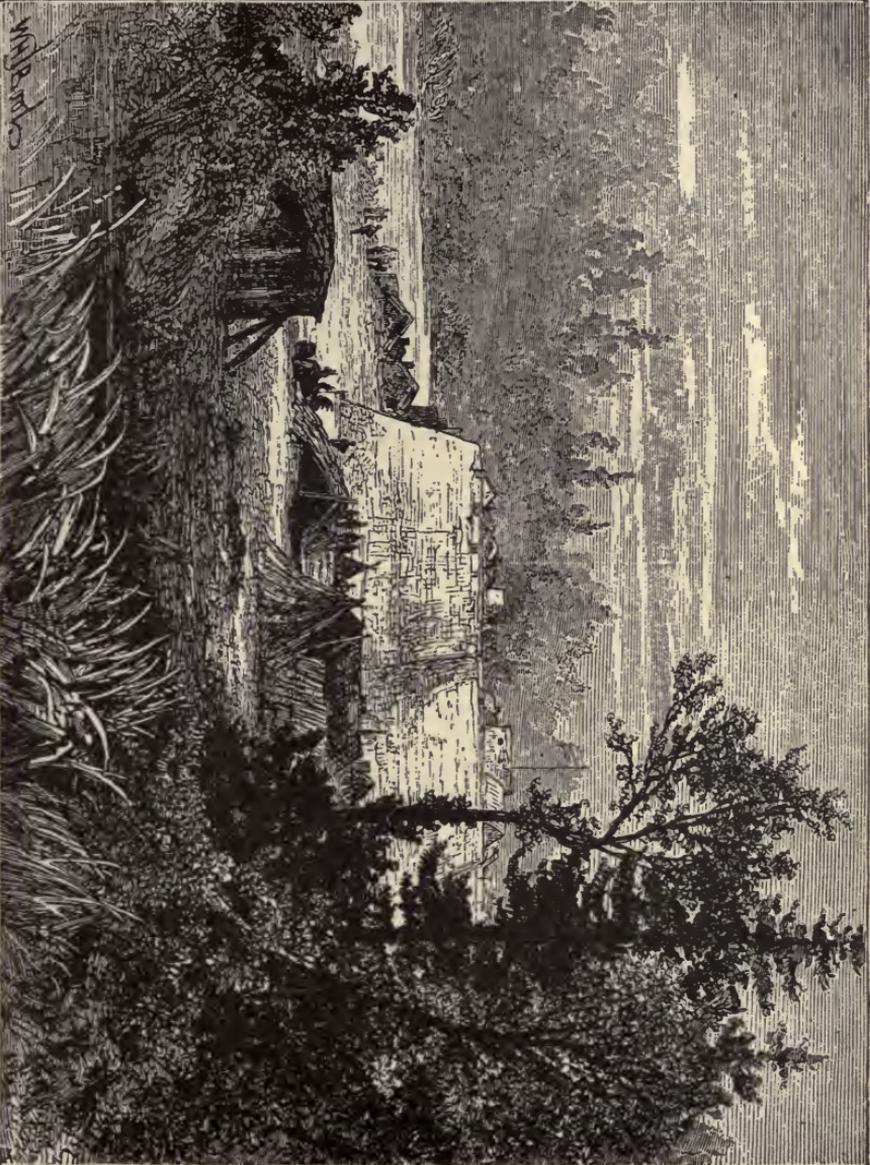
For the southern provinces, to Virginia he assigns one hundred and sixty-eight thousand whites; North Carolina, seventy thousand; South Carolina, forty thousand; or to the whole country south of the Potomac, two hundred and eighty-three thousand.

There were thus five or six of the colonies which singly contained a greater white population than all Canada, while the aggregate of all the colonies exceeded that of Canada fourteen-fold.

He distributes the African population, which even then, as ever afterwards, was determined chiefly by climate, by assigning six thousand to Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; to Rhode Island, four thousand five hundred, and to Connecticut, three thousand five hundred; or fourteen thousand in all New England.

New York had eleven thousand negroes; Pennsylvania, with Delaware, the same number; New Jersey, five thousand five hundred; and Maryland forty-four thousand; giving to the central colonies seventy-one thousand.

Of the southern colonies, Virginia had one hundred and sixteen thousand; North Carolina, twenty thousand; South Carolina, forty thousand; Georgia, two thousand; thus assigning to the country south of the Potomac, one hundred and seventy-eight thousand.



FROM DUQUENNE.



had built vessels of considerable size at Fort Frontenac, on Lake Ontario, and not only strengthened Fort Niagara, but before the year 1756 they had a cordon of sixty fortified places between the St. Lawrence and the mouth of the Mississippi. By virtue of their explorations of that mighty river and its tributaries, and by settlements along the banks, they claimed the whole domain westward to the Pacific.

The Immediate Cause of the French War.—In 1749 George II. granted to THE OHIO COMPANY six hundred thousand acres of land on the southeastern bank of the Ohio river. Some of the surveyors engaged in settling these boundaries, were seized and imprisoned by the French in 1753. Apprehensive that their commerce would be cut off, and their chain of communication between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico broken, the French began to erect forts between Lake Erie and the Alleghany river, near the western line of Pennsylvania.

George Washington begins his Career.—The colonists of Virginia were interested in this grant to the Ohio Company. In pursuance of orders from the British Government, Governor Dinwiddie dispatched young GEORGE WASHINGTON with a remonstrance to the French commander. He had not yet reached his twenty-second year; but he had a thorough knowledge of those wild regions which, as a surveyor, he had explored, and having displayed military taste and talent as adjutant-general of one of the four militia districts of Virginia, he was considered better qualified than any other person for this delicate and hazardous mission. He had to traverse a distance of four hundred miles, through the snows of winter, liable at any moment to encounter hostile and savage tribes. Deeming it wiser and safer to have a small attendance, he took with him only three companions; and after the severest hardships and exposures, in less than six weeks reached the French outpost at Venango, at the junction of French Creek and the Alleghany river, where the village of Franklin now stands. During a night of revel, in which the French officers became gay over the hospitalities they were extending to the young Virginian, they incautiously revealed their plans, and the next morning he hastened on to the headquarters of St. Pierre, at Le Bœuf. After courteous treatment for four days, the French commander dismissed him with his sealed reply, and Washington plunged off once more into the wilderness.

The safety, judgment, and dispatch with which he had executed his hazardous mission, won for Washington the warmest commendation of the governor. He had displayed qualities so rare, those who knew him best declared, that no achievement of his could afterwards surprise them. In recounting the wonderful incidents of his future career, the leading men of Virginia often remarked, that they looked upon no subsequent act of his life with so much admiration.

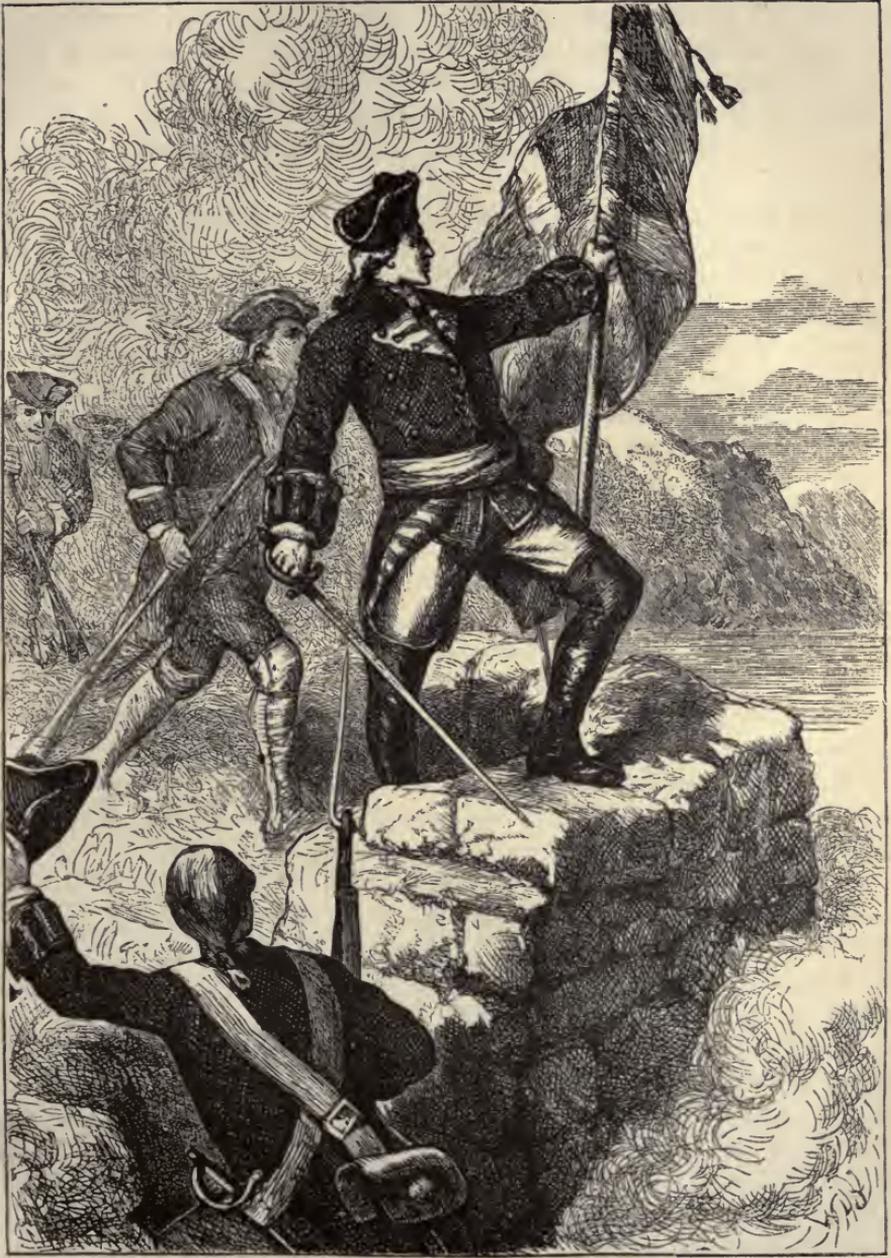
The French commander had sent back an unsatisfactory reply. He peremptorily refused to withdraw his troops from the disputed territory, claim-

ing that he was carrying out the orders of his superior officer, the Marquis du Quesne, at Montreal. Prompt in courage and patriotism, the House of Burgesses voted money for an expedition, and issued the first general call to their sister colonies for union against a common foe. None of them responded, except North Carolina, whose legislature voted four hundred men; but volunteers from South Carolina and New York were soon on their way to join the Virginians, of whom six hundred were now organized into a regiment, under the command of Col. Joshua Fry, Washington being chosen Major.

Washington Takes the Field, April 2, 1754.—In command of an advanced detachment, Major Washington began his march toward the Ohio. At midnight on the 28th of May, when he was within forty miles of Fort Duquesne—now Pittsburg—with a small body, he surprised a scouting party of fifty of the enemy, killing their commander and nine of his men, fifteen only escaping. *This was the first blood shed in that long and terrible conflict.* Only two days later Col. Fry died, and the sole command devolved upon Washington. Being joined by the rest of his regiment, he pushed his four hundred men forward toward Fort Duquesne. But learning from his scouts that De Villiers—whose brother had fallen in the first skirmish, and whose death must now be avenged—was approaching with a large force of Indians, he fell back on Fort Necessity, a place he had already fortified, and prepared as best he could to meet a superior force. The young commander now had the first opportunity to show his military genius. He was to resist the onset of more than fifteen hundred men, of whom upwards of one thousand were Indian warriors, led by an accomplished commander. But with such heavy odds against him, he waged that hard battle for eleven hours, and then yielded only to honorable terms of capitulation. Washington had fought his first battle: and during the whole of his military life it is doubtful if he ever exhibited higher qualities as a commander, or foreshadowed more clearly his military fame. On the following morning, the 4th of July—the *dies faustus* of our history, as we shall have occasion so often to notice—Washington marched out of his little stockade with his regiment for Virginia.

First Germ of a Political Union of the Colonies, July 4, 1754.—While the young Virginia leader was conducting his first campaign on the western frontier, a political movement, which was to be attended with consequences of the utmost magnitude, was taking place on the distant banks of the Hudson. Perceiving that a collision between the English and French in North America was inevitable, the British ministry had advised the colonies to meet in council, through their delegates, to prepare for the approaching struggle. The friendship of the Six Nations must be preserved, and other measures of security devised. The colonies were all invited to send delegates to this Congress.

First Colonial Convention meets at Albany, June 19, 1754.—Commis-



UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

sioners responded from every colony north of the Potomac; and even Virginia was represented by the presiding officer of the convention, Delancey, the Lieutenant-Governor of New York. It was an imposing, if not a numerous assembly; composed of men who were afterwards to win the honorable title of Fathers of the American Republic. Amongst them was the sage Hutchinson, who had 'rescued Massachusetts from the thralldom of paper money;' Hopkins, the Rhode Island patriot; Pitkin, 'the faithful,' of Connecticut; Smith, 'the liberal,' of New York, and Tasker, of Maryland.

Benjamin Franklin.—Greatest of all our political seers, that wisest and deepest statesman America has ever had, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, then in the early prime of his wonderful life—forty-eight years of age, twenty-six years older than Washington—stood the controlling spirit. On the morning of the FOURTH OF JULY, this delegate from Pennsylvania had matured and now submitted a plan of confederation, which crystallized under royal authority, the first clearly defined project of colonial confederation ever proposed.¹ It could not be imposed by authority, but it was ordered to be presented for the consideration of the colonies, and to be laid before the Board of Trade in London, which mainly controlled the affairs of the colonies. Nor was it fully carried into effect, for it was too democratic to suit England, and too aristocratic for some of the colonies. But the germ of union was planted; the thought of fraternization was clearly presented; the spirit was brooding over the bosom of the Thirteen Colonies, out of which National life was to come. The idea of federal union was then formed for defence against two common enemies—the French, with whom we had then no affiliations, and against whom we had inherited some of the prejudices of Englishmen—and the savage tribes, most of whom we regarded as merciless foes. And thus, in this old Dutch town, sat THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS, LISTENING TO THE PLAN OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1754, TWENTY-TWO YEARS BEFORE THE GREAT DECLARATION.

The fire was now spreading through the colonies; but all was confusion. The Indian allies of the French began their depredations along the frontiers of New England, while the tribes beyond the Alleghanies, inspired by French emissaries with the murderous spirit of extermination towards our settlers, were active in the west. Some of the colonies voted money and troops, and numerous but ineffectual preparations were made for the impending struggle. England gave the trifling sum of fifty thousand dollars to assist the colonies, and commissioned Governor Sharpe, of Maryland, as commander-in-chief of all the colonial forces. But his appointment met with no favor; while certain unwise military measures of Dinwiddie had been followed by disputes about rank, which ended even in the resignation of Colonel Washington himself.

¹ New England colonies in their infancy had given birth to a confederacy. William Penn, in 1697, had proposed an annual congress of all the provinces on the continent of America, with power to regulate commerce. Franklin revived the great idea, and breathed into it enduring life. As he descended the Hudson, the people of New York thronged about him to welcome him; and he, who had first entered their city as a runaway apprentice, was revered as the leader of American union.—Bancroft: vol. iv., p. 125.

The Campaign of 1755.—War was about to be declared between France and England, and some vigorous measures had to be adopted by the British Government. Gen. Braddock, an Irish officer of distinction, arrived in the Chesapeake on the 20th of February, 1755, with two regiments of his countrymen in the regular service. He also bore a commission as commander-in-chief of all the British and colonial forces in America. In the following April, six of the colonial Governors, at his request, met him in convention at Alexandria, to settle on a vigorous campaign.¹ Their deliberations resulted in planning three separate expeditions; one under General William Johnson, against Crown Point, on Lake Champlain; a second against Niagara and Frontenac, to be commanded by Shirley, Colonial Governor of Massachusetts; and the third, and chief, against Fort Duquesne, under the immediate command of Braddock himself. Separate from the action of this convention, a fourth expedition was also matured by Shirley and Governor Lawrence, of Nova Scotia, to wage a war of expulsion, and if necessary, of extermination, against all the French in that province, as well as throughout the settlements of Acadia.

Patriotic Zeal of the Colonists.—With the exception of Pennsylvania, whose people were too deeply imbued with the peaceful spirit of their founder, and Georgia, then too feeble and poor to proffer any aid, all the colonies, through their legislatures, voted men, money and munitions of war. It was a hearty co-operation between them and the Imperial government: it being evident to all that the hour had come to determine which empire should rule America.

The Doom of Acadia.—The movements of Shirley and Lawrence were the most rapid and energetic, and the troops of Massachusetts and Nova Scotia were first in the field. As early as the 20th of May, Gen. John Winslow, the great-grandson of Edward Winslow, the third Governor of Plymouth—a bold and competent soldier—sailed from Boston with three thousand men for the Bay of Fundy. Colonel Monckton, with three hundred British regulars, took command of the united forces, and after capturing the French forts, proclaimed martial law over the whole region. Sad enough is it that this memorable war, which was to be distinguished by so many brilliant deeds, and change the fortunes of the whole continent, should have been opened by so dreadful an act of inhumanity as we must now record. It was nothing less than the expulsion, or *extermination of the entire French population of Acadia*. It had been settled in the British councils, and General Winslow was intrusted with the execution of the inhuman decree. The plea was one of self-defence, of course;—the inhabitants would join their countrymen in Canada, and they must be wiped out. ‘The innocent and happy people were seized in their houses, fields and churches, and conveyed on board the English vessels

¹ These Governors were Dinwiddie, of Virginia; and Shirley, of Massachusetts. Admiral Keppel, commander of the British fleet, also assisted. Sharpe, of Maryland; Dobbs, of North Carolina; Morris, of Pennsylvania; Delancey, of New York;

Families were broken, never to be united; and to complete the surrender of those who fled to the woods, their starvation was insured by a total destruction of their growing crops. The Acadians were stripped of everything, and those who were carried away, were scattered among the English colonies, helpless beggars, to die heart-broken in a strange land. In one short month their paradise had become a desolation, and a happy people were crushed into the dust.¹

Braddock's Expedition, June 10, 1755.—However much this General

¹ Lossing's *Hist. of the U. S.*, p. 185.

In his touching description of these disgraceful occurrences, Bancroft gives the following relation:—

To hunt them into the net was impracticable; artifice was therefore resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, 'both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age,' were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts on the appointed 5th of September. They obeyed. At Grand Pre, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church and its avenues were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, placed himself in their centre, and spoke:—'You are convened together to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry your money and household goods as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in,'—and he then declared them the king's prisoners. Their wives and families shared their lot: their sons, 527 in number, their daughters, 576; in the whole, women and babes and old men and children all included, 1923 souls. The blow was sudden; they had left home but for the morning, and they never were to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for the first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

The 10th of September was the day for the embarkation of a part of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep, and the young men, 161 in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rock on which they had reclined, their herds and their gamers; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping and praying, and singing hymns. The seniors went next; the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive. The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind, were kept together near the sea, without proper food, or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away, and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers, before the last of them were removed. 'The embarkation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly,' wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets; 'the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them.' Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. 'Our soldiers hate them,' wrote an officer on this occasion, 'and if they can but find a pretence to kill them, they will.' Did a prisoner seek to escape? He was shot down by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec; more than 3,000 had withdrawn to Miramichi, and the region south of the Ristigouche;

some found rest on the banks of the St. John's and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But 7,000 of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia;—one thousand and twenty to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poorhouse as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling them as laborers. Households too were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

The wanderers sighed for their native country; but, to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis, to the isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were but ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses, and more than as many barns, were consumed. The live stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, were seized as spoils and disposed of by the English officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians, but a faithful watch-dog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows.

Relentless misfortune pursued the exiles wherever they fled. Those sent to Georgia, drawn by a love for the spot where they were born as strong as that of the captive Jews, who wept by the side of the rivers of Babylon for their own temple and land, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting from harbor to harbor; but when they reached New England, just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St. John's were torn once more from their new homes. When Canada surrendered, hatred with its worst venom pursued the fifteen hundred who remained south of the Ristigouche. Once those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented a humble petition to the Earl of Loudoun, then the British commander-in-chief in America; and the cold-hearted peer, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized their five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be kept from ever again becoming troublesome, by being consigned to service as common sailors on board ships of war. No doubt existed of the king's approbation. The Lords of Trade, more merciless than the savages and than the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out; and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that 'the zealous endeavors of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success.' I know not if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter, and so perennial, as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia. 'We have been true,' said they of themselves, 'to our religion, and true to ourselves; yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance.' The hand of the English official seemed under a spell with regard to them; and was never uplifted but to curse them.—Bancroft, vol. iv., pp. 202-206.

may have known about the art of war, as carried on in Europe, his appointment to a command in the wilderness was most unfortunate. Impatient of advice, imperious in disposition, rash in language, and with no winning ways through kindness or dignity, he inspired little respect or confidence from the two thousand men he started with from Cumberland. Knowing something of the reputation of Colonel Washington, he was appointed to act as Aid to the commander-in-chief, and given the command of the provincial soldiers. He pushed on with twelve hundred men, by forced marches, leaving Col. Dunbar to bring up the rest with the baggage train. Knowing how little Braddock could possibly understand of the only successful way to make war in the wilderness, Washington modestly proffered his advice; but the obstinate and fiery Irishman rejected it with disdain.¹ Pressing his march, at mid-day the 9th day of July, on the south bank of the Monongahela, the advance guard, under Col. Gage,—afterwards commander-in-chief of the British forces at Boston, in the beginning of the Revolution,—was surprised by a cloud of arrows, and a volley of bullets, from a ravine in a thicket, where a thousand Indians lay in ambush. Washington saw the peril, and once more begged his commander to retreat for a while, and prepare to prosecute the battle in a better way. But Braddock was as destitute of common sense as he was of personal fear; and without judgment he fought a European battle, his columns melting away in the useless conflict with a hidden but terrible foe. Death reigned all around. Every mounted officer, except Washington, was killed or wounded. At last the desperate Braddock himself fell mortally wounded, after having had several horses shot under him.² For three hours the Provincial troops had been fighting with much useless courage, and with the full knowledge that their lives were being needlessly thrown away. They would no longer keep the field; and although the regulars were in a complete route after they saw their General fall, yet Washington by his magic power rallied his own countrymen, and covered the whole retreat in so masterly a manner that the enemy made no attempt to follow.

Unfortunate as it seemed for the cause of the colonists, the death of Braddock excited little regret. It was afterwards supposed to be well ascertained, that he was shot by Thomas Faucett, a Provincial soldier, whose brother having, contrary to the silly order of the commander, protected himself behind a tree, had been struck down with the cleaving sword of Braddock, who dashed up to him when he discovered his position. With a flash from the surviving brother's musket, Braddock reeled from his saddle. It was at that moment that the Provincials were saved from complete slaughter by everywhere violating the order of the British General.

¹ 'The opinion in the provinces,' Bancroft remarks, 'was very general that the war was conducted by a mixture of ignorance and cowardice. They believed that they were able to defend themselves against the French, without any assistance or embarrassments from England.'

² Dr. Craik, who was with Washington at this time, and also attended him in his last illness, says, that while in the Ohio country with him, fifteen years afterwards, an old Indian chief came, as he said, 'a long way' to see the Virginia Colonel at whom he fired his

rifle fifteen times during the battle on the Monongahela, without hitting him. Washington was never wounded in battle. On this occasion he had two horses shot under him, and four bullets passed through his coat. Writing of this to his brother, he remarked, 'By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation, . . . although death was leveling my companions on every side.'—*Hist. of the U. S.* p. 186, Note.

Braddock's Burial, July 15, 1755.—Washington had recovered the body of Braddock, and a week after the battle he read over the corpse, by torch-light, the solemn service of the Church of England. The grave where his ashes repose can be seen to this day, near the National road, between the 53d and 54th mile from Cumberland.

The chief portion of the shattered remains of the fugitive battalions were marched back to Pennsylvania by Col. Dunbar, while Washington led the rest home to Virginia.

Shirley's Expedition to Niagara.—The month of August had nearly worn away before Shirley, with his twenty-five hundred men, reached Oswego. From that point he was to transport his troops by water to Niagara. But the storms of the late season, alarming disease in his camp, and the desertion of his Iroquois, and the Stockbridge Indians from the Housatonic, compelled him to abandon his plan; and leaving a small force to complete and garrison the fort he had begun, he marched the rest of his forces back to Massachusetts.

Gen. Johnson's Expedition.—It was by far the largest and best managed of all; and although it failed in its chief object, it effectually revealed the strength of the contending parties, and opened up some of the most tragic scenes of the war. Six thousand of the troops of New England, New Jersey, and New York had gathered on the Hudson, fifty miles above Albany, under the command of Gen. Lyman, of Connecticut. Strong works had been constructed, which afterward took the name of Fort Edward. It was the most formidable expedition that had ever been seen on this continent. In August Gen. Johnson reached the camp, and marched to the head of Lake George, a distance of fifteen miles, where he established his headquarters, and prepared to open the campaign. Baron Dieskau, a French general of reputation, was, in the meantime, advancing from Montreal, by way of Lake Champlain, with two thousand Canadian militia and Indian allies. He landed his forces at Whitehall, with the intention of assaulting Fort Edward; but the sight of British cannon terrified the Indians, and he marched at once to attack Johnson on Lake George. The scouts bringing in the news of the approach of the French, Johnson sent Col. Ephraim Williams,¹ of Massachusetts, with a thousand of the troops of that colony, and two hundred Mohawks, led by their terrible chief, Hendrick, to cut off the advance of the enemy. They met in a narrow defile, four miles to the south of the lake. But while Williams was confidently advancing, he suddenly found himself in an ambuscade which threatened a general massacre. The enemy sprang upon them from every side. Williams and Hendrick were both killed. Nothing but the desperate valor of the Massachusetts men under Col. Timothy Ruggles—

¹ While on his way north, Williams stopped at Albany, made his will, and bequeathed certain property to found a free school for western Massachusetts. This was the foundation of 'Williams College,' his best monument. The rock near which his body was found,

on the right side of the road from Glenn's Falls to Lake George, still bears his name; and a collection of water on the battle-ground is called *Bloody Pond.*—Lossing's *Hist. of the U. S. p. 190*—Note.

afterwards president of the Stamp Act Congress, held in New York—and the coolness of Nathan Whiting, of New Haven, saved the little army from destruction. It was a flight back to the lake, where the French followed up their success by a gallant assault. But to their dismay the heavy ordnance which Johnson had already mounted upon breastworks of logs, opened upon them a deadly fire. Dieskau was disabled by dangerous wounds, and the Indians fled with wild shrieks in terror to the woods. But the French troops still maintained the conflict with desperate courage, until the fall of their commander, when they were forced to retreat towards Crown Point. The arrival of Gen. Lyman with reinforcements from Fort Edward ended the conflict. The baggage fell into the hands of a detachment of New Hampshire troops, and the victory was complete.¹

Close of the Campaign of 1755.—Gen. Johnson was content with his victory. On the site of his camp he constructed Fort William Henry, which he garrisoned as well as Fort Edward. Returning to Albany, he disbanded the main body of his troops. The credit of the victory clearly belonged to Gen. Lyman; but no allusion to his gallant conduct was made in the despatches of his superior officer, who, through the representation of his friends at London, had the honor of knighthood bestowed upon him, with a considerable sum of money. Thus ended the last campaign of the second year of the French and Indian War.

War Formally Proclaimed against France, May 17, 1756.—*The Campaign of that Year.*—England now began to prosecute the war in America with greater vigor. At a convention of the colonial Governors held at Albany, the campaign for the year had been arranged in the early spring. Gen. Johnson's retirement from the field so early the year before, had left the French fair opportunities to fortify Crown Point, and it was determined to send an expedition of ten thousand men to attack it. Six thousand were to be led against Niagara, and three thousand were to march against Fort Duquesne; while two thousand were to be sent beyond the Kennebec to destroy the settlements on the Chaudière river. Success would most likely have attended the expedition against Crown Point, which was intrusted to Gen. Winslow, who had already collected seven thousand men at Albany, had not Abercrombie, the Acting General-in-Chief, arrived, and by injudicious interferences caused so much delay that the French had time

¹ Dieskau was found mortally wounded, carried into the English camp, and there tenderly treated. He was afterwards conveyed to New York, from whence he sailed to England, where he died.—*Lossing's Hist. of the U. S.*, p. 190—*Note.*

John Stark was with Johnson's army in the campaign of 1755. Bancroft says of him: "Then a lieutenant of a rugged nature, but of the coolest judgment, skilled at discovering the paths of the wilderness, and knowing the ways to the hearts of the backwoodsmen And Israel Putnam, to whom, at the age of thirty-seven, the Assembly of Connecticut had just given the rank of second lieutenant. . . . The great-hearted chieftain, Hendrick, famed for his clear voice and flashing eye. . . . Hendrick, who alone

was on horseback, was killed on the spot: Williams also fell; but Nathan Whiting, of New Haven, conducted the retreat in good order, often rallying and turning to fire."

In a skirmish, Putnam, with twelve or fourteen of a little party, got separated and taken prisoner by the Indians; his comrades were scalped. "In after life he used to relate how one of the savages gashed his cheek with a tomahawk, bound him to a forest tree, and kindled about him a crackling fire; but his thoughts glanced aside to the wife of his youth and the group of children that gambolled in his field; when the French officer, Marin, happening to descry his danger, rescued him from death, to be exchanged in the autumn."

to make preparations formidable enough to disconcert the plan of the whole campaign.

Meantime the Marquis de Montcalm, who had succeeded Baron Dieskau as commander of the French troops in Canada, taking advantage of this delay, crossed Lake Ontario with a force of five thousand French troops—Canadians, militia, and Indian allies, with thirty pieces of cannon—and landed only a few miles below Oswego. Fort Ontario was too weak to be defended, and Col. Mercer withdrew to stronger fortifications across the river. A gallant defence was made; but Mercer was killed, and the garrison of fourteen hundred men surrendered. All the provisions, ammunition, and armament, consisting of a hundred and thirty-four pieces of cannon, with all the vessels in the harbor, fell into the hands of Montcalm. This terrible blow paralyzed all further British and colonial movements for the season. The fortifications at Oswego were destroyed. In their comparative helplessness, the Six Nations were forced into a treaty of neutrality, and when the campaign ended, the French had every reason for congratulation.

Another of the blunders of the British ministry had been the appointment the year before of Lord Loudoun, not only as Governor of Virginia, against the wishes of the people, but as Commander-in-Chief. His ignorance and inefficiency had already proved disastrous enough; but they were to work still more fatally. Leaving Lake Champlain and the whole Canadian frontier in undisturbed possession of the French, he decided to limit the campaign of 1757 to the capture of Louisburg. Although the folly of the plan was apparent, yet the patriotism of New England gave him six thousand troops by the first of June. He sailed for Halifax, where he was joined by the fleet of Admiral Holborne, who, in addition to a powerful naval armament, brought with him five thousand regular troops of the British army. But before the expedition had set out for Cape Breton, six thousand troops had reinforced the fortress at Louisburg, and a fleet still larger than the English was anchored under its guns in the harbor. The expedition thus terminated in disgrace.

A brave though tardy effort had been made to hold Lake George and its approaches. Col. Munroe, a gallant English officer, with a garrison of three thousand men, commanded Fort William Henry; while Fort Edward was held by a still larger force, under Gen. Webb. But through the inefficiency of the latter commander, and his delay in sending aid to Col. Munroe, who was now closely besieged by Montcalm, the commander of Lake George fortress, after a brave defence of six days, maintained with such valor as to command the admiration of the French General, and under the advice of Webb, who furnished him no relief—had to surrender. Montcalm had tendered honorable terms of capitulation, with a pledge of safe escort to Fort Edward. But before Munroe's troops had marched one mile on their way, the two thousand savages under Montcalm, pursued them with slaughter, till they came within range of

the guns of Fort Edward. Montcalm afterwards solemnly declared that it was utterly beyond his power to restrain his Indian allies; and most likely he told the truth. So much the worse for the atrocious policy which invoked such infernal alliances of savages by the belligerents on either side!

While the Indians were engaged in that bloody work, Montcalm proceeded to lay Fort William Henry in ashes; and those seared mounds and charred timbers lay undisturbed till 1854, when a beautiful summer hotel, erected by the enterprising citizens of the neighboring village of Caldwell, rose over the ruins.

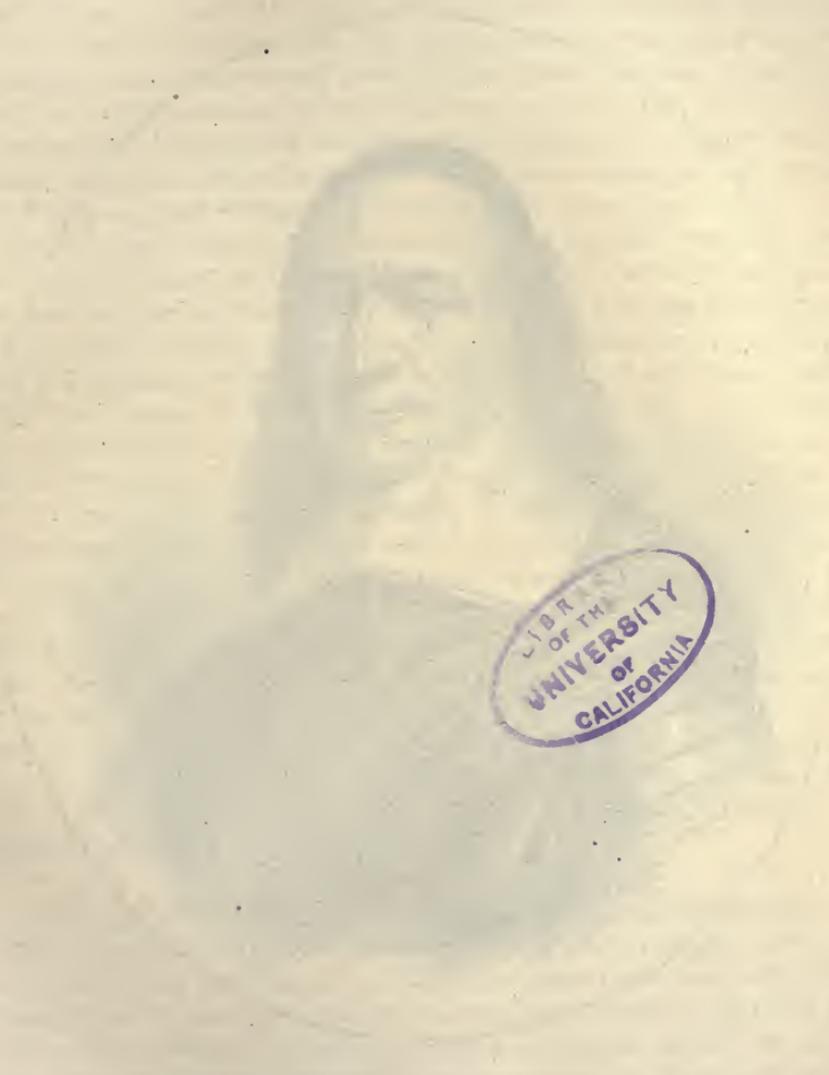
The Campaign of 1758.—The imperial spirit of British domination, which during the last century so paralyzed the power of the Thirteen Colonies, and which retarded the growth of the whole colonial system of Great Britain throughout the world, yielded to no enlightened policy here, however fatal were the results which attended it. The British ministry did not understand how strong were the elements of independence which pervaded the colonies; nor how sturdy their manhood, nurtured under such hardy training. They knew little of the political wisdom displayed by these founders of States—how deep had been their studies of government; how patient their investigations in political science; how thoroughly they understood the laws of political growth and organization. Least of all did the statesmen of England comprehend the means by which a complete union of the colonies could be effected for prosecuting the struggle against France. The civil and military officers sent to the colonies came with preconceived notions, which would not yield to new facts. They could not learn from experience, until the time for the lesson had passed. While Braddock lay dying, after Washington's consummate retreat, expressions of unavailing regret often fell from his lips; and in all subsequent time, a review of the fatal errors which were committed by the ministry, by the Parliament, the civil governors and commanders sent over to the colonies, confirm the folly of the one side, and the wisdom of the other. Even in civil affairs, the statesmen of America showed themselves as far superior to the British rulers, as our own generals proved themselves during the French War, to the generals of the British army, when fighting in their new fields.

The disasters which had already attended the two previous campaigns, might now have been atoned for, if the advice of the strong men of the colonies could have prevailed. At that time Benjamin Franklin, and other great men who alone were capable of managing affairs, saw just how things stood; but their suggestions were unheeded—no protest, argument, or imploration availed. If they could have had their way, they would have ended the French war in a few months.¹ There was material enough of all sorts—

¹ 'Oh, that we had nothing to do with Great Britain forever'—was then the wish of John Adams, in his heart, as he said in a letter to Otis.

To show how much better our continental officers could fight an American battle, than the English, look

at the record of the war of the Revolution, where the English still followed out the same ideas they had practised in the French War, and where just as often they got the worst of it.

A faint, circular portrait of a man with long, dark hair, possibly a historical figure, is centered on the page. The portrait is very light and blends into the background.

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men—munitions of war—military talent—knowledge of the country—clearness of vision—ripeness of judgment—sound common sense, to have done the work. But all these resources were rendered ineffectual. Imperial orders must be obeyed, whatever the cost. British rapacity and pride, British incompetency and ignorance, had full sway.

But the merits of the case were beginning to be understood in England. The intelligent classes there were now doing their own thinking. The power of the throne was growing weak; the independence of Parliament was being established. An uninterrupted correspondence had been long going on between the enlightened and liberal-minded men of the British Islands and the colonists; and although they had no representation in the legislature of Great Britain, they made their influence felt. The imperious but imbecile ministry had to give way, and William Pitt was called to power—June, 1757.

Better judgment now ruled, and more vigorous measures adopted. Whatever was to be done hereafter, would be attended with some decisive results. The great minister saw the remedy, and adopted the first means in his power to atone for the blunders of his predecessors. Lord Loudoun's character had been well described by Dr. Franklin, who said that, 'Like St. George on the signs, he was always on horseback, but never rode forward.' This incompetent commander was recalled, and Gen. Abercrombie appointed his successor. Admiral Boscawen sailed with a strong naval armament, and twelve thousand efficient troops. The minister addressed a generous letter to the colonies, asking them to raise and clothe twenty thousand men, pledging to furnish them provisions, tents, and arms, while all the money advanced by the colonists in this cause should be returned. This appeal produced a magical effect. New England at once raised 15,000 men; New York 2,700; New Jersey 1,000; Pennsylvania 3,000; and Virginia 2,000. The other colonies did their share. Taxes were everywhere freely imposed. Those laid on real estate in Massachusetts, particularly, exceeded half the income of the proprietors. But being done by their own representatives in the colonial legislature, it was done cheerfully; while a trifling tax afterwards laid upon tea, without their consent, began a revolution.

May, 1758.—Early in the following May, when Gen. Abercrombie took command, he found fifty thousand men ready for the campaign; a force so disproportioned to the French, that they outnumbered the entire male French population on the continent; for the best authorities did not at this time credit the entire number of the male population of Canada, capable of bearing arms, at more than twenty thousand; and one-quarter of these were regular French troops—force enough, under proper management, to have extinguished the French power in twelve months.

Surrender of Louisburg, Cape Breton, and St. John, July 26, 1758.—The campaign of 1758 was well conceived. Louisburg, Ticonderoga, and Fort Duquesne, were the strong points to be assailed. Admiral Boscawen's fleet

of forty armed vessels, transporting more than twelve thousand men, under the command of Gen. Amherst, and Wolfe, his lieutenant, entered Gabarus Bay. Landing his troops, he commenced an attack from the shore, and a bombardment of the fortress from the fleet. Whatever there is of splendor in land or naval warfare was seen there. The siege and bombardment lasted fifty days, before the heroic defenders of Louisburg struck their colors. If the scope of this work admitted, I should yield to the fascination, and attempt some description of this memorable siege; but the record has often enough been made in history, and it has embellished the pages of romance;—the stream must bear us on. Five thousand prisoners, and all their military stores, fell into the hands of the victor, and the first heavy blow of English valor had fallen on the doomed French power in North America.

Montcalm at Ticonderoga.—Heavier work, however, than besieging a fortress was now to be done. The chief interest of the struggle centred around Ticonderoga,—there the expectations and fortunes of both parties were clustering. The brilliant and experienced Montcalm held Ticonderoga, with four thousand men, and nothing had been neglected to strengthen the position. Abercrombie had reached Lake George with seven thousand regulars, nine thousand Provincials, and a heavy train of effective artillery. He had a lieutenant than whom England could furnish no one of his age more able and gallant. Lord Howe, the younger brother of the Admiral of the same name,—who in 1776–1777 commanded the British fleet on the American coast in the early period of the Revolution,—and also of Sir William Howe, the commander of the land forces,—had only reached the age of thirty-four. Enthusiastic love and perfect discipline marked the command of his troops. No cloud seemed to hang over so well-appointed and formidable an expedition.

The Rendezvous on Lake George, July 5, 1758.—It was one of those balmy summer days, when our climate seems to find its paradise on the magical shores of Lake George, where the deep blue of the northern heavens is softened into Italian loveliness by the blending of purple and gold in the western heavens at sunset. The lake stretches away to the north, and on its bosom without a ripple, rest the pictures of the mountains so perfectly photographed, that the eye can hardly discern the almost invisible line that divides one landscape from the other.

On the morning of the 5th of July, at daybreak, the whole armament, carrying more than fifteen thousand men, in nine hundred small-boats, and one hundred and thirty-five whale-boats, with their artillery mounted on rafts, embarked for Ticonderoga. It was the largest body of troops ever assembled in the hemisphere. It was a gala spectacle. Numberless banners streamed over the broad flotilla, flashing with brilliant uniforms, and gay with exultation; while strains of martial music rolled over the bosom of the silver lake, to lose themselves in their own echoes among the neighboring mountains. ‘They passed over the broader expanse of waters to the first narrows; they

came where the mountains, then mantled with forests, step down to the water's edge ; and in the richest hues of evening light they halted at Sabbath Day Point. Long afterwards Stark remembered that on that night Howe, reclining in his tent on a bear-skin, and bent on winning a hero's name, questioned him closely as to the position of Ticonderoga, and the fittest mode of conducting the attack.' ¹

Reaching the foot of the lake the next day, a strong detachment under Howe advanced with incompetent guides through a vast tangled morass, which seemed to be the only mode of reaching the stronghold of the French at Ticonderoga—a distance of four miles. In the passage, they were surprised by an attack from a strong scouting party which Montcalm, cognizant of all their movements, had posted to dispute their advance. A desperate and victorious struggle followed, but it was at the terrible sacrifice of the loss of the young British commander. The victorious party had to fall back to the landing-place, where Abercrombie, learning that a strong force under Montcalm was advancing to protect the fort, hastily pressed forward with the main body of his troops, leaving his artillery behind him. In the face of the enemy's fire, Abercrombie gave orders for his troops to attack and scale the fort, in the old style of British valor. A brave but ineffectual struggle of four hours followed, in which even the courage of his men proved of no avail against Montcalm's impregnable position ; and the attacking army was obliged to fall back to the ground they had held that morning, leaving two thousand of the best troops dead, or helpless from their wounds, in the deep gloom of the morass, which was overshadowed by a dense and lofty forest.

Once more this consummate French commander, by his superior strategy and vigilance, wrested victory from his assailants, who far outnumbered him.

Slowly the shattered expedition retraced its way over the calm lake, where the vanquished leader sat down in despondency, overwhelmed by the greatness of his disaster. His camp, however, was filled with brave spirits, who could no longer brook this supine inactivity. The British standard was still floating over an encampment of upwards of twelve thousand men, hundreds of them gallant young soldiers, who, during the rest of this campaign, and through the toils of the coming Revolution, were, on both sides of the struggle, to win imperishable fame. There were Israel Putnam, and Stark, Philip Schuyler, Charles Lee, Ward, Pomeroy, Gridley, and Nathaniel Woodhull—who was to win such reputation in the Revolution at the time of Washington's retreat from Long Island—and hundreds of others who were taking those great lessons in war, which were too well learned in this school of discipline and valor ever to be forgotten.

Among them was Col. Bradstreet, who after earnest solicitation prevailed upon Abercrombie to give him a detachment of three thousand men, to march against Frontenac. He reached Oswego, and crossing Lake Ontario, all his movements being characterized by celerity, he landed, and two days later—August 27, 1758—he had captured the fort, the garrison, and

¹ Bancroft, vol. iv., p. 299.

all the shipping in the harbor. Till the moment of triumph, he had lost but four men. He had made eight hundred prisoners, and in the spoils he reckoned nine armed vessels, sixty cannon, sixteen mortars, and large quantities of ammunitions and stores of goods for traffic with the Indians. After this brilliant achievement, in spite of the loss of five hundred men by the prevalence of a fearful disease which broke out in his camp, he reached the spot where Rome now stands, and built Fort Stanwix, which was to become so important a post during the Revolution.

The fourth expedition in this campaign of 1758 was intrusted to Gen. John Forbes against Fort Duquesne. It consisted of nine thousand men, when it marched from Fort Cumberland and Raystown,—the most effective, because the best managed portion being the Virginia troops under Col. Washington. Once more incapacity well-nigh defeated the object of the expedition. Against the earnest advice of Washington, Forbes, who seemed to be in the interest of certain Pennsylvania land speculators, persisted in constructing a new road across the mountains, instead of taking the old and easy track left by Braddock. This caused a delay that nearly proved fatal; for before Forbes, with his six thousand troops; had crossed the Alleghanies, the French had reinforced Fort Duquesne by about a thousand men. Delay had eaten up the days until the 8th of November, before any decisive step had been taken. But from prisoners it was ascertained that Fort Duquesne was not strong enough to offer any effectual resistance to so overpowering a force; and yet the timid Forbes had induced the Council of War to decide on abandoning the enterprise altogether. For once the counsels of Washington were heeded. He was allowed to advance with a strong detachment, to be followed by the whole army. Knowing the ground so well, and inspiring the troops with his own indomitable courage, he pressed on, when he found that the day before, on the news of his approach, the French commander had abandoned the fort, and razed it to the ground, destroying all else he could. The American army marched in, and the British standard was run up; while a new consecration was given to the conquered ground by calling it Fort Pitt, around which afterwards rose the great city of Pittsburg.¹

¹ By a series of wonderful marches, and overcoming obstacles too numerous and vast for us to form any adequate conception of, Washington, on the 25th of November, 1758, pointed out to Armstrong the meeting of the two rivers. The commander-in-chief, with his own hand, raised the British flag over the ruined bastions of the fortress. 'As the banners of England floated over the waters,' says Bancroft, 'the place, at the suggestion of Forbes, was with one voice called Pittsburg. It is the most enduring monument to William Pitt. America raised to his name statues that have been wrongfully broken, and granite piles of which not one stone remains upon another; but, long as the Monongahela and the Alleghany shall flow to form the Ohio, long as the English tongue shall be the language of freedom in the boundless valley which their waters traverse, his name shall stand inscribed on the gateway of the west.'

The twenty-sixth was observed as a day of thanksgiving for success, and when was success of greater importance? The connection between the seaside and the world beyond the mountains was established forever; a vast territory was secured; the civilization of liberty and commerce and religion was henceforth to maintain the undisputed possession of the Ohio.

'These dreary deserts,' wrote Forbes, 'will soon be the richest and most fertile of any possessed by the British in North America.'

While Armstrong had been preparing that expedition whose success was due chiefly to Washington, young Benjamin West, and Anthony Wayne, then only a boy of thirteen, carried away by the enthusiasm of patriotic feeling, had volunteered. Three years had now gone by since Braddock's dreadful defeat, and soon after Pittsburg was taken a strong detachment went to see the field where Braddock's slaughtered men still lay. 'Here and there,' continues Bancroft, 'a skeleton was found, resting on the trunk of a fallen tree, as if a wounded man had sunk down in the attempt to fly. In some places wolves and crows had left signs of their ravages; in others, the blackness of ashes marked the scene of the revelry of cannibals. The trees still showed branches rent by cannon; trunks dotted with musket balls. Where the havoc had been the fiercest, bones lay whitening in confusion. None could be recognized, except that the son of Sir Peter Halket was called by the shrill whistle of a savage to the great tree near which his father and his brother had

This last expedition, which, but for Washington, would have proved a humiliating failure, broke the chain of connections which the French held between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico. It liberated the whole western frontier from the domination of the French, and the terror of the great Indian tribes which, stretching along for so vast a distance, had either been won over to the French, or been made to falter in their friendship for the colonies. It may be doubted if, during the wonderful achievements of Washington in the Revolution, he rendered at any one time a more substantial service to the nation, than at this period. Certain it is, that his conduct stamped his character then, and secured his fame with the country. Of all the military men who had thus far appeared on the continent, no one had displayed such extraordinary qualities.

The Campaign of 1759.—Pitt had studied the whole American question, and he comprehended perfectly the business to be done. He determined by one bold stroke to rescue Canada from France, and wipe out her power in North America forever. 'The English colonists,' said he, 'and their descendants, can never be a great people—they can never be a useful and powerful ally of the Empire, until the French are driven from the continent.'

Every means of information was at his disposal. He was removed by the penetration of his sagacity, the breadth of his judgment, his knowledge of human nature, and his divine common sense, from all possibility of being duped by false representations, or concealment of facts. Unswerved by the favor or the terror of the king, or his satellites, from the bold path of duty, he went forward, demanding from Parliament what they granted without hesitation; for England well knew that he alone had rescued her name from disgrace on the continent of Europe. The hour, too, had come when she was to place herself ahead of Russia, then rapidly advancing to empire; of Prussia, then, under the great Frederick, beginning a career of steady progress, which was ere long to render her the arbiter of all Europe; and of France, which had become the foremost power on the globe, after the sceptre of Spain had begun to relax from the grasp of her departing statesmen. Of all men who, during this period, controlled the British empire, Pitt was the only one who commanded the unlimited confidence of Parliament, of England, and of America at the same time. He had pledged himself to reimburse to the colonists their expenses in raising troops, and now he promptly redeemed his word. Nearly a million dollars was devoted to that purpose for the last campaign, with which Massachusetts, with her share, redeemed what would otherwise have been

been seen to fall together; and while Benjamin West and a company of Pennsylvanians formed a circle around, the Indians removed the thick covering of leaves, till they bared the relics of the youth lying across those of the older officer. The frames of the two thus united in death were wrapped in a Highland plaid, and consigned to one separate grave, amidst the ceremonies that belong to the burial of the brave. The bones of the undistinguishable multitude, more than four hundred and fifty in number, were indiscriminately cast into the ground, no one knowing for whom specially to weep. The chilling gloom of the forest at the coming of winter, the religious awe that mastered the savages,

the grief of the son fainting at the fearful recognition of his father, the groups of soldiers sorrowing over the ghastly ruins of an army, formed a sombre scene of desolation. How is all changed! The banks of the broad and placid Monongahela smile with orchards and teeming harvests and gardens; with workshops and villas; the victories of peace have effaced the memorials of war; a railroad that sends its cars over the Alleghenies in fewer hours than the army had taken weeks for its unresisted march, passes through the scene where the carnage was the worst; and in all that region the sounds now prevail but of life and activity and joy.'

worthless promises to pay. This pledge had been made by Pitt under the seal of secrecy; the secret had been sacredly kept; and the pledge was as sacredly redeemed. At this time the great minister could do anything with the English race throughout the globe; as far as the epithet can ever be applied to human power, he was omnipotent.

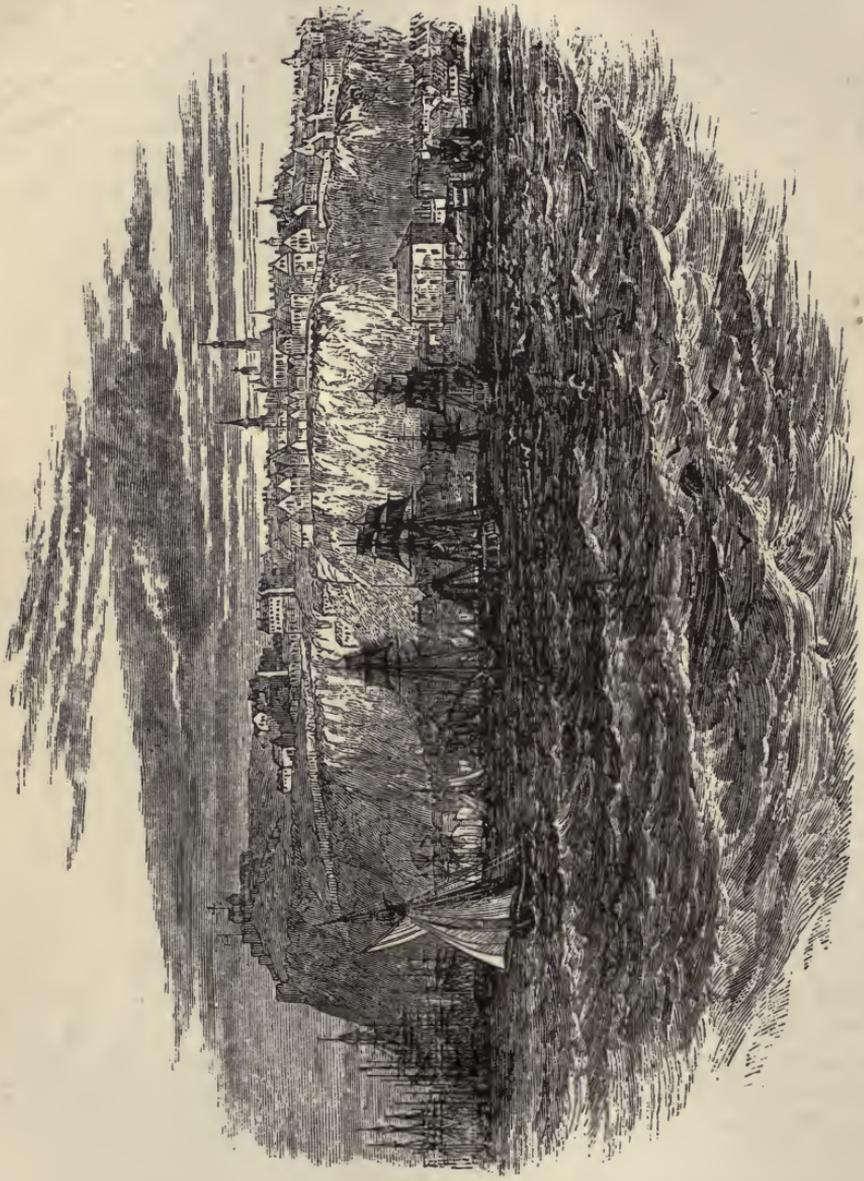
In connection with the best men in England and America, officers and civilians, especially with Benjamin Franklin, he clearly saw the necessities of the case; and partly by his own monitions, and in full concurrence with the best advice, he determined to send a strong land and naval force under Gen. Wolfe up the St. Lawrence to attack Quebec. Amherst, who had superseded the unsuccessful Abercrombie, was to expel the French from the region of Lake George and Lake Champlain, seize Montreal, and join the command at Quebec. Another expedition under Gen. Prideau was to seize Fort Niagara, from whence, with all his forces, he was to sail down Lake Ontario to Montreal. It was a well-planned campaign, and could hardly fail.

Ticonderoga Abandoned, July 22, 1759.—A more formidable army of eleven thousand men now appeared before Ticonderoga, under Gen. Amherst. Wolfe had already—June 27—reached Quebec, and the French general had received the news. Seeing that all resistance was vain, he resolved on the demolition of the fort, which he partially accomplished, and then escaped with his army to Crown Point. But thither he was pursued by Amherst, and on the first of August he escaped down the lake to Isle Aux Noix, in the Sorelle river, where he was still followed. But the season was too late for further operations, and Amherst returned to Crown Point for winter quarters, where he constructed a strong fortress, on whose picturesque ruins the traveler still looks with surprise and admiration.

Joined by Sir William Johnson's forces, Gen. Prideau gathered his army at Oswego, and sailed up the lake to Niagara. On the 17th of July, he commenced a siege; but by the bursting of a cannon, he lost his life the same day. Gen. Johnson pressed the siege, and when the fort was about to surrender, reinforcements of three thousand men,—about equally divided between the French regulars and Indian allies,—came to their relief. But the following day a fierce battle was fought, which ended in the surrender of Fort Niagara, with its garrison of seven hundred men, and the retreat of the rest of the French army. The loss of Niagara was fatal to the French power. Its last connecting link between the north and the south was broken forever.

The Expedition to Quebec.—Wolfe, then only thirty-three years old, but with vast experience, left Louisburg with his splendid expedition of eight thousand troops, under the convoy of twenty-two line-of-battle ships, and as many frigates and smaller vessels, commanded by Admirals Sanders and Holmes, and on the 27th of June landed at Orleans Island, of which we spoke in our earlier pages as the rendezvous of Jacques Cartier in 1534.





QUEBEC.

I have already described the position of Quebec ; nor can I spare much space for the military scenes now to be witnessed around it. On a level plateau, three hundred feet above the river, called the Plains of Abraham, a desperate and splendid battle was to be fought. The lower town could be gained only by cannonading from Port Levi, directly opposite Quebec, and this was done only by throwing in hot shot, which nearly effected the destruction of the lower town. On the 3d of July, Gen. Monckton with his grenadiers, landed on the beach, and trusting to the valor of his men, rushed precipitously upon the enemy's works. He performed prodigies of valor, and a fierce struggle was carried on till night shut down on them prematurely by a terrific thunder-storm, which had been gathering for hours, and now closed over the whole scene. The rising tide had already begun to rush in, and Monckton was compelled to retreat, leaving five hundred fallen men behind him.

Amherst, who was to have joined him by this time, had not been heard from. Two months had gone by, and Quebec seemed no nearer to falling into Wolfe's hands. At last, thrown into a violent fever by continued exposure and anxiety for two months, the first of September found the gallant soldier prostrate in his tent. He summoned a council of war. It was proposed to scale the heights of Abraham. 'It is well proposed,' said Wolfe, 'and I will lead the assault in person : ' and he rose from his bed to put on his uniform. The skilful manœuvres of the fleet completely deceived the French commander : so silently and adroitly was it managed that when the sun rose on the morning of September 13th, the whole of Wolfe's army stood drawn up in line of battle on the Plains of Abraham. The conflict began. Montcalm did his best to atone for what seemed a lack of vigilance, and he centred his forces with incredible celerity. It was a close, hand to hand, desperate struggle. Every implement of warfare known, was brought into action. Twice Wolfe was wounded, but he still kept his feet. Seeing at last where a final charge could be made that would win the day, he sprang to the head of his Grenadiers, and led them to the charge. But a bullet pierced his breast, and he was carried to the rear. Monckton took his place, only to fall wounded. Townsend then directed the battle, and led forward the British regulars in one of those deadly assaults which have made English bayonets and Highland broadswords immortal in the history of chivalry. Montcalm received his death wound, and his whole army broke and fled.

Something more is due than the passing tribute we can give to such sublime valor. Montcalm was carried into the city. They told him he must die. 'So much the better,' said he, 'I shall thus be spared the mortification of witnessing the surrender of Quebec.' As Wolfe was borne off dying,—'They flee ! They flee !'—smote on his ears. 'Who ?' 'The French.'—And with a smile of triumph, his gallant spirit passed away.¹

¹ His remains are yet in Quebec ; those of Wolfe were conveyed to England. People of the two nations have long dwelt peaceably together in that ancient city, and they have united in erecting a tall granite obelisk, dedicated to the linked memory of Wolfe and Montcalm.—Lossing's *Hist. of the U. S.*, p. 202. *Note.* Montcalm's ashes rest beneath the Ursuline Convent at Quebec.

Five days later, Gen. Murray marched into the city of Quebec, which had surrendered, and the Lilies were lowered, as the British standard waved over the surrendered capital of NEW FRANCE.

And yet the French empire in North America had not fallen. Montreal still held out, and it was being strongly fortified against another campaign.

Final Campaign of 1760—Close of the Seven Years' War.—The last hope of the French dominion in America now hung upon the conduct of Vaudreuil, the Governor-general of Canada, who had gathered all his forces at Montreal, his last stronghold. Resolute to recover Quebec, he despatched De Levi, his ablest commander, down the St. Lawrence, with six frigates and a land force of 10,000 men. With a folly little short of madness Murray marched out from his impregnable city—April 28—and hazarded an attack on the enemy in Sillery Wood, where he met with an ignominious defeat, leaving his whole train of fine artillery, and a thousand men on the field. The French siege began, and the English garrison, which had been so reduced by sickness and death during the previous winter, could after the late battle have numbered little more than two thousand effective men; and had not a fleet arrived, which Pitt had despatched to join Amherst in his attempt on Montreal, Murray would have been obliged to surrender. The news is best given by the minister himself in a letter to his wife. ‘Join, my love, with me in most humble and grateful thanks to the Almighty. The siege of Quebec was raised on the 17th of May, with every happy circumstance. The enemy left their camp standing, abandoning forty pieces of cannon. Swanton arrived there in the *Vanguard* on the fifteenth, and destroyed all the French shipping, six or seven in number. Happy, happy day! My joy and hurry are inexpressible.’

On the 6th of September Amherst reached Montreal with ten thousand troops, and Gen. Johnson with a thousand warriors of the Six Nations. The same day, Gen. Murray appeared with four thousand troops from Quebec; and the day after, Col. Haviland, with three thousand, came in from Crown Point. ‘Thus the three armies came together in overwhelming strength to take an open town of a few hundred inhabitants, which Vaudreuil had resolved to give up on the first appearance of the English; and on the eighth of September, the flag of St. George floated in triumph on the gate of Montreal, the admired island of Jacques Cartier, the ancient hearth of the council-fires of the Wyandots, the village consecrated by the Roman church to the Virgin Mary, a site connected by rivers and lakes with an inland world, and needing only a somewhat milder climate to be one of the most attractive spots on the continent. The capitulation included all Canada, which was said to extend to the crest of land dividing branches of Erie and Michigan from those of the Miami, the Wabash, and the Illinois rivers. Property and religion were cared for in the terms; but for civil liberty no stipulation was even thought of. Thus Canada,



under the forms of a despotic administration, came into the possession of England by conquest ; and in a conquered country the law was held to be the pleasure of the king.'¹

The fall of the last French fortress in North America brought this long and sanguinary war to a close. But its fires were still burning along the shores of the Great Lakes, and eastward from the Mississippi valley to the settlements of the southern colonies. The Cherokees had hitherto been friendly to the Americans. But they had many old revenges yet to pay for outrages on their southwestern frontiers. The emissaries of France had so thoroughly stirred up their hostility, that it was no longer possible to restrain them, and the borders of the Carolinas were made desolate. Amherst had already sent Col. Montgomery with an effective body of troops, who had advanced from Charleston and laid waste a portion of the Cherokee territory ; but it became necessary the following year for Col. Grant to finish the work ; and so completely were their villages destroyed, and their fields laid waste, and so many of their warriors had fallen in battle, that they begged for peace. Tranquillity at last came to those suffering settlers.

Pontiac and his Conspiracy.—Another foe, still more formidable, was to be encountered in the northwest. Pontiac, the brave and diplomatic chief of the Ottawas, who had been a bitter foe of the English, and long an ally of the French, had secretly confederated a large number of the Algonquin tribes, organizing the Chippewas, Wyandots, Miamis, Potawatamies, Shawnoese, Foxes, Winnebagos, and the Senecas—the most westerly clan of the Six Nations—for the general massacre of the English scattered through the whole of the northwest. With the exception of Niagara, Fort Pitt, and Detroit, all the English posts had fallen into their hands. Even Detroit, after a siege of twelve months, was relieved only by the arrival of Col. Bradstreet, in May, 1764. But under that gallant and efficient officer, the power of Pontiac was broken, and the conspiracy dissolved. The tribes all yielded to the irresistible power of the Pale-faces ; but Pontiac, like Philip, whose history he knew, and whom he closely resembled in character as in fate, was too proud to yield. He would not join the chiefs of other tribes who went to sue for pardon ; and being obliged to flee, he took refuge in the country of the Illinois, where after a sad and disturbed life for four years, he fell a victim, like Philip, to those in whom he had confided.

This great chief was endowed with qualities so lofty and heroic that they commanded the admiration of Montcalm, whose personal friendship and confidence he long enjoyed ; and so thoroughly had he mastered the elements of civilization that he issued bills of credit, which were freely accepted by the Canadian French. He found in one of the most elegant scholars of New England a brilliant biographer, and a grave on the banks of the Missouri, where the vast city of St. Louis has displaced the forest that waved over his tomb ;

¹ Bancroft, vol. iv. pp. 360-361.

and as Lossing appropriately says, constitutes, if not his memorial, at least his monument.

Significance of the French War.—This Seven Years' Struggle, which virtually ended the history of the French Empire in North America, derives for us its chief significance, as the prelude to the Revolution so soon to follow. In its scenes of struggle and blood, it was but a prologue to the impending tragedy. It was a school of training for the Generals of the Revolution. It taught the colonists the art of war, as conducted by the captains of Europe. It was a school for instruction in military engineering; in evolutions of considerable bodies of men; in the planning and consummation of campaigns; in the construction, as well as the use of fire-arms, and munitions of war. The knowledge which our military men then possessed of the mode of carrying on war with hostile savages, was supplemented by the knowledge of prosecuting regular military campaigns. As a civil lesson, too, its importance can hardly be exaggerated. The colonists became familiar with the idea of consolidation; of blending their united civil sovereignties in a federal whole. They learned practically that union is strength, and were prepared to act together. They found out who were their strong men. They learned the duties, and felt the dignity of responsible citizenship. It was a constant discipline in acquiring self-control; devising means for sudden extrication from difficulties; of gathering up and husbanding resources of all kinds; of making the most out of the least. The French War was an open school to which everybody went; many to teach, but all to learn. This sifting separated the grain from the chaff; it reduced lymph, and hardened muscle. It burnished character. In after years, when nobly defending the American colonies in the British Parliament, Burke strikingly illustrated the process of the growth of American character: 'These colonies are yet in the gristle; they have not hardened into bone.'

SECTION FOURTH.

THE INTERVAL FROM THE CLOSE OF THE CONFLICT WITH FRANCE, TO THE BEGINNING OF THE STRUGGLE WITH ENGLAND.

SOME of the most important processes in nature often go on so silently that they escape observation. It is during the most tranquil hours of the night that we are least frequently roused by the voice of the watchman. Hence we are apt to glance somewhat hurriedly over those periods in the lives of men and nations which were attended by the least tumult. And yet these are generally the very periods which are most pregnant with the embryonic forms of future life. The smoothness of the surface, and the repose of the heavens, give no tokens of the approaching storm.

The surrender of Montreal brought security to the worn and weary colo-

nies, and for the first time in their history they could dedicate themselves without disturbance to the arts of peace. This INTERVAL, brief as it was, between the close of the Seven Years' War, and the petty skirmish of Lexington, which opened the Iliad of the Revolution, was of the deepest moment to our ancestors. When the eye of some patient historian shall look long and carefully enough beneath the illusive calm which now hides the energies of these fifteen years, he will unveil the secret operation of forces which were ere long to break forth with irresistible power. He will there also trace the germs of our future national life in the workings of the social elements of those primitive days. The time for that great work may not yet have come: and without a paradox, it may be safe to say, that, obscure as the period of which I am speaking may be, we are not yet far enough removed from it to discern it clearly. The truth of this statement has been often and strikingly illustrated in our own age, which has thrown new light over so many dim passages in the history of individuals and peoples that had long ago passed away. Hereafter, the grave must give up its dead—the past can no longer hide its hoarded secrets from the scrutiny of the pen or the pencil.

In such investigations science is the torchbearer—learning the interpreter. We turn wearied from the oppressive tomes of Gibbon, to the charming paintings of the 'Last Days of Pompeii,' to see what kind of a life Roman men and women lived. In the entrancing sketches of Ware's 'Zenobia' we walk the streets of Palmyra, and breathe the intoxicating air of the gardens of the oriental Queen; while we look into the illuminated cell of Longinus to find the Greek Philosophy expiring before the rising sun of Christianity. We find the best history of the descendants of Hagar, in the 'Arabian Nights.' In 'The Scarlet Letter,' and 'The House of the Seven Gables,' the genial Hawthorne has told us more of the real life of the Puritans, than Neal in his extended 'History'; while Mrs. Stowe's Novels give us more vivid conceptions of society in the New England of a hundred years ago, than all the Massachusetts Historical Collections. The life of the frontier and the forest was finished when the last of the 'Leatherstocking Tales' was completed; and the only delineation of life on the ocean that will ever be needed for calm, or storm, or seamanship or battle, is found in the 'Sea Stories' of the same author. So too shall we yet have a great Historical painting of the INTERVAL, and it will be our first National Epic—a romance—a poem, in prose or verse—no matter which. The materials all lie there in their long-neglected sepulchre. Breathing images of life will spring forth at the waving of the magic wand of genius.

The stern discipline of patient industry and self-denial had inculcated the best lessons of frugality and independence among all classes, especially by ennobling the character of the women of America.¹ Seven campaigns with the

¹ Bancroft abounds in striking sketches of the pursuits and characteristics of the New England people at this period—as witness the following:

All New England was an aggregate of organized democracies. But the complete development of the institution was to be found in Connecticut and The Massachusetts Bay. There each township was also substantially

a territorial parish. The town was the religious congregation; the independent church was established by law, the minister was elected by the people, who annually made grants for his support. There, too, the system of free-schools was carried to great perfection, so that there could not be found an adult born in New England unable to write and read. . . . They were of ho

best soldiers of Europe had thoroughly taught young men the art of war, and provided generals for the impending Revolution. The exigencies of such a life gave birth to every virtue which exalts or adorns human nature in its best estate.

The laws of growth and development in individuals and in communities, seem to bear a very close resemblance. The character of a people as an aggregate, is determined by the very same influences which decide the units that make up the whole. Original tendencies always work themselves out. We trace about the same stages of growth—we mark the same transitions in men and nations from periods of repose to activity, that we observe in the rounds of the seasons

This was a period of broad and intense political study. Not a young lawyer but became familiar with the Judicial Literature of England. The Common Law was the theme of general interest for the first time in any community. Political meetings for earnest and profound debate were held in every city and hamlet. Natural human rights was the all-absorbing subject of discussion. Thoroughness of investigation was the rule. Nearly all the leading men in the colonies had been hard students in our nine colleges, and many of them had passed through the universities of England or the continent. Others, like Patrick Henry, who had been suddenly drawn into public life with little or no knowledge of books, had been close observers of men and nature, and their large native endowments more than atoned for the lack of scholastic training. Others still of less stormy temperaments—but of sterling qualities—had, like Roger Sherman, elaborated a system of political economy over the work-bench, or the lap-stone. But one and all had done their work so well, that the result amazed the ripest scholars, and the most accomplished statesmen of Europe.

The American Press was an efficient schoolmaster. Newspapers, and especially pamphlets, were universally read, and they teemed with the profoundest thought. In sound political philosophy and clear thinking *in the right direction*, they far surpassed the journalism and political essays of England.¹

The Pulpit too was another, and still greater educator; for it was characterized by the ripest learning, and it flamed with the eloquence of patriotic fire. It led and inspired the people. Even the period of the Protestant Re-

mogeneous origin, nearly all tracing their descent to English emigrants of the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. They were a frugal and industrious race. Along the seaside, wherever there was a good harbor, fishermen, familiar with the ocean, gathered in hamlets; and each returning season saw them with an ever-increasing number of mariners and vessels, taking the cod and mackerel, and sometimes pursuing the whale into the icy labyrinths of the northern sea; yet loving home, and dearly attached to their modest freeholds. At Boston a society was formed for promoting domestic manufactures; on one of its anniversaries, three hundred women appeared on the Common, clad in homespun, seated in a triple row, each with a spinning-wheel, and each busily transferring the flax from the distaff to the spool. The town built a Manufacturing House, and there were bounties to encourage the workers in linen. How the Board of Trade were alarmed at the news! How they censured Shirley for not

having frowned on the business! How committees of the House of Commons examined witnesses and made proposals for prohibitory laws, till at last the Manufacturing House, designed to foster home industry, fell into decay,—a commentary on the provident care of England for her colonies! Of slavery, there was not enough to affect the character of the people, except in the southeast of Rhode Island, where Newport was conspicuous for engaging in the slave trade, and where in two or three towns negroes composed even a third of the inhabitants.—Bancroft, iv., 149, 150.

¹ The newspapers of the American Colonies were established in the following order:—THE FIRST in Boston, the *News Letter*, 1704. In Philadelphia, 1719. In New York, 1725. In Maryland, 1728. In South Carolina, 1731. In Rhode Island, 1732. In Virginia, 1736. In New Hampshire, 1753. In Connecticut, 1755. In Delaware, 1761. In North Carolina, 1763. In Georgia, 1763. In New Jersey, 1777.





formation in Europe had scarcely been distinguished by a more learned, powerful, or spotless clergy than adorned and blessed the American Colonies.¹

The work of those nine colonial colleges,² so feebly endowed with money or apparatus, was truly wonderful. But their resources in talent, learning and character were affluent beyond estimate. So true is it that men, not books, nor gold, nor stately edifices make scholars. Where Aristotle went was the Lyceum, whether in Athens, or on the classic banks of the Ilissus. When the British monk Alcuin left the library of York Cathedral at the summons of Charlemagne, he carried a university with him to Aix-la-Chapelle. When the prophets of Judah left the ashes of the Temple, they bore with them in their captivity the worship of the true God. Where Hannibal marched, went Carthage—no matter on which side of the Mediterranean. Rome was where Cæsar stood,—no matter on which side of the Rubicon. Where Justinian was, there were the Pandects. Where Hildebrand sat, there was the Church. When Galileo slept, Astronomy waited for his waking. With Loyola travelled the Company of Jesus. Poetry itself was the handmaid of Dante throughout his weary exile. Painting dwelt where Raphael lived. Sculpture made her home with Michael Angelo. Leonardo meant all art. Zoology followed Agassiz to the rocky Penakese. Where the Highland chieftain sat was the head of the table. When the Son of Mary glided noiselessly into that bolted chamber in Galilee, where the fugitive disciples had gathered in obedience to the command of their risen Master, conveyed through the redeemed Mary, all Christianity was within the four walls of that narrow room. The Hall where THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE assembled, held the Republicanism of the world. Where Washington marched, there went the Revolution.

Never was it truer of any nation than our own, that its resources could be measured by no material standard. It is mind, not gold, nor rifled cannon that moves the world. *America meant only a handful of men and women,*—but such men and women as had not lived before. Pitt and Burke understood this; but poor George the Third and his favorites comprehended it no better than the Red men did why their bullets could not hit the American leader.

¹ In Rev. Dr. William Adams' learned and eloquent *Discourse on the Life and Services of Prof. Moses Stuart*, January 25, 1852, he pays a worthy and enlightened tribute to the learning of the New England ministers:—

'Many of the earliest ministers of the New England colonies were men of extraordinary scholarship. They had been trained at the English universities, and that at the golden age of Biblical learning. . . . The clergy were accustomed to read Hebrew and Greek Scriptures to their families at morning and evening worship. . . . Never was there a body of men who, by nature, constitution, and external circumstances were more disposed to follow the lead of their distinguished countrymen than the clergy of New England. Their habits inclined them to great independence of thought. They had little reverence for antiquated authority. They would have reasons for their faith. . . . It would be difficult to find men superior to many of the rural ministers of those days in metaphysical acumen. Whatever may be thought of their particular dogmas, no American can fail to honor Ed-

wards, Hopkins, Bellamy, and Emmons. But the fact to be observed is, that for two-thirds of a century metaphysical theology had gained the entire ascendancy.'

² Order in which the Colonial Colleges were founded:—

1. Harvard, at Cambridge, Mass., in 1637.
2. William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Va., in 1692.
3. Yale, at Saybrook, Conn., in 1701—removed to New Haven in 1717.
4. The College of New Jersey—called Nassau Hall—at Princeton, New Jersey, 1738.
5. King's College—now Columbia—New York City, in 1750.
6. The College of Philadelphia, in 1760.
7. The College of Rhode Island—now Brown University—at Warren, now at Providence, 1764.
8. Queen's (now Rutgers) College, in New Jersey, in 1770.
9. Dartmouth College, at Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1771.

The peril is that in books, endowments, buildings, the accessories and the machinery of schools for Art and Learning, we accept substitutes for men. Colleges can be moved without taking away the books and laboratories: it has been often done. When the men went out, it mattered very little how few or many tomes were left on the shelves. All this may illustrate in part the truth of the famous declaration of the great British statesmen:—‘America can never be conquered.’

SECTION FIFTH.

THE SECOND RACE OF MOULDERS OF AMERICAN CHARACTER AND INSTITUTIONS.

Benjamin Franklin. Born in Boston, Jan. 17, 1706. Died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790.—No man has lived in America who has stamped his image so deep, or so clear, on the institutions and character of its people as BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: few men have put forth a broader or more beneficent influence upon mankind; and few men are more sure of lasting fame. So great is my veneration for him, I cannot mention his name without invoking such words as would seem to me unsuited to any other American. On the occasion of one of the meetings of the Scientific Congress of Italy, when certain honors were to be paid to Franklin, I contributed the following MONOGRAPH, which seemed none too eulogistic for the enthusiasm of the countrymen of Galvani, Volta, Vico, and Rienzi.

FRANKLIN'S VOICE TO AMERICA.

1. “I was born poor, but I lived in comfort, and died rich.
2. “With few to help me, I found in hard work a friend in need.
3. “When I was poor, I lived poor, and saved what pennies I could.
4. “When I got to be fore-handed, I could help others less fortunate.
5. “I managed to stand up straight when I had to stand alone.
6. “With nobody to teach me, I became my own schoolmaster.
7. “I had suffered, and I did not like to see any friend suffer.
8. “I loved virtue and thrift, and hated vice, laziness, and waste.
9. “I gained many friends, but only by trying to do right.
10. “So many did me good that I tried to do good to all.
11. “I early learned how to work, and endeavored to teach others.
12. “I had very many faults, and I tried hard to correct them.
13. “I served my country through life with what little ability I could.

II.

AMERICA'S RESPONSE TO FRANKLIN.

1. “We are born rich, enjoy little, and too often die poor.
2. “With too much help, we work only when we are obliged to.
3. “When we are poor we live rich; when rich, we lay up nothing.
4. “When wealth comes to us, we let others take care of themselves.

5. "We are more fond of leaning on others than of standing alone.
6. "Brought up among teachers, how much *true* wisdom do we gain ?
7. "We suffer too little to know how to feel sympathy for our fellows.
8. "We are almost strangers to the stern virtues of our fathers.
9. "Self-interest and not integrity determines our friendships.
10. "Sublime lesson ! its practice won you the heart of the world.
11. "We venerate you as the great Worker of your age.
12. "Your faults are forgotten ; your virtues will live forever.
13. "We will show our gratitude to you by fidelity to our country.

III.

THE WORLD'S CHORUS TO FRANKLIN.

"We come from all Lands, but you are our Father. You were the First Teacher of America, and we are going to School to you to-day. You have taught the Nations how to plant the Tree of Liberty in the Soil of Despotism ; how Children may become Men ; how Men may be Free, and work and love and help one another, and grow into rich and powerful communities ; and how, at last, the whole Earth may come together in a Universal Republic, and sit at peace under God's broad Tree of Freedom, with none to molest or make them afraid.

"You are the Presiding Genius of every Printing-Office, of every Savings Bank, and every Workshop. You are invoked in every Academy of Science, and in every Hall of Legislation. Your Spirit breathes through every story-book and hovers along every Telegraph Wire. You were the Prophet of Freedom and the Instructor of Mankind. All Nations rise up and call you blessed."

The most captivating writer of American biography is Mr. James Parton. In his 'Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin,' after beguiling the reader through two massive volumes of brilliant narration, which seem more like a charming pilgrimage through a broad landscape garden, than an authentic biography, he thus records the CATALOGUE OF THE GOOD DEEDS OF FRANKLIN, with the monumental brevity and precision of a sculptor :

He founded the Philadelphia Library, parent of a thousand libraries, an immense and endless good to the whole United States.

He edited the best newspaper in the Colonies ; one which published no libels, and fomented no quarrels ; which quickened the intelligence of Pennsylvania, and gave the onward impulse to the press of America.

He was the first who turned to great account the engine of advertising, an indispensable element in modern business.

He published Poor Richard, by means of which so much of the wit and wisdom of all ages as its readers could appropriate and enjoy, was brought home to their minds, in words they could understand and remember forever.

He created the post-office system of America, and forbore to avail himself, as postmaster, of privileges for lack of which he had formerly suffered.

It was he who caused Philadelphia to be paved, lighted, and cleaned.

As fuel became scarce in the vicinity of the colonial towns, he invented the Franklin Stove, which economized it, and suggested the subsequent warming inventions, in which America beats the world. Besides making a free gift of this invention to the public, he generously wrote an extensive pamphlet explaining its construction and utility.

He delivered civilized mankind from the nuisance, once universal, of smoky chimneys.

He was the first effective preacher of the blessed gospel of ventilation. He spoke, and the windows of hospitals were lowered; consumption ceased to gasp, and fever to inhale poison.

He devoted the leisure of seven years, and all the energy of his genius, to the science of electricity, which gave a stronger impulse to scientific inquiry than any other event of that century. He taught Goethe to experiment in electricity, and set all students to making electrical machines. He robbed thunder of its terrors, and lightning of its power to destroy.

He was chiefly instrumental in founding the first high school of Pennsylvania, and died protesting against the abuse of the funds of that institution in teaching American youth the languages of Greece and Rome, while French, Spanish, and German were spoken in the streets, and were required in the commerce of the wharves.

He founded the American Philosophical Society, the first organization in America of the friends of science.

He suggested the use of mineral manures, introduced the basket willow, and promoted the early culture of silk.

He lent the indispensable assistance of his name and tact to the founding of the Philadelphia Hospital.

Entering into politics, he broke the spell of Quakerism, and woke Pennsylvania from the dream of unarmed safety.

He led Pennsylvania in its thirty years' struggle with the mean tyranny of the Penns, a rehearsal of the subsequent contest with the King of Great Britain.

When the Indians were ravaging and scalping within eighty miles of Philadelphia, General Benjamin Franklin led the troops of the city against them.

He was the author of the first scheme of uniting the Colonies, a scheme so suitable that it was adopted, in its essential features, in the Union of the States, and binds us together to this day.

He assisted England to keep Canada, when there was danger of its falling back into the hands of a reactionary race.

More than any other man, he was instrumental in causing the repeal of the Stamp Act, which deferred the inevitable struggle until the Colonies were strong enough to triumph.

More than any other man, he educated the Colonies up to independence, and secured for them in England the sympathy and support of the Brights, the Cobdens, the Spencers, and Mills of that day. His examination before

the House of Commons struck both countries as the speeches of Henry Ward Beecher—a genuine brother of Franklin—did in the autumn of 1863. As the eloquent preacher set England right upon the questions of to-day, so did Franklin upon those of 1765. And Franklin would have kept her right, but for the impenetrable stupidity of George III.

He discovered the temperature of the Gulf stream.

He discovered that North-east storms begin in the South-west.

He invented the invaluable contrivance by which a fire consumes its own smoke.

He made important discoveries respecting the causes of the most universal of all diseases—colds.

He pointed out the advantage of building ships in water-tight compartments, taking the hint from the Chinese.

He expounded the theory of navigation which is now universally adopted by intelligent seamen, and of which a charlatan and a traitor has received the credit.

At the beginning of the Revolution, he was the soul of the party whose sentiments Thomas Paine spoke in 'Common Sense.'

In Paris, as the antidote to the restless distrust of Arthur Lee, and the restless vanity of John Adams, he saved the alliance over and over again, and brought the negotiations for peace to a successful close. His mere presence in Europe was a moving plea for the rights of man.

In the Convention of 1787, his indomitable good humor was, probably, the uniting element, wanting which the Convention would have dissolved without having done its work.

His last labors were for the abolition of slavery and the aid of its emancipated victims.

Having, during a very long life, instructed, stimulated, cheered, amused, and elevated his countrymen and all mankind, he was faithful to them to the end, and added to his other services the edifying spectacle of a calm, cheerful, and triumphant death; leaving behind him a mass of writings, full of his own kindness, humor, and wisdom, to perpetuate his influence, and sweeten the life of coming generations.

Such is the brief record of the more conspicuous actions of Benjamin Franklin.

But to conclude. We find that several fortunate circumstances in the lot of Franklin were not due to any act of his own; such as his great gifts, his birth in a pure and virtuous family, his birth in large America, in an age of free inquiry, and his early opportunities of mental culture. But we have observed that the enjoyment of all these advantages did not make him a happy or a virtuous man, or an orderly, useful member of society. The great event in his life was his deliberate and final choice to dedicate himself to virtue and the public good. *This* was his own act. In this the person of humblest endowments may imitate him. From that act dates the part of his career which yielded him substantial welfare, and which his countrymen now con-

template with pleasure and gratitude. It made a MAN of him. It gave him the command of his powers, and his resources. It enabled him to extract from life all its latent good, and to make his own life a vast addition to the sum of good in the world.

Men have lived who were more magnificently endowed than Franklin. Men have lived whose lives were more splendid and heroic than his. If the inhabitants of the earth were required to select—to represent them in some celestial congress composed of the various orders of intelligent beings—a specimen of the human race, and we should send a Shakspeare, the celestials would say, He is one of *us*; or a Napoleon, the fallen angels might claim him. But if we desired to select a man who could present in his own character the largest amount of human worth with the least of human frailty, and in his own lot on earth the largest amount of enjoyment with the least of suffering; one whose character was estimable without being too exceptionally good, and his lot happy without being too generally unattainable; one who could bear in his letter of credence, with the greatest truth,

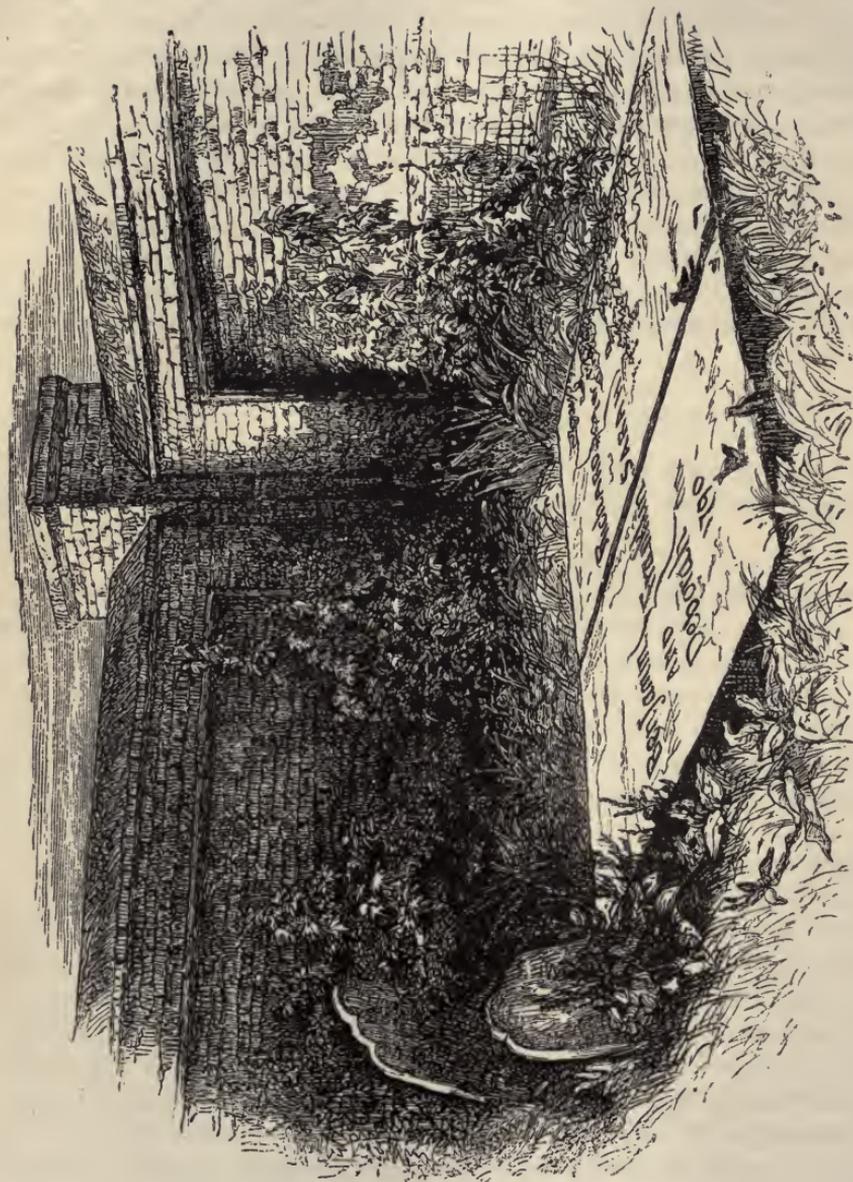
This is a Man, and his life on earth was such as good men may live,

I know not who, of the renowned of all ages, we could more fitly choose to represent us in that high court of the universe, than Benjamin Franklin, printer, of Philadelphia.—Thus far Mr. Parton.

In the sober judgment of that most learned and philosophical of England's modern statesmen, Lord Brougham thus speaks of Franklin:—'One of the most remarkable men, certainly, of our times, as a politician, or of any age, as a philosopher, was Franklin, who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science, by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

'In this truly great man every thing seems to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit. First, he was the architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first to the place in society which may be attained with the help only of extraordinary abilities, great application, and good luck; but next, to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor printer's boy who, at one period of his life, had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the ambassador of a commonwealth which he had formed, at the court of the haughty monarchs of France, who had been his allies.

'In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humor and a playful wit, easy, and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE AT PHILADELPHIA.

most elevated. With all his strong opinions, so often solemnly declared, so imperishably recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed with him, which could not be surpassed in men whose principles hang so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was everything that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence could contribute to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved. In religion, he would by many be reckoned a latitudinarian; yet it is certain that his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the Divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly, his death-bed, the test of both faith and works, was easy and placid, resigned and devout; and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and a comfortable assurance of the future.'

When the news of Franklin's death reached France, it called forth emotions that could be inspired only in the heart of the most generous of the nations, and the one that knew him best. On the eleventh of June, at the opening of the National Assembly, the great Mirabeau rose and said:—

'Franklin is dead! The genius that freed America, and poured a flood of light over Europe, has returned to the bosom of the Divinity.

'The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race.

'Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in their funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning. Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity.

'The Congress has ordained, throughout the United States, a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and, at this moment America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution.

'Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act; to bear a part in this homage, rendered, in the face of the world, both to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who has most contributed to extend their sway over the whole earth? Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty.

'I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly, during three days, shall wear mourning for Benjamin Franklin.'

Rochefoucauld and Lafayette both sprang to their feet to second the proposal: but there was no need of seconding it; it was carried by acclamation.

The Assembly further decreed, that the address of Mirabeau should be printed, and that the president, M. Siéyes, should communicate to the Congress of the United States the resolution which the National Assembly had passed. M. Siéyes performed the duty assigned him by addressing a letter to the President of the United States, which was full of the feeling of the hour.

Jonathan Edwards. Born in East Windsor, Conn., October 5, 1703. Died at Princeton, New Jersey, March 22, 1758.—Dr. Griswold opens his *Prose Writers of America*¹ with the following words:—‘The first man of the world during the second quarter of the eighteenth century, was Jonathan Edwards of Connecticut. As a theologian Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers admit that he was the greatest who has lived in the Christian ages; and as a metaphysician Dugald Stewart² and Sir James Mackintosh agree that he was never surpassed. In Great Britain, and on the continent of Europe men disavowed belief in some of his doctrines, but confessed that they had only protests to oppose to them: Edwards had anticipated and refuted all arguments. Adopting some of his principles, others built up for themselves great reputations by perverting them, or deducing from them illegitimate conclusions. In whatever light he is regarded, he commands our admiration. He was unequalled in intellect, and unsurpassed in virtue. Bacon was described as the ‘wisest and the meanest of mankind;’ but Edwards, not inferior to the immortal Chancellor in genius, suffers not even an accusation of anything unbecoming a gentleman, a philosopher, or a Christian.

‘Born in a country which was still almost a wilderness; educated in a college which had scarcely a local habitation; settled, a large part of his

¹ I quote from the new and excellent edition of this work from the press of Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, 1870, which contains an additional and able survey of the progress of American Literature by Prof. Dillingham, executed with care and ability.

² ‘In the New World,’ said Dugald Stewart, ‘the state of society and of manners has not hitherto been so favorable to abstract science as to pursuits which have come home directly to the business of human life. There is, however, one metaphysician of whom America has to boast, who, in logical acuteness and subtlety, does not yield to any disputant bred in the universities of Europe. I need not say that I allude to Jonathan Edwards. But at the time when he wrote, the state of America was more favorable than it is now, or can for a long period be expected to be, to such inquiries as those which engaged his attention; inquiries, by the way, to which his thoughts were evidently turned, less by the impulse of speculative curiosity than by his anxiety to defend the theological system in which he had been educated, and to which he was most conscientiously and zealously attached. The effect of this anxiety in sharpening his faculties, and in keeping his polemic vigilance constantly on the alert, may be traced in every step of his argument.’

Hazlitt, whose ‘Principles of Human Action’ show him to have been a close and original student of mental phenomena, and whose knowledge of metaphysical authors entitles him to an authoritative opinion on the subject, says of the ‘Treatise on the Will,’ and its author: ‘Having produced him the Americans need not despair of their metaphysicians. We do not scruple to say that he is one of the acutest, most powerful, and of all reasoners the most conscientious and sincere. His closeness and candor are alike admira-

ble. Instead of puzzling or imposing on others, he tries to satisfy his own mind. . . . Far from taunting his adversaries, he endeavors with all his might to explain difficulties. . . . His anxiety to clear up the scruples of others is equal to his firmness in maintaining his own opinion.’

Rev. Dr. Alexander—of Princeton fame—has described his character as a preacher. ‘He was commanding as a pulpit teacher, not for grace of person; he was slender and shy; not for elocution; his voice was thin and weak; for any trick of style; no man more disdained and trampled on it:—but from his immense preparation, long forethought, sedulous uniting of every word, touching earnestness and holy life. He was not a man of company; he seldom visited his hearers. Yet there was no man whose mental power was greater. Common consent set him at the head of his profession. Even in a time of raptures and fiery excitement he lost no influence. The incident is familiar of his being called on a sudden to take the place of Whitefield, the darling of the people, who failed to appear when a multitude were gathered to hear him. Edwards, unknown to most, in person, with unfeigned reluctance, such as a vainer man might feel, rose before a disappointed assembly and proceeded with feeble manner to read from his manuscript. In a little time the audience was hushed; but this was not all. Before they were aware, they were attentive and soon enchained. As was then common, one and another in the outskirts would arise and stand; numbers arose and stood; they came forward, they pressed upon the centre; the whole assembly rose; and before he concluded, sobs burst from the convulsed throng. It was the power of fearful argument.’—Duyckinck’s *Cyclopædia of Am. Literature*, vol. i. pp. 94-95.

life over a church upon the confines of civilization, and the rest of it in the very midst of barbarism, in the humble but honorable occupation of a missionary, he owed nothing to adventitious circumstances. With a fragile body, a fine imagination, and a spirit the most gentle that ever thrilled in the presence of the beautiful, he seemed of all men the least fitted for the great conflict in which he engaged. But He, who, giving to Milton the Dorian reed, sent out his seraphim to enrich him with utterance and knowledge, with fire from the same altar purified the lips of Edwards, to teach that 'true religion consists in holy affections,' the spring of all which is 'a love of divine things for their own beauty and sweetness.'"

The two men who have put forth the greatest influence on the religious thought and character of America, are Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley. It may be more proper to say that the theological and metaphysical mind of New England was moulded almost entirely by Edwards; while the religious feeling of the masses—especially in the less thickly settled regions of the South and West—was permanently tinged and controlled by Wesley. But together they have held a mightier sway over the religious classes, than all the other theologians of the continent.

Whitefield was 'the Prince of preachers.' Panting for a new and broader field for Christian philanthropy, he reached Savannah only six years after Oglethorpe had founded it, and at the age of twenty-three began his immense labors. An Evangelist of fire, he went like Peter the Hermit throughout the Colonies, melting vast crowds—men and women alike—by the irresistible power of his eloquence. But that magic sway was limited chiefly to those who heard him, and the wand fell from his hand at death.¹ But when Edwards and Wesley laid off their mortality, their empire had only just begun.

Like so many of the illustrious men of the Colonial times, he was fortunate in his ancestry. He sprang from the best stock of the two Englands—the Old and the New—which meant the best on the earth. They were tall, stalwart, broad-shouldered, handsome, long-lived. They were men of massive, active brain, ripe learning, sensitive temperament, exalted reverence, and courageous manhood. 'We attach a good deal of importance to these facts; for however common it may be in Democracies, to speak slightly of noble descent, yet all men of sense are well aware that nothing more valuable can be inherited than good, sound blood,—strong, healthy constitutions,—ample and vigorous frames, well put together,—unless indeed it may be what is so generally allied to all these qualities, strong healthy brains, vigorous intellect, and manly character.'²

'Four generations back, on his father's side, his ancestor was a clergyman of the Established Church in London in the time of Elizabeth. His son emigrated to Hartford, in Connecticut, in the middle of the seventeenth century. He

¹ *George Whitefield* established an Orphan House at Savannah, after the model of the one at Halle, and sustained it by the contributions which his eloquence extorted. His 'House of Mercy' lived and flourished, a great blessing, until his death in 1770. He made his

grave in New England.

² *LESTER'S Life and Public Services of CHARLES SUMNER*, one vol. 8vo, 690 pp., Fifth Edition, United States Publishing Company, New York, 1874.

was a merchant, as was also his son Richard, who superadded to that worldly calling a life of eminent piety. The next in descent was the Rev. Timothy Edwards, the father of Jonathan. He was a graduate of Harvard, and the first minister of East Windsor. In the old French War he accompanied an expedition as chaplain on its way to Canada. He married the daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, with whom he lived more than sixty-three years, when she died, in her ninety-ninth year. This lady, the mother of Jonathan Edwards, is spoken of as possessed of superior force of understanding, and refinement of character.¹

Jonathan Edwards was the only son in a family of eleven children. To the genial and inspiring influence of those ten gifted and noble sisters, his best biographer² attributes many of the graces which adorned his beautiful character. But with no attempt to trace his history, I shall only glance at his chief characteristics. By so much as the genius of Edwards rose above the other great men of his time, by so much did he surpass them in the greatness of his intellectual creations. In so far as his conceptions of the attributes of God towered above those of his fellows, just so far did he transcend them in the grandeur of his spiritual delineations.

Sin was to him the deepest crime. To a father of absolute beneficence, it was the darkest filial impiety. To a sovereign, supreme treason. As against the author of all law, chaos—as against infinite love, fiendish hate—as against supreme beauty, the ugliest deformity—as against unbounded beneficence, unmixed malevolence. Any departure from absolute purity of character, war against the King of kings. So fearfully exacting, so unswerving and relentless was the standard by which each soul must be judged.

By so much as his spiritual perceptions of the guilt of sin eclipsed the feeble ideas of others, by so much did his views of its consequences. If rebellion against God was an infinite crime, just as immeasurable must be its punishment. If holiness on earth partook of the purity of heaven, so, too, must the joys of the redeemed, and the sufferings of the damned trend on the infinite. His imagination clothed the regions of the lost with horrors that never found a place even in the august splendors of Dante's Hell. Like the Italian poet, he invoked physical imagery, for he could use no other that men would understand. In reading his sermon on *Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God*, we do not wonder that, as it fell from the white lips of the majestic prophet, it drove his gentler hearers to the verge of madness.

¹ Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*. Edited to date by M. Laird Simons. This work, which is receiving such new value through Mr. Simons' labors, is being issued in superior style, in monthly numbers, by T. Ellwood Zell, of Philadelphia, and demands a place in all Libraries.

² REV. DR. SAMUEL MILLER, who wrote for Jared Sparks' *American Biography* an admirable life of Edwards, says, in speaking of the home of his childhood and youth:—"His father's family seems to have been a scene of the most pure and refined intellectual and moral influence, as well as of the most sound and enlightened piety. Perhaps in no domestic circle in the land were habits of thought, of intelligence, of literary

taste, of industry, and of religion in all its loveliness, more conspicuous than in that of which he was a member. There is no human influence better adapted to exert a happy power in forming the character of a young man than the society of cultivated, refined, and virtuous sisters. In this respect, young Edwards was peculiarly favored. Himself the only son, associated with ten sisters of enlightened, polished minds, and engaged, to a considerable extent, in the same studies with himself, he manifested all that softness, refinement, and moral correctness which the society of such sisters was eminently adapted to impress. He was in a school fitted to impart the finest moral finish to intellectual culture."—p. 12.

But to understand Edwards, we must recall his times. The fires of the Puritan days were burning low on the altars. The deep, earnest piety of the Pilgrims had well-nigh disappeared. It was a season of spiritual death, and the hour had come for a spiritual resurrection. The standard of the Lord of hosts was trailing in the dust. 'The wheels drave heavily.' He would see the winged coursers flying to the rescue; and in the agony of his spirit he cried out, 'O God! why tarry the wheels of thy chariot?'

None but earthquakes could rend the tombs of the dead—none but words of flame could reach the ears of the drugged sleepers. The fervor of primitive zeal had passed away; the long waveless level of commonplace had been reached. Even the church of the Puritans had sunk to the foul compromise of a Half-way covenant, which to Edwards's mind was 'a covenant with hell.'

His great mission was to lead men back to God; and from his pulpit as from a judgment throne, he pronounced the words of doom to the ungodly. Like the prophet of the desert, he hailed men to 'flee from the wrath to come.' He did for his time what Elijah did for the worship of the true God—what Dante did for Poetry—what Petrarch did for Love. He cast the awful shadows of the life to come, over the dull landscape of an irreverent age.

A piety as austere as a monk's of the Flagellation, and as tender as Fénelon's: an intellect as pure as Plato's: an acuteness in dialectics surpassing the schoolmen's, and a reason as clear as our northern winter starlight—and withal, the heart of a little child in the arms of Jesus:—a simple worshipper of simple truth.

His loyalty to God was stronger than death,—or even *life*, which is so infinitely stronger. When the people among whom he dwelt went after strange gods, and like Ahab, forgot the God of their fathers, he turned to the heathen in the wilds of western Massachusetts, as Abraham left the home of his childhood to go into a land that God would show him: as Paul turned from the heartless formalism of Jewish Phariseeism to the warm embrace of the pagan, but unspoiled Gentiles.

His low-browed 'study' was the library of the scholar—the altar of a saint—the cell of a monk of the Middle-Ages. When he came forth from that awful seclusion, his face shone, for he had been talking with God!

But for such men coming up at intervals, neither Philosophy, Letters, Art, Love, nor the worship of the true God would ever have been born—without them, they would die. They are the landmarks of the Ages: we reckon Time from Abraham, Cyrus, Cadmus, the Builders of the Pyramids; from Romulus, and Cæsar, and Christ.

He dedicated learning to the holiest purposes. He kindled the flames of an exalted, evangelical, manly piety; and those fires were never to go out till over the ashes of all superstition and bewildering man-made creeds, was to rise the fair structure of Christian Spiritualism, which is to be the common Religion of the whole earth.

Edwards reached the scene of the mature labors which he had marked

out for the rest of his life, only to die at the early age of fifty-five.¹ But he had lived long enough. His work was done; the fruit of his mighty labors was all secure; it was to be the bread of life for all coming time. From his virile loins, and from the bosom of the beautiful and glorious *Sarah Pierpont*—every whit his equal,² have sprung five generations of fair women and brave men, of whom upwards of five thousand are living to-day—while the mighty host of his spiritual offspring in all lands on earth, and in all climes in heaven, no man can number. The frowning castle of his theology may be slowly undermined by the stream of a Christianity growing broader with time, but the sceptre of his logic will never be broken.

Among the vast cluster of the great and good whose ashes sanctify the genial soil of the Campo Santo of Princeton, the grave of Edwards is approached with the deepest veneration; and to it, as to some sacred shrine, will pilgrims from every land reverently bend their pious steps, while the memory of genius dedicated to humanity and to God, shall endure among men.

The foremost men of his time, both in America and Europe, regarded the author of the *Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will* as the mightiest intellect which had appeared on this continent. That judgment has not been reversed. After him, the country has produced but one man with whom he can be fitly compared in intellectual strength. Indeed, it seems by no means unlikely that when the future shall be called on to designate the two grandest minds which have shone on this hemisphere,—one the representative of the eighteenth, and the other of the nineteenth century,—the choice will fall on Jonathan Edwards of Connecticut, and Daniel Webster of New Hampshire. They stood just one hundred years apart in the noontide of their splendor. The one swayed the judgments of the statesmen of his times—a giant in the affairs of this life—a counsellor for nations. The other a colossus in the affairs of the life to come. One the first man of his age. The other the man for all the ages. The Sage of Marshfield was the interpreter of the political system of the New World. The metaphysician of New England, the interpreter of immortality

¹ Edwards's death was caused in consequence of inoculation for small-pox, which prevailed in a malignant form in the neighborhood. He came from a long-lived race on both sides, and but for the seclusion of his monastic life, so unrelentingly devoted to hard study, he would have been a man of vast physical power, for he was fully six feet high, and symmetrically formed. But from twelve to sixteen hours a day of such application as he kept up for forty years would have wasted the physical strength of a Hercules.

² In July, 1726, he married Miss Sarah Pierpont, the daughter of a clergyman of strong clerical connections, and a young lady of eighteen, of unusual beauty. The spiritual description of her gentle habits, written by Edwards, apparently on reports of her excellence brought to him when she was but thirteen years of age, is the unconscious admiration of the lover in the saint. 'They say,' writes on a blank leaf the pure-minded young man of twenty, 'that there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding

sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on him; that she expects, after a while, to be received up where he is, to be raised out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct, and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her!'



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JOHN WESLEY

—but both masters of all the passions and powers of the human soul,—both so mantled with majesty that as they moved among their fellows, the instinctive reverence of men found for them but one epithet—they were *God-like*. Comprehending much of the awful magnificence of the Infinite, and much more of the divinity of man, their great hearts went out in earnest longings for the temporal and eternal elevation of the race. Alike they worshipped the grand, the beautiful, the enduring. Neither met his equal—for the two never met here. But in eternity they grasped each other's hands as brothers. In moral splendor Edwards has had few peers in all the ages of the Christian Faith.

John Wesley. Born June 28, 1703. Died March 2, 1791.—One by one, the ashes or the names of England's greatest men find their repose or monuments in Westminster Abbey.¹ A site has finally been appropriated there for a monument to the founder of Methodism. If to have vindicated a title to be admitted to the company of the natural kings of the earth, opens the gates of that Pantheon, John Wesley's claim will never be disputed; for he holds to-day a peaceful and unquestioned sway over the hearts of twenty millions of Christian worshippers. They are found amongst all nations, but chiefly where the English tongue is spoken. Of Wesley's influence, Southey, his partial but charming biographer, says, 'I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums hence, if the present race of men shall continue so long.'

Although Wesley was an Englishman by blood, birth, and education, and spent but two years in America, and even his mission to Georgia turned out a failure, yet he is pre-eminently a subject for American biography, for more than two-thirds of his living disciples are citizens of the United States, and 'to Methodism more than to any other one thing it is owing that our Western States grew up without passing through a period of semi-barbarism.'²

¹ This is the great treasure-house of England. If every record on earth besides were blotted out, and the memory of the living should fade away, the stranger could still in Westminster Abbey write the history of the past; for England's records are here; from the rude and bloody escutcheons of the ancient Briton, to the ensigns of Norman chivalry; and from these to admiralty stars, and civic honors. The changes which civilization has made in its progress through the world, have left their impressions upon these stones and marbles. On the monument where each great man rests, his age has uttered its language; and among such numbers of the dead, there is the language of many ages. England speaks from its barbarity in the far-off time, before the day-spring of embellishing Art—its revolutions, with their earnest struggles to leave the past and reach the future—while the later shrines breathe the spirit of England's newest civilization.

Each generation has laid some of its illustrious ones here; and it is no wonder that there is not a spot to which an Englishman turns his eye with so much pride, as to Westminster Abbey; nor a spot the traveller so well loves to visit.

One cannot but feel both gratitude and indignation here: gratitude for every noble effort in behalf of humanity, civilization, liberty, and truth, made by these sleepers; indignation at every base deed, every effort to quench the light of science, or destroy freedom of thought; every outrage inflicted upon man; and every

blow aimed against liberty by the oppressors of the race.

There is not a great author here who did not write for us; not a man of science who did not investigate truth for us; we have received advantage from every hour of toil that ever made these good and great men weary. A wanderer from the most distant and barbarous nation on earth cannot come here, without finding the graves of his benefactors. Those who love science and truth, and long for the day when perfect freedom of thought and action shall be the common heritage of man, will feel grateful, as they stand under these arches, for all the struggles, and all the trials to enlighten and emancipate the world, which the great, who here rest from their labors, have so nobly endured.

And, above all, the scholar, who has passed his best years in study, will here find the graves of his Teachers. He has long worshipped their genius; he has gathered inspiration and truth from their writings; they have made his solitary hours, which to other men are a dreary waste, like the magical gardens of Armida, 'whose enchantments arose amid solitude, and whose solitude was everywhere among those enchantments.' The scholar may wish to shed his tears alone, but he cannot stand by the graves of his masters in Westminster Abbey without weeping; they are tears of love and gratitude.—*Lester's Glory and Shame of England*, vol. 1. p. 90.

² One of the most interesting articles which has

His father was a learned, devout and hard-working clergyman of the Church of England, and the son was destined to the same profession. With all the facilities which Oxford could afford, his rare talents and severe application left all rivals behind him in every field of learning he entered. He passed from Latin and Greek to Hebrew and Arabic, became familiar with French, and excelled in mathematics. Eminently handsome, well bred, and of genial manners; brilliant in conversation, fond of society, free from any asceticism, and mingling warmly with the world; with views made large and a spirit made liberal by vast reading and extensive observation; endowed with a strong and vivid imagination, and a keen appreciation of praise, he would seem to have found in oratory, poetry and love, the highest fields for the exertion of his wonderful gifts; and we find these tendencies coloring all his future life.

Overflowing with such munificent capabilities, it became a matter of no little consequence to the world what direction they were to take, for the temporal and eternal fortunes of more millions of men were to be determined by his movements, than have hung upon half the great battle-fields of history. The broad fields through which the stream of his influence was to flow, would either wave with luxuriance, or be swept with desolation. I will snatch from my unwilling limits one sibylline leaf for the incidents which decided Wesley's career. These being understood, all the mystery of this grand but otherwise incomprehensible life disappears.

Wesley's earnest religious experiences began at Oxford; there his character was formed. Becoming a member, and soon the leader of a band of students who undertook a religious life *on system*, and who thereby earned the glorious and eternal title of *Methodists*, he first gave indications of that superb genius for control, in which he fell not a hair's breadth short of his great prototype, Ignatius Loyola. Like many other ingenuous young men of that period, who afterwards gave 'a resurrection and a life' to the religion of England, he lamented the cold formalism of the times. The Established Church still stood firm on its well-secured foundations, and its worship was maintained in all its stateliness. But the spirit of Christianity no longer animated the ecclesiastical body. The priest still ministered at the altar, but the sacred fire had gone out. Through the fretted vault 'the pealing anthem' still 'swelled the note of praise:' 'the long-drawn aisles' were filled with spectators, but the worshippers were not there.

All this could not satisfy the longings of such a soul as John Wesley's. He turned away from it unsatisfied, and sought the more congenial society of the spiritual Moravians. Soon after his return from America, he visited their

recently enriched our Periodical Literature, was printed in the February No.—1874—of Sheldon's GALAXY, from the facile and racy pen of Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey, entitled JOHN WESLEY—from which I borrow some illustrations:

'Of the seventy-five millions who speak the English tongue, about three and a half millions are members of the Methodist churches; four millions more are pupils in their Sunday-schools, and the regular attendants upon Methodist worship cannot be less than as

many more—fifteen millions in all. Thus one-fifth of all who speak our language are directly moulded, for this life and the life to come, by Methodism. We doubt if any other Protestant communion really numbers as many. The established churches of England and Germany indeed nominally include more; but in counting their numbers all who do not formally belong to other communions are put down as Episcopalians or Lutherans. Fully two-thirds of the Methodists are in the United States.'

headquarters at Herrnhut, in Germany, to study their doctrines. Those simple-minded Christians won his heart. He joined their society in London, and compiled for them a little hymn-book—the first of forty hymn-books prepared during the next half century by one or both of the brothers' Wesley.

At this time George Whitefield, like some startling meteor, shot athwart the religious sky of England, and arrested universal attention. His lips were touched with a live coal from the celestial altar. His words of flame breathed over the valley of dry bones, and the dead came forth from the charnel-house. He was doing in the British Islands the same work which Jonathan Edwards was doing in the Thirteen Colonies.

Wesley caught the inspiration and glowed with congenital fire. He followed in his steps. On the 17th of February, 1739—the day from which Methodism ought to date its birth—he heard Whitefield, a clergyman of the Church of England, as he was himself, preach in the open air to two hundred colliers, at Kingswood. This was in open defiance of the order of the Chancellor of the Diocese of Bristol. Ten thousand hearers listened to Whitefield's fifth sermon. On the 3d of April Wesley preached his first open-air sermon at Bristol,¹ and continued his mighty work in London, at Moorfields, Kensington Common, and Blackheath, where 'all England' flocked to hear him and the wondrous evangelist Whitefield, as men flocked to the Jordan to hear John the Baptizer from the Desert.

But Whitefield was departing on his second voyage to America, and upon Wesley's shoulders fell the responsible and gigantic labor of gathering into the garner the harvest which had fallen before the scythe of this mighty reaper. Whitefield's mission was to *rouse* men. Wesley's to *lead* and *save* them. The hour had come to gather the excited but wayward multitude into the fold. Order was the first law of Wesley's mind. He was the prince of organizers. Five years of enormous labors had made England ready for a new ecclesiastical system, and having matured his plan, in the month of June, 1740, he called together in the first meeting-house 'set up' in London, 'the first Conference which gave formal shape to the new Institution.' It was composed of the two Wesleys, four other clergymen of the Church of England, and four lay preachers.

The humble building where they met to perform this significant act had been a ruinous old cannon foundry. Wesley had bought and repaired it partly with his own money, drawn from his only income—his Oxford fellowship—running in debt for the rest. It was a plain structure with two doors; one leading to the chapel, which would hold fifteen hundred persons; the

¹ 'I could,' he wrote, 'scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields; having been all my life till very lately so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church.'

He soon found means to justify himself to himself. He was an ordained priest, and as such, he writes, 'God, in Scripture, commands me, according to my power, to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, con-

firm the virtuous. Man forbids me to do this in another's parish; that is, in effect, not to do it at all, seeing I have now no parish of my own, nor probably ever shall. Whom, then, shall I hear—God, or man?' Then follows the famous sentence, 'I look upon all the world as my parish; thus far, I mean, that in whatever part of it I am, I judge it right, meet, and my bounden duty to declare unto all that are willing to hear the glad tidings of salvation.'—*Galaxy Article.*

other leading to the preachers' house, school-room and band-room, over which were plain apartments for Wesley. In the chapel the males and females sat apart: and in that 'upper chamber' the foundations of Methodism were laid.¹

It was Wesley's chief business, to 'preach the Gospel to the poor;' to carry the bread of life to the hungry; and to organize a work that would go on long after his death. He had copied closely the simple plan of Jesus, by founding a voluntary Society, choosing his apostles from the poor and depressed classes of mankind. His evangelists must have known the wants and woes of their hearers, or their hearts could never be won. But once in the fold, they must be kept there—there must be no straying from the enclosure.

¹ It was resolved at this conference to defend the doctrine of the Church of England by preaching and example; to obey the bishops in all things indifferent; to observe the canons as far as they could with a safe conscience; and to exert themselves to the utmost not to entail a schism in the Church by forming themselves into a distinct sect. They held themselves, and Wesley to the day of his death held himself, members of the national Church. Lay assistants were allowable only in cases of necessity. Their duties were to expound morning and evening; to keep a general watch over the bands and societies; and above all to submit themselves wholly to Wesley's orders. They must not marry, receive money, nor contract debts without his knowledge; must go where he sent them, and employ their time as he directed. This supremacy of Wesley was the corner-stone upon which Methodism rested. No pope, no superior of the order of Jesuits, ever claimed or exercised more absolute control than did the founder of Methodism. In the last year of his life he wrote: 'In the great revival at London my first difficulty was to bring into temper those who opposed the work; and my next to check and regulate the extravagance of those that promoted it. And this was far the hardest part of my work; for many of them would bear no check at all. But I followed one rule, 'You must either bend or break.'

The early records of Methodism are full of mention of members of the society who, from one cause or another, refused to obey Wesley's directions, and went away or were expelled from the bands. But from first to last Wesley never hesitated or faltered. He was quiet and gentle, but immovable. He grew up to the greatness of his work. The heavier was the load, the more it steadied him; and when the care of all the Methodist churches in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and America rested on his shoulders, he did not seem to feel the weight of the burden.

The history of the early years of Methodism reads like a new volume of the Acts of the Apostles. Its preachers were insulted and mobbed, fined and imprisoned. They were lampooned in pamphlets, and vilified from pulpits. The societies grew slowly. In 1770, thirty years after their first organization, there were 29,911 Methodists in Great Britain and Ireland, and perhaps a score in America. In 1780 there were in the United Kingdom 43,830; in America, 8,504. In 1790, the year before Wesley's death, there were in Great Britain and Ireland, 71,568; in America, 57,631. In 1870 the members of the Methodist societies in Great Britain were about 950,000; in America about 2,300,000. Had Wesley been succeeded in England by such a man as Francis Asbury, one can scarcely doubt that the growth of Methodism in England would have kept pace with its growth in America. That day in 1771 when Francis Asbury, the son of a peasant, was sent with Richard Wright 'as a reinforcement to America,' should be marked with a white stone in the Methodist calendar. No adequate life of Asbury has ever been written; perhaps none ever can be, for he solemnly enjoined that none should be published. It is doubtful indeed whether any faithful portrait of him is extant. His best monument is the

Methodist Episcopal Church in America; and there can be no nobler one.

On Thursday, February 24, 1791, he rose at four o'clock in the morning, and rode eighteen miles to visit a magistrate, in whose dining-room he preached. This was his last sermon. The same day he wrote his last letter. It was addressed to Wilberforce, and contains this remarkable passage: 'Unless the Divine Providence has raised you up to be as Athanasius, *contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be with you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh! be not weary of well-doing. Go on, in the name of God, and in the power of his might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish before it.'

He returned to London on the 25th, and on reaching home seemed quite unwell. The 26th was passed mostly in half-slumber. On the 27th he seemed somewhat better. On the 28th his weakness increased, and his physician wished for further assistance. "No," said Wesley; "I am quite satisfied, and will have no one else." Most of the day was spent in sleep. He awoke after a restless night, but sang the hymn, 'All glory be to God on high,' and after a while said, 'I'll get up.' While his friends were arranging his clothes, he broke out into the hymn, 'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.' Soon, utterly exhausted, but full of happiness, he was again laid upon his bed. After a while he asked about the key and contents of his bureau, remarking, 'I would have all things ready for my executors. Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' During the night he grew momentarily weaker; his sight failed, and he could not recognize the features of those who stood around. 'Who are these?' he asked. 'Sir,' replied one of them, 'we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown.' He replied, 'It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' During the night, he repeated scores of times the words, 'I'll praise, I'll praise,' but could go no further. When the gray morning dawned eleven persons stood around his bed. As the supreme moment approached, Wesley said, clearly and audibly, 'Farewell!' his last word on earth. Joseph Bradford, for fifteen years his constant travelling companion, became mouth-piece for all, bursting into the words of the Psalmist, 'Lift up your heads. O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and this heir of glory shall come in.' Before the last words had passed his lips, Wesley gathered up his feet, and without a sigh or a groan passed from the here to the hereafter. All then raised the hymn, 'Waiting to receive thy spirit,' and then they knelt down and prayed that the mantle of the ascended Elijah might rest upon his followers.

John Wesley died at about ten o'clock on the morning of March 2, 1791, wanting about four months of having completed his eighty-eighth year.—*Galaxy*, Feb. 6, 74.

Never was a completer ecclesiastical or social polity founded outside of the Church of Rome. Nor did he invoke the aid of terror to insure subordination. By his matchless power of combination, he constructed a system which has enthralled the deepest religious elements of the human soul; and one which holds a subtler, and I believe a firmer, because a gentler and more enlightened sway, over its disciples, than can be boasted of by the mighty and terrible hierarchy of Rome.

James Otis. Born in Barnstable, Mass., Feb. 5, 1724. Died in Andover, May 23, 1783.—'The Champion of the Colonies, and the Prophet of their greatness:—These are the titles with which a grateful posterity crowned the flaming orator, the learned jurist, the fearless rebel patriot. He was the earliest leader of the Revolutionary party in Massachusetts, and his legal argument in the case where 'Writs of Assistance'¹ were asked for to enforce Custom-House restrictions on Trade, produced a profound impression, not only throughout the Colonies, but in Westminster Hall.

Pitt had put forth his mightiest energies to save the Thirteen Colonies for the throne of England; but they were reserved for a nobler destiny.² His last argument against any and all unconstitutional schemes for taxing the Colonies while they had no representation in Parliament, proved unavailing.

The part which, from the opening of our history, Boston has acted has always been worthy of her noble founders. But the conduct of her citizens during the attempts of England from the year 1761 to subjugate American commerce was of more service to the country and the world than has been generally thought. Although it was but a provincial seaport of shipbuilders and merchants, and numbered scarcely fifteen thousand souls, yet her humble court-room became the first battle-ground for American Independence, for there James Otis, first of all other men, boldly asserted before a supreme judicial tribunal the revolutionary doctrine of the right of the colonists to absolute freedom of commerce under self-imposed laws. He claimed this right

¹ One of the first acts which revealed the intentions of Parliament to tax the Colonies by enforcing the revenue laws, was the authorization, in 1761, of *Writs of Assistance*. These were general search warrants, which not only allowed the king's officers who held them to break open any citizen's store or dwelling, to search for and seize foreign merchandise on which duty had not been paid, but compelled sheriffs and others to assist in the work. The people could not brook such a system of petty oppression. The sanctities of private life might be invaded at any time by hirelings, and the assertion, based upon the guarantees of the British Constitution, that 'Every Englishman's house is his castle,' would not be true. These writs were first issued in Massachusetts, and immediately great excitement prevailed. Their legality was questioned, and the matter was brought before a court held in the old town-hall of Boston. The advocate for the Crown—Mr. Gridley—argued, that as Parliament was the supreme legislature for the whole British nation, and had authorized these writs, no subject had a right to complain. He was answered by James Otis, the younger, then advocate-general of the province. On that occasion the intense fire of his patriotism beamed forth with inexpressible brilliancy, and his eloquence was like lightning, far-felt and consuming. On that day the trumpet of the Revolution was sounded. John Adams afterward

said:—'The seeds of patriots and heroes were there and then sown;' and when the orator exclaimed, 'To my dying day, I will oppose, with all the faculties God has given me, all such instruments of slavery on one hand, and villainy on the other,' the independence of the Colonies was proclaimed. From that day began the triumphs of the popular will. Very few writs were issued, and these were ineffectual.—*Lossing's Hist. of the U. S.*, pp. 212-15.

² The Seven Years' War, which doubled the debt of England, increasing it to seven hundred millions of dollars, had been begun by her for the possession of the Ohio Valley. She achieved that conquest, but not for herself. Driven out from its share in the great colonial system, France was swayed by its own commercial and political interests, by its wounded pride, and by that enthusiasm which the support of a good cause enkindles, to take up the defence of the freedom of the seas, and heartily to desire the enfranchisement of the English plantations. This policy was well devised; and we shall see that England became not so much the possessor of the Valley of the West, as the transient trustee, commissioned to transfer it from the France of the Middle Ages, to the free people who were making for humanity a new existence in America.—*Bancroft*, vol. iv p. 462.

by virtue of royal charters, the prerogatives of free-born Englishmen, and under Common Law, which extended its shield over all British subjects. Had his words only reached the ears of one rapt listener, they would have done their work. For 'the youngest barrister of the Colony, the choleric John Adams, a stubborn and honest lover of his country, extensively learned, and a bold thinker, listened in rapt admiration, and caught the inspiration which was to call forth his own heroic opposition to British authority. From that time he declared—in a letter to William Tudor,—that he could never read the Acts of Trade without anger, nor any section of them without a curse.'

In describing the effect of this great speech, Bancroft continues: 'The people of the town of Boston became alive with political excitement. It seemed as if the words spoken on that day, were a spell powerful enough to break the paper chains that left to America no free highway on the seas but that to England, and to open for the New World all the infinite paths of the ocean. Nay, more! as reason and the constitution are avowed to be paramount to the power of the British Parliament, America becomes conscious of a life of her own. She sees in dim outlines along the future the vision of her own independence, with freedom of commerce and self-imposed laws.'

The subservient Court adjourned the trial over to the next term, waiting for instructions from England. The answer came: the Writs of Assistance were granted. 'But,' says the historian, 'Otis was borne onward by a spirit which mastered him, and increased in vigor as the storm rose. Gifted with a delicately sensitive and most sympathetic nature, his soul was agitated in the popular tempest, as certainly as the gold leaf in the electrometer flutters at the passing by of the thunder-clouds. He led the van of the American patriots. Yet impassioned rather than cautious, disinterested and incapable of cold calculation, now foaming with rage, now plaintive without hope, he was often like one who, as he rushes into battle, forgets his shield. Excitable, and indulging in vehement criminations, he yet had not a drop of rancor in his breast, and, when the fit of rancor had passed away, was mild and easy to be entreated. His impulses were always for liberty, and full of confidence; yet his understanding in moments of depression would often shrink back from his own inspirations. He never met an excited audience, but his mind caught and increased the contagion, and rushed onward with fervid and impetuous eloquence; but when quieted by retirement, and away from the crowd, he could be soothed into a yielding inconsistency. Thus he toiled and suffered, an uncertain leader of a party, yet thrilling and informing the multitude; not steadfast in conduct, yet by flashes of sagacity lighting the people along their perilous way; the man of the American protest, not destined to enjoy his country's triumph. He that will study closely the remarkable union in Otis of legal learning with speculative opinion, of principles of natural justice the most abstract and the most radical, with a deeply-fixed respect for the rights of property and obedience to the law, will become familiar with a cast of mind still common in New England.'

¹ Bancroft, vol. iv. pp. 418-20.

And thus Otis held on his flaming way ; at every gathering the orator of the people ; at every court the advocate of natural justice ; in conversation and correspondence with the guiding men of the Colonies kindling deeper enthusiasm in kindred souls ; while in the legislature—that inviolable forum of free debate, where the people were educated into the fullest comprehension of political rights, as the masses of no other nation had ever been—Otis led and inspired Massachusetts ; and to a great extent her sister Colonies.

Nor was his influence circumscribed within even this broad sphere : for it must never be forgotten that the real tribunal before which our cause was ultimately to be adjudicated, lay beyond the Atlantic. All our arguments were addressed to the people of England and the Statesmen of Europe. Their sympathies were to be excited—their judgment was to be won. For this all the commissioners of the Colonies labored. There was the chief scene of Franklin's earnest and protracted efforts. With this object in view, in 1764 Otis published his appeal to the American People. It was entitled '*Rights of the British Colonies. Asserted and Proved.*' It was a pamphlet of only 120 pages, but its effect was prodigious. Its argument is given with admirable concision in the summary near its close.

'The sum of my argument is, that civil government is of God ; that the administrators of it were originally the whole people : that they might have devolved it on whom they pleased : that this devolution is fiduciary, for the good of the whole : that by the British constitution, this devolution is on the king, lords, and commons, the supreme, sacred, and uncontrollable legislative power, not only in the realm, but through the dominions : that by the abdication, the original compact was broken to pieces ; that by the revolution, it was renewed, and more firmly established, and the rights and liberties of the subject in all parts of the dominions more fully explained and confirmed : that in consequence of this establishment and the acts of succession and union, his Majesty George III. is rightful king and sovereign, and with his parliament, the supreme legislative of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging : that this constitution is the most free one, and by far the best now existing on earth : that by this constitution, every man in the dominions is a free man : that no part of his Majesty's dominions can be taxed without their consent : that every part has a right to be represented in the supreme, or some subordinate legislature ; that the refusal of this would seem to be a contradiction in practice to the theory of the constitution : that the colonies are subordinate dominions, and are now in such a state as to make it best for the good of the whole, that they should not only be continued in the enjoyment of subordinate legislation, but be also represented in some proportion to their number and estates, in the grand legislation of the nation : that this would firmly unite all parts of the British empire in the greatest peace and prosperity ; and render it invulnerable and perpetual.'

This pamphlet was at once printed in London, and produced a profound sensation. It was fearfully radical, and sounded on the ears of Englishmen

very strangely. By some it was denounced as the ravings of a madman—by all as the language of deliberate treason. But it was the work of a lawyer; and although it was characterized by none of the calmness of a philosophical essay, it enunciated with stirring force and irresistible logic the principles of liberty, which were conceded to lie at the bottom of the British Constitution. Lord Mansfield understood Mr. Otis and his argument. In reply to Lord Littleton's sneer at the ravings of the rebel, he said: 'I differ from the noble lord who spoke of Mr. Otis and his book with contempt, though he maintained the same doctrine in some points; although in others he carried it farther than Otis himself, who allows everywhere the supremacy of the crown over the colonies. No man on such a subject is contemptible. Otis is a man of consequence among the people there. They have chosen him for one of their deputies at the Congress and general meeting from the respective governments. It was said the man is mad. What then? One madman often makes many. Massaniello was mad, nobody doubts it; yet for all that, he overturned the government of Naples. Madness is catching in all popular assemblies, and upon all popular matters.'¹

The 7th of October, 1765—the date of the meeting of the Stamp Act Congress in New York—was to become one of the most memorable days in the American calendar. Its doings were to color all our subsequent history. The Stamp Act was to go into effect in twenty-one days. But into this span of time were to be crowded events which even at this late period astound and bewilder the historian.

James Otis was the father of the Congress²—Massachusetts adopted the suggestion of her great statesman. The most sagacious act in his life, the most important in the history of his native State, was the proposal to call an American Congress, without the consent of the king, to meet as a deliberative assembly. 'It should consist of committees from each of the Thirteen Colonies, to be appointed respectively by the delegates of the people, without regard to the other branches of the Legislature.' No such body of men had ever assembled in America. The proposal was startling. That the good people of the Colonies should come together to consult about their political rights, to sit in judgment on the acts of the Imperial Parliament, and perhaps defy its authority, was not only a new idea—it meant *treason*. The officials of the crown throughout the Colonies saw danger in such an alliance; Grenville's ministry received the announcement only with derision. But Massachusetts sent letters to every colonial Assembly inviting their committees to meet at New York on the first Tuesday of the following October, 'to consult together' and

¹ 'I have no hesitation or scruple,' wrote John Adams, 'to say that the commencement of the reign of George the Third was the commencement of another Stuart's reign. And if it had not been checked by James Otis and others first, and by the great Chatham and others afterwards, it would have been as arbitrary as any of the four. I will not say it would have extinguished civil and religious liberty upon earth, but it would have gone great lengths towards it, and would have cost mankind even more than the French Revolution to preserve it. The most sublime, profound, and

prophetic expression of Chatham's oratory that he ever uttered was: 'I rejoice that America has resisted Two millions of people reduced to servitude would be fit instruments to make slaves of the rest.'—Tudor's *Otis*, pp. 172, 204.

² Mrs. Warren, of Plymouth, the sister of Otis, said that the proposal for such a Congress was planned in her own house. For this important statement we have the authority of Ezra Stiles in his *Diary*.

‘consider a united representation to implore relief’ against the oppressive measures of the Imperial Parliament.¹

The first blast of the Revolution had been sounded. Before we listen to the response which came back, we will close our tribute to Massachusetts’ favorite son. In writing to Mr. Arthur Jones, November 26th, 1768, Otis used these prophetic words:—‘All business is at a stand here, little going on besides military musters and reviews and other parading of the red-coats, sent here, the Lord, I believe, only knows for what. I am and have been long concerned more for Great Britain than for the Colonies. You may ruin yourselves, but you cannot in the end ruin the Colonies. Our fathers were a good people—we have been a free people; and if you will not let us remain so any longer, we shall be a great people—and the present measures can have no tendency but to hasten with great rapidity events which every good and honest man would wish delayed for ages—if possible, prevented forever.’

Among the many scenes which inspired the patriotic eloquence of Otis in those stirring times, no one was more likely to set his soul on fire than the spectacle he looked on as he walked up to the Hall where the new Legislature was assembling on one of the last mornings in May, 1769. ‘He found the building,’ says Tudor,² ‘surrounded with cannon and military guards. Otis rose immediately after they were organized, and in a brief address of deep energy

¹ These measures were far more oppressive than is now generally supposed. Bancroft thus sums them up:

The colonists could not export the chief products of their industry: neither sugar, nor tobacco, nor cotton, nor indigo, nor ginger, nor fustic, nor other dyeing woods; nor molasses, nor rice, with some exceptions; nor beaver, nor peltry, nor copper ore, nor pitch, nor tar, nor turpentine, nor masts, nor yards, nor bowsprits, nor coffee, nor pimento, nor cocoa-nuts, nor whale fins, nor raw silk, nor hides, nor skins, nor pot and pearl ashes, to any place but Great Britain, not even to Ireland. Nor might any foreign ship enter a colonial harbor.

Salt might be imported from any place, into New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Quebec; wines might be imported from the Madeiras and the Azores, but were to pay duty in American ports for the British exchequers; and victuals, horses, and servants might be brought from Ireland. In all other respects, Great Britain was not only the sole market for the products of America, but the only storehouse for its supplies.

Let the colonists should multiply their flocks of sheep, and weave their own cloth, they might not use a ship, nor a boat, nor a carriage, nor even a pack-horse, to carry wool, or any manufacture of which wool forms a part, across the line of one province to another. They could not land wool from the nearest islands, nor ferry it across a river, nor even ship it to England. A British sailor, finding himself in want of clothes in their harbors, might not buy there more than forty shillings’ worth of woollens.

Where was there a house in the Colonies that did cherish, and did not possess, the English Bible? And yet to print that Bible in British America would have been a piracy; and the Bible, though printed in German, and in a native savage dialect, was never printed thus in English till the land became free.

That the country which was the home of the beaver might not manufacture its own hats, no man in the plantations could be a hatter, or a journeyman at that trade, unless he had served an apprenticeship of seven years.

No hatter might employ a negro, or more than two apprentices. No American hat might be sent from one plantation to another, or be loaded upon any horse, cart, or carriage for conveyance.

America abounded in iron ores of the best quality, as well as in woods and coal: slitting mills, steel furnaces, and plastering forges to work with a tilt hammer, were prohibited in the Colonies as ‘nuisances.’

While free labor was debarred of its natural rights, the slave-trade was encouraged with unrelenting eagerness; and in the year that had just expired, from Liverpool alone, seventy-nine ships had borne from Africa to the West Indies and the Continent, more than fifteen thousand three hundred negroes, two-thirds as many as the first colonists of Massachusetts.

And now taxation, direct and indirect, was added to colonial restrictions; and henceforward both were to go together. A duty was to be collected on foreign sugar, molasses, indigo, coffee, Madeira wine, imported directly into any of the plantations in America; also a duty on Portugal and Spanish wines, on Eastern silks, on Eastern calicoes, on foreign linen cloth, on French lawn, though imported directly from Great Britain; on British colonial coffee shipped from one plantation to another. Nor was henceforward any part of the old subsidy to be drawn back on the export of white calicoes and muslins, on which a still higher duty was to be exacted and retained. And stamp duties were to be paid throughout all the British American Colonies, on and after the first day of the coming November.

These laws were to be enforced, not by the regular authorities only, but by naval and military officers, irresponsible to the civil powers in the Colonies. The penalties and forfeitures for breach of the revenue laws were to be decided in courts of vice-admiralty, without the interposition of a jury, by a single judge, who had no support whatever but for his share in the profits of his own condemnations.—Bancroft, vol. v. pp. 265-268.

² Tudor’s *Otis*, pp. 354, 356.

and impassioned eloquence, declared how unworthy it was of a free Legislature to attempt any deliberations in the presence of a military force; and moved the appointment of a committee, to make immediately the protests and remonstrances that have been already mentioned, and which were followed after some days' delay by their being transferred to Cambridge. When they had assembled in the college chapel, Otis again addressed them before proceeding to business. Besides the members, deeply affected, mortified and indignant at the insult which they had received from a standing army, and revolving in their minds the growing tyranny and the gloomy prospects before them, the students were attracted by the novelty, as well as by a sympathy, that was felt with all the ardor of youth for a patriotic Legislature, placed under a kind of proscription and driven from their own Hall. These youths were clustered round the walls in listening groups, to witness the opening of the deliberations. He spoke of the indignity that had been offered them, on the sad situation of the capital oppressed by a military force, on their rights and duties and the necessity of persevering in their principles to obtain redress for all these wrongs which the vile calumnies and misrepresentations of treacherous individuals had brought upon them. He harangued them with the restless energy and glowing enthusiasm that he could command at will; and in the course of his speech took the liberty, justified by his successful use of it, as well as by the peculiarity of the occasion, to apostrophize the ingenuous young men who were then spectators of their persecution. He told them the times were dark and trying—that they might soon be called upon in turn to act or suffer; and he made some rapid, vivid allusions to the classic models of ancient patriotism which it now formed their duty to study, as it would be hereafter to imitate. Their country might one day look to them for support, and they would recollect that the first and noblest of all duties was to serve that country, and if necessary, to devote their lives in her cause. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* They listened with breathless eagerness, every eye filled with tears; and their souls raised with such high emotion that they might have been led at once to wrest from their enemies the cannon which had been pointed against the Legislature.'

Eleven years before the battle of Bunker Hill, Otis had, in his *Rights of the British Colonies*, spoken of the future with the clear emphasis of the Seer:—'They will never think of it'—independence—'till driven to it as the last fatal resort against ministerial oppression, which will make the wisest mad, and the weakest strong. The world is at the eve of the highest scene of earthly power and grandeur which has ever yet been displayed to the view of mankind. Who will win the prize, is with God: but human nature must and will be rescued from the general slavery that has so long triumphed over the species.'

'There is,' says Tudor, 'a degree of consolation blended with awe in the manner of his death, and a soothing fitness in the sublime accident which occasioned it. The end of his life was ennobled, when the ruins of a great

mind, instead of being undermined by loathsome and obscure disease, were demolished at once by a bright bolt from heaven.¹

If I have had more to say thus far, of the participation of the New England Colonies, especially of Massachusetts Bay, it was because their intercourse with the parent country was far more intimate; they were nearest the throne, and on their heads the blows first fell; they had a preponderance of population; there was greater diversity of pursuit; more constant and intense collision of minds, more leisure for study and debate. But there was no higher or more patriotic spirit, there was no loftier view of the destiny of these Colonies, there was no superiority in statesmanship or heroism claimed by one section over another. In fact, at that period of our history, there was no sectionalism, nor would there have ever been, had it not been fostered by that exotic curse, chattel slavery. Nor was that spirit of sectionalism ever felt by our very greatest men. Washington never felt it, nor, in fact, did any of the men of his time. Nor when it developed itself later, did it ever enthrall the spirit of Andrew Jackson, of Henry Clay, or of Daniel Webster.

We now listen for the responses which came back from the Southern Colonies to the clarion call of Massachusetts. James Otis had but one peer on the emblazoned scroll of our political prophets—that wonderful Virginian whose eulogy the wizard pen of Byron drew in two imperishable lines:—

‘ Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunders shook the tyrant of the seas.’²

Patrick Henry. Born at Studley, in Hanover County, Va., May 29, 1736. Died June 6, 1799.—The transition from James Otis to Patrick Henry, is natural and easy. The slightest knowledge of these two remarkable men, suggests the striking resemblance between them. Had not the Romans given us the words *par nobile fratrum*, they would on the mention of these names have sprung unbidden to the lips of every scholar. They furnish rare instances of having had brilliant biographers, and zealous partisans who claimed for their models ‘every virtue under heaven,’ while withholding from neither the devotion each bestowed upon his own hero. The contemporaries of Otis were unanimous in according to him gifts almost superhuman; while the Virginians were hardly accused of exaggeration in pronouncing Henry, as Jefferson did, ‘the greatest orator that ever lived—the person who beyond all question gave the first impulse to the movement which terminated in the Revolu-

¹ Six weeks exactly after his return to Andover, on Friday afternoon, the 23d day of May, 1773, a heavy cloud suddenly arose, and the greater part of the family were collected in one of the rooms to wait till the shower should have passed. Otis, with his cane in his hand, stood against the post of the door which opened from this apartment into the front entry. He was in the act of telling the assembled group a story, when an explosion took place which seemed to shake the solid earth, and he fell without a struggle or a word, instantaneously dead, into the arms of Mr. Osgood, who, seeing him falling, sprang forward to receive him. This flash of lightning was the first that came from the cloud, and was not followed by any others that were remarkable. There were seven or eight persons in the room,

but no other was injured. No mark of any kind could be found on Otis, nor was there the slightest change or convulsion in his features. It is a singular coincidence, that he often expressed a wish for such a fate. He told his sister, Mrs. Warren, after his reason was impaired, ‘My dear sister, I hope when God Almighty, in his righteous providence shall take me out of time into eternity, that it will be by a flash of lightning,’ and this wish he often repeated.

Why did not Mr. Tudor say that the prayer of the great patriot had been answered? The Being who ‘hears the young ravens when they cry’ could certainly grant the desire of the stricken soul of the great-hearted James Otis.

² *The Age of Bronze.*

tion.' Even Alexander H. Everett, one of the most vigorous, disciplined, and scholarly men of the past generation, says: 'The accounts that have been transmitted to us of the actual effects of Henry's eloquence on the minds of his hearers, though resting apparently on the best authority, seem almost fabulous, and certainly surpass any that we have on record of the results produced by the most distinguished orators of ancient or modern Europe. His claim to the honor of having given the first impulse to the revolutionary movement, is hardly susceptible of a satisfactory solution, since no event, prior to the battle of Lexington, and the Declaration of Independence, was so decidedly different in character from a variety of others occurring at about the same time, as to merit, in contradistinction from them, the praise of being the first step in the progress of the Revolution. It is certain, however, that in one of the two leading colonies, during the period immediately preceding the Revolution, Henry was constantly in advance of the most ardent patriots; and that he suggested and carried into effect, by his immediate personal influence, measures that were opposed as premature and violent, by all the other eminent supporters of the cause of liberty.'

The impatience of admiration as often sways the judgment of the biographer, as the malice of prejudice clouds the portrayals of the defamer. But there must needs be a dash of hero-worship in the good biographer. This quality has given to us three of the most charming biographies ever written: Middleton's Cicero, Boswell's Johnson, and Wirt's Henry. And it is well that this is so; for without it the world would be in a sad plight. Were it not that the human race is ready to recognize and adore the shining examples of virtue which adorn the ages, the green places of the earth would become bleak moor again; the reservoirs of inspiration and hope would dry up, and we should be turned out on the arid desert. It is a blessed thing that the messengers of gladness and salvation which heaven sends to 'lure to brighter worlds and lead the way,' find so cordial a greeting when they come. It is more blessed still that traditions borrowed from contemporaries, afterwards raise enduring memorials to perpetuate honored names; and thus the aggregate of valor and virtue becomes an inexhaustible treasure-house, from which successive generations draw strength and consolation.

The justice of mankind has long ago accorded to the Fathers of our Republic all the virtues their countrymen have ever claimed for them; and within our own times the world is reaping, with every year, a larger harvest from their achievements. Their names and their history are so well known, that in an historic etching like this, the writer has only to trace a few memorial lines, and a full-length portrait stands revealed in all the completeness and glow of a finished picture, as Everett dashed it:—'By general acknowledgment the greatest orator of his day; elevated by his transcendent talents to a sort of supremacy in the deliberative assemblies of which he was occasionally a member, and the courts of justice in which he exercised his profession; clothed, whenever he chose to accept them, with the highest executive

functions in the gift of the people, happy in his domestic relations and private circumstances—his career was one of almost unbroken prosperity. He has also been eminently fortunate in the manner in which the history of his life has been written ; while the recollection of his eloquence, and the admiration of his character, were still fresh in the minds of numerous surviving contemporaries, the task of collecting and recording the expressions of them which were circulating in conversation, or merely ephemeral notes, was undertaken by one whose kindred eloquence and virtues, rendered him, on every account, the fittest person to do justice to the subject.' And even so able a man as Alexander H. Everett may well add : 'In the following sketch I can claim little other merit than that of condensing, with perhaps some few not very important modifications and additions, the glowing biography of Wirt. Let us apply to his work the title which the great German poet Goethe, prefixed to his own autobiography,—*Poetry and Truth.*'¹

As the descendants of Abraham—the founder of the oldest and proudest aristocracy on the globe, in whose presence the puny sprigs of Norman chivalry dwindle into upstart mushrooms—recur with equal reverence to the sublime messages of the two great contemporary prophets of Judah, so may we find in Otis and Henry, names as bright and sacred to us, as the Jews find in Elijah and Elisha.

Colonel John Henry, the father of Patrick, was a strong, well-born, thoroughly educated, daring Scotchman of Aberdeen. 'There are those yet alive,' said Mr. Pope to Wirt in 1805, 'who have seen him at the head of his regiment, celebrating the birthday of George III., with as much enthusiasm as his son Patrick afterwards displayed in resisting the encroachment of that monarch.'

Wirt tells us that Patrick was passionately addicted to the sports of the field ; wandered the forest with his gun, or followed the brook with his rod, thus spending whole days and weeks, his appetite rather whetted than cloyed by his enjoyment. He would not study. His companions, who tried with his parents to urge him to school, declared that 'he even loved idleness for its own sake.' This love of solitude characterized his youth. With a hunting party he seldom followed the noisy band that drove the deer, preferring to take his stand alone, waiting for the passing game, and indulging meanwhile in the luxury of thinking. 'His person was coarse, his manners uncommonly awkward, his address slovenly ; his conversation very plain ; his aversion to study invincible. No persuasion could bring him either to read or work ; he ran wild in the forest like one of the aborigines of the country.' Wirt remarks on 'his propensity to observe and comment upon human character—a propensity that seemed to have been born with him, and exerted itself instinc-

¹ The narrative carries with it unquestionable evidence of authenticity, as well in the known character of the writer, as in the authorities that are cited in support of every important statement ; while it is written with so much warmth and elegance, that it possesses throughout, all the charm of poetry, and perhaps produces at times a similar illusion. Although some few passages are a little too highly colored for the eye of

good taste, there are few persons of eminence, who, after reading the whole, would not feel the wish which Queen Katherine, in the play, expressed in regard to her attendant, Griffith—that they might find themselves as fond and faithful a character.—*Life of Patrick Henry*, by Alexander H. Everett, LL.D. Vol. i. Second series of Spark's American Biography, pp 211-12.

tively the moment that a new subject was presented to his view. Its action was incessant, and it became, at length, almost the only intellectual exercise in which he seemed to take delight.' No wonder that to this cause his biographer traced 'that consummate knowledge in the human heart which he finally attained, and which enabled him, when he came upon the public stage, to touch the springs of passion with a master-hand, and control the resolutions and decisions of his hearers with a power almost more than mortal.' Of course, education, as the term is commonly used, had little or nothing to do with the formation of his mind. 'He was, indeed, a mere child of nature; and she seems to have been too proud and jealous of her work; to permit it to be touched by the hand of art. She gave him Shakspeare's genius, and bade him, like Shakspeare, depend on that alone.'¹

His father tried to make him a merchant. He might as well have tried to turn a St. Bernard dog into a poodle. He learned the meaning of £ s. d. under the teaching of hard knocks,—the very best way to learn it,—for if it comes by intuition it makes a man mean for life, and mean forever. One thing he understood; he found his mate, and married at eighteen. She was the daughter of an honest, poor farmer; but they loved each other, and while they were struggling hard for a subsistence on a small farm, with no help except one or two slaves, a group of beautiful children came blushing along their pathway to brighten a life of hard work. 'Little,' says Wirt, 'could the wealthy and great of the land, as they rode along the highway in splendor, and beheld the young rustic at work, in the coarse garb of a laborer, covered with dust, and melting in the sun, have suspected that this was the man who was destined not only to humble their pride, but to make the prince himself tremble on his distant throne, and to shake the brightest jewels from the British crown. Little, indeed, could he himself have suspected it; for amidst the distresses which thickened around him at this time, and threatened him, not only with obscurity but with famine, no hopes came to cheer the gloom; nor did there remain to him any earthly consolation, save that which he found in the bosom of his own family. Fortunately for him, there never was a heart which felt this consolation with greater force. No man ever possessed the domestic virtues in a higher degree, or enjoyed more exquisitely those pure delights which flow from the endearing relations of conjugal life.'

Wirt drops a remark to which I attach a good deal more importance than he seems to have done. Henry was *passionately fond of music*, and in it found alleviation from poverty and hard, every-day labor. He failed at his farm, and had to sell out at a sacrifice for cash. Once more he tried merchandise, and once more failed. Borne down by poverty, but not crushed, he would seize his violin, and set the children to dancing. Till late into the night, he

¹ Let not the youthful reader, however, deduce from the example of Mr. Henry an argument in favor of indolence and a contempt of study. Let him remember that the powers which surmounted the disadvantage of those early habits, were such as very rarely appear upon this earth. Let him remember, too, how long the genius, even of Mr. Henry, was kept down and hidden from public view, by the sorcery of

those pernicious habits; through what years of poverty and wretchedness they doomed him to struggle; and, let him remember, that at length, when in the zenith of his glory, Mr. Henry himself had frequent occasion to deplore the consequences of his early neglect of literature, and bewail the ghosts of his departed hours.—*Wirt's Henry.*

consoled himself with his flute. Again, whole days he would spend in the sports of the forest, leaving his store to take care of itself.

But this thing was not to last always. He was attacked with a fit of study. He began geography, and 'through life was an adept at it.' It was an excellent thing for him that he had no more books. He was a fine illustration of what can be done with the motto, *multum, non multa*, for judicious and profitable reading. He mastered the best historical books in existence. He had the republics of Rome and Greece, and the struggles of liberty through all ages, at the ends of his fingers. As for religion, reverence was the mightiest element in his character. He hated sectarianism, but he loved religion. His lifelong favorites were Soame Jenyns, Philip Doddridge, and Joseph Butler, whose Analogy delighted him. In his old age, he published, at his own expense, for gratuitous distribution among the people, an edition of Jenyns' 'View of the Internal Evidences of Christianity.' The churches were not large enough for him—but Christianity was just large enough to fill his whole soul; and at different periods of life his occasional bursts of eloquence and feeling on this sublime theme, and on the life to come, amazed and melted his hearers.

At last, so far as worldly fortune or misfortune goes, Henry had reached the bottom of the hill. Every atom of his property was gone, and his friends could assist him no further. 'He had tried every means of support of which he could suppose himself capable, and every one had failed. Ruin was behind him; poverty, debt, want, and famine before him; and as if his cup of misery were not already full enough, there were a suffering wife and children to make it overflow.' In other words: Nature had undertaken to bring up Patrick Henry, and her work was complete. If there is any meaning in what the vulgar say about the wheel of fortune, its next revolution was bound to bring him to the top. He dashed at the law, and studied it; some say six weeks, and others three or four months—it matters not which. The late, and richly gifted Alvan Stuart, was asked by the judges, when he appeared for admission to the bar, how long he had studied. He answered, 'I slept on Blackstone last night; please examine me this morning.' Such men are born with whole codes of jurisprudence in their heads. Henry knew nothing about the forms of procedure, nor even the nomenclature of the profession.¹ But he was to become the advocate of the people; the lawyer of the million. He suffered, it is true, frequent embarrassment, and sometimes deep mortification from the lack of literary training, and a knowledge of detail; but with powers of intense application, he mastered those difficulties as fast as they rose.

His first case became famous as 'the Parson's case'—an action brought in the County Court of Hanover, by Rev. James Maury, for the recovery of damages for non-payment of certain quantities of tobacco alleged to be due to him by due provision of a law of the State on account of his salary. Old

¹ Of the science of law, he knew almost nothing; of the practical part he was so wholly ignorant, that he was not only unable to draw a declaration or a plea, but incapable, it is said, of the most common or simple

business of his profession, even of the mode of ordering a suit, giving a notice, or making a motion in court.—Wirt's *Henry*, p. 36.

statutes of the colony, and precedents were all on the side of the clergy. But this made no difference with the people, who abhorred the idea of Church and State, or any legal oppression growing out of it.

In defiance of all precedent, as well as law, and against the advice and entreaty of his own father, and the intimidations of the whole aristocratic class—embracing the State clergy and the *proverbial* first families of Virginia—he appeared for the people. The aristocracy, and the clergy in particular, from all the neighboring counties came out in great force. Among them was the orator's uncle. Henry ran out to the carriage, and told his uncle he was sorry to see him there, 'because I fear that as I have never yet spoken in public, I shall be too much overawed by your presence to do justice to my clients; and besides, I shall be under the necessity of saying some *hard things* of the clergy, which it may be unpleasant for you to hear.' 'Why, Patrick,' said the old gentleman, with a good-natured smile, 'as to your saying hard things of the clergy, I advise you to be cautious, as you will be more likely to injure *your* cause, than theirs. As to my leaving the ground, I fear, my boy, that with such a cause to defend, my presence will do you here little harm or good. Since, however, you seem to think otherwise, and desire it of me so earnestly, you shall be gratified.' And the good old uncle rode home.

'Now,' says Wirt, 'came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength.' The court-house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and an immense and anxious throng without, were listening at every door and window. To make it worse for the poor young advocate, his own father was the presiding judge. Henry rose awkwardly and blundered through a brief exordium; a supercilious smile played along the benches where the formidable array of the clergy confronted him; a feeling of mortification went through the house; his father almost sunk with confusion from his seat. 'Now,' says his biographer, 'were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuvie* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and a grandeur, which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rivet the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart, *in a manner which language cannot tell*. Add to all this his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed his images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it. In the language of those who heard him on this occasion, he *made their blood run cold, and their hair to rise on end*. . . . In less than twenty

minutes, they might be seen, in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.'

The bewildered jurymen were swept away with statutes and precedents, and at once brought in a verdict of *one penny damages*. The last nail in the coffin of Church and State in the Thirteen Colonies had been driven home. From this hour Patrick Henry led the bar of Virginia, till he retired from it, covered with honors.

I need not dwell upon his long, brilliant career; it will be enough to touch upon two or three passages. Time went by. The call of Massachusetts for the first National Congress had reached Virginia, and Henry was elected a member of the House of Burgesses, which alone could choose delegates. He was among the youngest and least experienced of the body, but the fame of 'the Parson's case' had filled the State. Those only who had heard of that wonderful argument, had any just conception of his transcendent power; nor among them all could there have been a single man who suspected the breadth, the strength, and the prophetic glance of his statesmanship. In the House of Burgesses were such men as Richard Henry Lee, Pendleton, Wythe, Bland, Fleming, Johnston, Fairfax, and a score of others, who were to become illustrious in the field and senate, among the mighty host of great men then coming forward in the conflict of debate, the collisions of diplomacy, and the strife of battle; and to them he was to show that men are born statesmen and lawyers, as well as poets.

A word on the political feeling of the State of Virginia: Bancroft and all historians agree that Virginia received the news of the British plan to tax America with consternation, to be soon followed by a deeper feeling. The planters, foreboding ruin to their business, resolved that the act should recoil on England. For the first time, they began to approve of frugality, and be proud of it. 'Articles of luxury, of English manufacture, were banished, and threadbare coats were most in fashion.' But although indignation had spread through the State, yet no one had, up to this time, breathed a thought of the independence of the Colonies. The hour was drawing near for the enforcement of the Stamp Act. For several weeks Henry had suppressed the passions which burned in his soul. Older statesmen were cautious, lest their loyalty should be suspected. All the other colonies, through timid hesitation, or the want of opportunity, still remained silent.' Patrick Henry disdained submission. No response was likely to be sent back to Massachusetts. The session was drawing to a close, and a majority of the members made an

excuse for leaving, since there was an apprehension that some rash measures might be proposed. 'Alone, a burgess of but a few days, unadvised and unassisted, in an auspicious moment, of which the recollection cheered him to his latest day, he came forward in the committee of the whole House, and while Thomas Jefferson, a young collegian from the mountain frontier, stood outside of the closed hall, eager to catch the first tidings of resistance, and George Washington, as is believed, was in his place as a member, he maintained his resolutions.'¹

These Immortal 'Resolutions,' as Jefferson called them, must have their place here. After his death, Wirt informs us, they were found, in his own handwriting, sealed, the envelope thus endorsed:—'ENCLOSED ARE THE RESOLUTIONS OF THE VIRGINIA ASSEMBLY, IN 1765, CONCERNING THE STAMP ACT. LET MY EXECUTORS OPEN THIS PAPER.'

'*Resolved*, That the first adventurers and settlers of this his majesty's colony and dominion, brought with them, and transmitted to their posterity, and all other his majesty's subjects, since inhabiting in this his majesty's said colony, all the privileges, franchises, and immunities, that have at any time been held, enjoyed, and possessed, by the people of Great Britain.

'*Resolved*, That by two royal charters, granted by King James the First, the colonists aforesaid, are declared entitled to all the privileges, liberties, and immunities of denizens and natural-born subjects, to all intents and purposes, as if they had been abiding and born within the realm of England.

'*Resolved*, That the taxation of the people by themselves, or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them, who can only know what taxes the people are able to bear, and the easiest mode of raising them, and are equally affected by such taxes themselves, is the distinguishing characteristics of British freedom, and without which the ancient constitution cannot subsist.

'*Resolved*, That his majesty's liege people of this most ancient colony, have uninterruptedly enjoyed the right of being thus governed by their own Assembly, in the article of their taxes and internal police, and that the same hath never been forfeited, or any other way given up, but hath been constantly recognized by the King and people of Great Britain.

'*Resolved*, therefore, That the General Assembly of this colony have the sole right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony; and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the General Assembly aforesaid, has a tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom.'

Mr. Wirt discovered these resolutions in Henry's autograph:—'The within resolutions passed the House of Burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the Stamp Act, and the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament. All the Colonies, either through fear or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a burgess a few

¹ Bancroft, vol. v. p. 275.

days before ; was young and inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the House, and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture, and alone, unadvised, and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law-book, [Judge Tyler says an old Coke upon Littleton] wrote the within. Upon offering them to the house violent debates ensued, many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me by the party for submission. After a long and warm contest, the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps of one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness and the ministerial party were overwhelmed—the great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the colonies. This brought on the war which finally separated the two countries, and gave independence to ours. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse, will depend upon the use our people make of the blessing which a gracious God hath bestowed on us. If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable. Righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation. Reader, whoever thou art, remember this ; and in thy sphere, practise virtue thyself, and encourage it in others. Patrick Henry.'¹

'By these resolutions'² says Mr. Jefferson, who was an eye-witness of the scene, 'and his manner of supporting them, Mr. Henry took the lead out of the hands of those who had heretofore guided the proceedings of the house ; that is to say, of Pendleton, Wythe, Bland, Randolph.' 'It was,' continues Wirt, 'indeed the measure which raised him to the zenith of his glory. He had never before had a subject which entirely matched his genius, and was capable of drawing out all the powers of his mind. It was remarked of him throughout his life, that his talents never failed to rise with the occasion, and in proportion with the resistance which he had to encounter. The nicety of the vote on his last resolution, proves that it was not a time to hold in reserve any part of his forces. It was indeed an Alpine passage, under circumstances even more unpropitious than those of Hannibal ; for he had not only to fight, hand to hand, the powerful party who were already in possession of the heights, but

¹ Wirt's *Henry*, pp. 75-76.

² Such was the Declaration of colonial rights, adopted at his instance by the Assembly of Virginia. It followed from these resolutions that the General Assembly of the whole colony have the sole right and power to lay taxes on the inhabitants of the colony, and that any attempt to vest such power in any other person whatever tended to destroy British as well as American freedom ; that the inhabitants of Virginia were not bound to yield obedience to any law designed to impose taxation upon them other than the laws of their own General Assembly, and that any one who should, either by speaking or writing, maintain the contrary should be deemed an enemy to the colony.

A stormy debate arose ; and many threats were uttered. Robinson, the speaker, already a defaulter, Peyton Randolph, the king's attorney, and the frank, honest, and independent George Wythe, a lover of classic learning, accustomed to guide the house by his strong understanding and single-minded integrity, exerted all their powers to moderate the tone of the 'hot and virulent resolutions ;' while John Randolph, the best lawyer in the colony, singly resisted the whole

proceeding. But, on the other side, George Johnston, of Fairfax, reasoned with solidity and firmness, and Henry flamed with impassioned zeal ; . . . Henry's resolutions were reported, and on the 30th of May, by a vote of twenty to nineteen they passed into the history of Virginia's record. 'I would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote,' exclaimed the Attorney-General aloud, as he came out past young Jefferson, into whose youthful soul the proceedings of that day sunk so deeply that resistance to tyranny became a part of his nature. But Henry carried all the young men with him. That night, thinking his work done, he rode home; but the next day, in his absence, an attempt was made to strike all the resolutions off the journals, and the fifth only was blotted out. But they were published in all the newspapers of America, and it placed the Old Dominion in the front of the approaching rebellion. 'This is the way the fire began in Virginia,' said John Hughes in his letter to the *Boston Gazette* of September 22d, 1766. 'Virginia rang the alarm bell,' said Bernard to Halifax. 'Virginia gave the signal for the continent, said Gage to Conway.'—Bancroft, vol. v. p. 276.

at the same instant to cheer and animate the timid band of followers, that were trembling, and fainting, and drawing back below him. It was an occasion that called upon him to put forth all his strength, and he did put it forth in such a manner as man never did before. The cords of argument with which his adversaries frequently flattered themselves that they had bound him fast, became packthreads in his hands. He burst them with as much ease as the unshorn Samson did the bands of the Philistines. He seized the pillars of the temple, shook them terribly, and seemed to threaten his opponents with ruin. It was an incessant storm of lightning and thunder, which struck them aghast. The faint-hearted gathered courage from his countenance, and cowards became heroes while they gazed on his exploits.

‘It was in the midst of this magnificent debate, while he was descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, that he exclaimed with a voice of thunder, and with a look of a god, “Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell, and George the Third—[“Treason!” cried the Speaker—“Treason, treason!” echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the Speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis,] *may profit by their example.* If this be treason, make the most of it.”’

‘It is not wonderful,’ Mr. Wirt appropriately adds:—‘That even the friends of colonial rights who knew the feeble and defenceless situation of this country, should be startled at a step so bold and daring. That effect was produced; and the resolutions were resisted, not only by the aristocracy of the house, but by many of those who were afterwards distinguished among the brightest champions of American liberty.

‘From this period Mr. Henry became the idol of the people of Virginia; nor was his name confined to his native State. His light and heat were seen and felt throughout the continent, and he was everywhere regarded as the great champion of colonial liberty. The impulse thus given by Virginia was caught by the other colonies. His resolutions were everywhere adopted with progressive variations. The spirit of resistance became bolder and bolder, until the whole continent was in a flame; and by the first of November, when the Stamp Act was, according to its provisions, to have taken effect, its execution had become utterly impracticable.’¹

I have thus brought into the foreground a few of the chief figures which hold their sentinel stations along the border-land of our pre-Revolutionary history. I chose them because, in their separate spheres, they all acted nobly the principal parts which Providence assigned them. It was not an easy matter

¹ Wirt's *Henry*, pp. 83-85. The Revolution may be truly said to have commenced with his resolutions in 1765. From that period not an hour of settled peace had existed between the two countries. It is true that the eruption produced by the Stamp Act had subsided with its repeal, and the people had resumed their ancient settlements and occupations; but there was no peace of the heart or of the mind. The rumbling of

the volcano was still audible, and the smoke of the crater, continually ascending, mingled not unfrequently with ignited matter, which announced a new and more terrible explosion. These were the times that tried the souls of men, and never in any country or in any age did there exist a race of men whose souls were better fitted to endure trial.—Wirt's *Henry*, p. 103.

among 'so great a cloud of witnesses' to choose wisely, where so many had been called, and so few could be chosen. But my reader will probably agree with me that these men whose careers I have thus so inadequately traced, represent the true spirit and thoughts of that interesting period which immediately preceded the approaching contest for the vindication of American principles, on which the future welfare of mankind was so much to depend.

SECTION SIXTH.

INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING IN THE COLONIES.

While the volcano is sleeping, and before the eruption takes place, let us turn to some subjects of calmer contemplation. We shall better understand the work our fathers had before them, and how they did it, if we glance at those institutions of learning where the blessed lights of knowledge had long been beaming. We must see where the Fathers of the Republic were educated; where the guiding minds of that signal period were shaped: for be it never forgotten that the American Revolution was not the frantic ravings of a mob; nor the sudden ebullitions of the blind rage of an ignorant multitude; it was not the fruit of unguided zeal, or vulgar passion. It was the result of long thinking, of calm reasoning, of profound judicial knowledge. It was the work of an intelligence higher and deeper than had given birth to any other revolution which was so materially to change the political institutions and social condition of a whole people, or put forth so wide an influence upon the fortunes of other nations.

I attach an importance beyond all power of expression, to those nine Colleges which educated the generation of men who achieved our independence, and laid the foundations of our government. To them we owe a debt of gratitude we never can pay, except by furnishing such generous aid as the opulence of our age can so readily give, to enrich the resources, and expand the sphere of usefulness of these nursing mothers of the Romuli of the Republic. While the vast sums which are now being given with a munificence for which regal is no name, to found new schools of learning, it is a subject of perhaps still livelier congratulation that these venerable shrines, which have been hallowed by the votive offerings of former generations, are now rising in new strength and splendor. And although some readers may find little to interest them in the records of these colleges which I shall now give, yet I believe that the great proportion of those who will go with me through these historic fields, will find the scenes we now enter for a brief interval by no means the least inviting portion of our colonial history.

Impressed with the special importance of extreme accuracy in memorials so brief, I solicited the aid of the Librarians of the institutions I speak of,

and I now return to those learned and polite men my sincere thanks for the pains they have taken in the thorough revision of my proofsheets, all of which passed through their hands. Especially am I grateful for their correction of the mistakes I made by following the best previous authorities, as well as for furnishing the latest information concerning the institutions of which they are the vigilant watchmen.

Harvard College.—The first institution of classical learning established in America was HARVARD COLLEGE, at the village of Newtown, in Massachusetts. It has, during the lapse of nearly two centuries and a half, grown into so noble an institution, and has poured such beneficent streams of light over the continent, that it is deserving of far more space than we can accord to its history.

The enlightened founders of the New England colonies, were men of learning and culture. They comprehended the office of education in its relation to the well-being of the State, and from the 28th day of October, 1636, only eight years after the first landing of the Massachusetts Bay colonists under John Endicott, the General Court at Boston voted four hundred pounds towards a college which should secure the education of young men in the higher departments of learning. Two years later, the name Newtown was changed to Cambridge, in gratitude to the English University, where some of the founders of the young American school had been educated. The first considerable bequest was from John Harvard, a learned English clergyman, who had reached the colony only the previous year. Before the institution was two years old, it had received from this beneficent source, a sum of money about as great as the public appropriation. Three hundred and twenty volumes, chiefly theological, classical, and philosophical, constituted the nucleus of what was to become, if not the largest, one of the most valuable libraries in North America. Mr. Duyckinck tells us how contributions flowed in. 'The magistrates subscribed liberally; and a noble exhibition of the temper of the times was witnessed in the number of small gifts and legacies, of pieces of family plate, and, in one instance, of the bequest of a number of sheep. With such precious stones were the foundations of Harvard laid. The time, place, and manner need no eulogy; they speak for themselves.'

From that day to this a steady stream of gifts has been flowing from all quarters; the latest, and by no means the least, being from the illustrious and beloved statesman over whose ashes the tears of a stricken nation have so recently fallen. 'I bequeath,' said Charles Sumner, in his last will, 'to the library of Harvard College, my books and autographs, whether in Washington or Boston, with the understanding that duplicates of works already belonging to the College library may be sold or exchanged for its benefit.' He also left a trust for an annual prize for the best dissertation by any student of the college, or any of its schools, undergraduate or graduate, on universal peace, and the methods by which war may be permanently sus-

pended.¹ Also a large permanent fund, the income of which is to be spent in purchasing books.

The early colonists set a printing-press to work as their indispensable and well-trusted ally. The first in the colony was set up in the president's house when the school was only thirty-six months old. The first publication was the *Freeman's Oath*; the next an *Almanac*, and the third *The Bay Psalm-Book*, which was prepared by the Rev. Henry Dunster, an excellent oriental scholar.² He was succeeded by Charles Chauncy, who held the office till his death in 1672. His old age was distinguished by great vigor of mind and body, fairly earned by hard work and self-denial. His first published sermon was on 'The Advantages of Schools and a Faithful Ministry.'

In tracing the line of worthies from Dunster, the first, to the vigorous Eliot, the latest of the Harvard presidents, we feel as though we were walking through some long-drawn cathedral aisle, on either side of which lie the sculptured eulogies of the great departed.³

When Increase Mather,—one of the mighty names of Old New England,—was sent to England to maintain the rights of the colonists with James II., and William and Mary, he made the acquaintance of Thomas Hollis, a merchant of London, whom he interested so deeply in the cause, that he afterwards became a distinguished benefactor of Harvard. He founded two professorships, sent a set of Hebrew and Greek types for printing, with liberal sums of money, books, and philosophical apparatus. These bequests continued through his descendants, who displayed the same liberality. The third Thomas Hollis, after three donations during his lifetime, left in his will five hundred pounds sterling, whose income is appropriated for the purchase of books. One of the few early good pictures painted in America, is the full-length portrait of the first named Hollis by Copley, which hangs in the Memorial Hall. These Hollises were all men of culture and broad spirit. They loved liberty, and helped it on where it was growing in England, and in America where it was being planted. The last-named of the family was instrumental in publishing the early political essays of Mayhew, Otis, and John Adams, those authors of what we may call the 'First Series of Liberty Books for Beginners,' ever printed. They were thoroughly thumbed by such scholars as Chatham, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Choiseul, Lafayette; and afterwards by the champions of liberty throughout the world.

On a bitter cold night in the winter of 1764, Harvard suffered her first disaster in the loss of her library by fire. The old Harvard Hall was destroyed,

¹ 'I do this in the hope of drawing the attention of students to the practicability of organizing peace among nations, which I sincerely believe may be done. I cannot doubt that some modes of decision which now prevail between individuals, between towns, and between smaller communities may be extended to nations.—LESTER'S *Life and Public Services of Charles Sumner*, p. 588.

² 'To complete the colony in church and commonwealth work,' Jesse Glover, a worthy minister, 'able in estate,' and of a liberal spirit, in that same year embarked for Boston with fonts of letters for printing, and a printer. He died on the passage; but in 1639,

Stephen Daye, the printer, printed the *Freeman's Oath*, and an almanac calculated for New England; and in 1640, 'for the edification and comfort of the saints,' the Psalms,—faithfully but rudely translated in metre from the Hebrew by Thomas Welde and John Eliot, ministers of Roxbury, assisted by Richard Mather, minister of Dorchester,—were published in a volume of three hundred octavo pages, the first ever printed in America, north of the Gulf of Mexico.—Bancroft, vol. i., p. 414-415.

³ For a full History of Harvard College the reader is referred to Quincy's History of Harvard University.

with some six thousand volumes, including the Oriental library bequeathed by Dr. Lightfoot, and the Greek and Roman classics presented by Berkeley. Scholars have for ages read with grief of the destruction of the great Alexandrian library, and vast the loss may have been. There was, however, and always will be, a spice of comfort in the thought that with some grains of wheat, away went, in a magnificent bonfire, the folly and rubbish of a hundred generations. Probably there was very little rubbish consumed that night when the village of Cambridge was lit up by this cruel conflagration. Such men as Lightfoot, Berkeley, and the other donors of literature, did not deal very much in rubbish. But the phoenix soon rose, new plumed, from its ashes. Literary treasures poured in from the friends of learning, and the library was soon richer than ever.

From this time the prosperity of Harvard College has been uninterrupted. It was the earliest, and has been the most richly endowed of all the institutions of learning in America. Its history is the history of the progress of American literature. It has educated more teachers who became founders of other schools; it has turned out a greater number of eminent men in every department of classical and scientific achievement; it has held steadily a higher standard of scholarship and literary attainment; its scroll of graduates not only far exceeds in number, but in brilliancy, those of any other American institution. The mere enumeration of the list of great men that have been educated at Harvard, and their contributions to the intellectual wealth of the world, were a hopeless task, even if I could devote to it many of these broad pages. Steadily from this fountain had the invigorating stream been flowing for two centuries before we reach such names as Quincy, Everett, Sparks, Walker, Hill, and Elliot among its presidents; or the Wares, the Woods, Channing, Buckminster, Norton, Palfrey, Noyes, and Francis, in sacred literature; or Felton, Ticknor, Follen, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, or Winthrop; Webber, Bowditch, Farrar, Peck, Cogswell, Harris, and Wyman in mathematics, natural history and philosophy; or Isaac Parker Parsons, Stearns, Story, Ashmun, Greenleaf, William Kent, and Joel Parker in jurisprudence.¹

Harvard has some fine edifices. Gore Hall, the library building, was completed in 1841, and named in honor of Christopher Gore, the statesman, who left the college \$100,000. The picture gallery embraces few but works of merit; among our earlier painters the productions of Smibert, Copley, Stuart, and Trumbull; and of the later, Newton, Frothingham, and the more modern painters. But by far the most imposing and splendid of its structures has only just been completed—Memorial Hall, which in beauty of design, the appropriateness of its objects, and the tenderness and patriotism of sentiment which reared it, all combined, render it the finest structure that has yet gone up by private munificence in our land.

¹ Mr. Joseph Dabney published in the *Am. Quar. Register*, xiv. 377, a list of one hundred and eighty-nine graduates of Harvard, chiefly clergymen, who, up to 1842, had reached or passed the age of eighty-four. Four graduates of Harvard were centenarians. Dr. Farmer, in the same work (x. 39), published a series of

Ecclesiastical Statistics, including the Ages of 840 deceased ministers of the Gospel, who were graduated at Harvard College, from 1642 to 1826. Of these 342 died at seventy and upwards. There were 17 at ninety and upwards.

William and Mary College comes next in order of time. We have already spoken of the first effort at education in Virginia. In 1619 Sir Edmund Sandys received from some unknown benefactor five hundred pounds, to be applied by the Virginia Company to the education of Indian boys in the English language and the Christian religion. Other sums were given. The king favored the design, and at his recommendation the English bishops collected fifteen hundred pounds for the purpose. The Company appropriated ten thousand acres of land to aid it at Henrico. Tenants at halves were placed on the soil, and the Rev. Mr. Copeland acted as president. Mr. Thorpe, too, went out in 1621, and everything was promising fair for this first attempt at knowledge in our own land. But the officers and tenants, and even the students themselves, were slain in the great massacre of 1622, and the whole enterprise whelmed in ruin.

In 1660-61, the General Assembly of the Colony of Virginia, took active steps towards again founding a college, by appropriating money, ordering and legalizing subscriptions, and directing land to be purchased, and buildings erected. An act was passed at its Session of 1660-61, and renewed the following Session, for the execution of this project. But little is known of the result of this attempt. Doubtless it had some success, and was the true germ of the College of William and Mary. That so little is known of it may be attributed, partly, to the troubles in the colony culminating in Bacon's Rebellion, and partly, to Sir William Berkeley's arbitrary rule.

The prospect for the future, also, was dark enough for a long time; for, as late as 1671, in his 'Answers to Questions put by the Lords of Plantations,' Governor Sir William Berkeley 'thanks God that there are no free schools nor printing in the colony, and hopes there will not be these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects, into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!' That prayer came pretty near being answered; for 150 years later, a Virginia member of Congress thanked God that his district was without a newspaper.

In 1693, however, through the agency of Rev. James Blair, a learned Scotch preacher, who was persuaded by the Bishop of London to emigrate to Virginia towards the close of the reign of Charles II., and by the assistance of Nicholson, Lieutenant-Governor of the colony, a charter was obtained from the government of England, and the new college took its name from the royal grantors, who appropriated money, lands, and a revenue duty on tobacco for its support. Buildings were erected, and Blair became president. A thousand pounds were granted to the college, and already in 1691, from the estate of Robert Boyle, the philosopher, an income was secured to the college on condition of supporting one Indian scholar for every fourteen pounds received. A not very successful effort to carry out the will of the donor was made for many years. In 1728 Col. Wm. Byrd laments the 'bad success Mr. Hoyle's charity has hitherto had towards converting any of these poor heathens to Christianity. Many children of our neighboring Indians

have been brought up in the college of William and Mary. They have been taught to read and write, and have been carefully instructed in the principles of the Christian religion till they came to be men, yet after they returned home, instead of civilizing and converting the rest, they have immediately relapsed into infidelity and barbarism themselves.' Mr. Duyckinck adds: 'The old story of the fading race, and pretty much the same, whether related by South American Jesuits, Virginia cavaliers, or New England zealots.' Philip Freneau has pointed the moral in his poem of the Indian Student who 'laid his Virgil by to wander with his dearer bow.' 'Though little good may have been done directly to the Indians, the scheme may have brought to them incidental benefits. The instruction of the Indian was the romance of educational effort, and acted in enlisting benefactors much as favorite but impracticable foreign missions have done at a later day. It was a plan of kindred character with those in Virginia which first engaged the benevolent Berkeley in his eminent services to the American colleges. One of these institutions, Dartmouth, grew out of such a foundation.'

On the breaking out of the Revolution one-half of the students, among whom was James Monroe, entered the army. 'The French troops occupied the college buildings, or a part of them. After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and while they had possession, the president's house was burned. The French Government promptly paid for rebuilding it. The college building was occupied as a hospital at the same time, and much damaged and broken up; but the United States Government has never made any remuneration.'

'As the second oldest collegiate institution in the United States, William and Mary College has been well claimed by President Ewell to hold the same rank to the South, as an educator of our eminent national men, that Harvard and Yale do to the North. It instructed Peyton Randolph, President of the first Continental Congress, Thomas Jefferson, author of the immortal Declaration of Independence, and four more of its signers—Benjamin Harrison, Carter Braxton, Thomas Nelson, and George Wythe. Among others of its alumni were James Monroe, John Tyler, Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Bushrod Washington, John Randolph of Roanoke, Winfield Scott, John J. Crittenden, and William C. Rives. It gave George Washington his commission as surveyor, and made him its chancellor for the last ten years of his life.'

It has had to buffet with repeated vicissitudes of fortune. PRIOR to the Revolution, it was the richest college in America; but that trouble cut off its best endowments. On the night of the 8th of February, 1859, when the alumni were on the eve of celebrating its 166th anniversary, its building was destroyed by an accidental fire, with its library of rare books and manuscripts, and most of its interesting antiquities. A new edifice rose to its completion within a year, and was promptly refurnished by ample donations, so that at the start a library was mustered of 6,000 volumes. Three years later, while General McClellan's army held the peninsula, during his advance on Richmond, the new building was wantonly fired by drunken stragglers, and was

consumed with all its apparatus, September 9th, 1862.¹ After an interregnum of five years, William and Mary resumed its Academic Department and Preparatory School in 1865. Although seriously crippled by the ravages of war, it has since given gratuitous instruction to over two hundred scholars. Its main building was substantially restored in July, 1869. A full faculty was engaged, with President Benjamin S. Ewell, a gentleman of mature learning and untiring energy at its head; and a revised course of studies inaugurated. When the nation pays the great debt which she owes to William and Mary, this venerable school of learning will once more shine with its original lustre.

¹ Last spring (1874) a 'Petition was presented by the College for an Appropriation by Congress on account of Revolutionary Losses, and because of the Destruction of its Buildings and other Property by the United States troops during the late Civil War.' It was ably supported by President EWELL before the Committee of Education and Labor, of the House of Representatives. I would gladly give place to his entire argument, for it is one of the most touching, noble, and just appeals in behalf of the injured cause of education ever pronounced. Its eloquent utterances will be heeded at no distant day when an American Congress shall assemble which shall represent, if not the *magnanimity* which always inspires the generous conqueror, at least the sense of *justice* which lives in the breasts of the true-hearted people of the North.

After a lucid historical sketch of the history of the College down to 1776, when it appears to have been the richest institution of learning in the country, President EWELL recounts the losses of its chartered and other endowments, and fairly bases the claim for remuneration for the rent of the main structure and out-buildings used for hospital purposes, from 1776 till 1781 when they were destroyed. He quotes precedents in justification of the claim which had been earnestly pressed in the Senate in 1855. Like claims had been paid to Rhode Island College for rent from 1776 to 1780, and damage to the building; to the proprietor of Pennsylvania hospital, and others. Rev. Dr. Witherspoon was charged with \$19,040 in 1779 on the books of the Quartermaster's Department for repairs of Princeton College, and on these claims Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, said, 'It appears to me most consistent with the justice and liberality of the Government to authorize the allowance of reasonable compensation in all cases in which any place of religious worship, or any seminary of learning has been occupied or injured by the troops of the United States, the act of limitation to the contrary notwithstanding.'

General McComb paid to the University of Vermont \$5,000 a year rent during the War of 1812.

In writing on this subject to the officers of 'the University of William and Mary,' Oct. 27, 1781, GEN. WASHINGTON said:

'The seat of literature at Williamsburg has ever, in my view, been an object of veneration. As an institution important for its communication of useful learning, and conducive to the true principles of national liberty, you may be assured that it shall receive every encouragement and benefaction in my power toward its re-establishment. The sick and wounded of the army, whom my necessities have compelled me to trouble you with, shall be removed as soon as circumstances will permit—an event which will be as pleasing to me as agreeable to you.'

GENERAL MEADE, that truly brave and just man, thus writes concerning the destruction of the College buildings while held by the Federal troops during the Civil War:

'I am satisfied, on examination of the facts of the case, that the destruction of the buildings of William and Mary College by our troops, was not only unnecessary and unauthorized, but was one of those deplorable acts of useless destruction which occur in all wars.

'In this view, and believing that its reconstruction will tend to cement and strengthen the bonds of union, and to give encouragement to the growth and spreading of Union principles, I take great pleasure in re-

commending the appeal of Professor EWELL to all those who have the means and the disposition to assist him in the good work in which he is engaged.'

The best words perhaps uttered in the debate on the Petition, fell from the lips of one of Massachusetts's noblest Representatives, and they came with the more grace from the State which held the venerable university of Harvard, which had for generations enjoyed the Boyle benefice through the faithful hands of Williams and Mary.

HON. GEO. F. HOAR said:

'To spare, and if possible to protect, institutions of learning, is an obligation which the most civilized nations impose on themselves. Whenever, by accident or design, these institutions have been injured in war, such governments desire, if possible, to make reparation. History contains many conspicuous and interesting examples of this generous recognition . . . In her bloodiest and angriest civil strifes, all factions in England have revered her institutions of learning. Her schools and colleges, whatever side they may have taken in civil war, have enjoyed immunity from its injuries, when even her stately and venerable cathedrals have not been spared. Think what permanence these schools enjoy, shielded from the storms of war by the beneficent principle we invoke. Wherever civilization exists, wherever men are humane and Christian, the College or the school, wisely founded, shall endure. I purchased at Eton, a few years since, a little book containing the history of the ten great schools of England. I was struck, in looking over it, to see dates of their endowment; Eton, in 1440; Winchester, 1380; Westminster, 1560; St. Paul's, 1509; Merchant Taylor's, 1560; Charter House, 1611; Harrow, 1571; Rugby, 1567; Shrewsbury, 1549; Christ's, 1552; while the origin of Oxford and Cambridge is lost in the darkness of antiquity.

'These schools have survived all the changes of dynasty, all the changes of institutions and manners; Puritan and Cavalier, York and Lancaster have fought out their battles, and yet, in the wildest tempests of popular excitement, they

Lift not their spears against the 'Muses' bower.

'At Winchester William of Wykeham founded, in 1380, a school which still stands and has remained through four dynasties. Guelph, Hanover, Tudor, York, Lancaster and Plantagenet, have successively struggled for and occupied the English throne, while in the building, which Wykeham in his lifetime planned and built, the scholars of Winchester are still governed by the statutes which he framed.

'You will scarcely find an instance, in England or America, where a school or college, wisely founded, has died. "Whatever perishes, that shall endure."

'But William and Mary has also her own peculiar claim on our regard. The great principles on which the rights of man depend, which inspired the statesmen of Virginia of the period of the Revolution, are the fruits of her teaching. The name of Washington, to whose genius in war, and to whose influence in peace we owe the vindication of our liberties and the successful inauguration of our Constitution, is inseparably connected with William and Mary. She gave him his first commission in his youth; he gave to her his last public service in his age. Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, who announced the great law of equality and human rights, in whose light our Constitution is at last and forever to be interpreted,

Yale College.—We now reach the first year of the last century, when YALE COLLEGE was founded. Up to that time various proposals had been made, beginning as early as 1647, for the establishment of a college in the colony of New Haven; but chiefly in deference to Harvard, which had been the pioneer, no central classical school was set up, and the young men of New Haven colony, after leaving their home classical schools, for a long time looked to Cambridge for the completion of their studies. But in the year 1700 a College Association was formed consisting of eleven members, all clergymen, living in the colony. Their first meeting was at New Haven. Shortly after, they met at Branford, each bringing as many volumes as he could collect, and laid them on the table with the declaration, 'I give these books for founding a college in this colony.' The General Court granted a charter the following year, the declared object being 'to instruct youth in the arts and sciences who may be fitted for public employment both in Church and Civil State.'¹

The first rector of the college was Abraham Pierson, who taught the students in his house at Killingworth. He was a graduate of Harvard, and with several advanced scholars, held his first commencement at Saybrook in 1702. As the school grew from these small beginnings, Hartford contended with New Haven for the honor of the seat of the college. It was at last determined in favor of the latter place, and there the commencement of 1717 was held. It was named after its first great patron. Elihu Yale, though born in the place, had wandered far from it in his boyhood, and in the East Indies reached rank and fortune, and finally made his home in London. He did not forget his birthplace, but sent liberal contributions of books and merchandise to the college. The trustees named their institution Yale College. To another man the library owed generous donations—Jeremiah

drank his inspiration at her fountain. Marshall, without whose luminous and farsighted exposition our Constitution could hardly have been put into successful and harmonious operation, who embedded forever in our constitutional law the great doctrines on which the measures that saved the Union are based, was a son of William and Mary. By the cession of the great North-western territory, largely due to the efforts of one of her illustrious sons, she lost a great part of her revenues.

¹Next to Harvard she is the oldest of American Colleges. The gift of the famous Robert Boyle was held by her for many years, on condition of an annual payment of £90 to Harvard. Boyle was the friend of many of the early friends and benefactors of Harvard, and a correspondent of one of its first Presidents. Each of these two seminaries, in its own part of the country, kindled and kept alive the sacred fire of liberty. In 1743, the year Jefferson was born, Samuel Adams maintained, on taking his degree of Master of Arts at Harvard, the affirmative of the thesis, whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved? In this hour of the calamity of her sister College I am glad to believe that Harvard does not forget the ancient tie. The mother of the Otises and Adamases would gladly extend her right hand to the mother of Jefferson and Marshall.

¹If civil strife or foreign war shall ever again disturb our peace, every College in the land will be safer if Congress shall to-day make this solemn recognition of the rule we invoke. To deny it is to deny to the College of Washington the justice he did to Princeton. To deny it is to deny to Virginia, the generous treatment which Connecticut receives, from Tryon, Phila-

delphia from Cooke, and William and Mary herself from Louis XVI. of France. The hallowed associations which surround this College prevent this case from being a precedent for any other. If you had injured it, you surely would have restored Mount Vernon; you had better honor Washington, by restoring the living fountain of learning, whose service was the pleasure of his last years, than by any useless and empty act of worship or respect towards his sepulchre.

¹No other College in the country can occupy the same position. By the fortune of war that sacred institution, which has conferred on the country a hundred-fold more benefit than any other institution or College in the South, has become a sufferer. I desire to hold out the olive branch to the people of Virginia, to the people of the South, to show them that we will join them in rebuilding the sacred place laid waste by the fortunes of war.²

If claims like these, enforced by such eloquence, were unheeded by the men who were styled 'the Representatives of the American People,' some of us will live to thank their successors for justice crowned with a generosity which will have atoned for the delay!

¹The names of these eleven founders were James Noyes, of Stonington; Israel Chauncy, of Stratford; Thomas Buckingham, of Saybrook; Abraham Pierson, of Killingworth; Samuel Mather, of Windsor; Samuel Andrew, of Milford; Timothy Woodbridge, of Hartford; James Pierpont, of New Haven; Noahiah Russell, of Middletown; Joseph Webb, of Fairfield. To these Samuel Russell, of Branford, was afterwards added.

Dummer, of Boston, who acted as agent of Massachusetts in England. He told some of his illustrious friends about the young college,—among them Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Richard Steele, Burnet, Woodward, Halley, Bentley, Kennet, Calamy, Edwards, and Whiston, all of whom presented their writings.

During the presidency of the Rev. Elisha Williams, which lasted till 1739, Bishop Berkeley¹ took the college under his special favor, and made his celebrated donations. While staying at Newport he became acquainted with some of the friends of the institution, and on his return to England in 1732, the year of Washington's birth, deeded to the college his house and farm at Newport, the income to be devoted to aiding the three best scholars in Latin and Greek, and the purchase of books in those languages, as prizes to undergraduates.

From Professor Kingsley's 'Sketch of Yale College,' we find among the successful applicants for the 'Dean's bounty,' the names of Dr. Wheelock, first president of Dartmouth, Rev. Aaron Burr, president of the College of New Jersey, Presidents Daggett and Dwight, the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, with other eminent men. The collection which Berkeley presented to the college was very choice, and numbered nearly a thousand volumes.

The first professorship of theology, which was the fruit of Whitefield's preaching, borrowed its name from its first contributor, the honorable Philip Livingston of New York. When the British took possession of New Haven in 1779, President Daggett was taken prisoner, found wounded, but with a musket in his hand, bravely resisting the foe. In his history of Yale College, Baldwin tells us that 'he was unhandsomely treated with violence and personal injury by his captors.' His presidency was successful, numbering among his scholars, Trumbull, Dwight, Humphreys, and Barlow.

Some of the ripest scholars and the best men of America have presided over Yale College, or become distinguished as professors. Dr. Ezra Stiles, Timothy Dwight, Jeremiah Day, Theodore Dwight Woolsey, Kingsley, Silliman, Goodrich, Olmsted, Taylor, Fitch, Justice Bissell, and Governor Dutton, are but a few on the shining scroll, while its thousands of graduates have shed

¹ 'The arrival in America of the Rev. Mr. George Berkeley, then Dean of Derry, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne,' says Samuel Miller, in his *Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century*, 'deserves to be noticed in the literary history of America, not only as a remarkable event, but also as one which had some influence on the progress of literature, particularly in Rhode Island and Connecticut.'

'Berkeley was to the country not only a personal friend and benefactor, through the genial example of his scholar's life and conversation, and the gifts which he directly made, but he brought with him the prestige which attached to high literary reputation, and was a connecting link to America with what is called the Augustan age of Queen Anne. Born in Ireland, March 12, 1684, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he had acquired distinction in mathematics and philosophy, and before the age of thirty had vented his celebrated ideal theory in print. He was introduced by Steele and Swift to the circle of London wits, who admired the man, while they jested at his immaterial philosophy. To the fine speculations of the scholar, he had added a knowledge of the world, and the liberal associations of travel through his residence in Italy

and France. By the friendship of the Duke of Grafton he received his appointment as Dean of Derry; and the death of Swift's Vanessa, who made him one of her legatees, further added to his resources. With all this good fortune at hand, his benevolent enthusiasm led him to engage in the distant and uncertain project of erecting a college in the Bermudas, for converting the American Indians to Christianity. He wrote out his *Proposal*, and his friend Swift gave him a letter to Lord Carteret to second the affair, with a humorous account of the amiable projector. 'He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past hath been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermuda, by a charter from the crown. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical of a college founded for Indian schools and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. *His heart* will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your Excellency's disposal.—Duyckinck's *Cyclopaedia*, p. 175.

lustre over innumerable scenes of achievement in every department of human effort.

The names of the benefactors of the college would make a golden book, and all the more glory to them, since for the most part they were only men of learning and not of fortune. Oliver Woolcot gave \$2,000 to the library, and Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, and graduate of the college, founded a fund for the purchase of books on mechanical and physical science. Dr Perkins, another graduate, gave to the permanent library fund \$10,000. Prof Morse, the great electrician, contributed a valuable collection of books in 1823, and Dr. Isaac Watts, the lyric poet of England, sent a pair of globes. Professor Philo, of Halle, gave his library of four thousand volumes. Rev. W. F. Williams, American missionary at Mosul, sent four of the original sculptures of Nineveh, while the Trumbull gallery, the gift of the artist, the soldier, and the patriot, is reckoned among the few early and attractive collections of art in possession of our institutions of learning.

The growth of Yale College during the last twenty years has been very great. Upwards of ten thousand five hundred persons have since its foundation been admitted to degree, more than two thousand of whom have been ministers of the gospel; while the number of students now engaged in the various departments reaches nearly one thousand, under fifty professors. The recent donations to the college have been munificent. The most important endowment of all, has perhaps been the Sheffield Scientific School, which gave a new and electrical impulse to the study of the natural sciences throughout the country. In 1866, Mr. George Peabody gave \$150,000 to found a Museum of Natural History, and the contributions to its scientific collections made by the Yale expedition among the Western Mountains, on the Pacific slope, under Prof. Marsh, are not only the most valuable in the country, but among the rarest in the world. Mr. Joseph E. Sheffield has contributed to the Scientific School nearly half a million dollars; while Mr. Augustus S. Street, in 1866, established a School of the Fine Arts on a firm basis, having in all contributed to the college \$280,000. The president, Noah Porter, one of the ablest modern writers on psychology, has also, like President Eliot, of Harvard, and Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, displayed great financial ability in strengthening the sinews of their institutions. They have infused a broader and more heroic spirit of giving to the cause of science and learning than has ever been awakened in any other country.¹

The College of New Jersey.—This college, which has filled a large sphere, especially in the education of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church, received its first charter in 1746. During the great Revival of 1741, under the preaching of Edwards and Whitefield, a new interest was excited in the preparation of young men for the ministry, and the leading ministers of the Presbytery of New York, mainly residents of East Jersey, determined to estab-

¹ One of the latest munificent gifts has been made by Mr. Joseph Battell, a merchant of high intellectual culture of New York. It was for building a new chapel.

lish a seat of learning in the State to which they belonged. The Rev. William Tennent had for many years maintained a classical and theological school at Neshaminy, known as the Log College, which had already sent forth from its humble doorway several eminent divines and preachers.¹

The first college building was erected in 1756, chiefly from contributions made in England through President Samuel Davies, and the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, whose celebrity was greatly increased by his zeal as a follower of Whitefield. It was proposed to name the building Belcher Hall; but the modesty of the Governor substituted the name of Nassau Hall, in honor of the great Protestant hero, William III. In the manuscript centennial discourse of Dr. James W. Alexander, delivered at Princeton in 1846, he said that this college structure was the best in its time, and the largest single edifice in the Colonies. Jonathan Edwards was succeeded in the presidency by the Rev. Samuel Davies, an eloquent preacher, who was called from Virginia to the presidency, which he filled only a year and a half, when he sunk to an honored grave at the early age of thirty-six. In one of his stirring discourses, in August, 1755, on the expedition of Braddock, entitled 'Religion and Patriotism the Constituents of a Good Soldier,' he prophetically points out to the public 'that heroic young colonel, Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country.' Davies was a brilliant representative of that class of learned young clergymen, whose eloquence fired the patriotism of the Colonies when they united with the mother country in sweeping the French power out of North America. In May, 1759, he delivered before the militia of Hanover County so powerful a discourse that he at once filled their ranks. The Rev. Samuel Finley succeeded to the presidency on the death of Davies in 1761, and his great and useful labors were prolonged till his death, which took place in 1776, when Dr. Witherspoon was invited to come from Scotland to fill his place. During the Revolution this great man, without resigning his trust, was elected to Congress, where he impressed his thoughts and spirit deeply upon that body, and through them upon the nation.²

¹ In Dr. Archibald Alexander's history of this school we learn that Whitefield visited it in 1739, and speaks of it as 'the place wherein young men study in the attempt called a college.' It was a mournful, back-cabin structure of the log-cabin order.

Jonathan Dickinson, a learned divine, who settled as a clergyman at Elizabethtown, acted as the first president for a year, and was succeeded at his death, (when a new charter was obtained from Governor Belcher), by the Rev. Aaron Burr, the intimate friend of Whitefield, the son-in-law of Jonathan Edwards, and the father of Aaron Burr, subsequently Vice-President of the United States. On the death of President Burr, in 1756, the institution was removed from Newark to Princeton, where he was succeeded by his father-in-law, the illustrious author and divine. Burr was a man of great talents, energy in business, serenity of temper, and eloquence in the pulpit. He was a ripe Latinist, and prepared a Latin grammar for the use of the college. As a specimen of his Latinity there is extant, in manuscript, an oration in that language, which he delivered in Newark before a number of the trustees on the death of Dr. Philip Doddridge, who had been a friend of the college. The eulogy by William Livingston on occasion of his death celebrates his virtues

and acuteness with animated panegyric.—Duyckinck's *Cyclopaedia*, pp. 280-81.

² Immediately after the battle of Princeton in 1777, the vicinity of the college became the scene of a conflict between its British occupants and a portion of the army of Washington. In the chapel in Nassau Hall hung at that time a portrait of George II., which was destroyed by an American cannon-shot passing through the canvas. Within the same frame now hangs a portrait of Washington, painted by Peale. Being invited by the trustees of the College some years after the battle, to sit for his portrait, he paid the artist fifty guineas for the work, being unwilling that any portion of so small and so sacred a fund should bear such a burden. The College Library suffered loss from both parties in the Revolution. Duyckinck states, on the authority of Ashbel Green's Memoirs, that some of the books were afterwards found in North Carolina, left there by the troops of Cornwallis. But this is at least doubtful. The Rev. Dr. John Maclean, now at an advanced age, but still vigorous, was inaugurated the tenth president of Nassau Hall in 1854. He was for more than 50 years an officer of the College, and is now preparing its History. Having favored me with a revision of this Sketch, he remarks of this incident as well as of any

After the Revolution, Witherspoon resumed his duties as president, which ended only at his death, in 1794. His successor, Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, the accomplished scholar and orator, filled that post during the next eighteen years. Dr. Alexander, in his memoirs of Smith, describes his appearance at Princeton in 1801: 'Certainly, viewing him as in his meridian, I have never seen his equal in elegance of person and manners. Dignity and winning grace were remarkably united in his expressive countenance. His large blue eye had a penetration which commanded the respect of all beholders. Notwithstanding the want of health, his cheek had a bright rosy tint, and his smile lighted up the whole face. The tones of his eloquence had a thrilling peculiarity, and this was the more remarkable in his preaching, where it is well known that he imitated the elaborate polish and oratorical glow of the French school.'

Princeton has been peculiarly fortunate both in her presidents and professors. Ashbel Green, who succeeded Smith, was chaplain to Congress in Philadelphia from 1792 to 1800, where he enjoyed the intimate friendship of Washington. He was followed in 1823 by Dr. James Carnahan, who held the chair more than thirty years. The tenth president was Dr. John Maclean, still living. In the departments of mathematics and physical science, the methods and labors of Professors Henry and Torrey, and those of Arnold Guyot, and Stephen Alexander the astronomer, gave considerable éclat to the institution.

The usefulness of the College of New Jersey can best be hinted by stating, that the entire number of graduates considerably exceeds five thousand, of whom more than one-half are still living. It would be sufficient to mention such names among them as Dr. Benjamin Rush, the two Richard Stocktons, William Paterson, Tapping Reeve, David Ramsay, Dr. Samuel Spring, Pierpont Edwards, James Madison, President of the United States, Aaron Burr, Henry Lee, Morgan Lewis, Edward Livingston, John Sergeant, Samuel L. Southard, Theodore Frelinghuysen, and a long roll of other distinguished men.

The benefactors of Princeton College are too many to enumerate.¹ Within the last few years upwards of a million dollars have been given for new buildings, the endowment of professorships, and the establishment of scholarships. Dickinson Hall, recently constructed for rooms adapted for

special plundering of the Library by the British troops, that *he now hears of it for the first time*.—I am only too happy to give them the benefit of the doubt. They need it bad enough.

This old North College, the original Nassau Hall, which had thus suffered the attack of the troops, was destroyed by fire in 1802. Again in 1855, March 9th, it was entirely burned. The pictures in the college gallery were fortunately preserved. In the diary of John Adams, of the date of August 26th, 1774, when the young lawyer was on his way to the Continental Congress, we find the following picture:

'The College is conveniently constructed; instead of entries across the building, the entries are from end to end, and the chambers are on each side of the entries. There are such entries one above another in every story. Mr. Houston, the professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, showed us the library; it is not large, but has some good books. He then led us into

the apparatus. Here we saw the most beautiful machine, an orrery or planetarian, constructed by M^r. Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia. By this time the bell rang for prayers. We went into the chapel; the president came in and we attended. The scholars sing as badly as the Presbyterians at New York. After prayers, the president attended us to the balcony of the college, where we had the prospect of a horizon of about eighty miles in diameter.'—Duyckinck's *Cyclopaedia*, p. 289.

¹ Among the earlier of them should be mentioned Col. Henry Rutgers and his family of New York; Elias Boudinot, who founded a cabinet of Natural History, and gave \$8,000 and 4,000 acres of land; and Dr. David Hosock, an alumnus, who contributed a valuable mineralogical cabinet. In the Philosophic Hall are preserved the electrical machine of Franklin, and the orrery of Rittenhouse.

instruction in nearly every department, was founded in honor of Jonathan Dickinson, the first president of Princeton, by his lineal descendant, John C. Green, of New York, whose munificent gifts have been of such great service to the institution, and cast so much lustre over the donor's name. A well-equipped gymnasium was erected in 1869, at a cost of \$38,000, by Robert Bonner, the journalist, and Henry C. Marquand. Three years later Mr. Marquand gave the college another donation of \$100,000. A building for a school of science has gone up to the eastward of Dickinson Hall, founded by a special endowment of \$200,000 from Mr. Green, whose gifts have already exceeded half a million dollars.

No little portion of the splendor of this record emanates from the admirable genius, learning, and Christian humanity of Dr. James McCosh, its eleventh president, who left his native hills in Ayrshire, and the scenes of his scholarship in the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and the Free Church of Scotland, and his professorship at Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, to reap fresher and more enduring laurels in the academic groves which surround the classical structures of Princeton. He may well tread proudly, yet humbly, in the footsteps of his two fellow-countrymen—Witherspoon and Maclean—of Finley the scholarly Irishman, and of Edwards the metaphysical divine.

King's College—now Columbia.—As early as 1703, it seems from the records of Trinity Church, says Mr. Duyckinck, to have been the intention of the colonial government of New York, then represented by Lord Cornbury, to establish a college on this island. The design was ultimately carried into effect, although not till forty-three years later, when a provincial act was passed for raising money for that purpose by lottery. The sum of £3,400, realized from this measure, was placed in the hands of the trustees, a majority of whom were members of the Church of England, several of them being vestrymen of Trinity Church. The feeling of loyalty to the throne was very strong in New York, and manifested itself in a warm attachment to the Church of England. This blended religious and political sentiment was always specially represented by Trinity Church, which was fostered by the home government and sustained by the influential classes in society and by the provincial legislature. Its affairs were managed with great ability and discretion; it received vast gifts, and became, and still remains, the richest religious corporation on the continent.

A strong opposition, however, was early brought against Trinity corporation, headed by Mr. William Livingston, who had an early and well-founded jealousy against the development of any hierarchical principles in America. He was a Presbyterian, and represented the claims of that religious body with the greatest earnestness—perhaps sometimes with unbecoming zeal. In his periodical, 'The Independent Reflector,' he displayed a radical republican spirit, which strikes us in reading it at such a length of time, as having foreshadowed with a prophetic spirit the growing political tendencies of America.

Livingston and his party thwarted for a long time the proposed royal charter, and tried to substitute another institution under an act of the Assembly to take possession of the funds. But on the 31st of October, 1754, the charter of King's College was granted, and although it lost half of the royal endowment, yet it soon entered on a career of prosperity, chiefly through the auspicious fortune which decided that Dr. Samuel Johnson should become its first president. This man of moulding genius, was destined to confer upon the island and the State of New York blessings which at our time can be but feebly comprehended. Born in Guilford, Connecticut, educated at Yale, studying divinity, and accompanying President Butler to England for Episcopal ordination, he returned to Stratford a missionary of The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Endowed with keen metaphysical perception, and an exquisite sensibility for the spiritual, he was carried captive by the theory of Idealism advocated by Berkeley, whose acquaintance he had already made. After the failure of his Bermuda plan, Berkeley had become interested in the establishment of a college in New York. The University of Oxford had conferred upon Johnson the degree of Doctor in Divinity. Dr. Franklin, who knew his accomplishments, was anxious to have him take charge of the University of Pennsylvania, then being founded; but he was already pledged to the trustees of King's College, and in 1754 he reached New York prepared to enter upon his duties. The college was organized in May, 1755, when Trinity Church conveyed to its governors the tract of land which afterwards became so valuable, enclosed by Church, Barclay, and Murray Streets, and the Hudson River. Only two conditions were affixed to the gift—the president should always be a member of the Church of England, and its liturgy should be used in the services of the college. Beyond this there was no exclusion for religious opinions.

When Johnson took charge of the college he was in his 58th year—mature in judgment, ripe in scholarship, commanding in character, and beneficent in spirit. The college was ultimately to enjoy a large revenue from its lands, and to receive generous gifts from all quarters; but it had little money to begin with. Mr. James Jay was sent to England to get help; and associated with him was Dr. Smith, provost of the college in Philadelphia. They met a generous reception, returned with the means for a fair start for both institutions, and they began to build.

In 1763 Dr. Johnson retired from the presidency to his pastorate at Stratford, where he passed eleven years of serenity and usefulness, dying in 1772, at the age of seventy-five. In Chandler's Life of Johnson we are told that he desired, like his friend Berkeley, to die suddenly in his own home, and such a departure was vouchsafed to him.¹

¹ The visitor to the old graveyard at Stratford will find these lines on his monument. They were written by Dr. Cooper, Johnson's successor:—

If decent dignity and modest mien,
The cheerful heart, and countenance serene;
If pure religion and unsullied truth,
His age's solace, and his search in youth;
In charity, through all the race he ran,
Still wishing well, and doing good to man;

If learning free from pedantry and pride;
If faith and virtue walking side by side;
If well to mark his being's aim and end,
To shine through life the father and the friend;
If these ambition in thy soul can raise,
Excite thy reverence or demand thy praise,
Reader, ere yet thou quit this earthly scene,
Revere his name, and be what he has been.

Before his retirement Dr. Johnson applied to Archbishop Secker for an assistant who might become his successor. He sent Myles Cooper in 1762. At the early age of twenty-eight he became president of the college. He was distinguished for scholarship and exuberance of rhyme, which went under the name of poetry, great devotion to the Church of England, and a still more enthusiastic adherence to the obnoxious principles and rubbish of Toryism.¹

Cooper made no attempt to conceal his Toryism. He was believed to have 'had a hand' in a very obnoxious pamphlet which appeared on the breaking out of the Revolution, which was answered with signal ability by one of his own students who had matriculated at the college in 1774. I speak of Alexander Hamilton, then a young stripling, who was preparing himself by exhaustive study in mathematics, classics, and law for the wonderful career Providence had marked out for him in his adopted country. Indignation against the Tory plotter grew fierce. A letter appeared in April, 1775, signed 'Three Millions,' recommending him and his confrères to 'fly for their lives, or anticipate their doom by becoming their own executioners.' On the night of May 10, after Hamilton and his faithful companions had destroyed the guns on the battery, and one of their comrades had fallen, the mob became incensed, and proceeded to expel Dr. Cooper, from the college. Hamilton and Troup, students, ascended the steps, to restrain the rioters, Hamilton addressed them on 'the excessive impropriety of their conduct, and the disgrace they were bringing on the cause of liberty, of which they professed to be the champions.' Dr. Cooper, who mistook the case, and thought he was exciting the people, cried out from an upper window, 'Don't listen to him, gentlemen; he is crazy, he is crazy.' But Hamilton kept them engaged till the Tory president escaped.² He made his way half dressed over the college fence, and wandered by the shore of the Hudson till near morning, when he found shelter in the old Stuyvesant mansion in the Bowery, where he passed the day, and was at night taken on board the Kingfisher, Captain James Montagu, an English ship-of-war in the harbor, in which he sailed to England.³

¹ I am largely indebted to Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia* for these sketches of our early colleges and libraries, and have drawn from this source freely. Having often verified his accuracy by consulting the authorities he depended on, I have been impressed with the extreme care with which he prepared that work. If there be a large range of so-called authorities which the conscientious historian must beware of, it is what goes under the name of American historical writings. It is this quality which gives so great a value to this *Cyclopædia*. I should add that Mr. T. ELLWOOD ZELL, the enterprising Philadelphia publisher, has rendered a high service to the cause of American Literature by issuing a greatly enlarged and improved edition, of the original work, brought down to the present time by Mr. M. Laird Simons, on whose impartiality and diligent research too high praise can hardly be bestowed. As it now appears, it is altogether the ablest and most attractive work of its kind that has yet appeared.

Mr. Duyckinck says that the year after Cooper took his degree of Master of Arts at Oxford he published by subscription a volume of poems in that city. 'They are occasional verses, amatory and bacchanalian, full of the spirit of the old English gentleman who sang of

Chloe, Delia and Silvia; put old stories of cuckoldry into epigrams, and wrote heroic little poems on ladies' gaiters; at times subsiding into tranquillity in an ode to contentment, or some touching lines to a singing bird in confinement, and rising—if it be rising—into dull stanzas on sacred subjects—for all of these things did Myles Cooper in his salad days at Oxford, before he came to America to confront the 'sons of liberty' on the Hudson. It is not likely that he brought many copies of his poems over for the use of the students and the eyes of sober Dr. Johnson, of Connecticut, with the letter of the archbishop. Some of his verses are censurable, though the taste of the age allowed publications then to gentlemen which the more delicate standard of the present day would reject. . . . In this old British period the young president's manners and convivial habits were much admired. He was a member of a literary club which, like those of modern days, mixed up a little literature with a great deal of conviviality.'—Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia*, p. 394.

² Life of Hamilton by John C. Hamilton, vol. i.

³ President Moore's 'Historical Sketch of Columbia College.'

King's College considered itself lucky in getting rid of its young president with so little trouble. Cooper's place was immediately filled by Rev. Benjamin Moore; but the college was soon occupied as a military hospital, and the library scattered. Some kind hands preserved a few of the volumes, and many years afterwards they were found in a small room of St. Paul's Chapel.

The British holding possession of New York, King's College had no record to leave until the restoration of peace, when the iron crown was removed from the edifice, and with it the very name of the institution perished. One of the last students to leave King's College was Alexander Hamilton. The first student who offered himself for examination to Columbia College,—made such by the new organization of trustees in 1787,—was DeWitt Clinton. He who was to become the first citizen of the Empire State, was followed by a student who was afterwards to become one of the first citizens of Virginia—John Randolph of Roanoke.

Under its new and national name, baptized into the spirit of liberty, and fired by the inspirations of a new age, the college began its fresh career in 1787. The trustees invited to the presidency, William Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, the son of the first president. He was fifty years of age, had won distinction at Yale and Harvard, been a delegate to the Congress of 1765 at New York, and served with ability as agent of Connecticut in England, where he formed intimate acquaintance with Berkeley, Lowth, and his great namesake, Dr. Samuel Johnson—those intellectual kings of the British world. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and Oxford honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was a delegate to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and while Congress sat in New York he represented Connecticut in that body, and with Ellsworth, his noble colleague, helped to form the judiciary. On the removal of Congress to Philadelphia, he resigned his senatorship, and devoted himself exclusively to the affairs of the college till the first year of the present century, when he withdrew, covered with honors and ripe with years; but his life was prolonged to the age of ninety-two; he still enjoyed ease with dignity, and the priceless luxuries of learning, honor, and virtue.¹

During the presidency of Bishop Benjamin Moore—1801 to 1811—the college gained steadily in efficiency. Rev. William Harris succeeded Bishop Moore, holding the presidency eighteen years, when the honorable William A. Duer was elected. He held the place from 1829 till 1842. This eminent scholar, attorney, legislator, and jurist, brought to his station rare abilities, and still rarer culture. His presidency imparted to the college a new lustre—all its departments were made broader and more efficient, while under the succeeding presidencies of Nathaniel F. Moore and Charles King,

¹ In his article on President Johnson, in Knapp's American Biography, Verplanck applied to the Stratford sage the fine lines of the author of the Rambler:—
 'The virtues of a temperate prime,
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime,
 An age that melts with unperceived decay,

And glides in pious innocence away;
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
 The general fav'rite as the general friend,
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?'

assisted by an able corps of professors, among whom Dr. Anthon as a classical scholar, Professor James Renwick as a scientist, Dr. Henry J. Anderson as a mathematician, Dr. Lieber as a political economist, Dr. Davies as a mathematician, and Dr. John Torrey, not only among the ablest botanists of his time, but a collector of the most extensive botanical collection on the continent, new splendor was thrown over the institution. Dr. Torrey's collection contains over fifty thousand specimens of plants, which cost its founder the labor of forty years.

Dr. Barnard, now presides over the college, having brought to his post, ten years ago, broader and riper knowledge on the great subject of education than almost any of his contemporaries. Columbia College has always been distinguished as a classical school, and it has justly claimed eminence for the thoroughness of its Law Department. It has a large School of Medicine, and among its lecturers and professors in the several departments, situated as it is in the centre of the great metropolis, the resources it could draw from were almost unlimited. Its new School of Mines is one of the most thorough and prosperous in the country. The revenue of the college is large, derived less from benefactors than from the increased value of its real estate. Its libraries in all departments, its scientific apparatus, the number of its students—now nearly one thousand,—the ability of its corps of professors, all combine to render it one of the noblest institutions of learning in the country.¹

The University of Pennsylvania.—Franklin was its father. In his Autobiography, he tells us that in 1743 he had laid before Richard Peters the plan of an academy in Philadelphia. Six years later he revised it, with the cooperation of Thomas Hopkinson, and other good citizens. When he published his pamphlet—'Proposals Relative to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania,' he took care to represent it, 'not as an act of mine, but as some public-spirited gentlemen, avoiding as much as I could, according to the usual rule, the presenting myself to the public as the author of any scheme for their benefit.'

In an admirable address before the Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania, Nov. 13, 1849, Mr. William B. Reed speaks of the first board of trustees as 'men of character, standing, and learning; or where, as with the greatest of them mere scholarship was wanting, of masculine intelligence, and pure, vigorous, American mother wit; while the master-spirit then, as the master-spirit in every effort to do public good, from the hour when he landed penniless at Market Street wharf, till the distant day when, at the end of almost a

¹ The *esprit de corps*, and the sturdy manhood which characterize the students of Columbia College, were commendably displayed at the great university regatta at Saratoga during this month of July, 1874. Their sturdy character, fine discipline, and admirable pluck, gave them an easy and brilliant victory. In fact, the record of Columbia College affords a fine argument for those who claim, that institutions of learning grow up under the fairest auspices in a great metropolis. Ingenious and touching pleas are entered by the ad-

vocates of rural colleges; and much has been said and sung about rustic virtue and sylvan shades, the innocence of country life, and the charms of bucolic manners; but it has long been my conviction that the highest inspirations of science and learning are felt where the lights of civilization blaze with the greatest intensity. Large cities have been the seats of the chief intellectual triumphs of the race in all ages. The men who are to control the future must pass through the hottest fires.

century, he was carried amidst mourning crowds and tolling bells to his modest and almost forgotten grave, was Benjamin Franklin. His mind conceived, and his energy achieved the first Philadelphia college.'

All the charter privileges it desired, it obtained by successive Acts. In 1755, Rev. William Smith became the first provost. He was a Scotchman, and a graduate of the University of Aberdeen. Unlike his contemporary, Myles Cooper, he at once espoused the cause of American liberty with all the ardor of his generous nature, and brought to his aid exquisite learning and commanding eloquence. In 1758 he wrote 'An Earnest Address to the Colonies,' rousing the country to union against the French. On the 23d of June, 1775, he pronounced a powerful military discourse, which greatly helped the good cause of independence. At the invitation of Congress, he delivered an oration in memory of General Montgomery, and a finished eulogium on Benjamin Franklin before the American Philosophical Society, March 1, 1791.

The College grew rapidly into fame under Smith's administration. Among other learned men whose accomplishments were invoked, was Dr. Benjamin Rush, who became professor of chemistry; and as early as 1767 the Medical Department was founded, which has since attained such enviable distinction as a school of learning.

Toryism was as rampant, and perhaps still more virulent in Philadelphia than in New York, and an attempt was made to degrade the College into a Church of England institution. But to the glory of the men of that time be it said, they fought inch by inch and all attempts to create any harlot embrace between church and state—least of all were institutions of learning to be prostituted to the debauching influences of sectarianism fostered by legislation. In 1779, in the very heat of the Revolution, the Legislature of the State annulled the charter, took away its funds, and created a new institution, with liberal grants out of the confiscated estates of the royalists; and over the ashes of Franklin's perverted college rose the University of Pennsylvania, which at once assumed those fair proportions which were adapted to the new American System of Life, whose foundations were then being laid by the great builders of a civilization for the future.

The spirit of the old college, divested somewhat of its antiquated notions, resumed life enough to procure a law in 1789, reinstating the trustees and faculties in their former estates and privileges. It was reorganized in the house of Dr. Franklin under better auspices, which led, two years later, to another act of the Legislature, blending the two institutions; and from which time we hear only of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Ewing, David Rittenhouse, John McDowel, Bishop Delancey, John Andrews, John Ludlow, Dr. Henry Vethake, all rendered good service to the institution. Finally, in 1868, Charles Janeway Stillé became the tenth provost. He fully merited the praise the trustees bestowed on him; 'He inspired his college, and the trustees, with confidence in his views; devoted his time and energies to the preparation of the plans for carrying them into execution; and finally succeeded

in securing their adoption.' The effects of those labors are visible in the stately collegiate edifice lately erected in West Philadelphia, and in the thorough organization of the new Department of Science on a scale equal to those of Arts, Medicine, and Law.¹

Firmly established, well endowed, and in permanent and spacious quarters, the University of Pennsylvania now ranks among the most thorough, prosperous, and promising of the institutions of learning in America.

Rhode Island College—now Brown University.—This seat of learning, which during the first century of its existence made a record so honorable to its founders, and the learned and virtuous men who have since guided its fortunes, owes its origin mainly to a suggestion made by Rev. Morgan Edwards, a Welsh clergyman of Philadelphia, to the Philadelphia Association so called, comprising the Baptist churches in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The Rev. James Manning, a native of New Jersey and graduate of Princeton, was authorized to open the scheme to certain prominent Baptists of Newport, then under the government of the colony, to establish a learned institution in the interests of their denomination. At a meeting of the friends of the enterprise, held in July, 1763, at the house of Colonel Gardner, the deputy governor, the plan was matured, and the necessary committees were appointed. In the following year, February, 1764, a charter was obtained from the General Assembly, 'for a College or University in the English colony of Rhode Island and Providence plantations in New England, in America.' Although it was understood that the institution was to owe its origin to the Baptists, and be founded and sustained by them, yet in the spirit of Roger Williams, some of the chief provisions of the charter were as follows:

"And furthermore it is hereby enacted and declared, That into this liberal and catholic institution shall never be admitted any religious tests. But, on the contrary, all the members hereof shall forever enjoy full, free, absolute and uninterrupted liberty of conscience: And that the places of Professors, Tutors, and all other officers, the President alone excepted, shall be free and open for all denominations of Protestants: And that youth of all religious denominations shall and may be freely admitted to the equal advantages, emoluments and honors of the College or University; and shall receive a like fair, generous and equal treatment during their residence therein, they conducting themselves peaceably, and conforming to the laws and statutes, thereof. And that the public teaching shall, in general, respect the sciences; and that the sectarian differences of opinion shall not make any part of the public and classical instruction.

The government of the College is vested in a Board of Fellows, consisting of twelve members, of whom eight, including the President, must be Baptists;

¹ The Department of Arts was established in 1755; that of Medicine in 1765; of Law in 1789; that of the Auxiliary Faculty of Medicine in 1864; Science in 1872.

In 1870 the university bought of the city, at the nominal price of \$8,000 an acre, a tract of ten and a

quarter acres, bounded by Locust, Spruce, Thirty-fourth, and Thirty-sixth Streets. Within two years the new stone structure was completed, at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. The noble hall of learning was inaugurated October 11, 1872.

and a Board of Trustees, consisting of thirty-six members, of whom twenty two must be Baptists, five Friends or Quakers, four Congregationalists, and five Episcopalians. These represent the different denominations existing in the State at the time when the charter was obtained. The instruction and immediate government of the College rest forever in the President and Board of Fellows.

The work of the college commenced at once. Manning was chosen the first president, and he began instruction in his own house at Warren, where the first commencement was held on the first Wednesday in September, 1769. The local contest for the seat of the college was terminated by the selection of Providence, where, in May, 1770, the corner-stone of 'University Hall,' was laid. As with nearly all our institutions of learning, the course of instruction was interrupted, or entirely suspended during the Revolution. The college building was occupied by the State militia, and the French troops of Rochambeau. In 1786, President Manning was elected to Congress, where he gave all his influence to the establishment of the Constitution. After resigning his seat, he returned to the duties of the college, which he discharged with great fidelity till his death in 1791, at the age of fifty-three. Of his striking qualities, Allen says: 'With a dignified and majestic appearance his address was manly, familiar and engaging.'

His successor in 1792, Rev. Jonathan Maxey, has left a name memorable in the annals of American education. He was successively president of three colleges, succeeding Edwards the younger at Union, after he left the Rhode Island Institution in 1802, and becoming the first president of the College of South Carolina, at Columbia, where he died in 1820. In Judge Pitman's Address to the Alumni of Brown University, September 5, 1843, he characterizes him as a 'man of great dignity and grace in his manner and deportment, with a countenance full of intellectual beauty;' and he speaks genially of his musical voice, graceful action, and harmonious periods.'

The third president, Rev. Asa Messer, who had been a graduate and long tutor and professor of languages and mathematics, held the office from 1802 to 1826, and under his management the institution grew strong and commanding in its influence, changing its name, as the charter had given it a right to do, 'in honor of its greatest and most distinguished benefactor.' This honor fell worthily to Nicholas Brown, whose ancestors had come from England with Roger Williams.¹

Dr. Francis Wayland, who succeeded Messer in 1827, and held the presidency till he resigned in 1855, has left a most enviable fame for his great services in the cause of higher education as a teacher and writer. He was

¹ He was a graduate of the college under President Manning. He became a member of the corporation in 1791, and was punctilious in attention to its interests. His mercantile life brought him great wealth. In 1804, having previously given a law library, he founded a professorship of oratory and belles-lettres, and in 1823 erected a second college building, which was called after the Christian name of his sister, Hope College. He presented the college with astronomical apparatus.

By his liberality the institution was placed on its present footing of usefulness. For the library of the university and the erection of Manning Hall he gave nearly \$30,000, also the land for a third college building, and for the president's house. This worthy benefactor died at Providence, in the seventy-third year of his age, September 27, 1841.—Duyckinck's *Cyclopaedia*, p. 542.

identified very closely with the affairs of his religious denomination, and in raising a higher standard for pulpit training, and his style as a philosophical writer is distinguished for force and clearness, his many accomplishments rendering him one of the first pulpit orators of his time.

Dr. Barnas Sears was president during the next twelve years, when he resigned to accept the position which had been unanimously tendered him, as Agent of the Peabody Fund in the South. He was succeeded by Dr. Alexis Caswell, who for thirty-five years had been a prominent and useful professor in the University. Dr. E. G. Robinson, the present incumbent, entered upon his duties in 1872. His large experience as an educator, his rare talents as an orator, his kindly sympathies and manly independence, make him popular with the students, and a general favorite in the community. Under his administration the University thrives, with bright prospects for the future.

The thoroughness of Dr. Sears's studies, his strong proclivities for higher education, his broad opportunities at home and abroad for the observation of academic systems, with his own popular administration of the affairs of the University, enabled him to render it the highest services. The year 1864, the University having completed the first century of its existence, he delivered an historical Discourse, which is one of the best contributions yet made to the grand theme of education in connection with civil and religious liberty.

The names of the benefactors of Brown University embrace those of the best citizens of New England. The little commonwealth of Roger Williams has taken a just pride in sustaining its principal school of learning, and it may well congratulate itself on the high position it has reached, the good it has accomplished, and the honor it has shed upon the State. The college library contains nearly fifty thousand volumes. Its Museum of Natural History holds a valuable collection of specimens; its course in agriculture and science is thorough and practical; its Gallery contains a valuable collection of portraits; and its invested funds exceed seven hundred thousand dollars. Mr. John Carter Brown, a son of the Hon. Nicholas Brown, has recently bequeathed a fine lot of land, and fifty thousand dollars, for the erection of a new Library Building.

Rutgers College.—This institution, which has become so eminent, owes its existence to the learning and piety of the clergy who accompanied the early Dutch emigrants to New York, and New Jersey. Connected as they were with the established church of Holland, and having for a long time no desire to sever their relations with the home organization, they were satisfied with the arrival of accessions to the ministry, without sending their candidates for ordination across the Atlantic. But these accessions were so few, and the

¹ Dr. Reuben A. Guild, the librarian of the institution, has published in his "Life, Times, and Correspondence of James Manning, and the Early History of Brown University," the most complete work of its kind yet produced in this country. It is written in a liberal spirit, minute in its information, and enriched by learning, and glowing with the warm sympathies

of the humane and enlightened scholar. In 1858 Mr. Guild published the Librarian's Manual, the best work of the kind we have any knowledge of. In 1867, he also published the "History of Brown University with illustrative documents," an elegantly printed quarto volume of 458 pages, embellished with portraits and engravings.

expense and delay of the voyage were so great, it was resolved to establish a school of theology at New Brunswick, and have the power of ordination conferred by the church in Holland on its American offspring. A charter of incorporation for an institution under the title of Queen's College, was obtained in 1770. Its board of trustees met at the Court-house of Bergen County, and elected Rev. Dr. Jacobus R. Hardenbergh their president. At this time, John H. Livingston, of the New York family of that name, was pursuing his studies preparatory to ordination in Holland, and he obtained from the parent church, their consent to a separate organization of American congregations, on condition that they should establish a theological professorate, 'as the church of Holland could not and would not acknowledge and maintain any connection with a church, which did not provide herself with an educated ministry.'

These conditions were complied with. Livingston returned after his ordination, and became minister of the Dutch Church in New York, and professor of Divinity. Financial embarrassment caused the literary exercises of the college to be suspended in 1795; but they were revived again under the energetic and self-sacrificing labors of Dr. Ira Condict in 1807. No union, however, of the theological professorate with Queen's College was effected till 1810, when Dr. Livingston removed to New Brunswick, and from this period may date the prosperity of the college. Receiving no aid from the State of New Jersey, and little assistance from any other quarter, its instructions had been given in temporary localities, and no one professorship was fully provided for. But with pious zeal and unflagging energy, Dr. Livingston maintained his professorship, and did much to sustain the institution. The College was, however, closed again from 1816 to 1825. At the latter date it was entirely reorganized; its name, in consideration of the services of Col. Henry Rutgers, was changed from 'Queens' to 'Rutgers;' a new covenant was entered into between its Board of Trustees—whose strength was greatly increased by the election of Abraham Van Nest—and the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church; and Rev. Philip S. Milledoler became President. At the age of nineteen, this brilliant young man was called to the church in Nassau, between Fulton and John streets. He afterwards became pastor of the New Dutch Church in Rutgers street. Finally, under the patronage of the General Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, other professorships were established, and filled by learned men who afterwards became eminent; among them Dr. De Witt, who so long and successfully maintained his lofty position.

Theodore Strong, LL.D., devoted thirty-four years as an educator in Rutgers. When Dr. Brownlee resigned his professorship to accept a call to the Collegiate Church of New York, he was succeeded by Joseph Nelson, LL.D., the celebrated blind teacher.¹

¹ In the Alumni address of 1852, the Rev. Abraham Polhemus says of Professor Nelson:—'He was at the time of his appointment, and had been for a number of years, totally blind; but with great powers of memory,

and a thorough acquaintance with the studies of his department, he conducted the exercises of his room to the very general improvement of his students and acceptance of the Board. I remember him well; how

Honorable A. Bruyn Hasbrouck assumed the presidency after the resignation of Dr. Milledoler in 1840, and resigning ten years later, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen took his place. This gentleman's father, Frederick, had served his country in the Continental Congress, resigning his seat to become captain of a volunteer corps, and serving in the army to the end of the war, afterwards becoming Senator of the United States. The son had followed the career of the bar, and became in 1817 Attorney-General of the State; an office which he held till he was elected to the United States Senate in 1826, where he served two terms. In 1838 he became chancellor of the University of the City of New York, and twelve years later resigned the position to become president of Rutgers's College. He held this office till 1862, when he died at New Brunswick on the 12th of April. He was a pure and noble character; a statesman of large views and unsullied integrity, an enthusiast in the cause of education, and dedicated heart and soul to works of religion and philanthropy. As president of the Board of Missions, and also of the Bible Society, the neglected and the destitute of distant nations rose up to call him blessed.

After Mr. Frelinghuysen's decease, the College, in consequence of its insufficient endowment, and of the depression occasioned by the late war, was threatened with destruction. In this emergency, Rev. Wm. H. Campbell, D.D., was called from his professorship of Hebrew and Oriental literature in the Theological Seminary, to assume the Presidency in 1863. By his indefatigable efforts, crowned as they have been with remarkable success, the institution has been remodelled in all respects, and placed on a basis of large and lasting prosperity. It has been declared to be a literary college, entirely independent of the Theological Seminary, and of the General Synod of the Reformed Church; several hundred thousand dollars have been added to its permanent funds; many new professorships have been created, and filled with competent scholars; several large and costly buildings have been erected; and the number of students increased from sixty-five, to over two hundred. Among its professors stands the distinguished name of Geo. H. Cook, who, as conductor of the Geological Survey of New Jersey, and as the adviser in manifold agricultural and mineral enterprises, ranks among the most useful and practical scientists of the United States. A legacy of Mrs. Littleton Kirkpatrick raised a memorial chapel and library, at an expense of fifty thousand dollars. In 1864 the legislature of New Jersey chose Rutgers College as the seat of the Scientific School, to be sustained by the interest of the money accruing from the sale of 210,000 acres of the public domains voted by Congress to the State of New Jersey for the establishment of such a school. A Model Farm of 100 acres was connected with the college. The school of science, which was also constituted by the legislature the State College for Agriculture and the Me-

he would sit with his thumb upon the dial of his watch, marking the minutes as they passed, allowing to each student his allotted portion, and the facility with which he would incidentally detect the least mistake in the reading of the text or translation. And I remember, too, that nice ear by which, with his class sitting in al-

phabetical order, he would detect the location of the slightest whisper, and when rebuking an individual by name for the noise, it was rare indeed that the person charged had an opportunity of entering a protest against the justice of his suspicions.'—Page 6.

chanic Arts, enjoys a liberal income, for which it provides forty State scholarships, whose appointments are wisely left to the superintendents of the various counties.

Having thus surmounted all the obstacles it encountered in its early history, Rutgers College now stands forth fair, and strong in the affections of the people of New Jersey, and New York. And well may this metropolis extend to that institution its generous sympathy and aid; for the great and good men who devoted their lives to building it up, were nearly all of them directly allied with the interests of learning in New York, and in the cause of morals and religion in this vast community. They mingled in our best society, diffusing through our higher circles, and over all our institutions of religion, the pure spirit of Christianity, and the priceless treasures of learning and culture.

Dartmouth College.—We are arrested a moment at the spot where the little rivulet bubbled forth from the hillside springs in the village of Lebanon, Connecticut, one hundred and twenty years ago, and which has been sending forth its life-giving waters to the nations. The founder of Dartmouth College was Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, whose name, it has been well said, might more properly have been borne by that school than that of the English statesman. Wheelock was descended from a line of godly ministers of New England. He carried the first Berkeley premium from Yale College, and began life as a pedagogue after the fashion of the times, one of his pupils being Samson Occom, a Mohegan Indian. The savage turned out so good a scholar, that the master set up an Indian missionary school to raise Indian teachers. A good farmer, Joshua Moor, of Mansfield, in 1754, gave a house and two acres of land adjoining Wheelock's residence for the school. Occom went to England and raised money, which was deposited with a board of trustees, of which Lord Dartmouth, one of the subscribers, was president. Wheelock's success suggested the removal of the school to closer proximity with the New England tribes, and various offers of situations were made to him from Albany, from Berkshire County, where Jonathan Edwards was then writing the Essay on the Will, and from other places. He at last decided on Hanover, in the western part of New Hampshire, near the Connecticut River. In 1769 Governor Wentworth granted a charter for the institution, which in honor of Lord Dartmouth was named Dartmouth College. Thus at the age of sixty, Dr. Wheelock moved into the wilderness, and with his family and students built some log huts. In 'The Memoirs of the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, founder of Dartmouth, by M'Clure and Elijah Parish, 1811,' we have the following picturesque glimpses of the new college settlement: 'Upon a circular area of six acres the pines were felled, and in all directions covered the ground to the height of about five feet. One of these was two hundred and seventy feet in height. Paths of communication were cut through them. The lofty tops of these surrounding forests were often seen bending before the northern tempest, while the air below was still and piercing. The snow lay four feet in depth, between

four and five months. The sun was invisible by reason of the trees, until risen many degrees above the horizon. In this secluded retreat, and in these humble dwellings, this enterprising colony passed a long and dreary winter. The students pursued their studies with diligence; contentment and peace were not interrupted even by murmurers. A two-story college was erected, and in 1771 four students graduated, one of whom was John Wheelock, son of the first, and the future president of the College.¹

The founder died in 1779, aged sixty-eight, and his son succeeded him. He had served as a tutor till the Revolution opened, when he carried his musket with Stark and Gates. At the close of the war, he went to Europe, to get help, taking with him letters from Washington, who spoke of him as a brave officer, and from the French minister Luzerne, to the Count de Vergennes. Reaching Paris, Franklin and John Adams gave him letters to the Netherlands, where the Prince of Orange and his friends made generous contributions to the Wilderness College. In England he procured valuable donations and philosophical instruments. He was wrecked on Cape Cod coming home, reaching the shore with his life. But the gifts to the college, that came in another vessel, were saved.

For thirty-six years he toiled for Dartmouth. The rise of a hostile party in the State, gave Wheelock an opportunity to appeal to the Legislature to redress his private wrongs. He asked their interposition against a majority of the Faculty who had not approved of his administration. His 'Memorial' brought on the legal controversy which ended in his removal by the Trustees. The State then interposed. The Legislature, in 1816, created a new corporation, changing the corporate title to Dartmouth University, and vesting the property in a new board. But the old trustees disregarded this legislation, and commenced an action for the recovery of the property. The case went against them in the State Court, but it was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, in 1819, where Daniel Webster appeared as their advocate, at the age of thirty-five, and by his learning and eloquence laid the corner-stone of his future fame as a constitutional lawyer. It was the fairest opportunity fortune could give. He had graduated from Dartmouth only seventeen years before, and had already argued their case in the State court; and now, in pleading the cause of learning, and the sacredness of its chartered rights, he found the inspiration which not only swayed the judgment of that bench of jurists, and secured the admiration and love of Chief Justice Marshall, but won his case,

¹ Another graduate was Levi Frisbie, father of the poet, and himself a writer of verses, in some of which he has celebrated the peculiar circumstances in which his Alma Mater was founded:—

“Forlorn thus youthful Dartmouth trembling stood,
Surrounded with inhospitable wood;
No silken furs on her soft limbs to spread,
No dome to screen her fair, defenceless head;
On every side she cast her wistful eyes,
Then humbly raised them to the pitying skies.
Thence grace divine beheld her tender care,

And bowed an ear, propitious to her prayer.
Soon chang'd the scene; the prospect shines more
fair;

Joy lights all faces with a cheerful air;
The buildings rise, the work appears alive,
Pale fear expires, and languid hopes revive,
Calm solitude, to liberal science kind,
Sheds her soft influence on the studious mind;
Afflictions stand aloof; the heavenly powers
Drop needful blessings in abundant showers.’

and with it the gratitude of his clients, and the affection of the friends of learning all over the world.¹

The eminent Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, one of the associate counsel in the case, in communicating the decision to President Brown said: 'I would advise you to inscribe over the door of your institution, *Founded by Eleazer Wheelock: refounded by Daniel Webster.*' President Wheelock was not restored after these troubles: he died only two months later—April, 1817—aged sixty-three.²

Thus permanently founded, Dartmouth has been steadily advancing in its solid work. It has taken high rank as a school of classical learning and modern science. If it has not been so richly endowed, nor put forth such large pretensions, all its work has been well and carefully done. Its graduates have, in diverse fields of labor, illustrated the soundness of their scholarship and the breadth of their attainments; and it has recently received striking proofs of the hold it has upon the hearts of the friends of learning.³

Libraries, as well as colleges and men, may be classed among the moulders of society. Some words are due to the *Library Company of Philadelphia*,

¹ In an article by Mr. George Ticknor, in the *American Quarterly Review* for June, 1831, that elegant scholar says of Webster's argument:

'He opened his cause with perfect simplicity in the general statement of its facts, and then went on to unfold the topics of his argument in a lucid order, which made every position sustain every other. The logic and the law were rendered irresistible. As he advanced his heart warmed to the subject and the occasion. Thoughts and feelings that had grown old with his best affections rose unbidden to his lips. He remembered that the institution he was defending was the one where his own youth had been nurtured; and the moral tenderness and beauty this gave to the grandeur of his thoughts, the sort of religious sensibility it imparted to his urgent appeals and demands for the stern fulfilment of what law and justice required, wrought up the whole audience to an extraordinary state of excitement.'

² This great battle was fought by them not for themselves only; the principles concerned were vital to many other institutions of learning. It is certainly to the praise of Dartmouth, that, in comparative poverty and alone, she was thus instrumental in vindicating and establishing the sacredness of private eleemosynary trusts. To this category, in the judgment of the court, the institution belonged. A contract, they held, was involved; and no State might pass a law "impairing the obligation of contracts."—*Old and New*, Dec., 1873.

³ The whole number of its alumni, including all the departments, is five thousand three hundred and seventeen. These have come from all parts of the land; and, as graduates, have been scattered as widely. While a considerable number have entered from the cities and large towns, the great majority have come from rural places. The average age of admission has been somewhat above that at many other colleges; and to the maturity thus secured has been added, in many cases, the stimulus of self-dependence. From these and other causes, Dartmouth students, as a class, have been characterized by a spirit of earnestness, energy, and general manliness, of the happiest omen as to their life-work. Most of them have gone, not into the more lucrative lines of business, but into what may be called the working professions. To the ministry, the college has given more than one thousand of her sons. Dr. Chapman says, in his 'Sketches of the Alumni,' published in 1867: 'There have been thirty-one judges of the United States and State Supreme Courts; fifteen senators in Congress; and sixty-one representatives;

two United States cabinet ministers; four ambassadors to foreign courts; one postmaster-general; fourteen governors of States, and one of a Territory; twenty-five presidents of colleges; one hundred and four professors of academical, medical, or theological colleges.' Perhaps the two professions that have drawn most largely upon the institution have been those of teaching and the law. We recall a single class, that of 1828, one-fourth of whose members have been either college presidents or professors. Dr. Chapman states, that at one time there were residing in Boston, Mass., no less than seven sons of the college, "who were justly regarded as ranking among the brightest luminaries of the law. They were Samuel Sumner Wilde, 1789; Daniel Webster, 1801; Richard Fletcher, 1806; Joseph Bell, 1807; Joel Parker, 1811; Rufus Choate, 1819; and Charles Bishop Goodrich, 1822."—*Old and New*, Dec., 1873.

The faculty of instruction by the catalogue of 1873 embraced thirty-six, and in all the different courses of study four hundred and twenty students from twenty-five different States and Territories at home and abroad, grouped as follows: Academical, two hundred and sixty-four; medical, fifty-one; scientific sixty-three; agricultural, twenty-three; Thayer department, seven. A number of libraries were accessible to the students besides that of the college; and these were numbered over forty thousand volumes. A gymnasium was erected for their use in 1867, by the gift of George H. Bissell, at an expense of twenty-four thousand dollars. This institution has over a hundred scholarships—State, ministerial, and individual. The New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was founded by the Legislature in 1866, on the basis of the Congressional Land Grant, and connected with Dartmouth. Another new associate department is the Thayer School for Civil Engineering, established by a donation of seventy thousand dollars from General Sylvanus Thayer, of Braintree, Massachusetts. Two other notable gifts have been lately received—sixty thousand dollars for the Agricultural Department from John Conant, of Jaffray, and fifteen thousand dollars from E. W. Stoughton, of New York City, to found a Museum of Pathological Anatomy. Within the last ten years, more than five hundred thousand dollars have been secured for the various departments. But with the restrictions imposed on some of the gifts, with the remaining wants of existing foundations, with the plans of enlargement and improvement in the minds of the trustees and faculty, and with the increased number of students, there is a present need of as much more.

which was founded on the 8th of November, 1731, three months before the birth of Washington.¹

Mr. Logan, 'a gentleman of universal learning, and the best judge of books in these parts,' made out the list, which was entrusted to Thomas Hopkinson, who was about sailing for England, with a draft on London in his favor for £45. Charles Brockden, the uncle of Brockden Brown, the novelist, drew up the original constitution. The books arrived in October, 1732, with valuable donations, among them Sir Isaac Newton's philosophical works, from Franklin's friend Peter Collinson. In December of that year, Dr. Franklin prepared and printed the catalogue without charge. The first American donor was William Rawle, who presented a set of the works of Edmund Spenser, in six volumes. In 1733 Thomas Penn, the son of the Quaker king, made some gifts, and promised a lot of ground for a building. The following year he presented an air-pump, accompanied by a complimentary letter, in which he says: 'It always gives me pleasure when I think of the Library Company of Philadelphia, as they were the first that encouraged knowledge and learning in the province of Pennsylvania.'² In 1740, as the Library grew, the Assembly granted for its use a room in the State House; and in 1762 the building-lot promised by the Penn family was conveyed to the institution.

From that time to the present, the library has been growing, and its history reads more like a fascinating romance, than like a sober record of tomes and scientific apparatus. In 1767, a woman's hand, taken from an Egyptian mummy, in good preservation, was sent over by Benjamin West. In 1773 the library was removed to the second floor of Carpenter's Hall, and for the first time opened daily. When Congress assembled in 1774, the free use of the library was tendered to its members. In 1789, a suitable building was erected on the corner of Fifth Street, facing the State House Square. It bears an inscription prepared by Franklin, with the exception of the portions relating to himself, which were added by the committee having the matter in charge:—'Be it remembered in honor of the Philadelphia youth [then chiefly artificers] that in MDCCXXXI., they cheerfully, at the instance of Benjamin Franklin, one of their number, instituted the Philadelphia Library, which, though small at first, has become highly valuable and extensively useful, and which the walls of this edifice are destined to contain and preserve; the first stone of whose foundation was here placed the 31st day of August, 1789.'

During the construction of the edifice, a number of apprentices engaged on the work, were allowed by their masters to give an amount of labor equiva-

¹The first record of this institution is as follows:—
'The minutes of me, Joseph Breintnall, Secretary to the Directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, with such of the minutes of the same directors as they ordered me to make, begun on the 8th day of November, 1731. By virtue of the deed or instrument of said Company, dated the first day of July last.

²The said instrument being completed by fifty subscriptions, I subscribed my name to the following summons or notice, which Benjamin Franklin sent by a messenger, viz: To Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Hopkinson, William Parsons, Philip Syng, Jr., Thomas Godfrey, Anthony Nicholas, Thomas Cadwallader, John Jones, Jr., Robert Brace, and Isaac Pennington:

'GENTLEMEN: The subscription to the library being completed, you, the directors appointed in the instrument, are desired to meet this evening at five o'clock, at the house of Nicholas Scull, to take bond of the treasurer for the faithful performance of his trust, and to consider of and upon a proper time for the payment of the money subscribed, and other matters relating to the said library.

'JOSEPH BREINTNALL, Secretary.'

³'This praise' says Mr. Duyckinck, 'is not ill deserved, as at the time of its foundation, there was not even a good book-store accessible nearer than Boston.

lent to the purchase-money of a share, and thus constitute themselves members. In 1790 William Bingham, a wealthy and liberal citizen, having heard that the directors intended to place a statue of Franklin in a niche in front of the building, volunteered to present the work to the institution. A bust and full-length drawing were sent to Italy for the guidance of the artist by whom the statue, which still graces the niche, was executed.

In 1791 the free use of the library was tendered to the President and Congress of the United States, and the building was enlarged to accommodate the Loganian library; and the same year the manuscripts of John Fitch, relating to the steam-engine, were deposited in the library, with a condition that they should remain unopened until the year 1823. The Library now—1874—numbers about 100,000 volumes. It has been a fountain of light and knowledge, not only for Philadelphia, but the whole country.

The Redwood Library.—In 1730, one year before Franklin founded the Library Company of Philadelphia, a select number of gentlemen, at Newport, organized an association 'for the promotion of knowledge and virtue.' Newport was already celebrated for its foreign commerce, which had enriched the town, and it was the chosen residence of a large cluster of the most cultivated men of the country. This coterie was distinguished for the rank and learning of its members. It was intended to be chiefly a literary club and debating society, whose members could introduce distinguished strangers who were attracted to Newport by the beauty of the location, and the culture of its citizens. This scene of literary activity was greatly stimulated by the presence of Berkeley.¹ There was no lack of funds for their purpose. Abraham Redwood,

¹ A further tribute to Berkeley may be admitted: Among the most distinguished sons of Ireland of that day, was George Berkeley, who, like Penn and Locke, garnered up his hopes for humanity in America. Versed in ancient learning, exact science, and modern literature; disciplined by polished society, by travel, and reflection, he united innocence, humility, and extensive knowledge, with the sagacity and confidence of intuition and reason. Adverse factions agreed in ascribing to him 'every virtue under heaven.' Beloved and cherished by those who were the pride of English letters and society, favored with unsolicited dignities and revenues, his mind asked for its happiness, not fortune or preferment, but a real progress in knowledge; so that he dedicated his age as well as his early years—the later growths as well as the first-fruits—at the altar of truth. The material tendencies of the age in which he lived were hateful to his purity of sentiment; and having a mind kindred with Plato and the Alexandrine philosophers, with Barclay and Malebranche, he held that the external world was wholly subordinate to intelligence; that of spirits alone true existence can be predicated. He did not distrust the senses, being rather a close and exact observer of their powers, and finely discriminating between impressions made on them and the inferences of reason. Far from being skeptical, he sought to give to faith the highest certainty, by deriving all knowledge from absolutely perfect intelligence—from God. If he could but expel matter out of nature; if, in a materialist age, he could establish the supremacy of spirit as the sole creative power and active being—then would the slavish or corrupt theories of Epicurus and of mobs be cut off by the roots, and totally extirpated. Thus he sought gently to unbind the ligaments which chained the soul to the earth, and to assist her flight upwards towards sovereign good. For the application of such views,

Europe of the eighteenth century offered no theatre. He longed to divest himself of European dignities, and regarding 'the well-being of all men, of all nations,' as the design in which the actions of each individual should concur, he repaired to the new hemisphere to found a university.—Bancroft, vol. iii. pp. 372-3.

Berkeley spent more than two years in America, and returned to Europe 'to endow a library in Rhode Island; to cherish the interests of Harvard; to gain a right to be gratefully remembered at New Haven; to encourage the foundation of a college in New York. Advanced to a bishopric, the heart of the liberal and catholic prelate was in America. He loved the simplicity and gentle virtues which its villages illustrated, and as he looked into futurity, the ardor of his benevolence dictated his prophecy:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pantry of courts and schools;—

There shall be sung another golden age,—
The rise of empire and of arts,—
The good and great inspiring epic rage—
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

a member of the Society of Friends, and a man of great wealth and liberality, who had removed to Newport from Antigua, gave five hundred pounds sterling for the purchase, in London, of standard works, and recommended the erection of a library building. In its seventeenth year the society procured a charter of incorporation from the colony, under the name of 'The Company of the Redwood Library.' Mr. Henry Collins gave a lot of land, on which the building, soon after erected, now stands; and five thousand pounds were readily raised for its construction. The plan of the main edifice has always been admired for the elegance of its Doric simplicity.

Under the direction of so learned and refined a society, the library soon grew into the choicest collection of books on the continent; and for a long time it offered its invaluable aid to many of the best scholars in America. While Dr. Stiles resided on the island, he profited greatly by its literary treasures, and contributed to it many valuable works. Dr. William Ellery Channing has left a record of the obligations he owed to it, especially during the period of his earlier studies. In his discourse on 'Christian Worship,' at the dedication of the Unitarian Congregational Church, at Newport, July 27th, 1836, while speaking of the exquisite beauty of the scenery, and of the value to him of the Redwood Library, he says:—

'On looking back to my early years, I can distinctly recollect the happy influences exerted on my mind by the general tone of religion in this town. I can recollect, too, a corruption of morals among those of my own age, which made boyhood a critical, perilous season. Still I must bless God for the place of my nativity; for, as my mind unfolded, I became more and more alive to the beautiful scenery which now attracts strangers to our island. My first liberty was used in roaming over the neighboring fields and shores; and amid this glorious nature, that love of liberty sprang up, which has gained strength within me to this hour. I early received impressions of the great and the beautiful, which I believe have had no small influence in determining my modes of thought and habits of life. In this town I pursued for a time my studies of theology. I had no professor or teacher to guide me; but I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented and so useful as a public library, then so deserted that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor. The other place was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried to my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of the wind and waves. There began a happi-

ness surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune—the happiness of communing with the works of God. Pardon me this reference to myself. I believe that the worship, of which I have this day spoken, was aided in my own soul by the scenes in which my early life was passed. Amidst these scenes, and in speaking of this worship, allow me to thank God that this beautiful island was the place of my birth.'

If the Redwood Library had begun and ended its history, only in fulfilling its gentle mission of inspiration to Channing, it would not have been founded in vain; for from that peerless man, radiated a sublimer and sweeter *spirit* of Christian humanity and intellectual refinement, than from almost any other soul that has breathed the air of the New World.

It shared the fate of so many sister institutions in the ravages of the Revolution; the British troops, at their departure, carrying off so many of the finest works, it was for a long time afterwards greatly shorn of its usefulness. In 1834, the shareholders did something to 'popularize the library,' by having lectures delivered, and the number of volumes and journals increased. On its hundredth anniversary something further was done. But it was not till 1854-5, that the spell of the old traditional belief that the founder of the library had limited the number of members to one hundred, was broken. Fifty new shares were bought, and by 1857 a fund of \$10,000 was thus secured. The building was enlarged, without impairing its design, chiefly to make room for the collection of paintings of the artist Charles B. King, a native of Newport, who presented eighty-six pictures; and at his death, in 1862, bequeathed the remainder of his gallery, together with many rare books on art, and property amounting to \$10,000. Dr. William J. Walker has also recently made a bequest of the same amount, and \$20,000 more have been raised by a subscription, of which Mr. George H. Gibbs gave one-half. The library now contains upwards of 20,000 books and 3,000 pamphlets. It is the most attractive spot in Newport, as Newport is the most attractive spot in North America. Nor is it believed that there will hereafter be any difficulty in raising whatever sum of money may be desired, for enlarging, embellishing, and sustaining this noble institution, for it is the resort and summer residence of more persons of taste, wealth, and culture, than any other spot on the continent. A higher spirit and a purer atmosphere is breathed there, than in any of the watering-places or capitals of the United States.

The New York Society Library, although not chartered till 1754, it dates its existence from the beginning of that century, and is therefore, on the score of time, nominally the oldest institution of the kind in the country. The Library started with a gift of a number of volumes, 'for the use of the public,' from Rev. John Sharp, chaplain to the Earl of Ballamont, governor of the province. A few of the ponderous tomes are still preserved. Little is known of the collection till 1729, when Rev. Dr. Millington, of England, bequeathed his library to The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by whom it was presented to the New York Library. The entire collection remained in the

hands of the City Corporation, who seem to have been bad curators of books. When King's College was founded in 1754, some eminent citizens associated to form a library 'for the use and ornament of the city, and the advantage of our intended College.' The body of works was increased, and in 1772 under a new charter the institution assumed the title it has since borne, 'The New York Society Library.' Two years before the Declaration of Independence the records of the Society were broken off for fourteen years. While the British held New York, 'the soldiery were in the habit of carrying off books in their knapsacks, to sell for grog.' Little or nothing, Mr. Duyckinck tells us, was left of the collection at the peace, but folios which either proved too bulky for the knapsack, or too heavy for the pilferers, or were, perhaps, too dry for exchange for fluids on any terms whatever. In December, 1788, the shareholders at last bestirred themselves, issued a call, came together, elected officers, and in the next year obtained a renewal of their charter.

The room in the Old City Hall, on the site of the present sub-treasury building, corner of Nassau and Wall streets, being too small for the growing collection, a spacious edifice was erected opposite the Middle Dutch Church, now the temporary post-office, to which it was removed in 1795. In 1836 the library had outgrown its space, and a new and imposing building was put up on the corner of Leonard street and Broadway. Again new quarters were found in the Bible House; and at last ground was purchased for a permanent home for the migratory library, near the corner of Thirteenth street in University Place, where a chaste, substantial, and well designed edifice was erected in 18—. From 25,000 volumes, in 1838, the number rose to 35,000, in 1850, and it now—1874,—exceeds 65,000. The original price of shares was fixed at five pounds perpetual, subject to an annual payment of ten shillings. The present price is \$150, with annual dues commuted; or \$25, subject to the annual payment of \$10. The number of members is now one thousand. John Forbes filled the office of Librarian from 1794 to 1824, and was succeeded by his son Philip J. Forbes, 'to whom,' Mr. Duyckinck well says, 'the institution is under obligations for his long services as a faithful curator of its possessions, and a judicious co-operator with the trustees for their increase.' His resignation rendered it a far less attractive spot for the stranger, and, above all, the scholar, to visit.

While the early sessions of Congress were held in New York, the City Library formed the Library of Congress. Its collection includes valuable files of the periodical literature of this century. Among its ancient and curious volumes, is the collection of early theological and scientific works, chiefly in Latin, which belonged to John Winthrop, the first governor of Connecticut,—presented in 1812 by his descendant Francis B. Winthrop, Esq.

The Charleston Library.—Having spoken of three of the oldest public library associations of the country, disconnected with colleges, some honorable mention is due to the fourth. In 1748, an association of seventeen young men in Charleston, raised a small fund to 'collect new pamphlets and magazines pub-

lished in Great Britain.' In two years their numbers increased to 160. In 1755, they obtained a charter, and not many years later the eminent lawyer, John McKenzie of that city, left his valuable library to the association, and the vested funds, exclusive of the sums expended in books, amounted in 1778, to twenty thousand pounds. But the whole was whelmed in the desolation of fire on the 15th of the following January—only 185 volumes out of 6000 being preserved, with about two-thirds of the McKenzie collection. When peace came, the ashes of the old institution presented a spectacle too sad not to excite the pride of its people, as well as the grief of the stranger. In 1792 a new collection was commenced, which in a few years amounted to 5,000 volumes.' In 1851 the number had been raised to 20,000; while the building originally known as the Bank of South Carolina, had been purchased in 1840.

Nothing but prosperity and usefulness marked the institution till another desolation, in the concentrated form of famine and pestilence and the violence of the sword fell upon the devoted city, when some kind hands watched the collection, and bore it off to Columbia, placing it in the college building, which being used for a hospital, sheltered these sibylline leaves of learning. They were at least sacred in the atmosphere of pestilence.

The collection did not, however, remain entire; all the books left in Charleston were stolen or destroyed, and the library structure was damaged. But when peace came once more—and God send that this time her mission may never cease,—in 1866, it found itself possessed of 15,000 volumes, but without funds to replace the losses. The society was reorganized. Efforts, however, that have since been made, have not been entirely unsuccessful; and since some of the curses which that dreadful war brought with it, and left, as a cruel legacy to the innocent, have been mitigated, it is believed that there are good men and true, enough in this redeemed land, who, while they are themselves indulging in the luxuries of accumulated wealth, are not insensible to the benedictions of learning; and who now and then may cast a look of compassion towards that desolated temple of science, whose torch was so cruelly extinguished by the demon of war.

SECTION SEVENTH.

THE DAWN OF THE REVOLUTION—TOKENS OF ITS APPROACH—CAUSES WHICH IMMEDIATELY LED TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

I HAVE made this Introductory Period as brief as I could. It was necessary to prepare the back-ground, before I began to delineate OUR FIRST HUNDRED YEARS.

In bringing this part to a close, we must briefly glance at the *Stamp Act Congress*, the increased aggressions of the Imperial Government, the progress of the national cause throughout the country, the growing spirit of union, the meeting of the First Legislative Continental Congress at Carpenters' Hall,

and the first battles in Massachusetts which opened the drama of the Revolution, and brought about the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

So great was the affection of the colonists for the parent country ; so deep their confidence in the strong arm of England, then becoming the foremost, and to the colonists the dearest of all nations ; and so well satisfied were they with their wild and almost unfettered freedom, it required a series of powerful causes to bring about the Declaration of Independence. The loyalty of the colonists was a profound and earnest sentiment. It colored all their actions ; it inspired all their legislation ; it was the spirit which breathed all through their social life. These colonies were too securely moored to the British throne to be wrenched away by a single shock ; and they were severed at last, only by a series of galling insults, and unmixed wrongs, never attempted before in time of peace, by a great empire upon a brave, free, and loyal people. When such words as James Otis and Patrick Henry uttered, fell upon the ears of good and patriotic, but less prophetic men, they sent a shudder along every nerve. Not a statesman in the country but agreed with the patriot Hopkins of Rhode Island—who had with his own hand written a declaration which was published by authority of the Plantations—that ‘the glorious constitution of Great Britain is the best that ever existed among men.’ This was the universal feeling. The inviolability of English freedom, and the justice of the British Parliament, were statutes in every heart. Even James Otis, when he had declared that ‘the people looked upon their liberties as gone,’ often gave way to paroxysms of grief. ‘Tears,’ he said, ‘relieve me for a moment, and I indignantly repel the imputation that the continent of America is about to become insurgent. It is the duty of all, humbly and silently, to acquiesce in all the decisions of the supreme Legislature. Nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand of the colonists, will never once entertain a thought but of submission to our sovereign, and to the authority of Parliament in all possible contingencies. They undoubtedly have the right to levy internal taxes on the colonies. From my soul I detest and abhor the thought of making the question of jurisdiction.’

Time and again, Otis had declared in public, and to correspondents in England, that ‘nothing but the most unparental conduct, nothing but the grossest injustice and cruelty, would drive the colonies into rebellion.’

The idea of a Declaration of Independence dawned slowly upon the American mind. Nine years had to go by after the Stamp Act Congress had used such bold and almost defiant language to the British crown, before the quiet village of Lexington was disturbed by the first musket shot levelled against the breast of a British soldier. Hunted down like forest beasts, they turned at bay only at the last moment ; and even then it was with the deepest reluctance that they took up arms against the King of England. From the beginning to the close of the struggle, we trace at every step a conscious grief in every blow the colonists dealt. And we find an illustration, during that ter-

rible period, of what so few wars have offered,—hesitation on the part of the defenders in unsheathing the sword, humanity in every moment of victory, and magnanimity to every fallen foe.

The proofs of the loyalty of the colonists are scattered throughout their history. There was not an American home in which the brilliant records of England's achievements were not read with pride. At all periods the people were ready to make common cause with England in the defense and spread of her empire. We have given some proofs of the loyalty with which our fathers rallied round the standard of England when it was carried across the St. Lawrence, with the avowed purpose of Pitt, 'to sweep the lilies of France from North America.' The commonest readers of the records of those times, are familiar with the heroism of the colonists, which on all sides called forth praises from the old British commanders. I have shown how in that war the bravest soldiers and most skilful generals of the Revolution were trained. Washington himself gained in his two Western campaigns, the reputation which insured for him the leadership of the Revolutionary armies.

None but the obtuse and unthinking forget, that, up to the time of the embarkation of our fathers, England was their country, and that our ancestral history was the history of Britain. The great writers of England, till the period of the Commonwealth, wrote and thought for our fathers, as much as for the fathers of any Englishman of to-day; and we have as many associations to bind us to them and their times, as if we had been born on that wonderful island.

Around English history there is a charm which can be found in no other. The recent and the remote; the plain and the obscure; novelty springing up by the gray remains of antiquity; and all the elements of the touching and the beautiful, the gloomy and the grand, mingle with the chronicles of the fatherland, which are found in all our libraries.

It is true, we read with pride and emotion of our fathers' struggles, when the story leads us through the toils of the Revolution back to the Indian-haunted shores of the James river, to the gloom of the green old forests in the far west, and the desolation of Plymouth landing. But there the story ceases in America, and must cross the water for an account of our antecedent national existence. We, personally, then, have an interest in whatever concerns England, and feeling much as our forefathers did, we can betimes forget America, as it slumbered on, unwaked by the sea-gun of Columbus, while we retrace the glory of our ancestors through succeeding generations, to the time when the Roman Conqueror first planted the eagle of Italy on the rocks of Britain, and returned to tell of a stormy island in the Northern Ocean, and of the rugged barbarians who dwelt in its glens, and hunted on its cliffs.

Proud, then, of their English descent; having fought and bled for the cause of the home empire; every house filled with trophies of victory, and every heart with tender and inspiring souvenirs, we may well understand how deep was the loyalty of the colonists to the crown. It was the very excess of loyalty which tolerated insults and grievances till they could be borne no

longer. It was the very excess of loyalty which clouded the whole country with gloom and affliction, when the final rupture became inevitable. As a natural consequence, when this gave way to the assertion of national sovereignty, the struggle was prosecuted with unparalleled ardor and perseverance. Any war forced upon a magnanimous people in such circumstances, must be unrelenting. That the victorious colonists should, on any, much less on nearly all occasions, have displayed, in the fine language of Phillips, 'a magnanimity which gave new grace to victory,' may have well challenged the admiration of the Irish orator.

England could have enforced, and she did, upon her subjects in other parts of the world, laws more oppressive. Witness India, whose scores of millions of prostrate people she has robbed for thirty decades. Witness centuries of injustice, which, until within two or three years, forced, among other acts of grinding oppression, an alien church upon an alien people—a disgrace from which England's name has at last been redeemed by Gladstone, the greatest of all her modern statesmen. Witness the number of her own home people, who have submitted to class legislation for ages—a legislation based substantially upon the luxury of the few, at the expense of the poverty of many,—a system which dressed one man in gold, and sent him to the House of Lords, and a thousand others in rags, and sent them to the workhouse. True, indeed, governments in every period of the world, and enlightened governments, so called, had successfully enforced on tributary dependencies, the same policy that English politicians laid down for America. But this policy has never been successful when attempted upon a community like the Scotch, intelligent as well as brave; nor upon the Swiss, or the Tyrolese, in their mountain fastnesses. Nor could it do here. The spirit of independence among the early colonists, grew naturally out of their exposed and unprotected position, which gave birth to their high character for braving danger and enduring privation—characteristics which inherently pertain to men who cut themselves adrift from all reliances on ancient scenes of civilization, and look forward to a continent where they are to build up a fairer and stronger structure of civil life. Among a like number of men, history does not show so many examples, in both sexes, and among the young and the old, of calm self-reliance in the midst of danger; of clear perceptions of the value and the cost of liberty, of the priceless knowledge, or of unshaken confidence in the justice and the love of God. The experience which America has had, with the inspirations of her great traditions, ought to make her the most reverent, the most humble, the most philosophical, and intelligently pious of all nations.

The most casual recurrence to the social history of the American colonists, will show that the religious sentiment suffused the whole body of society. 'Since the inauguration of the theocratic government over the Jewish nation,' said Merle d'Aubigné¹ to me, 'it really seems, in looking carefully into history,

¹ I cannot mention the name of this pure and great man without some expression of veneration and love. Residing in Switzerland—where even before the rail-

road days, the distance of 400 miles was an easy ride from his home in Geneva to ours in Genoa—he would sometimes leave the severe labors of his pulpit, his pro-

that there has been no instance except that of America, of an approach of the Creator so visible into the immediate control of human affairs—no case so palpable to the comprehension of everybody who will both read *and* think, as we find in the annals of the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, the free Catholics of Maryland, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Cavaliers of Virginia, and the Huguenots of Carolina. With these apparently heterogeneous elements, there has not been, since the establishment of the elder nations of the earth, if even then, an instance so striking, of the rapid formation of a national character,—least of all on so grand a scale. I am aware,' he continued, 'that a national character was for a long time denied to you, as in the slang of unfriendly European criticism, you have been even denied a national literature. Whereas the truth is, if literature consists in the published products of the human mind enlarged by study, and enlightened by experiences new to mankind; in the advancement made in religion, metaphysics and science; in the art of government; in codes of law and jurisprudence; in systems of education; in the economy of prisons; in missions to heathen nations, and in rich contributions to learning and language—if all this does not mean a national literature *sui generis*, and sublime, what does? It required two thousand years in England, France, or Germany, to stamp characteristic nationality, in any of these respects, upon *all* their people. Nor is the work complete in any of the European nations. Italy has been divided into rival principalities and factions, ever since the fall of Rome. France had no nationality until the downfall of feudalism. Even to this hour, nothing but force makes Ireland, in any sense, a part of the British empire. It was not until Frederick the Great, that even Prussia became a nation; and the Germanic world is but a cluster of rival nations now.¹ Russia binds sixty millions of people into an imperial unit; but it is only the enforced union of a hundred subject tribes. Spain, from her geographical position, has had something resembling unity; but steeped in the torpor of superstition, there has been no religious or political freedom—none of thought, at any time, throughout that broad peninsula: The great Gustavus did breathe a homogeneous spirit into Sweden, which blended her handful of freedom-loving people into a single community. But to me, the standing miracle of history is this blending of your Thirteen Colonies first, and afterwards all your States, into one Nation. I sometimes try to account for it by remembering that every man who went to your continent, unmoored himself from the Old World; that his interests had already been transferred to the new soil, before he stepped on it. In the annals of North American colonization, in broad distinction from that of Spain, and France, and Portugal, I find few instances of men embarking for the western coast,—after colonization had got under way,—

fessorship, and above all his exhaustive work on the Reformation, and 'regale himself,' as he used to say, 'in the luxury of American society, American books, and American thoughts,' all under the bright skies, and in the most soothing air of Italy. During one of these visits, in 1844, while he was taking scene notes one morning in my library, for a chapter of his History, in

which he was dwelling upon the connection between free institutions and the development of an enlightened religious sentiment, he gave utterance to the words I have quoted in the text.

¹ The reader will remember that this conversation occurred thirty years ago.

without a full expectation of meeting difficulties, and enduring sufferings. Besides, no nation, not excepting the Phœnicians, the Greeks, or Romans, ever had such noble founders. Those nations have all had impressive and grand histories, and in their times achieved about all that was done for the human race. But the establishment of civilized life and organic forms of government, under the inspirations of a pure and free Christianity, and guided by men of ripe learning, and unparalleled patriotism, was a scene your continent alone has presented. All the comprehending minds of Europe—and these were many—understood this; especially Berkeley. I am always struck with that line: *Westward the course of empire takes its way*. His prophetic eye, and humane heart, saw and felt the glory of your future so clearly, and he exulted in it so warmly, forty years before the signers of the Declaration of Independence came together!

I am not sorry to pay this tribute to the illustrious and learned Switzer. Of all the noble Europeans I had for many years such favorable opportunities to know—and to whom I am always glad to show my gratitude for the kindness and patience they displayed toward so unworthy a pupil—I found no one who so thoroughly comprehended American character, and history, as Merle D'Aubigné. De Tocqueville surpassed all other Europeans, perhaps, in a keen and discriminating analysis of the philosophy of our system of government. His 'Democracy in America' read like prophecy thirty-five years ago; it reads like history now. But his great Dissertation was limited to the theory of our political system. With all his facilities for studying American character on the spot, he neither comprehended it as well, nor was he so familiar with our colonial history, as D'Aubigné. In truth, the whole subject of America, its institutions, and the character of the people has, till within recent years, been a sealed book to most Europeans; while the ignorance which still prevails among even the learned men and statesmen of the Old World on government and society in the United States, is as amazing as it is lamentable.¹

But I hear the old bell ringing on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1776, from the Hall of Independence, and I must leave these calm thoughts, and tranquil scenes which have beguiled me too long, for the tragedy on which the curtain must now be lifted.

I shall attempt no detailed account of the events which transpired during the few years that preceded the Revolution. The traveller makes no minute observations of the shores of the river down which he is floating, while he is straining his ear to catch the roar of the cataract. The first clear note of the fatal plunge of British statesmanship, which was to end in the separation of the Colonies from the throne of England, was now to be sounded.

¹ I should perhaps make another exception, and it would be in favor of COUNT CAVOUR, under whose illuminated statesmanship the kingdom of Sardinia led the way in the great movement which ended in the resurrection of Italy from the tomb of ages, and the consolidation of all the emancipated states of the Peninsula into the splendid kingdom so ably ruled by Victor Emanuel.

Passage of the Stamp Act, March 8, 1765.—In 1764 Lord Granville gave notice to the American agents in London of his intention to lay a tax on the Colonies, and that with the next session of Parliament he should begin by imposing a stamp duty; and on the 8th of the following March the Stamp Act became a law. It was passed against the most earnest entreaties, the firmest protests, and the solemn warnings of Benjamin Franklin, and all the other colonial agents in London. The eloquence and statesmanship of Parliament were arrayed against it. Every American schoolboy has learned by heart the speeches of Pitt, Conway, Barré, and their brave colleagues, who, like Leonidas and his Greeks, fought that desperate and almost hopeless battle in behalf the rights of civil liberty. If eloquence, such as had, perhaps, never before been heard in St. Stephen's, could have averted that fatal act, it would have never passed. If, in the history of despotism, the old adage, that 'Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad,' were ever true, it was true then. The ministry and their majority in the House of Commons closed their ears against every argument, and rushed madly to their fate.¹ Lord Granville had requested the American agents to give notice to the Colonies of his intention. He might have spared himself the trouble, for these Argus-eyed representatives would be sure to make the news ring through America quite soon enough.

Franklin's Message to his Countrymen.—While the debate on the Stamp Act was drawing to a close, and its passage had become certain, Franklin—who had watched every sign with the keenest sagacity, himself the most anxious of all the spectators, since he foresaw more clearly than all what momentous issues were at stake—wrote to his friend, Charles Thomson, these words: 'The sun of liberty has set. You must light up the candles of industry and economy.' The following reply flashed back from the burning soul of Thomson: 'Be assured we shall light up torches of quite another sort.' He spoke the feelings of his countrymen; for when the news of the passage of the Stamp Act reached America, it kindled a flame of anger from one end of the country to the other. The whole body of the American people were nerved

¹ The policy was inaugurated under various pretexts, and with many plausible words; but there was a man in the House of Commons whose loyal and magnanimous soul revolted against so base a return for American loyalty; and fired with the eloquence of indignation, Col. Barré thus replied to the speeches of the ministers:—

'Children planted by your care? No. Your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny into a then uncultivated land, where they were exposed to all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe, the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say, the most terrible, that ever inhabited any part of God's earth. And yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all these hardships with pleasure, when they compared them with those they suffered in their own country, from men who should have been their friends.

'They nourished by your indulgence! No. They grew by your neglect. When you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule over them, who were deputies to some deputy sent to spy out their liberty, to misrepresent their

actions, and to prey upon them; whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice, some of whom were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of justice in their own.

'They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence. They have exerted their valor, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country which, while its frontier was drenched in blood, has yielded all its little savings to your emolument. Believe me, and remember I have this day told you so, the same spirit which actuated that people at first, still continues with them; but prudence forbids me to explain myself further.

'God knows I do not at this time speak from party heat. However superior to me in general knowledge and experience any one here may be, I claim to know more of America, having been conversant in that country. The people there are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has; but a people jealous of their liberties, and will vindicate them if they should be violated. But the subject is delicate; I will say no more.'



BOSTONIANS READING THE STAMP ACT.

by a settled purpose of resistance. By his irresistible eloquence, Patrick Henry had swept Virginia into the tempest of a revolution. Rutledge and Gadsden had lifted the oriflamme of freedom in distant South Carolina. New York, through her greatest son, Robert R. Livingston, was committed to the policy of resistance; while Massachusetts was firm, as her own Plymouth Rock, in her early-declared purposes to stand by James Otis, her beloved leader. In her comprehensive statesmanship, which has always been broad and magnanimous, measures of the utmost importance were at once adopted. Not satisfied with bold declarations that she would not yield to the tyranny of the Stamp Act, she sent Circular Letters through the country, calling upon every Colony to appoint deputies to meet in a General Congress, where, with the concentrated power of federal union, the American people might enter into council, and decide what they should do in this great public emergency.

The Colonies go into Mourning.—At last, as the morning of the first of November broke, the day when the Stamp Act was to be carried into effect, the bells of the churches from Massachusetts to Georgia were tolled as if for the funeral of political liberty, and everywhere signs of mourning appeared. In the city of New York, which has ever since it passed under the British crown, asserted its claim to be the metropolis of the country, by always reflecting the public sentiment of the nation, men carried around a *Death's head* through the streets with placards over it, 'Folly of England, and Ruin of America.' 'In Portsmouth, N. H.,' says Dr. Holmes, 'a coffin neatly ornamented and inscribed, *Liberty aged* CLXV., was prepared for the funeral procession, which began from the court-house, attended with two unbraced drums. The minute guns were fired until the corpse arrived at the grave, when an oration was pronounced in honor of the deceased. Scarcely was the oration concluded, when some remains of life having been discovered, the corpse was taken up; the inscription on the lid of the coffin was changed to *Liberty Revived*. The bells struck a cheerful sound, and joy again appeared in every countenance. There was not a settlement in the Thirteen Colonies where execration against the King of England did not load the air men breathed. Grateful and accomplished women tore the ornaments of gold they wore, from their arms and necks, and casting them to beggars, said—take what bears the royal stamp, and get your bread with it; we will not wear them.'¹ The courts of justice, those solemn tribunals, which in all the convulsions through which the Anglo-Saxon race has passed, have, since the Magna Charta, reflected the enlightened opinion of the best subjects and the best citizens of the state, adjourned, closed their doors, and told litigants to forget their difficulties, until a better day should come for the common cause. Everywhere men grasped each other's hands and said, 'our cause is

¹ On the 3d day of October, 1765, the last stamp officer north of the Potomac, the stubborn John Hughes, a Quaker of Philadelphia, as he lay desperately ill, heard muffled-drums beat through the city, and the State House bell ring muffled, and then the tramping feet of the people assembling to demand his

resignation. He announced his resignation with the words, 'A man need not be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to see clearly that the empire of Great Britain in North America is at an end.'—Bancroft, vol. v. p. 333.

adjusted, are quarrels are over ;' whilst those who did not feel justified in risking their complicated interests upon the hazards of a friendly settlement, consented to wait the awards of arbitration. In a word, the Stamp Act had not been, and could not be, executed in America.¹

The Provincial Congress of 1765.—The Stamp Act Congress assembled in New York, October 7th, 1765. The delegates had been elected by the representatives of the people of each Colony. Although they derived their powers from separate and independent sources, each Colony acting independently for itself, yet they constituted one body, all equal as delegates, without reference to population, or the territory which they represented.

If it was not a numerous, it was an imposing assembly, and it was everywhere felt that upon their proceedings the fate of the Thirteen Colonies was suspended. It was composed of the foremost men of the country. With the exception of some of the wisest and best citizens, among whom was Franklin, then in England, acting as agents of the different colonies, nearly all the strongest men were there. It was the ablest body that could have been chosen. Impressed with the greatness of the task before them, they proceeded in a firm but reverent spirit to the business before them.² They continued in session only fourteen days ; but they sent forth three papers, whose principles and spirit could not be mistaken by mankind. The first was a Declaration of Rights, written by John Cruger, of New York ; the second, a Memorial to both Houses of Parliament, by Robert R. Livingston, of New York ; and the third, a Petition to the King, by James Otis, of Massachusetts.

¹ The Stamp Act was to take effect the 1st of November, 1765. But before that day came, combinations had everywhere been formed against its execution. The feelings of the colonists were universally roused. The bold had become daring ; the daring had grown revolutionary ; the timid were prepared to join in the general movement, and even the best friends of the king himself, and the sturdiest supporters of the royal prerogative, hung their heads in shame at the course of the British Government. There was a general exclamation against the act, which either exacted the most humiliating degradation that slavery knows how to impose, or inflicted a penalty which, in the fine language of Mrs. Willard, was 'no less than the suspension of the whole machinery of social order, and the creation of a state of anarchy. Neither trade nor navigation could proceed ; no contract could be legally made ; no process against an offender could be instituted ; no apprentice could be indentured ; no student could receive a diploma ; nor even could the estate of the dead be legally settled, until the Stamp duty was paid.'

² Scenes of violence attended the attempts to enforce the law ; and they even preceded the period of its contemplated enforcement. In August, the people of Boston burned Mr. Andrew Oliver, the king's officer, in effigy, broke open his house, and destroyed his furniture. They would have gone further ; but he pledged his honor that he never would attempt to execute the law. The furniture, pictures, plate, and treasure of Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson fell into the hands of the mob. Mr. Ingersoll, of New Haven, was violently brought before the public, and compelled to give his pledge that he never would distribute a Stamp. So, too, in other places, the people took the law into their own hands, every man being prepared to make a declaration of independence for himself. In this way we trace, many years before the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, the germinal principles that gave origin to the Great Federal System of constitutional liberty that became the political watchword

then, as it is now, the political glory and strength of the American Republic.'

² The Congress entered directly on the consideration of the safest groundwork on which to rest the collective American liberties. Should they build on the charters or natural justice ; on precedents and fact or abstract truth ; on special privileges or universal reason ? Otis was instructed by Boston to support not only the liberty of the colonies, but also chartered rights. Johnson, of Connecticut, submitted a paper which pleaded charters from the crown. But Robert R. Livingston, of New York, the goodness of whose heart set him above prejudices, and equally comprehended all mankind, would not place the hope of America on that foundation ; and Gadsden of South Carolina, giving utterance to the warm impulses of a brave and noble nature, spoke against it with irresistible impetuosity. 'A confirmation of our essential and common rights as Englishmen,' thus he himself reports his sentiments, 'may be pleaded from charters safely enough ; but any further dependence upon them may be fatal. We should stand upon the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men, and as descendants of Englishmen. I wish the charters may not ensnare us at last, by drawing different colonies to act differently in this great cause. Whenever that is the case, all will be over with the whole. There ought to be no New England men, no New Yorker, known on the continent, but all of us Americans.'

These views prevailed ; and in the proceedings of the Congress the argument of American liberty from royal grants was avoided. *This is the first great step towards independence.* Dummer had pleaded for colony charters ; Livingston, Gadsden, and the Congress of 1765 provided for Americans self-existence and union by claiming rights that preceded charters and would survive their ruin.—Bancroft, vol. v. p. 335-

The action of the Congress electrified the country. Of the five Colonies unrepresented by regularly appointed delegates, some expressed their regrets that they had not been present by their representatives; others alleged they had not had time for action. But one and all joined in sustaining the action of the Congress, and in preparing similar petitions to the Parliament and the king.¹

No sooner were these proceedings known in England than the conviction became general that the policy of the Stamp Act had not only been unwise, but that its results were likely to prove fatal. The friends of the Colonies concentrated all their forces for its abolition. The ministry which introduced the Stamp Act was dismissed from power, and the Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Grafton, and others supposed to be more favorable to the cause of the Colonies, were elevated to power. They had a fair opportunity to put an end, at least for a considerable period, to the troubles growing up between the empire and the Colonies, but they missed the chance. In the House of Commons, Conway introduced a resolution, declaring that 'Parliament has power to bind the Colonies and the people of America in all cases whatsoever,' with the well-known purpose of presenting immediately another resolution abolishing the Stamp Act.

Franklin at the Bar of the House of Commons.—While the debate was in progress, Franklin was summoned, February 13th, 1766, to the bar of the House. Much depended on what he was to say, for he carried more weight with him than any other American. His words were to be imperishable. I need not give his testimony; for if there be an American who does not know it, he must go back to his school-books. A few great facts came out on his examination, which were ever after to remain landmarks for argument, as they became luminous points in the history of the Colonies:—He showed that the Stamp tax could never be paid; that there was not gold and silver enough in the Colonies to do it. There were neither post roads nor means of sending stamps into the interior. There were only three hundred thousand white men, from sixteen to sixty years of age, in the country. The Colonies were now imposing on themselves many and very heavy taxes, in part to discharge debts and mortgages on all their estates, contracted in a British war, commenced for the defence of a purely British trade, and of the territories of the crown; that they had never refused men or means for the defence of the empire; that until oppressive acts were resorted to by the home government, they had been governed at the expense of only a little pen, ink and paper; that they recognized the authority of Parliament in all legislation, except such as should lay internal duties; that they considered Parliament the great bulwark of their liberties and privileges, but that their temper was now

¹ Delegates chosen by the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, of Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina; delegates named by a written requisition from the individual representatives of Delaware and New Jersey, and the Legislative Committee of Correspondence of New York,

composed the Congress. New Hampshire, though not present by deputy, yet agreed to abide by the result; and they were gladdened during their session by the arrival of the express messenger from Georgia, sent near a thousand miles by land to obtain a copy of their proceedings.—Bancroft, vol. v. p. 334.

much altered, and their respect for it diminished; and that if the Stamp Act was not repealed, it would result in a total loss of the respect and affection which they bore to the mother country, and of all the commerce that had depended on that feeling of loyalty and regard. 'Do you think the people of America,' asked Lord Granville, 'would submit to pay the Stamp duty if it was moderated?' 'No, never: they will not submit to it.' 'Could not a military force carry that act into execution?' The answer was: 'Suppose a military force to be sent into America; they will find nobody in arms. What are they then to do? They cannot force a man to take stamps who chooses to do without them; they will not *find* rebellion; they may indeed *make* one.' 'How then would the Americans receive a future tax, imposed on the same principle?' Answer: 'Just as they do this—they would not pay it.'

The New York Newsboys of the Last Century.—The issue had come; the question of repeal was to be met. It was the 20th of February. The continents were wide apart in those days, and the 'Sons of Liberty' in New York knew little of what was going on in London. But we learn from the *New York Gazette* of February 20th, 1766, that on that same morning, copies of that journal, containing the Resolutions they had just passed, to the effect that they were determined to risk life, and fortune, and all they had, in resisting the Stamp Act, and that the safety of the Colonies depended upon their united determination, were being cried through the streets of New York.

The Trial-day in the House of Commons.—That same morning, Pitt had 'hobbled into the House of Commons on crutches, swathed in flannels,' 'too ill,' as he declared, 'to leave his bed for any other cause than to secure the liberties of the American Colonies, and save them for the empire.' The House was crowded; the friends and the enemies of America were there. Between four and five hundred members had assembled, and the clock pointed towards midnight when the great orator rose to deliver that speech which was to be forever memorable, not only worthy from its eloquence to have fallen from the lips of Demosthenes, but whose prophetic truth would not have dishonored an ancient prophet. He maintained that the power of government and legislation vested in Parliament by the British Constitution, did not embrace the power of taxing the Colonies without representation; and he demanded, in the name of that Constitution, and on grounds of eternal justice, that the Stamp Act should be repealed, 'totally, absolutely, and immediately.'

Burke a Spectator of the Scene.—Edmund Burke, the rising statesman of England, who had already enlisted his mighty talents on the side of the Colonies, and was an eager and joyous spectator of the scene, says, that upwards of three hundred London merchants, representing the commerce of the nation, had waited outside into the night, to learn the fate of the resolution of repeal; and when the shouts rang through the vaulted passage-ways of St. Stephen's on the announcement of the result, the joy of the commercial repre



EDMUND BURKE.
(From a Miniature by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)



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sentatives was irrepressible. Walpole also says, that when the doors were thrown open, a burst of gratitude greeted Conway as he appeared, and the groups gathered around him seemed like captives greeting their deliverer. Burke says, 'his face shone as if it had been the face of an angel.' Granville the defeated minister, moved along, swelling with rage and mortification, while the crowd pressed on him with hisses. But when the venerable Pitt appeared, that crowd was uncovered, and the same enthusiastic, but more reverent gratitude, which they manifested, touched him with the tenderest delight. Many attended his chair as he was carried out from the venerable pile, and the multitude followed him with their benedictions.

An ebullition of joy broke forth from the American Colonies when they received the news.¹ South Carolina voted a statue to Pitt, and Virginia one to the king; and an obelisk was raised, on which the names of the friends of the Colonies in England were engraved. Even Washington himself said: 'They have all my thanks for their opposition of that act of oppression; since to have attempted its enforcement, I am satisfied, would have been attended with consequences more direful than had been generally apprehended.'

Nothing gained by the repeal.—But the joy of the repeal of the Stamp Act was short-lived. The eyes of the people were still opened in the direction of the British throne, and serious apprehensions, which afterwards proved too well grounded, were felt, lest other acts of aggression should be proclaimed. The statesmen of America knew that Great Britain had given up nothing—it had been a source of regret and mortification to all clear-headed Englishmen, when the Imperial Legislature, bent to the necessity of the occasion, should have vitiated the moral influence of the deed by the following puerile declaration: 'Parliament has a right to bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever.' Machiavelli somewhere says: 'That wise princes, when forced to bend, do it with a grace which wins the populace.' This remark could never have been applied to the Parliament of England. The right to tax America in all cases whatsoever was still asserted *there*; it was denied *here*. It had been the question of *right* only, from the beginning; it was then what the stubborn John Adams afterwards said: 'The right to take one pound implies the right to take a thousand.'

What the Colonies had suffered from actual tyranny was hardly worth

¹ A bright day in May was set apart in Boston for the display of public gladness, and the spot where resistance to the Stamp Act began, was the centre of attraction. At one in the morning the bell nearest Liberty Tree was the first to be rung; at dawn colors and pendants rose over the housetops all around it; and the steeple of the nearest meeting house was hung with banners. During the day all prisoners for debt were released by subscription. In the evening the town shone as though night had not come. An obelisk on the Common was brilliant with a loyal inscription; the houses round Liberty Tree exhibited illuminated figures, not of the King only, but of Pitt, Camden, and Barré, and Liberty Tree itself was decorated with lanterns till its boughs could hold no more.—Bancroft, vol. v. p. 458.

From every pulpit ascended thanks to Almighty God. Mayhew, of Boston, the apostle of freedom, from his own pulpit addressed the following words to Pitt, as though he were actually standing before the altar, instead of lying prostrate upon his sick-bed in distant England: 'To you grateful America attributes that she is reinstated in her former liberties. The universal joy of America blessing you as our father, and sending up ardent vows to heaven for you, must give you a sublime and truly God-like pleasure; it might perhaps give you spirits and vigor to take up your bed and walk, like those cured by the word of Him who came from heaven to make us free indeed. America calls you over and over again her father: live on in health and happiness and honor. Be it late when you must cease to plead the cause of liberty on earth.'

mentioning ; nor would the oppression which any community suffers from oppression be worth mentioning, if they resisted it to the death on the spot. Tyranny is not so strong as tyrants think ; it is one of the weakest of things, for when brave men strike it they shiver it to a thousand pieces. Despotism is strong only where men themselves are weak. But America began to teach the sublime principles of free government to the parent country, and unfalteringly was she to press her noble lessons till they had been conned, and at last comprehended. The history of the Colonies for the next eight years may be summed up in resistance to acts of oppression from the British government. Every new measure was attended with new odium, and inflamed still deeper indignation. In June, 1767, a tax was laid on several articles imported into the Colonies. In July, an act established a Board of Trade and Commissioners of Customs, independent of the colonial legislatures. A few days later, another act of Parliament prohibited the Assembly of New York performing any act of legislation whatever—the pretext being they had refused complying with the requirements of the Mutiny act. Protests were made by Assemblies, non-importation associations were formed, and pamphlets, newspapers, orators and preachers, everywhere instigated the people to resistance. In February, 1768, the Assembly of Massachusetts sent out a Circular Letter to the other Colonial Assemblies, inviting them to co-operate in obtaining redress of grievances, and cordial responses were sent back with the bold declaration that Parliament had no right to tax the Colonies without their consent. The ministry resented this bold act of Massachusetts, and ordered the Assembly, in the name of the king, to rescind the Letter. They deliberately resolved that they would *not* rescind it. Said James Otis, in the Legislature : ‘When Lord Hillsborough knows we will not rescind *our* acts, he should apply to Parliament to rescind *theirs*.’ ‘Let Britons,’ exclaimed the defiant Samuel Adams, ‘rescind their measures, or the Colonies are lost to them forever.’ When the new Commissioners of Customs arrived in Boston, in May, 1768, they seized a sloop whose owner had ordered it to sail without complying with the new customs’ requisitions. They were unfortunate in the selection of their vessel, for it belonged to John Hancock, the last man whose property they could well afford to touch. The Commissioners were assailed by a mob ; their houses were injured ; and they were compelled to seek shelter in Castle William.

British Soldiers march into Boston, September, 1768.—Barnard, the Royal Governor, ordered General Gage to enter Boston with his troops to overawe the people, and on a quiet Sabbath morning, late in September, 1768, they marched in ‘with drums beating, and colors flying, and, with all the insolence of conquerors, took possession of a captured city.’ Deeply outraged to see their beautiful Common turned into a camp ground for mercenary soldiers, the Assembly refused them food and shelter. The indignation of the citizens could hardly be restrained, and collisions took place.

The People rise against the Troops—March 2, 1770.—Finally, on March

2d, 1770, the people rose to drive the troops from the city. The soldiers fired on them, killing three and wounding others, the bells rang an alarm, and the whole population poured into the streets. Governor Hutchinson was compelled to give assurances that their wishes should be respected. They demanded the instant withdrawal of the troops, and the trial of Captain Preston, the commander of the guard, who had fired on the mob, for murder. The demand was granted.

The Tea thrown into the Boston Harbor.—One of the most odious measures was an act allowing the East India Company, the then all-powerful corporation of the empire, to export its teas to America, free of duty in England, and large quantities were shipped in 1773. But there was a universal determination to prevent its introduction, and, under the disguise of Indians, some Boston men boarded the tea ships, broke open three hundred and forty-two chests, and cast their contents into the sea. This was followed by an Act of Parliament to punish the people of Boston, and their port was closed.¹ This might all have been very well had it succeeded as a punishment. But no measure since the Stamp Act had excited such wide and bitter hostility. It blended the Colonies together as if in the welding of a seven times heated furnace. The cup of British iniquity was full; it would hold no more, and the case was now to be decided by ‘the last argument of kings.’²

Imperial Legislation of Retaliation and Revenge. The Boston Port Bill.—Boston had now become the focal point on which the indignation of England was bent, and the centre from which the fires of the Revolution were to radiate. For the first time in the history of the Colonies, the law of retaliation and revenge was invoked against them. In March, 1774, with the avowed object of punishing the people of Boston for having resisted the introduction of the East India Company’s teas, Parliament interdicted ‘all commercial intercourse with the port of Boston, and prohibited landing and shipping any goods in that place,’ until indemnity should be rendered. This act was called the Boston Port Bill. When the news of its passage reached America, the people of Boston in a public meeting declared ‘that the impolicy, injustice, and inhumanity of the act exceeded their powers of expression.’ The Assembly met, but the Governor ordered its members to remove to Salem. They reassembled there and passed revolutionary measures, among which was a recommendation to all the Colonies to ‘choose delegates to a National Congress, to consider the alarming aspect of public affairs,’ and five men of character and

¹ On the 1st of June, 1774, the Boston Port Bill went into operation. It was a heavy blow for the doomed town. Business was crushed, and great suffering ensued. The utter prostration of trade soon produced wide-spread distress. The rich, deprived of their rents, became straitened; and the poor, denied the privilege of laboring, were reduced to beggary. All classes felt the scourge of the oppressor, but bore it with remarkable fortitude. They were conscious of being right, and everywhere, tokens of liveliest sympathy were manifested. Flour, rice, cereal grains, fuel and money, were sent to the suffering people from the

different colonies; and the City of London, in its corporate capacity, subscribed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the poor of Boston.—Lossing’s *History of the United States*, page 226.

² These words, in Latin, were often placed upon cannon. Before the armory at Richmond, Virginia, was destroyed, in April, 1865, several old French cannons made of brass were there, on two of which these words appeared. They also appear upon some French cannon at West Point.—Lossing’s *History of the United States*, note 3, page 226.

distinction were selected to represent Massachusetts in that body. The motive of General Gage in removing the Assembly to Salem, arose in the belief that, by closing the port of Boston, the increase of trade in Salem would win the people to the side of the crown. But in a public meeting they declared 'that Nature, in forming their harbor, had prevented their becoming rivals in trade, and even if it were otherwise, they should regard themselves lost to all sense of justice, and all feelings of humanity, could they indulge one thought of raising their fortunes upon the ruins of their countrymen.'

Sympathy with Massachusetts Bay.—In the meantime the sympathy and aid of the people of the other colonies were freely extended to Boston, to relieve the commercial embarrassment which followed the enforcement of the Port Bill. It seems proper here to notice the significant fact that, in the attempt to drag the colonists into slavish obedience to British tyranny, Parliament abandoned all the accepted canons of enlightened Statesmanship, and went back to the precedents of antiquity,¹ inflicting so far as it could, the curse of non-intercourse between sea-ports, towns, and neighbors.² How futile was this scheme of short-sighted policy, soon appeared. It linked those Thirteen Colonies together with 'hooks of steel' in a crusade against the common foe. Money poured into Boston from every quarter, with words of encouragement, and inspirations of hope. The noble Virginians, when they heard of this Boston Port Bill, rallied round the House of Burgesses then in session, and asked that the solemn enactment of a public fast should be proclaimed. On Tuesday, the 24th of May, the House of Burgesses passed an order which stands upon their journal in the following terms:—'*Tuesday, the 24th of May, 14 George III., 1774.* This house, being deeply impressed with apprehension of the great dangers to be derived to British America, from the hostile invasion of the City of Boston, in our sister-colony of Massachusetts Bay, whose commerce and harbor are, on the first day of June next, to be stopped by an armed force, deem it highly necessary that the said first day of June be set apart, by the members of this house, as a day of fasting, humilia-

¹ All commercial restrictions arose in the policy of barbarous nations, who wished to exclude men and communities from intercourse with each other. *Tariffs grew out of barbarism.* All the maritime nations of antiquity had their commercial agents in foreign countries visited by their vessels or trading citizens, sent to guard their interests, and protect their property and lives. Without such protection the property of every adventurer committed to the sea, was likely to fall into the hands of pirates, or to be treated with injustice in foreign ports. In few of the ancient nations was there any regard paid to individual rights. The sacredness of private rights was a principle almost as unknown as the operations of galvanism. We have heard much of the civilization of Rome; but, while her orators and poets were bringing her beautiful tongue to perfection, and sculptors and architects were creating their matchless ideals of strength and beauty, she treated all foreign nations as her natural foes. All vessels driven by stress of weather upon her coasts were confiscated, and the crews were put to death. In those days, might so effectually constituted right, that the weaker party no more thought of asking for justice, than the enemy conquered in battle hoped for mercy.

² Adam Smith—the foremost political economist of that time, if not indeed the most illuminated of any age

—clearly laid down the broad principles which should have guided British statesmen in treating the American question. Of the crisis, which he clearly foresaw was approaching, he unhesitatingly declared, that the American Colonies should either be fairly represented in the British Parliament, or allowed their independence. He pronounced the prohibitory laws of England 'a manifest violation of the most sacred rights—impertinent badges of slavery imposed upon the colonies without any sufficient reason, by the groundless jealousy of the merchants and manufacturers of the mother country.' 'Great Britain derives nothing but loss from the dominion she assumes over her colonies.' He even went so far as to say: 'It is not very probable that they will ever voluntarily submit to us; the blood which must be shed in forcing them to do so is, every drop of it, the blood of those who are, or of those whom we wish to have for our fellow-citizens.' 'They are very weak who flatter themselves that in the state to which things are come, our colonies will be easily conquered by force alone.' He further indicates the vast advantages Great Britain would at once and permanently derive, if she 'should voluntarily give up all authority over her colonies, and leave them to elect their own magistrates, to enact their own laws, and to make peace and war as they might think proper.'

tion and prayer, devoutly to implore the Divine interposition for averting the heavy calamity which threatens destruction to our civil rights, and the evils of civil war ; to give us one heart and one mind, firmly to oppose, by all just and proper means, every injury to American rights ; and that the minds of His Majesty and his Parliament, may be inspired from above with wisdom, moderation, and justice, to remove from the loyal people of America all cause of danger from a continued pursuit of measures pregnant with their ruin.

‘ *Ordered*, therefore, That the members of this house do attend in their places, at the hour of ten in the forenoon, on the said first day of June next, in order to proceed with the Speaker and the mace to the church in this city, for the purposes aforesaid ; and that the Reverend Mr. Price be appointed to read prayers, and to preach a sermon suitable to the occasion.’

Enraged at these treasonable proceedings Lord Dunmore prorogued the Assembly. But they at once withdrew to the Raleigh tavern, and formed an association, signed by 89 members of the *late* House of Burgesses. Their address breathes a spirit of such lofty statesmanship and manhood, that it deserves a place in any history which portrays, however briefly, the causes which immediately led to the Declaration of Independence.

Spirit of Independence in Virginia.—‘ An Association, signed by 89 members of the late House of Burgesses. We, His Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the late representatives of the good people of this country, having been deprived, by the sudden interposition of the executive part of this government, from giving our countrymen the advice we wished to convey to them, in a legislative capacity, find ourselves under the hard necessity of adopting this, the only method we have left, of pointing out to our countrymen such measures as, in our opinion, are best fitted to secure our dear rights and liberty from destruction, by the heavy hand of power now lifted against North America. With much grief we find, that our dutiful applications to Great Britain for the security of our just, ancient and constitutional rights, have been not only disregarded, but that a determined system is formed and pressed, for reducing the inhabitants of British America to slavery, by subjecting them to the payment of taxes imposed without the consent of the people or their representatives ; and that, in pursuit of this system, we find an act of the British Parliament, lately passed, for stopping the harbor and commerce of the town of Boston, in our sister-colony of Massachusetts Bay, until the people there submit to the payment of such unconstitutional taxes ; and which act most violently and arbitrarily deprives them of their property, in wharves erected by private persons, at their own great and proper expense ; which act is, in our opinion, a most dangerous attempt to destroy the constitutional rights and liberty of all North America. It is further our opinion, that as tea, on its importation into America, is charged with a duty imposed by Parliament, for the purpose of raising a revenue without the consent of

the people, it ought not to be used by any person who wishes well to the constitutional rights and liberties of British America. And whereas the India Company have ungenerously attempted the ruin of America, by sending many ships loaded with tea into the Colonies, thereby intending to fix a precedent in favor of arbitrary taxation, we deem it highly proper, and do accordingly recommend it strongly to our countrymen, not to purchase or use any kind of East India commodity whatsoever, except saltpetre and spices, until the grievances of America are reduced. We are further clearly of opinion, that an attack made on one of our sister-colonies, to compel submission to arbitrary taxes, is an attack made on all British America, and threatens ruin to the rights of all, unless the united wisdom of the whole be applied. *And for this purpose it is recommended to the committee of correspondence, that they communicate with their several corresponding committees, on the expediency of appointing deputies from the several colonies of British America, to meet in general congress, at such place, annually, as shall be thought most convenient; there to deliberate on those general measures which the united interests of America may from time to time require.*

‘A tender regard for the interest of our fellow-subjects, the merchants and manufacturers of Great Britain, prevents us from going further at this time; most earnestly hoping, that the unconstitutional principle of taxing the Colonies without their consent will not be persisted in, thereby to compel us, against our will, to avoid all commercial intercourse with Britain. Wishing them and our people free and happy, we are their affectionate friends, the late representatives of Virginia.

‘The 27th day of May, 1774.’

On the first day of June, when the odious Port Bill was to go into effect, a touching sight was witnessed throughout Virginia. Everywhere the churches were crowded, and devoutly men gathered to keep this day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer.

*Meeting of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774.*¹

The revolutionary spirit was now up, and the fires of the Revolution itself soon began to burn. The old Continental Congress which had been recommended by the men of Boston, assembled on the 5th of September, 1774, in Philadelphia, then the largest city in America.² Georgia alone was unrepresented.

¹ The object of the meeting of the Continental Congress was fully expressed in the following language: ‘To consider the acts lately passed and bills depending in Parliament with regard to the Port of Boston and the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, which acts and bills in their precedents and consequences affect the whole continent of America—also the grievances under which America labors by reason of the several acts of Parliament that impose taxes or duties for raising revenue, and lay unnecessary restraints and burdens on trade—and the statutes, Parliamentary Acts and Royal Instructions, which make an invidious distinction between his Majesty’s subjects in Great Britain and America.’

² On the 5th of this last September—1774—THE HUN-

DREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST CONGRESS was worthily celebrated in the OLD CARPENTER’S HALL. From the eloquent Historical Address delivered by Mr. HENRY ARMIT BROWN, the orator of the occasion, I cite the following appropriate passages:—

The silence is first broken by Mr. Lynch of South Carolina. ‘There is a gentleman present,’ he says, ‘who has presided with great dignity over a very respectable society, and greatly to the advantage of America,’ and he ‘moves that the Hon. Peyton Randolph, Esq., one of the delegates from Virginia, be appointed chairman.’ He doubts not it will be unanimous. It is so, and yonder ‘large, well-looking man, carefully dressed and with well-powdered wig, rises and

The Hall where the fathers of the Revolution gathered was filled with patriotism and civic light. No such body of men had ever assembled in North America, perhaps it were not too much to say that no such assembly had ever met in human history. England encountered here the most formidable foe she had met since the time of William the Conqueror.

Payton Randolph being chosen President, and Charles Thomson¹ Secretary by unanimous vote, the house was organized for business with all the solemnities of a regular Legislature.² A committee of two from each colony was ap-

takes the chair. The commissions of the delegates are then produced and read, after which Mr. Lynch nominates as secretary Mr. Charles Thomson, 'a gentleman,' he says, 'of family, fortune, and character.'

And thereupon, with that singular wisdom which our early statesmen showed in their selection of men for all posts of responsibility, the Congress calls into his country's service that admirable man, 'the Sam Adams of Philadelphia and the life of the cause of liberty.' While the preliminaries are being dispatched, let us take a look at this company, for it is the most extraordinary assemblage America has ever seen.

There are fifty delegates present, the representatives of eleven colonies. Georgia has had no election, the North Carolinians have not yet arrived, and John Dickinson, that 'shadow, slender as a reed, and pale as ashes,' that Pennsylvania farmer who has sown the seeds of empire, is not a member yet. Directly in front, in a seat of prominence, sits Richard Henry Lee. His brilliant eye and Roman profile would make him a marked man in any company. One hand has been injured, and is wrapped, as you see, in a covering of black silk, but, when he speaks, his movements are so graceful and his voice so sweet that you forget the defect of gesture, for he is an orator—the greatest in America, perhaps, save only one.

That tall man, with the swarthy face and black, powdered hair, is William Livingston of New Jersey; 'no public speaker, but sensible and learned.' Beside him, with his slender form bent forward and his face lit with enthusiasm, sits his son-in-law, John Jay, soon to be famous. He is the youngest of the delegates, and yonder sits the oldest of them all. His form is bent, his thin locks fringing a forehead bowed with age and honorable service, and his hands shake tremulously as he folds them in his lap. It is Stephen Hopkins, once Chief Justice of Rhode Island. Close by him is his colleague, Samuel Ward, and Sherman of Connecticut, that strong man, whose name is to be made honorable by more than one generation. Johnson of Maryland, is here, 'that clear, cock head,' and Paca, his colleague, 'a wise deliberator.'

Bland of Virginia is that learned-looking, 'bookish-man,' beside 'zealous, hot-headed' Edward Rutledge. The Pennsylvanians are grouped together, at one side—Morton, Humphreys, Mifflin, Rhoads, Biddle, Ross, and Galloway, the Speaker of the Assembly. Bending forward to whisper in the latter's ear is Duane of New York, that shy-looking man, a little 'squint-eyed' (John Adams has already written of him), 'very sensible and very careful.' That large-featured man, with the broad, open countenance, is William Hooper; that other, with the Roman nose, is McKean of Delaware. Rodney, the latter's colleague, sits beside him, 'the oddest-looking man in the world, tall, thin, pale, his face no bigger than a large apple, yet beaming with sense, and wit, and humor.'

Yonder is Christopher Gadsden, who has been preaching independence to South Carolina these ten years past. He it is who, roused by the report that the regulars have commenced to bombard Boston, proposes to march forward and defeat Gage at once, before his reinforcements can arrive; and when some one timidly says that in the event of war the British will destroy the seaport towns, turns on the speaker with this grand reply: 'Our towns are built of brick and wood; if they are burnt down we can rebuild them: but liberty once lost is gone forever.' In all this famous company, perhaps, the men most noticed are the Massachusetts members. That colony has thus far taken the lead in

the struggle with the mother country. A British army is encamped upon her soil: the gates of her chief town are shut; against her people the full force of the resentment of King and Parliament is sent. Her sufferings called this Congress into being, and now lend a sad prominence to her ambassadors.

And of them, surely, Samuel Adams is the chief. What must be his emotions as he sits here, to-day, he who 'eats little, drinks little, sleeps little, and thinks much'; that strong man, whose undaunted spirit has led his countrymen up to the possibilities of this day. It is his plan of correspondence, adopted after a hard struggle, in November, 1772, that first made feasible a union in the common defence. He called for union as early as April, 1773. For that he had labored without ceasing and without end, now arousing the drooping spirits of less sanguine men; now repressing the enthusiasm of rash hearts, which threatened to bring on a crisis before the time was ripe, and all the while thundering against tyranny through the columns of the *Boston Gazette*. As he was ten years ago he is to-day, the master spirit of the time; as cool, as watchful, as steadfast now that the hour of his triumph is at hand; as when, in darker days, he took up the burden James Otis could no longer bear.

Beside him sits his younger kinsman, John Adams, a man after his own heart; bold, fertile, resolute; an eloquent speaker and a leader of men.

But whose is yonder tall and manly form? It is that of a man of forty years of age in the prime of vigorous manhood. He has not spoken, for he is no orator; but there is a look of command in his broad face and firm-set mouth that marks him among men, and seems to justify the deference with which his colleagues turn to speak with him. He has taken a back seat, as becomes one of his great modesty—for he is great even in that—but he is still the foremost man in all this company. This is he who has just made, in the Virginia Convention, that speech which Lynch of Carolina says is the most eloquent speech that ever was made: 'I WILL RAISE A THOUSAND MEN, SUBSIST THEM AT MY OWN EXPENSE, AND MARCH WITH THEM AT THEIR HEAD FOR THE RELIEF OF BOSTON.' These were his words—and his name is Washington.

Such was the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia. . . .

¹ Thomson was Secretary of Congress perpetually, from 1774, until the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the organization of the new government in 1789. Watson relates that Thomson had just come into Philadelphia with his bride, and was alighting from his chaise when a messenger from the delegates in Carpenter's Hall came to him and said they wanted him to come and take minutes of their proceedings, as he was an expert at such business. For his first year's service he received no pay. So Congress informed his wife, that they wished to compensate her for the absence of her husband during that time, and wished her to name what kind of a piece of plate she would like to receive. She chose an *urn*, and that silver vessel is yet in the family. Thomson was born in Ireland in 1730, came to America when eleven years of age, and died in 1824, at the age of ninety-four years.—Lossing's *Hist. of the U. S.*, note 3, p. 228.

² In speaking of the Congress at Philadelphia in a letter to his wife, John Adams said:—Sept. 8th, 1774.—'There is in the Congress a collection of the greatest men upon this continent in point of abilities, virtues and fortunes.' Also in one of Sept. 16th, he describes the *First Prayer in Congress*. 'When Congress first

pointed to draw up a Bill of Rights: an Address to the people of Great Britain, written by John Jay; another to the several Anglo-American colonies, written by William Livingston; a third to the inhabitants of Quebec, and a petition to the King. Massachusetts was applauded for all she had done, and encouraged to persevere; while General Gage was warned not to inflame any further the public indignation, 'lest the loyal Colonies should renounce their allegiance to the throne altogether.' The Assembly also entered into a solemn compact with each other, and with the country, 'under the sacred ties of honor and love of liberty, neither to import, nor to consume, any British goods or products, after the first of the following December.' They gave their pledge also to encourage manufactures and agriculture at home, and recommended the appointment of committees everywhere to see that this work was effectually done. They still further resolved to remain in session until Parliament repealed those odious and oppressive acts.

All their proceedings were full of dignity. They breathed the inspiration of the Greeks, and the firmness of the Romans. Their public Addresses, Memorials, Resolutions, Preambles, and State Papers, were worthy of the 'giants of those days.' Of them Lord Chatham said 'that he had studied and admired the free states of antiquity, and the master spirits of the world: yet for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men could stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia.' Their memorial to the King of England was most respectful—it was even characterized by loyal love. They only asked him to restore those rights of which they had been robbed. They reminded him that under his royal ancestors, their progenitors had enjoyed those rights, and they asked that they might be restored. They said: 'The apprehension of being degraded into a state of servitude from the pre-eminent rank of English freemen, while our minds retain the love of liberty, and clearly foreseeing the miseries preparing for us and our posterity, excite emotions in our breasts, which we cannot describe.' And to their brethren in England they made this touching appeal: 'Can any reason be given why any subject who lives three thousand miles from the royal palace, should enjoy less liberty than those who live three hundred miles from it?' To their own constituents they spoke more boldly, but with more effect. They recounted

met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay of New York, and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments; some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose, and said he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue, who was at the same time a friend to his country—he was a stranger in Philadelphia, but he had heard that Mr. Douché deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Douché, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress tomorrow morning. The motion was seconded and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. Douché and received for answer that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly next morning he appeared with his clerk and

his pontificads, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect for the 7th day of Sept. which was the thirty-fifth Psalm. . . . I never saw a greater effect upon an audience. It seemed as if heaven had ordained that psalm to be read on that morning. After this Mr. Douché, unexpectedly to everybody, struck out into an extempore prayer which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such earnestness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for the Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially the town of Boston. It had an excellent effect upon everybody here. I must beg you to read that psalm. If there was any faith in *sortes Vigilana*, or *sortes Hœmericæ*, or especially in *sortes Biblica*, it would be thought providential.

the oppressive acts of Parliament from the French War, in which so many of their friends had poured out their blood like water for the flag of England. They justly praised the spirit of independence that pervaded the Colonies, and forecasting the future summoned every true man to the post of vigilance and danger.

This Congress was clothed with all necessary power. Its delegates were appointed to be the supreme judges of the great cause at stake. They were posted as trusty sentinels on the outer walls of North American freedom, and the whole country looked up reverently to them when they spoke. Whatever they said, resolved, or recommended, went forth through the land with all the sanction which justice, virtue, and heroism always command, but which mere formal authority never inspires.

It was now fast becoming evident even to common observers that a great issue was to be made between the Colonists and the King. The American people were fast shaking from themselves the incubus of traditional allegiance to a distant and unfriendly monarch. What cared these free brave men in the forests of the Western World for rules, precedents, or authorities established by the despotisms of old Europe? The hour which Berkeley had prophesied had come, when

‘The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.’

These words were on every lip, and the sentiment was in every heart. How much had the rules of the political systems of Europe helped them while they were hewing their way through howling forests? What had conventionalism done for them while they were battling wild beasts and merciless savages? And what help could they get from the political philosophy of the Old World, in constructing a new political system here?

When American men pitted themselves against the greatest monarch on earth, they did it with deliberation—there was no haste about it. There were *minute men*, it is true, in the Revolution, all through the Colonies. But the men in this Congress who led the way to that struggle, acted with a deliberation from which all apprehension of danger had fled from every mind, as the morning’s mists move from the mountain tops. So deeply had this spirit imbued the nation, that the moulding seal of that Congress seemed to have been stamped on the whole people; and the moment the tocsin sounded, as though some invisible, but giant hand had sowed the soil with dragons’ teeth, armed men everywhere sprang up.

The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts.—General Gage had seized all the stores in the neighborhood of Boston, and done other oppressive acts which

enraged the anger of Massachusetts to such a point, that their Assembly whose deliberations had been broken up by the interference of the Governor convened at Salem, and resolved themselves into a Provincial Congress, and adjourned to Concord, sixteen miles in the interior. Their first act was to elect John Hancock to preside over them. Assuming that they were clothed with supreme authority in all matters of legislation, they made the necessary provisions for maintaining their liberties.

Chatham's Defence of America.—At the next meeting of Parliament, November 20, 1774, the spirit of rebellion in Massachusetts was the prominent subject in the King's speech, and he made known his inflexible determination to put down any attempt to imperil the royal authority in the Colonies. Once more Lord Chatham came to their defence. 'The way,' said he, 'must be immediately opened for a reconciliation. It will soon be too late. They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly. Representation and taxation must go together—they are inseparable. They do not hold the language of slaves. They do not ask you to repeal your laws as a favor. They claim it as a *right*. They tell you that they will not submit to these acts, and I tell you they must be repealed, and you must go through the work. You must declare that you have no right to tax them. Then they may trust you.'¹

But Chatham's plan for reconciliation with America failed. All the personal influence of the King, and the weight of office and power, were brought against the American cause, and whoever took their part was marked for signal political vengeance. Whoever crossed the dead-line fell. No scheme that could be devised to injure the trade, or harbors and vessels of Massachusetts, was overlooked. Among others, a bill was passed,—February 10, 1775,—by which Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut were restricted in their trade to Great Britain, and its possessions in the East Indies. The poor colonists were prohibited from fishing on the banks of Newfoundland. This was a starvation act. It was known that the hardy inhabitants of New England had ventured forth in large numbers on those fishing grounds, to drag from the reluctant deep the means of subsistence which they could hardly wring from an ungenial soil. It was believed that this act would starve New England men into submission. But none of these measures produced any such result, but exactly the contrary. The feeling had become universal, that they must throw themselves upon their own resources, and defy the power of the King.

The First Blood of the Revolution shed at Lexington.—The Provincial

¹ Pitt had already said, 'I rejoice that America has resisted; if its millions of inhabitants had submitted taxes would soon have been laid on Ireland, and if ever this nation should have a tyrant for its king, six millions of freemen, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would be fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. The gentleman asks when were the colonies emancipated? I desire to know when they were made slaves. Lord Bacon has told me that a great question will not fail of being agitated at one time or another. A great deal has been

said without doors of the strength of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. . . . But on this ground of the stamp-act when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it. In such a cause your success would be hazardous. America, *if* she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her.'

Assembly had ordered military stores to be collected; and the further enlisting of militia and minute-men, and their practice for improvement in fire-arms was encouraged. General Gage sent an armed force to Salem to take possession of several field-pieces in the name of the King. But the people pulled up the draw-bridge, and repulsed the soldiers. A quantity of military stores had been collected at the little village of Concord, and a detachment of 800 men under Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn was sent by General Gage to seize or destroy them. When the detachment reached the village of Lexington, they found the militia of the place drawn up.¹ Pitcairn, with a portion of the detachment, approached within musket shot and exclaimed: 'Ye villains, ye rebels!' 'Disperse!' 'Lay down your arms!' 'Why don't you lay down your arms?' Seeing that his orders were not obeyed, he gave the word to fire. Eight Lexington men were killed, and ten wounded, and the militia were dispersed.² Flushed with this little success, the detachment marched on to Concord, destroying, or taking possession of such portions of the stores as they could. But they had penetrated into the interior as far as they deemed prudent, and the commanding officer ordered a retreat to Boston.³ At Lexington, he was joined by Lord Percy, who brought with him reinforcements of nearly 1,000 men. On the long march they were pressed hard by the provincial soldiers. From every thicket and from behind every wall and building the bullets flew, carrying destruction with them. Towards evening, after a hard march of thirty miles, the King's soldiers passed Charlestown Neck, and encamped on Bunker's Hill for the night. The next morning, under the protection of a British man-of-war, they entered Boston.

The Tocsin of the Revolution.—The die was now cast. The blood of Americans had been shed by the King of England, and from that hour his dominion in America passed away. The news flew in every direction. Horses were taken from the fields, and mounted by men who drove them till they dropped dead. All over the hills and down on the valleys of New England

¹ The work so worthy of commemoration—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—cannot be satisfactorily accounted for, without taking into view previous efforts. Nothing is clearer than that it obeyed the great law of production. It was the result of labor. It took the people years of deliberation to arrive at the point of forcible resistance; and after this point had been reached, it took months of steady preparation to meet such a crisis worthily. This crisis did not come unexpected, nor was it left to shift for itself when it did come. The leading patriots were not quite so dull and rash as to leave this unprovided for. They were men of sound common sense, who well discerned the signs of the times. If they trusted to the inherent goodness of their cause, they also looked sharp to have their powder dry. Individual volunteers, it is true, appeared on this day on the field. But still the power that was so successful against a bod. of British veterans of undoubted bravery, finely officered and finely disciplined, that twice put them in imminent peril of entire capture, was not an armed mob, made up of individuals, who, on a new-born impulse, aroused by the sudden sound of the tocsin, seized their rusty firelocks, and rushed to the 'tented field.' But it was an organized power, made up of militia who had associated themselves—often by written

agreements—to meet such an exigence; who had been disciplined to meet it, who were expected to meet it, and who had been warned that it was close at hand. They were the minute-men. It is enough to say, that they came so near up to their own ideal of hazardous duty, and to the high expectation of their fellow-patriots, as to win praise from friend and foe. They did a thorough, a necessary, and an immortal work. They should have the credit of it. This battle should be called THE BATTLE OF THE MINUTE-MEN."—Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*, pp. 83-84.

² Samuel Adams heard the volley of musketry at Lexington that commenced the war of the Revolution. It was in view of the inevitable train of consequences that would result from this, that he exclaimed, 'O, what a glorious morning is this!'

³ Washington writes, May 31, 1775: 'If the retreat had not been as precipitate as it was,—and God knows it could not well have been more so,—the ministerial troops must have surrendered, or been totally cut off. For they had not arrived in Charlestown (under cover of their ships), half an hour before a powerful body of men from Marblehead and Salem was at their heels, and must, if they had happened to be up one hour sooner, inevitably have intercepted their retreat to Charlestown.'—*Sparks' Washington*, vol. ii. p. 407.

the cry was rung: '*The war has begun! To arms! Liberty or Death!*' and everywhere men seemed to rise up as though they had sprung from the bowels of the earth. Thus sounded the tocsin of the Revolution.

The skirmishes of Concord and Lexington had cost the British 273, and the Americans 88 men. But the significance of those events could by no means be measured by the number of men who fell. Battles have been fought, where tens of thousands have strewn the field, to which history attaches few important consequences. But from that day of blood, the destinies of the New World were decided. The time for general and decided action had fully come. The Legislatures of the several Colonies assembled immediately, and took the government into their own hands. Troops were raised in every part of the country, and in a short time an army of 16,000 had collected in the neighborhood of Boston. General Gage was besieged within the town, and all his supplies cut off, except those which came by sea. The Colonists had changed the attitude of defence for that of aggression.

Capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point.—The military ardor of the army, unconstructed though it was, kindled at any aggressive movement that was proposed. The boldest of these plans was to seize the strong fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and they were executed chiefly by Connecticut and Vermont Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Ethan Allen, and Benedict Arnold.¹ This achievement was attended with important consequences, for the spoils of victory taken at these two important posts, consisting of nearly 150 pieces of cannon, and a large supply of stores and ammunition, which not only weakened the enemy, but greatly enforced the patriots. 'A few months later, March, 1776, some of the cannons,' says Lossing, 'were hurling death shots into the midst of the British troops in Boston.'

Patrick Henry in the Virginia Convention.—On the 20th of March, 1775, a Convention of delegates from the several counties and corporations of Virginia, met for the second time. Patrick Henry uttered that wonderful harangue which is thus characterized by Wirt: 'The gulf of war which yawned before him was indeed fiery and fearful; but he saw that the awful plunge was inevitable. The body of the Convention, however, hesitated. They cast around a longing, lingering look on those flowery fields on which peace, and ease, and joy were still sporting; and it required all the energies of a Mentor like

¹ Some Connecticut men, knowing the importance of Ticonderoga and Crown Point for military purposes, had borrowed 1,800 dollars from the Legislature, and marched to Burlington to get the aid of the Green Mountain boys. This was the name given to a band of hardy pioneers who had settled in Vermont, and built up for themselves quiet and secure homes in the forest. So brilliant was the part they played in the Revolution, that their daring and intrepidity won the admiration of the world. Their leaders were Colonels Ethan Allen, and Seth Warner; two men so brave and determined, so completely masters of the woods and fields, and so thoroughly trained in border conflicts, and the hard-fought battles of the French war, that, under their guidance, whatever the Green Mountain boys undertook,

was almost sure to be done. These bold leaders grasped the hands of the Connecticut men, the expedition was soon ready, and marched under Allen.

Having taken possession of the fort and garrison by surprise, Allen mounted to the door of the commandant's apartments. Captain De La Place was roused from his bed by heavy blows from the hilt of Allen's sword. He rushed to the door, followed by his wife, and recognizing Allen, asked, 'What do you want?' 'I want you to surrender this fort,' was Allen's reply. 'By what authority do you demand it?' asked the commander. 'By the authority of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress,' said Allen, with a voice of thunder. The captain at once surrendered.

Henry, to push them from the precipice, and conduct them over the stormy sea of the Revolution, to liberty and glory.¹

The Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence, May, 1775.—While the spring grass was starting over the graves of the first patriotic martyrs who had fallen on the village green of Lexington, and a month before the bloody day of Bunker Hill, an event was transpiring in North Carolina which will reflect lustre upon that State as long as the name of America shall endure. Thoroughly in sympathy with the revolutionary movement, and with a maturity of political judgment which seemed more like a divine inspiration than a simple process of reasoning, a series of Resolutions was adopted by a Convention of delegates, chosen by the people of North Carolina, assembled at Charlotte, in Mecklenberg County. These Twenty Resolutions, for which the people of that State, in the name of their ancestors, claim what we so readily accord to them, the combined glory of prophets and pioneers, was virtually a Declaration of Independence; for they were adopted more than a year before the GREAT DECLARATION at Philadelphia.

This was the boldest act of treason which had yet been perpetrated. It seemed to spring spontaneously from the heart of the people. It had borrowed no military inspiration, except from the skirmishes of Lexington and Concord; and the tone of the Charlotte Resolutions, with the dignified assertion, of their rights as free men, startled and amazed the most sanguine and determined patriots in every quarter where the intelligence reached. It was the first formal and deliberate declaration that the American people were absolved from all allegiance to the British crown.

Many readers are doubtless aware—that a claim to still higher merit than had been accorded, was made a few years ago in connection with this so-called

¹ Let us not—said Henry—I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned. We have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir—continued Henry—that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary! But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are

not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battle for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone, it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms? Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with a resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation—'GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!'—*Wirt's Henry*, pp. 139-142.

Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence : but I do not deem it worthy of any further attention here. We never can grow too familiar with the State Papers drawn up by the Fathers of the Republic, nor with the Resolutions adopted at popular meetings, and deliberative conventions. They all breathe the same spirit ; and to claim any great superiority for the patriots of one section over those of another, is to make a distinction where none exists. There was glory enough for them all. I would as soon think of claiming precedence for one section of the sky at the daybreak, because it radiated more light from the advancing sun. The collision with the British troops took place *first*, where they had been stationed to overawe and make aggressions upon the people. The first great irruption was at Boston. The speech of Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses, came nearer to the language of treason than any uttered even by James Otis himself ; while in a distant and obscure State, and one which had not hitherto been distinguished, the first clear declaration was made, by a deliberative body, of absolution from allegiance to the King of England. The simple truth was that the rising sun of liberty was shedding his beams over all the land, and fires were to be kindled which were never to go out. At the same time the Governors of North and South Carolina, finding it impossible to repress the rising spirit, abandoned their posts and took refuge under the British flag.

Gage prepares for Battle.—As Boston was now the chief point of military interest, and the British had received large reinforcements from England, under Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton, it was the first point upon which the Provincial Congress recommended the council of war to concentrate their forces. Martial law was proclaimed throughout Massachusetts by General Gage ; but a pardon was offered to all rebels who would return to their allegiance, with the two exceptions of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. These exceptions were made with discrimination. They had gone too far to be pardoned, and they could not be corrupted by gold or power.¹ Determined to bring things to an issue, and crush the rebellion, the Commander-in-Chief offered to allow the people of Boston to leave the town. But when he saw that nearly the entire population were starting, he revoked the permission, and compelled most of them to remain.

The Day of Bunker Hill.—The sun never heralded a more beautiful morning than that of the 17th day of June, 1775, since he first dawned upon Paradise. No cloud hung over Boston throughout that day except the cloud of battle. During the previous night, Prescott's thousand men had been working on Breed's Hill, near Bunker's, with axes, crowbars, picks, and shovels, to construct the redoubt against which the repeated charges of the British bat-

¹ A few days before the battle of Bunker Hill a pardon was offered to all rebels except Samuel Adams and John Hancock—'whose offences,' said the edict, 'are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of cordign punishment.' This virulent proscriptio, which was intended to ruin them, widely ex-

tended their fame. A few others, it is well known, were secretly proscribed, and would doubtless have fallen victims to ministerial vengeance ; but Adams and Hancock were the only two expressly excepted from all hope of pardon, and irrevocably denounced.—Tudor's *Otis*, p. 264.



SAMUEL ADAMS.

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talions were to be so resolutely made.¹ The labor had been conducted with such silence and dispatch, that, when the morning light unmasked the works, the English saw a strong redoubt, indicating a determination to stand the ground and meet the enemy. The Americans had now to contend with a heavy cannonade from the battle-ships in the river. But as this did not disturb their operations, General Gage sent three thousand men under Howe and Pigot, from Boston in boats, and landed them under the guns of the vessels at Charlestown. Here they called into requisition the most malignant agency of war, setting fire to the town;² and while the screams of the tender, the aged, the old, and the helpless, were mingling with the sheets of flame that wrapped their habitations, the British advanced to the attack. The Americans being short of ammunition had, under orders, reserved their fire until the attacking column was within ten rods of the redoubt,³ when they levelled their muskets and poured down a hail of death into the bosom of the British army. Every bullet did its work. Whole battalions melted, and many officers of rank fell. Twice had they been repulsed when Clinton came up. He once more rallied his men, who fought as Englishmen had been fighting for a thousand years, loyally under orders, whether taking aim at friend or foe. The attack under Clinton was made on the redoubt on three sides, and the onset was all but irresistible. At last the ammunition of the Americans gave out.⁴ There was but one road, and that was across Charlestown Neck, where a shower of balls fell upon them from the British vessels, and one of them struck Major-General Joseph Warren and he fell dead.

The name of Daniel Webster is as imperishably connected with Bunker Hill as that of Joseph Warren, its immortal hero: and as neither can be mentioned alone, when that first great conflict of the War for Independence is spoken of, it seems proper to give the reflections of the statesman on that

¹ In *The History of the Siege of Boston*, by Richard Frothingham, Jr., an exhaustive essay on the whole subject of the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, the author says: 'Colonel Prescott, therefore, was the only regular commander of the party who fortified Breed's Hill. . . . When General Warren, for instance, entered the redoubt, Colonel Prescott tendered him the command; but Warren replied that he had not received his—[he had been appointed by Massachusetts a Major-General]—commission, and would serve as a volunteer. He mingled in the fight, behaved with great bravery, and was among the last to leave the redoubt: he was lingering even to rashness in his retreat.'—*Siege of Boston*, p. 166.

² General Burgoyne's Letter supplies the most authentic description of the burning of the town. He writes of the British columns as they were moving to the attack: 'They were also exceedingly hurt by musketry from Charlestown, though Clinton and I did not perceive it till Howe sent us word by a boat, and desired us to set fire to the town, WHICH WAS IMMEDIATELY DONE; WE THREW A PARCEL OF SHELLS, AND THE WHOLE WAS IMMEDIATELY IN FLAMES.'

The town was burning on the second attack. The smoke was seen a great distance. 'Terrible indeed was the scene'—a letter from Salem reads,—'even at our distance. The western horizon in the day time was one huge body of smoke, and in the evening a continued blaze; and the perpetual sound of cannon and volleys of musketry worked up our imaginations to a high degree of fright.' The houses within the

peninsula, with the exception of a few in the neighborhood of Mill street, were entirely consumed. The number of buildings was estimated at about four hundred; and the loss of property at £117,982, 5s. 2d.—*Siege of Boston*, p. 203.

³ The Americans coolly awaited their approach; their officers ordered them to reserve their fire until the British were within ten or twelve rods, and then wait until the word was given. Powder was scarce and must not be wasted. They said 'fire low'; 'aim at the waist bands'; 'wait until you see the white of their eyes'; 'aim at the handsome coats'; 'pick off the commanders.' 'Men,' exclaimed Putnam, 'you are all marksmen; do not one of you fire until you see the white of their eyes.'—*Siege of Boston*.

⁴ 'But the defenders had spent their ammunition; another cannon-cartridge furnishing the powder for the last muskets that were fired, and its substitute stones, revealed their weakness and filled the enemy with hope. The redoubt was soon successfully scaled. General Pigot, by the aid of a tree, mounted the corner of it, and was closely followed by his men, when one side of it literally bristled with bayonets. The conflict was now carried on hand to hand. Many stood and received wounds with swords and bayonets; but the British continued to enter, and were advancing towards the Americans when Colonel Prescott gave the order to retreat.'—*History of the Siege of Boston*, p. 150.

memorable battle':—'No national drama was ever developed in a more interesting and splendid first scene. The incidents and the result of the battle itself were most important, and indeed most wonderful. As a mere battle, few surpass it in whatever engages and interests attention. It was fought on a conspicuous eminence, in the immediate neighborhood of a populous city, and consequently in the view of thousands of spectators. The attacking party moved over a sheet of water to the assault. The operations and movements were of course all visible and all distinct. Those who looked on from the houses and heights of Boston had a fuller view of every important operation and event than can ordinarily be had of any battle, or than can possibly be had of such as are fought on a more extended ground, or by detachments of troops acting in different places, and at different times, and in some measure independently of each other. When the British columns were advancing to the attack, the flames of Charlestown—fired, as is generally supposed, by a shell—began to ascend. The spectators, far outnumbering both armies, thronged and crowded on every height and every point which afforded a view of the scene, themselves constituting a very important part of it.

'The troops of the two armies seemed like so many combatants in an amphitheatre. The manner in which they should acquit themselves was to be judged of, not, as in other cases of military engagements, by reports and future history, but by a vast and anxious assembly already on the spot, and waiting with unspeakable concern and emotion the progress of the day.

'In other battles the *recollection* of wives and children has been used as an excitement to animate the warrior's breast, and nerve his arm. Here was not a mere recollection, but an actual *presence* of them, and other dear connections, hanging on the skirts of the battle, anxious and agitated, feeling almost as if wounded themselves by every blow of the enemy, and putting forth, as it were, their own strength, and all the energy of their own throbbing bosoms, into every gallant effort of their warring friends.

'But there was a more comprehensive and vastly more important view of that day's contest than has been mentioned,—a view, indeed, which ordinary eyes, bent intently on what was immediately before them, did not embrace, but which was perceived in its full extent and expansion by minds of a higher order. Those men who were at the head of the Colonial Councils, who had been engaged for years in the previous stages of the quarrel with England, and who had been accustomed to look forward to the future, were well apprised of the magnitude of the events likely to hang on the business of the day. They saw in it, not only a battle, but the beginning of a civil war of unmeasured extent and uncertain issue. All America, and all England were likely to be deeply concerned in the consequences. The individuals themselves, who knew full well what agency they had in bringing affairs to the crisis, had need of all their courage—not that disregard of personal safety in which the vul-

¹ I quote from an Article contributed to the *North American Review*, vol. vii., which is believed to be the only literary contribution ever made by him to that or any other quarterly or monthly periodical. It is suggestive of how colossal a work Webster might have written about this nation, had the Muse of History beguiled him from the Senate and the Cabinet.

gar suppose true courage to consist, but that high and fixed moral sentiment, that steady and decided purpose, which enables men to pursue a distant end, with a full view of the difficulties and dangers before them, and with a conviction that, before they must arrive at the proposed end, should they ever reach it, they must pass through evil report as well as good report, and be liable to obloquy as well as defeat.

‘Spirits that fear nothing else, fear disgrace; and this danger is necessarily encountered by those who engage in civil war. Unsuccessful resistance is not only ruin to its authors, but is esteemed, and necessarily so, by the laws of all countries, treasonable. This is the case, at least, till resistance becomes so general and formidable as to assume the form of regular war. But who can tell when resistance commences, whether it will attain even to that degree of success? Some of those persons who signed the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, described themselves as signing it ‘as with halts about their necks.’ If there were grounds for this remark in 1776, when the cause had become so much more general, how much greater was the hazard when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought!

‘These considerations constituted, to enlarged and liberal minds, the moral sublimity of the occasion; while to the outward senses, the movement of armies, the roar of artillery, the brilliancy of the reflection of a summer’s sun from the burnished armor of the British columns, and the flames of a burning town, made up a scene of extraordinary grandeur.’¹

Fifty years after the Battle.—Half a century had passed since the smoke of battle rolled from Bunker Hill, when the corner stone of an obelisk which now ‘meets the sun in his coming’ was to be laid. A vast multitude stood on the holy ground with the heavens over their heads and beneath their feet the bones of their fathers. What more appropriate place than this, for those wonderful words which were addressed to the shattered remnants of the patriot army which met the first shock of the Revolution.

Daniel Webster said:—‘VENERABLE MEN! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed columns of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fear-

¹ In General Burgoyne’s Letter on the battle of Bunker Hill, quoted in the *North American Review*, vol. 7, page 226, he describes the scene as ‘a complication of horror and importance, beyond anything that ever came to my lot to witness. Sure I am, nothing

ever has, or can be more dreadfully terrible, than what was to be seen or heard at this time—the most incessant discharge of guns that ever was heard with mortal ears.’

lessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death ;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day, with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position, appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace ; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and partake the reward of your patriotic toils ; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you !

'But, alas ! You are not all here ! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks ! Prescott, Putnam, Stark ; Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge ! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheath your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

'another morn,
Risen on midnight ;'

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

'But ah ! Him ! the first great martyr in this great cause ! Him ! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart ! Him ! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fires of his own spirit ! Him ! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom ; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise ; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage !—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name. Our poor work may perish ; but thine shall endure ! This monument may moulder away ; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea ; but thy memory shall not fail ! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit !'

Washington appointed Commander-in-Chief, June 15, 1775.—From the first meeting of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1874, George Washington had held a seat as one of the delegates from Virginia.

Aside from his well-known military ability, his conduct during the first session had deeply impressed that august assembly, with his remarkable talent for business, the sagacity of his judgment, and the modest, but imposing dignity of his character. He was hereafter to move in other scenes.¹

The skirmish at Lexington had already assumed an importance wholly disproportionate to its magnitude as a military event, and launched the country forward with the irresistible power of a mountain torrent. The crisis which England had precipitated left no other choice for the people but to meet it. Clouds of dust from the hurrying footsteps of horses and men were already rising over every New England road that led to Boston. A future filled with doubtful omens was opening before the agitated colonies, and although uncertain of their fate, yet with a consciousness of deliberation worthy of so great an occasion, the Continental Congress, now in its second session, had begun, with a wisdom begotten only in the soberness of mature counsels, to address itself to the solemn business before it. The time had come to organize an army and choose a commander-in-chief. On the 14th of June, John Adams, in a brief speech, delineated the qualities which he deemed essential in the man they were to choose, and announced his intention to propose for that office a delegate from Virginia, then sitting in the house. It was well understood to whom allusion was made; and the following day Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, nominated Colonel Washington, and by unanimous vote he was elected. With the same unanimity, and at the same time, a resolution was passed to 'maintain and assist him, and adhere to him with their lives and fortunes in the cause of American liberty.'²

President Hancock announces to Washington his appointment.—Overwhelmed with the responsibility thus rolled upon his shoulders, the modesty of his character united with the tenderness of his sensibilities, had disqualified him from any attempt to seek further than for the simplest words in which to signify his acceptance. The secretary's record gives us the following language which, in subdued and tremulous voice, fell from Washington's lips:

'Mr. President: Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress, from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation. But lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by

¹ Wirt tells us that when Patrick Henry returned to his home after the first session, as was natural, he was surrounded by his neighbors, who were eager to hear what had been done, and what kind of men had composed that illustrious body. He answered their inquiries with all his wonted kindness and candor; and having been asked by one of them, whom he thought the greatest man in Congress, he replied: 'If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is

unquestionably the greatest man on that floor.' Such was the penetration, which at that early period of Mr. Washington's life, could pierce through his retiring modesty and habitual reserve, and estimate so correctly the unrivalled worth of his character.

² The Congress have made choice of the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous and brave George Washington, Esq., to be General of the American armies. . . . This appointment will have a great effect in cementing and securing the union of these colonies.—John Adams to his wife, June 17, '75.

every gentleman in this room, that I, this day, declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept the arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire.'

There are points in the annals of nations, when a writer of even so brief an historic sketch as this, finds himself arrested in the presence of events so momentous that he becomes powerless to describe the emotions which would befit the occasion. From this distance, we may well contemplate the appointment of Washington to lead the American armies, as one of the most signal events—not less important than the choice of the great Hebrew leader, who was selected in higher than earthly councils to lead a nation of almost corresponding numbers out of their house of bondage. Nor ever, perhaps, has a chieftain gone to a field of conflict, for glory or disgrace, more completely clothed with the impenetrable armor of heaven, or over whose path hung a holier cloud of human benediction.

On the reassembling of Congress—the 10th of the preceding month—they had unanimously resolved to put the country into a state of defence, beginning by adopting the troops gathered around Boston, and voting to raise ten companies of riflemen in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, which gave origin to the far-famed Continental army.

Washington sets out to join the Army.—Without the loss of an hour he began the preparations for his march. On the 21st, six days after his appointment, at a farewell supper given to him by the members of Congress, they all rose as they drank 'a health to the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army,' and stood listening in profound silence for the reply, for as one of them well said: 'the sense of the difficulties that lay before him was so deep in every heart that every cheer was suppressed, and it seemed more as though we should pray than applaud!'

On the morning of the 22d of June, Washington was escorted out of Philadelphia by an imposing civil and military cavalcade.¹ The first rumors of the skirmishes of Lexington, Concord and Charlestown had reached Philadelphia the day before. On the eve of starting, Washington had announced to his wife, whose miniature he wore on his breast from the day of his marriage, till the day of his death, 'the cutting stroke of his departure.' 'A kind of destiny,' he said, 'has thrown me upon this service.' At the same time, he wrote to his brother, 'I bid adieu to every kind of domestic ease, and embark on a wide ocean, boundless in its prospect, and in which perhaps no safe harbor is to be found.'

¹ In a letter to his wife, June 23d, John Adams says:—'I have this morning been out of town to accompany our generals Washington, Lee, and Schuyler, a little way on the journey to the American Camp before Boston.'

Washington's Reception at New York, June 25.—Accompanied by Generals Lee and Schuyler, under the escort of the Philadelphia Light Horse, Washington entered Newark on Sunday, the 25th. The news that the commander-in-chief was to enter New York that afternoon, transported the town with the wildest excitement; the bells rang merry peals of welcome, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, Washington, dressed in a uniform of blue, was received at Lispenard's by the mass of the inhabitants. Drawn in an open carriage by a pair of white horses, he was escorted into the town by nine companies of infantry, while multitudes, of all ages and both sexes, bent their eyes on him from the housetops, the windows, and the streets. The following day, the Provincial Congress of New York, presented to him an address, expressing their confidence, that 'from his ability and virtue they were expecting security and peace,' but declaring, 'the hope of an accommodation with the mother country, to be the dearest wish of every American heart, and that he would then resign his trust, and become once more a citizen.' In reply to these timid words, the following noble sentiments, in behalf of himself and colleagues were firmly uttered: 'When we assumed the soldier, we did not lay aside the citizen; but having taken the sword, we postpone the thought of private life, to the establishment of American liberty on the most firm and solid foundation;' and in this spirit he continued his march. The arrival of the news of the battle of Bunker Hill made him more anxious to press forward.¹ The road from New York to Cambridge, witnessed one continued ovation: everywhere he was greeted with cheers and benedictions.

He reaches the Scene of War.—After passing Sunday, the 2d of July, 1775, in his head-quarters at Cambridge,² attended by his staff he rode out to the Common the next morning, and formally took command of the Continental army.

Washington's Major-Generals.—During the very hours in which the battle of Bunker Hill was raging, Congress was electing its four Major-Generals. The patriotism of the people of Massachusetts, the wisdom of her councils, and the prowess of her soldiers, had commanded the warmest sympathy and the

¹ In his address in 1843, Hon. Daniel Webster states, that it rested on undisputable authority, that, when Washington heard of the battle of Bunker's Hill, and was told that for want of ammunition and other causes the militia yielded the ground to the British troops, he asked if the militia of New England stood the fire of the British regular troops; and being told that they did, and reserved their own until the enemy were within eight rods, and then discharged it with fearful effect, he then exclaimed: 'The liberties of the country are safe!' Washington on the 10th of February, 1776, wrote to Joseph Reed: 'With respect to myself, I have never entertained an idea of an accommodation, since I heard of the measures which were adopted in consequence of the Bunker's Hill fight. The king's speech has confirmed the sentiments I entertained upon the news of that affair, and if every man was of my mind, the ministers of Great Britain should know, in a few words, upon what issue the cause should be put.' This issue was a determination to shake off all connection with Great Britain. 'This I would tell them, not under cover, but in words as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness.'—Frothingham's *History of the Siege of Boston*, pp. 157-158.

² As the day was fast declining, I hastened to sketch the headquarters of Washington, an elegant and spacious edifice, standing in the midst of shrubbery and stately elms, a little distance from the street, once the highway from Harvard University to Waltham. At this mansion, and at Winter Hill, Washington passed most of his time, after taking command of the Continental army, until the evacuation of Boston in the following Spring. Its present owner is HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University, and widely known in the world of literature as one of the most gifted men of the age. . . . This mansion stands upon the upper of two terraces, which are ascended each by five stone steps. At each front corner of the house is a lofty elm—mere saplings when Washington beheld them, but now stately and patriarchal in appearance. Other elms, with flowers and shrubbery, beautify the grounds around it, while within, iconoclastic innovation has not been allowed to enter with his mallet and trowel to mar the work of the ancient builder, and to cover with the vulgar stucco of modern art the carved cornices and paneled wainscots that first enriched it.—Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution*, pp. 555-556.

deepest respect of the whole country,¹ and by common consent, Artemas Ward, one of her favorite soldiers, was placed at the head of the list. The second choice, which fell upon Charles Lee, was not so fortunate. He was the son of an English officer, and had been brought up for the army. He had seen some service under the crown in Turkey, Poland, and Portugal, as well as in America, but had left the army of the king, to seek advancement as an adventurer, wherever fortune might tempt him. Putting forth high pretensions for military ability, and pressed by his friends, he found his way into the Colonial army, where his brilliant, but superficial qualities gave him an easy passport to transient popularity. He received the appointment, but he had no love for liberty nor the cause of independence. All his sympathies were with the crown, and his cravings were for the society of British officers. It was fortunate that this element gained no greater prominence than it did in the American army, or the public councils. General Lee was to make trouble enough for the commander-in-chief.

New York was expected to name the third officer, and owing more to his social rank, benevolence of manner, unsullied integrity, and earnest patriotism, than to military reputation, he was preferred to Richard Montgomery, who with the energy and ambition of youth, and with higher military genius, should have received the appointment.² Schuyler would have adorned any civil office, but with his best efforts he could never shine as a soldier—least of all where vigorous health, steadiness of self-control, keenness of penetration, and quickness of movement were imperatively demanded in the soldier of that period.

Connecticut had three men from whom it was difficult to choose. Spencer and Wooster were his superiors in rank and age, and had already displayed some of the high qualities demanded in active warfare; but Israel Putnam's feats of daring in the French war, his service in the British army at the capture of Havana, with the prestige he had just gained at Bunker Hill, and in a brilliant skirmish which succeeded it, had left all other rivals behind him, and he received the commission, although he had been long in the retirement of his farm, and had already reached the age of fifty-seven.

Horatio Gates was chosen Adjutant-General, with the rank of Brigadier.³ Bancroft is probably, on the whole, just in the estimate he makes of his char-

¹ On Sept. 18, John Adams wrote to his wife: 'The esteem, the affection, the admiration for the people of Boston and the Massachusetts, which were expressed yesterday, and the fixed determination that they should be supported, were enough to melt a heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia.'

² The advancement of a junior officer over his head might very naturally have been expected to prove offensive to a man like Montgomery, not himself a native American, and who, having been educated in the European schools of military service would of course have been supposed to entertain their rigid notions of military honor. The Congress, conscious of the offence they might be likely to give by their proceedings, directed James Duane, a member of that body representing New York, to write to that officer, and to explain away the matter as well as he could.

GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S ANSWER TO JAMES DUANE: 'Dear Sir—I have been honored with your letter of the 21st instant. My acknowledgments are due for the attention shown me by the Congress.'

'I submit with great cheerfulness to any regulation they in their prudence shall judge expedient. Laying aside the punctilio of the soldier, I shall endeavor to discharge my duty to society, considering myself as the citizen, reduced to the melancholy necessity of taking up arms for the public safety.'

'I am, etc.'

North American Review, July, 1839, p. 170.

³ SETH POMEROY, RICHARD MONTGOMERY, DAVID WOOSTER, JOSEPH SPENCER, WILLIAM HEATH, JOHN THOMAS, JOHN SULLIVAN, AND NATHANIEL GREEN were appointed *Brigadier-Generals*, all of them, except Montgomery, New England men.

acter: 'He was shallow, vain, and timorous, and of little administrative ability. His ease of manner, and comparatively large experience, enabled him to render service in bringing the incoherent regiments of novices into order; but from the first he was restless for high promotion, without possessing any one of the qualities requisite in a military leader. The continent took up arms with only one general officer who drew to himself the trust and love of the country, with not one of the five next below him fit to give him efficient aid, or to succeed to his place.'

Had the Fathers of the Republic, sitting in Congress, then comprehended the military and intellectual character of Washington, as they afterwards did, there would have been less desire to circumscribe his authority as commander-in-chief. One of the most serious embarrassments under which he labored, especially in the early part of the Revolution, had its origin chiefly in this cause; but the reasons for it were sufficiently obvious. Civilians seldom know how much better than any other man, is a commander in the field qualified to choose his own subordinates. Our statesmen had, moreover, strong and well-founded jealousies of the dangers of the encroachment of the military over the civil authorities, since the experience of other nations showed how often liberty had fallen by the sword which achieved it; and besides, Washington, himself, partly from the native modesty of his character, but chiefly from the sharp line he always drew between the province of the soldier and the legislator, held strictly to the absolute subordination of the sword to the state. These points should be kept steadily in mind, or it will be very difficult for a reader not profoundly versed in American history, to understand the complicated difficulties under which Washington had to conduct the army to ultimate victory. In no other way can he account for the delays, the inefficiency, the unfortunate, and sometimes almost fatal, conflicts of authority that were continually arising during the struggle. In fact, the greatest of all political problems ever presented for the solution of the statesman, or historian, in this or any other nation, has been, and will long continue to be, how so great and protracted a war could have been successfully waged, and how a government so strong, and yet so free, could have been constructed of such heterogeneous and perpetually conflicting elements. Familiar with firearms from boyhood, as the great body of the American people were, and inflamed as they were with so martial a spirit, yet the very excess of their freedom; the jealousies with which each colony guarded its sovereignty; the absence of all elements of cohesion except the common desire, and the common purpose to achieve independence; their universal intelligence; the habits of independence with which they had grown up—each man relying upon his own judgment, and depending upon his own resources—all these considerations seemed to preclude the idea of centralization:—and, as we shall find, seven long years had to go by, after independence was achieved, before order, consolidation and system could crystallize into a symmetrical government. No wonder that the most intelligent friends of liberty in Europe,

during this whole period of conflict, contemplated the issue with doubt, and greeted the final result with the gladness which always attends an unexpected triumph.

From this standpoint, let the reader contemplate the Commander-in-Chief, on Monday morning, the third day of July, 1775, as he rode from his headquarters at Cambridge, attended by his staff, to a grand old elm-tree that towered above the Common, to assume command of the Continental army. He found it composed of upwards of seventeen thousand men; their lines dispersed in a semi-circle from the west of Dorchester to Malden, a distance of nine miles. But it was all a scene of bewildering confusion. From every part of Massachusetts, and the nearest colonies, had come rushing enthusiastic multitudes, to make up a suddenly improvised, and half-equipped army, to resist the first onset of a disciplined force, which had not only been trained on the distant fields of Europe by the best Generals of the age, but were furnished with the completest equipment, and the most abundant munitions, which the art of war could provide. But these raw volunteers had stood their ground with the steadiness of veterans, twice repelling as well-conducted, and gallant assaults as are ever made on battle-fields. There was indeed no lack of valor, nor was there to be for some time any lack of men in the patriot lines; and there was absolute devotion to country and to God. But when, after riding along all the lines, he returned to his headquarters at evening, and looked off on the surrounding hills, from which a new-born flag,¹—which was afterwards to give place to the national standard,—was floating, and heard the shouts of welcome which rolled over those tiny plains and valleys, the Commander looked with the eyes of a soldier, in spite of the exultation which swelled the heart of the patriot. He saw only the rough material from which discipline, trial, and time alone could create an army.² At the outset, therefore, he encountered an obstacle which military leaders have always regarded as the most formidable; for ardent as these 'Sons of Liberty' were, and complete as was their consecration to the national cause, and comprehending even somewhat of the greatness of their undertaking, and unappalled as they were at the dark cloud that shut down on the future, the great mass had no manner

¹ That flag was composed of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, symbolizing the Thirteen revolted Colonies. In one corner was the device of the British *Union Flag*, namely, the Cross of St. George, composed of a horizontal and perpendicular bar, and the cross of St. Andrew, representing Scotland, which is in the form of an X. . . . On the 14th of June, 1777, Congress ordered 'thirteen stars, white, in a blue field,' to be put in the place of the British union device. Such is the design of our Flag at the present day. A star has been added for every new State admitted into the Union, while the original number of stripes is retained.—Lossing's *Hist. U. S.*, p. 245.

² The community in arms presented a motley spectacle. In dress there was no uniformity. The companies from Rhode Island were furnished with tents, and had the appearance of regular troops; others filled the College halls, the Episcopal church, and private houses; the fields were strewn with lodges, which were

as various as the tastes of their occupants. Some were of boards, some of sailcloth, or partly of both; others were constructed of stone and turf, or of birch and other brush. Some were thrown up in a careless hurry; others were curiously wrought with doors and windows, woven out of withes and reeds. The mothers, wives, or sisters of the soldiers were constantly coming to the camp, with supplies of clothing and household gifts. Boys and girls, too, flocked in with their parents from the country, to visit their kindred, and gaze on the terrors and mysteries of war. Eloquent and accomplished chaplains kept alive the habit of daily prayer, and preached the wonted sermons on the day of the Lord. The habit of inquisitiveness and self-direction stood in the way of military discipline; the men had never learnt implicit obedience, and knew not how to set about it; between the privates and their officers there prevailed the kindly spirit and equality of life at home.—Bancroft, vol. viii. p. 44.

of conception of the meaning of the words, subordination, or discipline. It was only a people in arms—an army was yet to be formed.

The Virginians Leading the Grand Insurrection in the South.—Leaving Washington to organize the Army for Independence, let us cast a glance to our old favorite fields beyond the Potomac.

The Virginians had come bravely up to meet the crisis, and the results showed that they were prepared to repel the aggressions of England in the same spirit which had marked the movements in Massachusetts. After Lord Dunmore had seized and removed the military stores from Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, and for which he had made payment to Patrick Henry on his demand at the head of his Culpeper regiment, he was driven from his palace, and compelled to take refuge on board a British man-of-war in the York River. He proclaimed martial law throughout Virginia, and attempting to excite insurrection among the slaves, offered rewards of liberty and money, for all fugitives who would escape to his protection. Having made his preparations for carrying on war with the aid of British vessels, he attacked Hampton, near Old Point Comfort, on the second of October. But the Virginians rallied, and in a severe battle on the 9th of December, at Great Bridge, twelve miles from Norfolk, they repulsed this motley army of British soldiers, negroes, refugees, and tories, and compelled the commander to escape to his shipping in Norfolk harbor. Five days later, the Virginians entered Norfolk in triumph, where they were joined by Colonel Robert Howe, who brought with him a regiment from North Carolina. Exasperated by his defeat, on the evening of New Year's day, 1776, Dunmore began the destruction of Norfolk, with a bombardment from sixty pieces of cannon. As night came on, several boats were sent ashore to burn the warehouses on the wharves and spread the flames along the river. Attempts were made to land, but they were unsuccessful. The town being built chiefly of pine wood, and favored by a high wind, the conflagration became general. Women and children, mothers with their little ones in their arms, fled, as best they could, through the burning streets. The fiendish work of destruction was kept up, until the fate of the town was sealed. The fire raged for three days, till most of the place was reduced to heaps of ashes. 'In this manner the royal Governor burned and laid waste the best town in the oldest and most loyal colony of England, to which Elizabeth had given a name, and Raleigh devoted his fortune, and Bacon and Herbert foretokened greatness; the colony where the people of themselves had established the Church of England, and where many were still proud, that their ancestors in the day of the British Commonwealth, had been faithful to the line of kings.'¹

When Washington heard of the fate of the richest town in his native State, in one of those sublime transports of indignation and grief that sometimes shook his majestic frame, he exclaimed, 'This, and the threatened devasta-

¹ Bancroft, vol. viii. page 231.

tion of other places, will unite the whole country in one indissoluble band against the nation which seems lost to every sense of virtue, and those feelings which distinguish a civilized people from the most barbarous savages.' After the destruction of Norfolk, a storm came on which threatened to shatter the titled incendiary's ships, and with such of the inhabitants as chose his protection, and about one thousand fugitive negroes all huddled together on board, destitute of every comfort, the humiliated Governor put to sea. Unable to carry on the war, except as a marauder, he committed depredations along the defenceless coast of Virginia, making his headquarters at Gwyn's Island, in Chesapeake Bay, until he was driven away by a brigade of Virginia troops under General Lewis. The blackness of his villany finally culminated as he reached the West Indies, where he sold the thousand negroes he had seduced from their homes, into the deep hopelessness of tropical slavery.¹

Benjamin Franklin Appointed Postmaster-General.—Let us look for a moment at the proceedings of the Congress.

A system of communication had to be established for conveying intelligence throughout the Colonies. There was but one man thought of for that business. By unanimous vote Benjamin Franklin was chosen Postmaster-General, with power to appoint deputies for carrying mails between Maine and Georgia. The service thus rendered can hardly be understood in our time. Nor is it quite enough to say that Franklin had more to do with the actual business arrangements of the American Revolution at home and abroad, than any other man, Washington alone excepted, and he only in the quality of commander-in-chief. While the public attention of a nation or community is absorbed in startling events, its business machinery ought to move steadily and securely on. During the long struggle, the brain of Franklin was ceaselessly at work on the practical business of the country. He overlooked nothing—he foresaw everything—he provided for the most unexpected exigencies—he devised means that nobody else had thought of—he multiplied resources where they existed—he created them where there were none—he was led astray by no chimera—no sophistry or fallacy eluded the keen perception and grasp of his mind—in a word, he was the political philosopher of his age; doing for a whole people in almost every department of public and private life, what Bacon did for philosophy in his system of induction; what Shakspeare did to teach men a knowledge of human nature; and what Galileo did to bring the heavens down to the earth. Franklin made a school-house of the Thirteen Colonies, in which he educated by his precepts, his example, his newspapers, his almanacs, his letters, and his deeds, the great mass of the American people in the practical concerns of

¹ But in truth the cry of Dunmore did not rouse among the Africans a passion for freedom. To them bondage in Virginia was not a lower condition of being, than their former one; they had no regrets for ancient privileges lost; their memories prompted no demand for political changes; no struggling aspiration of their own had invited Dunmore's interposition; no memorial of their grievances had preceded his offer. What might

have been accomplished had he been master of the country, and used an undisputed possession to embody and train the negroes, cannot be told; but as it was, though he boasted that they flocked to his standard, none combined to join him from a longing for an improved condition or even from ill-will to their masters.¹

—Bancroft, vol. viii. p. 225.

every-day life. In these respects he has by general consent been regarded as immeasurably great.

The Royalists and Tories of the Revolution.—There were many right-minded and good men in the Colonies, who, up to the last moment, had deemed it possible to bring about a reconciliation with the Crown, and they were exhausting every means in their power to give realization to their hopes. There was as yet no unanimity on this subject, even in the Continental Congress. An absolute and final rupture with Great Britain was not readily entertained even by the most patriotic—Samuel Adams standing earliest and alone in his ultraism. But things had gone so far at last, that those who hung back from taking the irrevocable ‘leap in the dark’ began to be regarded with coldness if not suspicion. Among those who distinguished themselves in the final futile effort to press the ‘Olive Branch’ upon the obstinate King of England, was Thomas, a descendant of William Penn, and one of the former Governors of the Colony of Pennsylvania. Confiding in the integrity of his character, he was made the bearer of a Petition to the king, drawn up by the Congress in most respectful terms, and which the monarch himself declared to be the least objectionable of all papers of that stamp ever sent to him. But the obstinate ruler returned insult for supplication, and in his speech to Parliament charged the petitioners with being ‘rebels,’ declaring that ‘they had taken arms into their hands to establish an independent state.’ Few kings have come nearer to uttering a great truth; and yet he had himself to blame for turning his accusation into fact. Anything like respect or kindness in the king’s answer, would, for a time at least, have paralyzed the Revolution. But whatever loyalty there was left in the great heart of America, was pretty nearly extinguished by the sternness with which he recommended that an unrelenting policy should be adopted to reduce the Colonies to submission.

The Olive Branch Rejected by the King.—That famous Petition was called the ‘Olive Branch.’ The Colonists understood it at the same time to be their *ultimatum*; hence its rejection, which severed them from the throne, became the sole act of the king. At his bidding, Parliament soon afterward prohibited trade and commerce with the Colonies; closed all their ports; authorized the seizure and destruction of all American ships and cargoes, and the capture of all their crews, with the savage provision that they were to be treated neither as subjects, nor prisoners, but as slaves. Prison ships, irons, and—that last infamy which insult could add to captivity, the lash—were decreed to be the fate of all Americans who refused to submit to the edicts of the throne.

Foreign Mercenaries to be Employed.—The ‘Olive Branch’ being thus disdainfully and insultingly rejected, and three millions of people proclaimed outlaws, the largest possible levy was made upon home subjects, to be

sent to slaughter their brethren in America ; and no other terms were offered than the choice between slavery or death on the one side, or base life with hopeless degradation, on the other. But resolved, at all hazards, either to tyrannize over, or annihilate the Thirteen young nations springing into existence in the New World, the author of this infamous policy boldly threw off the mask of whatever there was of decency in appearances, or of humanity in the age, and resorted to an act which covered the name of George III. and his truculent ministers with lasting disgrace. The assassin work which the king found neither disposition nor men enough in the British Islands to perform, was to be done by the hands of foreign mercenary slaves of petty German princes, who through kinship of blood, or marriage, or the corrupting power of gold, were to furnish a certain number of men at so much per head, to come to America for the avowed purpose of killing men, women, and children enough, burning houses and desolating towns, and spilling blood enough, to establish a principle which was at war with the British Constitution, and for which, after America had triumphed, no British statesman was ever after found base enough to advocate. The trenchant pen of Thomas Carlyle has put this business in its proper light. He says :

“What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain ‘Natural Enemies’ of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them ; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected ; all dressed in red ; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain ; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending, till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word ‘Fire’ is given, and they blow the souls out of one another ; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest ! They lived far enough apart ; were the entirest strangers ; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton ! their Governors had fallen-out ; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. Alas ! so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands ; still as of old, ‘what devilry soever kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper !’ In that fiction of the English Smollet, it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps

prophetically shadowed forth ; where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take each a tobacco-pipe, filled with brimstone, light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in ; but from such predicted Peace-Era, what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us !”¹

The king's agents did not hesitate to buy up troops in any European market wherever they were exposed for sale, or their masters could be induced to furnish them. The king found his instruments among his own German cousins, especially the hereditary princes of Hesse Cassel, Würtemberg, Saxe Gotha, Darmstadt, and Baden. He even attempted to recruit in Holland, and the House of Orange might have been seduced. But the principles and traditions of that old Republic were against it, and it was in conflict with the laws of the German Empire. From that time the neutrality of Holland was proclaimed, to the mortal offence of England.

The King asks Help from Catherine of Russia.—All the finesse of diplomacy was also resorted to, to obtain help from Catherine of Russia ; and by means of corrupting ministers, negotiations had gone so far, that the British Cabinet informed their generals in America, that very shortly twenty thousand disciplined Russian troops would be landed in Canada, for ‘stamping out the rebellion.’ George wrote a long and affectionate letter to his Imperial cousin, the Empress, imploring her to assist him in putting an end to the American insurrection. The royal autograph was put into her hands at Moscow. Her reply showed a genius for statesmanship, and a policy that might be deemed prophetic, as compared with the stolid and blind obstinacy of the British king. ‘Cannot your Majesty find troops enough among his German friends ? I have the extremest reluctance to send my subjects to fight against strangers on a distant continent. I have been embroiled in difficulties enough, and blood enough has been shed. I wish repose for myself, and my empire.’ After consulting with Ivan Ctzernichew, who had been her ambassador to England, but who was now her Minister of Marine, he announced his opinion, that ‘it would offend the great body of the people of England, who were utterly opposed to the policy of the king in further oppressing his American colonies.’ Bancroft well asks, ‘What motive had the people of Russia to interfere against the armed husbandmen of New England ? Why should the oldest monarchy of modern Europe,—the connecting link between the world of antiquity, and the modern world,—assist to repress the development of the youngest power in the West ? Catherine claimed to sit on the throne of the Byzantine Cæsars, as heir to their dignity and their religion ; and how could she so far disregard her own glory, as to take part in the American dispute, by making a shambles of the mighty empire which assumed to be the successor of Constantine's ? The requisition of England was marked by so much extravagance, that nothing but the wildest credulity of statesmanship could have anticipated success.’

¹ *Sartor Resartus*, pp. 120—121.

Russia and the United States Natural Allies.—During the last hundred years, efforts have often been made by European States to divert the sympathies of Russia from the American Republic. England has herself tried it more than once; but every attempt has ended in something worse than failure. By these means, the governing classes in Russia have been induced to pay more attention to this country, and just in proportion as we became the object of their study, have we won their sympathy, and respect.

The policy of nations, like the destiny of individuals, is oftener determined by intuitive tendencies, than by deliberate purpose. Strange as the assertion may seem, it is nevertheless true, that Russia and the United States are natural allies.

Peter the Great and George Washington were born brothers—they were both nation-builders. They began crude, but with vast materials. They were inspired by a common sentiment of patriotism, and possessed the power to wield the elements of widely scattered communities into the firm texture of consolidated government. Without supposing that the gifted Catherine should have been a prophet, it can be easily understood how the traditions of her ancestors had led her to see that her fortunes might be materially affected in the future by the dismemberment of the British Empire, which was growing up to be her most formidable competitor for the control of Asia.

This sympathy and friendly feeling between the Russians and the Americans, seems to be a riddle to English statesmen and reviewers; but it is easily solved. There are no two nations in the world which so closely resemble each other in many respects, as these two countries. Both have expanded over vast territories, and are bounded by oceans. They are separated only by a narrow and shallow strait of forty miles, soon to be traversed by the telegraph. They have the only two continental governments in the world. No such limits can be assigned to their future extension as define the bounds of other nations. We neither desire nor contemplate the extension of our political sway beyond the continent of America. This naturally belongs to us; and if there be no attempt made on the part of France, or England, or Spain, to disturb the progress of the American political system, the whole thing will regulate itself without violence or conflict. Russia has extended her dominion continuously from the Atlantic to the Pacific: so have we. Another cause of sympathy between the United States and Russia is in the spirit of their institutions, which are made for the common advancement and elevation of the entire people, carried out at last triumphantly in the abolition of slavery in the one land, and serfdom in the other. In both countries 'jubilant bells that ring the knell of slavery forever' have sounded. All the legislation of the two countries is democratic and reformatory—none of it retrograding—none of it made for a favored or privileged class; but all for the elevation of the masses. In one sense, Russia is as democratic, and more so, than the United States have until recently been. Even Finland, among the most northern of the Russian provinces, has a local parliament, and a system of railways, while education is making rapid progress. Russia works out democratic results under im



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perial forms ; we under republican. The spirit of the Russian system is not only to develop its own resources in the soil and mines, the forests and waters, but in the capacity of her own people. There are no prejudices there to prevent her rewarding and elevating talent, either among her own, or foreign people. Wherever genius is discovered, the government invites it to service and activity. This is the case somewhat in France, but never in England, where 'titled shams and decorated imbecilities' are the order of the day, and the spirit of the government.

Congress Begins to Build a Navy.—It was resolved to begin the construction of war vessels for the defence of the coast, and to cripple the commerce of the enemy. Washington was authorized on the 5th of October, to employ two gunboats to cut off English store-ships bound for Quebec. A marine committee consisting of Dean, Langdon, and Gadsden,—to which John Adams and other names were subsequently added,—recommended a series of efficient measures, all* of which were adopted, and which laid the foundation of a maritime armament that left a record of daring and successful achievements, which in their soberest narration, blot out all creations of romance on the ocean, except the incomparable sea stories of our own sailor Novelist. Four 'national cruisers were equipped and sent to sea on a three months' cruise, but without any provision for a national ensign, and probably wearing the colors of the States they sailed from. Before the close of the year, Congress had authorized a regular navy of seventeen vessels, varying in force from ten to thirty-two guns ; established a general prize law in consequence of the burning of Falmouth by Mowatt ; regulated the relative rank of military and naval officers ; established the pay of the navy, and appointed Dec. 22, 1775, Esek Hopkins, commander and chief of the naval forces of the embryo Republic, fixing his pay at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. At the same time, captains were commissioned to the Alfred, Columbus, Andrea Doria, Cabot and Providence, and first, second, and third lieutenants were appointed to each of those vessels.¹ . . . Notwithstanding the equipping of this fleet, the necessity of a common national flag seems not to have been thought of, until Doctor Franklin, Mr. Lynch, and Mr. Harrison, were appointed to consider the subject, and assembled at the camp at Cambridge. The result of this conference was the retention of the king's colors or union jack, representing the yet recognized sovereignty of England, but coupled to thirteen stripes alternate red and white, emblematic of the union of the Thirteen Colonies against its tyranny and oppression, in place of the hitherto loyal red ensign.'²

¹ John Adams gives the following reasons for the choice of these names :

This committee soon purchased and fitted five vessels. The first was named Alfred, in honor of the founder of the greatest navy that ever existed. The second, Columbus, after the discoverer of this quarter of the globe. The third, Cabot, for the discoverer of the northern part of this continent. The fourth, Andrea Doria, in honor of the great Genoese admiral ; and the fifth, Providence, for the name of the town where she was purchased, the residence of Governor Hopkins and his brother Esek, whom we appointed the first captain.

Plebe further adds : Col. Gadsden, who was one of the marine committee, presented to Congress on the 8th of Feb., 1776, 'an elegant standard, such as is to be used by the commander-in-chief of the American navy ; being a yellow flag with a lively representation of a rattlesnake in the middle in the attitude of going to strike, and these words underneath, 'Don't tread on me.' Congress ordered that the said standard be carefully preserved and suspended in the Congress-room.'

² Plebe's *History of the American Flag*, pp. 150-151.

The Invasion of Canada determined on.—The repeated repulses of the British army, at Bunker Hill, by what they had too contemptuously called in the beginning, a ‘mob of traitors,’ changed the plan of the enemy, and, for a while, paralyzed their movements. Instead of crushing an insurrection, they found they had provoked a revolution, and a day of humiliation and blood had cost them the prestige of invincibility. Here a fact of great importance was first revealed,—that, while at no time could delay be favorable to the royal cause, it became one of the grandest allies of the patriots. The work of maintaining a disputed and despised sovereignty, could admit of no postponement; while the certainty of the ultimate establishment of Republicanism waxed stronger by every day’s passage. There were more to-morrows left for the Colonists, than for the king, and a Fabius was at the head of the patriot army.

But Washington early saw when to strike, and the sagacity of his military judgment, and the alacrity of his unexpected movements, often made up for leanness of provisions, insufficiency of munitions, and scarcity of men. Knowing, however, that inaction had always proved the bane of armies, he was provoked to ‘carry the war into Africa.’

He had determined to capture, or drive out the British army from Boston, and towards this object, he steadily directed all his efforts during the summer and autumn of 1775. The capture of the two fortresses on Lake Champlain—between the Lexington skirmish and the battle of Bunker Hill—had left the road open to the St. Lawrence, and the commander-in-chief believed it would be good policy to make a bold stroke in that direction, to defeat a union of the British forces in Canada with those on the Atlantic coast, and prevent that province from becoming a rendezvous for supplying the enemy with provisions and ammunition.

Acting in harmony, as he always did with the National Congress; at his suggestion a committee from that body, consisting of Dr. Franklin, Thomas Lynch, and Benjamin Harrison, proceeded in August from Philadelphia to Cambridge, where a well-devised plan was settled on for the invasion of Canada, which was carried out under Schuyler and Montgomery by the old route of Lakes George and Champlain, and by Arnold up the Kennebeck and Chaudière.

Allen Captured and Sent to England in Heavy Irons.—After the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point in the previous year, Colonel Ethan Allen had pressed very warmly upon Washington the plan for an immediate invasion of Canada; and had his plan been adopted, so few and unprepared were the British forces in that province, it would most likely have been attended with complete success. St. John, on the Sorel, was the first military post within the Canadian line, and it was intended that Schuyler should carry the place; but conceiving the obstacles to be too great, he delayed the attack, till he could bring on more troops from Ticonderoga, and illness compelled him to return to Albany. The whole command

devolving upon General Montgomery, he early left his island intrenchment, and in September laid siege to St. John. The siege held out for more than a month. In the meantime daring enterprises were undertaken by small detachments; among others one of eighty men, under Ethan Allen, crossed the St. Lawrence, which, being unsuccessful, he was made prisoner, with several of his men, and sent to England in irons,¹ but Montgomery captured Montreal, and entered the city in triumph, November 13th. Governor Carlton made his escape with his forces on the English fleet, and took refuge in Quebec. The capture of Montreal was important to the commander, for among other spoils he found winter clothing for his soldiers during the severity of the winter; but in a letter to Congress he said that, 'till Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered,' and he pressed on. It was a frightful winter, and many of his troops deserted. Ice had bound up the waters, and deep snow covered the whole region. Nothing, however, discouraged the intrepid commander, and he advanced down the banks of the river where he was to be joined by Colonel Benedict Arnold.

Arnold's March through the Wilderness.—With a thousand men Arnold had pressed on through a wilderness, impenetrable except to a dauntless spirit like himself, till, after one of the most wonderful marches recorded in military history, he stood with seven hundred and fifty worn and wasted, but still resolute soldiers, on the Plains of Abraham. Not the countenance of a friend or foe had been visible in that gloomy and dreadful wilderness march. Rivers and marshes covered with ice, had to be traversed, and often forded, with the whole command to the arm-pits in water or mud.² Neither hunger nor cold seemed to discourage his men, so magnetic was the control the leader held over his expedition. On the ninth of November, four days before Montgomery had entered Montreal, Arnold reached Point Levi, opposite the city of Quebec, with his half-naked followers armed with only four hundred muskets, and destitute of artillery. He crossed the St. Lawrence to Wolf's Cove, ascended to the Plains of Abraham, and sent a bold demand for the surrender of the city and the garrison. 'Soon the icy wind and intelligence of an intended sortie from the garrison, drove him from his bleak encampment,

¹ The wounded, seven in number, entered the hospital: the rest were shackled together in pairs, and distributed among different transports in the river. But Allen, as the chief offender, was chained with leg irons weighing about thirty pounds; the shackles which encompassed his ankles, were so very tight and close that he could not lie down except on his back; and in this plight, thrust into the lowest part of a vessel, the captor of Ticonderoga was dragged to England, where imprisonment in Pendennis Castle could not abate his courage or his hope.—Bancroft, vol. viii. p. 184.

² The extraordinary privations suffered by the detachment under Arnold, which succeeded in making its way to Quebec, were endured by no one of its members with more cheerfulness and patience than by the stripling who had volunteered to join it. And this was one characteristic which was remarked in Burr through life, and which went a great way to maintain for him the respect of those immediately around him. He was not one of the repining kind, who wear out the patience of their neighbors with their catalogue of complaints, but bore all his misfortunes like a man.

When the party finally reached the Chaudière, and it became necessary to establish a communication with General Montgomery, Burr was the person selected for the task; and though so young, he acquitted himself of the hazardous duty of penetrating a country,—the inhabitants of which adhered to the British power, and spoke a different language from his—with prudence and perfect success. Upon his arrival at the General's headquarters, he was immediately invited to assume a station near his person, in anticipation of the moment when he might be appointed an aide-de-camp. Burr thus became an actor in the unsuccessful assault upon Quebec; was present when Montgomery fell, and was the person who bore him upon his shoulders from the spot when retreat became necessary. His conduct throughout this trying affair, appears to have been marked with courage and with judgment. It established for him a high reputation at the time among the American troops, and undoubtedly deserved free and unqualified praise.—*North American Review*, July, 1839, p. 165.

and he ascended the St. Lawrence to Point au Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, and there awaited the arrival of Montgomery. These brave Generals met on the first of December, 1775, and the woollen clothes which Montgomery had brought from Montreal, were placed on the shivering limbs of Arnold's troops. The united forces then marched to Quebec.'¹

Death of Montgomery, Dec. 31, 1775.—Montgomery was no stranger in those inhospitable regions. Sixteen years before, hardly yet escaped from his boyhood, he had passed through those same scenes by the side of Wolfe, who had far less to contend with than Montgomery had now. His army had melted away. Even after the arrival of Arnold's command, the ranks were so thinned that together they numbered little more than a thousand men: and yet with this feeble band, who had left their blood tracks all along their march, he undertook to capture the strongest walled city in America. Winter had set in with a severity almost unknown even in that Hyperborean region; yet with an unquenchable ardor Montgomery thought only of success. Cannon planted on fields of ice had battered the walls of Quebec; but they resisted every shock, and he determined to carry the town by storm. As the gray light of the morning of the last day of the year 1775 came dimly creeping over the snow-wreathed city, his army advanced in four divisions. One was led by Arnold; another by Montgomery himself; while the others were merely *ruses de guerre*. Arnold pressed through into the city with the desperation of his well-known valor. But while he was struggling with what would seem to others an impossibility, he was suddenly wounded, and forced to retire. As the gallant Montgomery was leading on a detachment of his division up those rugged and dizzy heights, infusing his own soul into his brave comrades, a chance shot struck him dead. His body was borne away down the icy cliffs on the boy shoulders of the chivalric Aaron Burr.² Four hundred of his men were killed or made prisoners: but their fate was mitigated by the humanity of Carlton, which left a bright spot in the record of this disastrous campaign.

Fox Repels the Insult of Lord North to the Memory of Montgomery.—When the news of the heroic fall of Montgomery reached England, in reply

¹ Lossing, *Hist. of the U. S.*, pp. 241-242.

² This

Monument is erected by order of Congress,
25th of January, 1776,

to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotic conduct, enterprise, and perseverance of
Major-General RICHARD MONTGOMERY,
who, after a series of successes amid the most discouraging difficulties, *Fell* in the attack on

QUEBEC, 31st December, 1775, aged 37 years.

The following is the inscription upon a silver plate on the coffin: 'The State of New York, in honor of General Richard Montgomery, who fell gloriously fighting for the independence and liberty of the United States before the walls of Quebec the 31st of December, 1775, caused these remains of the distinguished

hero to be conveyed from Quebec, and deposited on the 8th day of July (1818), in St. Paul's Church, in the city of New York, near the monument erected to his memory by the United States.'

General Montgomery left no children, whom 'the State, in gratitude toward their father, distinguished with every mark of kindness and protection,' as Botta asserts. His widow survived him more than half a century. When at the house of his brother-in-law, the late Peter R. Livingston, at Rhinebeck, a few years ago, I saw an interesting memento of the lamented general. A day or two before he left home to join the army under Schuyler, he was walking on the lawn in the rear of his brother-in-law's mansion with the owner, and as they came near the house, Montgomery stuck a willow twig in the ground, and said, 'Peter, let that grow to remember me by.' It did grow, and is now a willow with a trunk at least ten feet in circumference. —Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution*, vol. i. p. 201.

to a eulogy passed upon him by Edmund Burke, after Lord North had denounced him as 'only a brave, able, humane and generous *rebel*,' exclaiming, 'Curse on his virtues; they have undone his country,' Fox uttered those noble words: 'The term rebel is no certain mark of disgrace. All the great asserters of liberty, the saviours of their country, the benefactors of mankind in all ages, have been called rebels. We owe the Constitution which enables us to sit in this House, to a rebellion.'

The Talent of England on the Side of the Colonies.—Although the king had a majority of two to one in the House of Commons, who obsequiously voted for every royal measure, yet the gréatest talent in that imperial body was arrayed against him. Some of its clearest-headed men undisguisedly condemned the enlistment of foreign troops in subjugating the Colonies. 'We conceive,' said they, 'the calling in foreign forces to decide domestic quarrels, to be a measure both disgraceful and dangerous.' A grand principle was at stake, in which Englishmen were as deeply interested as the Colonists themselves. Fox, Rockingham, and all the strong men in the minority, defended the rights of the Colonies as the bulwark of English freedom. They declared that 'if America could not be retained with justice, England could not afford to keep her at all,'—that 'to hold the Colonies by force alone, would prove the overthrow of the British Constitution.' In the autumn, 1775, the Duke of Manchester said in the House of Lords, 'The violence of the times has wrested America from the British crown, and spurned the jewel because the setting appeared uncouth:' while the bold Duke of Grafton, who knew that he could preserve his independence only at the cost of his office, reiterated his protest against the employment of foreign troops, and resigned the privy seal. It mattered not that the whole moral force of the empire was levelled against the policy of the king; no ministry could live without carrying it out. When it was thoroughly understood on both sides, that the will of the monarch and not the Constitution of England was the law of the land, the case was made up.

The Colonists Declared Outlaws.—Ever after, all the legislation of Parliament was directed against the Colonies as *rebels*, and of necessity, all the measures of the Colonial Congress contemplated the King of England as the enemy of America.

In the month of November, 1776, Parliament not only declared the Colonies rebels, but prohibited all intercourse with them; ignored their civil existence; authorized the destruction of their property on the high seas; and on the ruins of the whole system of social life in America, they erected the barbarous structure of martial law. A force of soldiers and seamen of more than fifty thousand men, was voted for the war in America; and after exhausting every agency of diplomacy, and seducing by the corrupting power of gold seventeen thousand German troops—brutal and bloodthirsty, ignorant and revengeful, despised by the regular troops of the British army, fit instruments

for the darkest and most infamous deeds of the darkest and most infamous of wars—seventeen thousand such mercenaries, were on their way to the American shores!

Tory and Indian Allies.—Two other elements befitting the occasion, and in harmony with the spirit of the undertaking, were also invoked. Every allurement to win them over to the side of the crown was presented to the American Tories—money, estates, the favor of the king, and all the influences that could be brought to bear, were enlisted. All the base, of course, yielded to the temptations; and with them, large numbers of men of rank and influence, who had held office under the crown, and who had large interests to protect, became the easy and early allies of the king. Every man in the Colonies who had his price, could command it. It was so when the first rupture took place, and it remained so till the close of the war.

But the British name was to receive a deeper stain from another cause, which I shall only touch on here, reserving for a future chapter its fuller illustration. From the outset one of the main reliances of Great Britain in the prosecution of the American war, was the employment of the savages of the soil. This dreadful policy was clearly and fully determined on when the war began; it never was departed from; it was never modified; it was steadily persisted in to the end, as the facts will hereafter show.

The Hour for the Final Separation Approaching.—The time had come for the outlawed Colonies to assert their rights in a way that could not possibly be misunderstood. There was no longer a peace party in America. On the 18th of September, John Adams wrote to his wife: 'There is no idea of submission here in anybody's head. . . . When the horrid news was brought here of the bombardment of Boston, which made us completely miserable for two days, we saw proofs both of the sympathy and the resolution of the continent. . . . War! war! war! was the cry, and it was pronounced in a tone that would have done honor to the oratory of a Briton, or a Roman. If it had proved true, you would have heard the thunder of an American Congress.' A week later he said: 'We have had as great questions discussed as ever engaged the attention of men, and an infinite number of them.' At a still later date: 'No assembly ever had a greater number of great objects before them. Provinces, nations, empires, are small things before us. I wish we were good architects.' It was in this reverent and determined spirit that they 'built wiser than they knew.' Congress proved itself equal to the trial. One by one the ties which bound the two nations had given way. The fearful and timid had grown resolute; the feeble strong. The last plea for postponement of the issue had been heard. Henceforth it was to be deeds, not words. The secret of the nation's power, when it spoke, was to be the secret of the eloquence of Demosthenes—*Action*. A naval establishment had been commenced; a board of war, and one of finance appointed; commissions were issued to privateers; a declaration of the causes for taking up arms

had been made ; bills of credit had been issued ;¹ provision had been made for strengthening the sinews of war ; an agent had been sent to represent our cause among the friendly nations of Europe—and perhaps, above all, Washington had become assured of the unlimited confidence of his countrymen, and the nation was generally prepared for the final step beyond which lay independence or death.

The Union Flag first Raised.—On New Year's morning, 1776, Washington raised the Union Flag² over his headquarters at Cambridge. It was the first time the thirteen alternate stripes of red and white³ had been unfurled, and it was greeted with the shouts of an army waiting eagerly for battle.

The Enemy Driven from Boston.—Ever since the British army had been driven into Boston, it had been held a close prisoner. Washington had possessed neither the armament nor munitions adequate to dislodge the enemy.

¹ The Resolution of the Continental Congress, providing for the emission of bills, was adopted on the 22d of June, 1775. The bills were printed and issued soon after, and other emissions were authorized, from time to time, during about four years. At the beginning of 1780, Congress issued two hundred millions of dollars in paper money. After the second year, these bills began to depreciate : and in 1780, forty paper dollars were worth only one in specie. At the close of 1781, they were worthless. They had performed a temporary good, but were finally productive of great public evil, and much individual suffering. Some of these bills are yet in existence, and are considered great curiosities. They are rudely engraved, and printed on thick paper, which caused the British to call it 'the paste-board money of the rebels.'—Lossing's *U. S.*, p. 245.

² That flag was composed of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, symbolizing the thirteen revolted colonies. In one corner was the device of the British *Union Flag*, namely, the cross of St. George, composed of a horizontal and perpendicular bar, and the cross of St. Andrew (representing Scotland), which is in the form of X. It was the appearance of that symbol of the British union that misled Howe. On the 14th of June, 1777, Congress ordered, "thirteen stars, white, in a blue field," to be put in the place of the British union device. Such is the design of our flag at the present day. A star has been added for every new State admitted into the Union, while the original number of stripes is retained.—Lossing's *History of the U. S.*, p. 245.

³ The National Lyric of JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, is entitled to go with

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there !
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land !

Majestic monarch of the cloud !
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven !

Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory.

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood warm and wet
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet)
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy skyborn glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall ;
There shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath,
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given ;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven !
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us ?
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us ? *

* The last four lines of *The American Flag* are by Halleck, in place of the following by Drake, which originally closed the poem :—

And fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world.

But he was slowly and surely making his preparations, and an end was to be put to the siege. The enemy was to be driven out on the sea, or forced into battle. Under his own immediate superintendence, the commander-in-chief had, on the night of the 4th of March, constructed a redoubt on Dorchester Heights, from which, in the morning, the whole British shipping was menaced with destruction. The English admiral, and commanding-general, saw the imminent danger, and precipitately anchors were lifted and sails spread for Halifax. They abandoned the port and the city, carrying with them every man the Colony of Massachusetts was glad to spare; and while the fleet was still in view, orders were given for the American army to move, and Washington led them in triumph into the liberated city. "New England was always true to Washington; the whole mass of her population, to the end of the war and during all his life, heaved and swelled with sympathy for his fortunes; he could not make a sign to her for aid, but her sons rose up to his support; nor utter advice to his country, but they gave it reverence and heed. And never was so great a result obtained at so small a cost of human life. The putting the British army to flight was the first decisive victory of the industrious middling class over the most powerful representative of the mediæval aristocracy; and the whole number of New England men killed in the siege after Washington took the command, was less than twenty; the liberation of New England cost altogether less than two hundred lives in battle; and the triumphant general, as he looked around, enjoyed the serenest delight, for he saw no mourners among those who greeted his entry after his bloodless victory."¹

Washington Marches his Army to New York.—No sooner had Boston been placed in a state of security, than he prepared to set the main body of his army in motion for New York, which he supposed to be the offensive point towards which Howe had before sailed with an armament. Already, during the previous January, General Sir Henry Clinton, had sailed on a secret expedition, as was believed for the same point; but Washington had already despatched General Lee to Connecticut, where he was to raise troops and watch the movements of the British commander. In following down the coast, he was so successful, that when in March, Clinton reached Sandy Hook, Lee had the same day entered the city of New York. Thus defeated in his purpose, Clinton sailed for the South.

The Union Flag Floats over New York.—New York was already in insurrection. The 'Sons of Liberty' had seized the cannon on the fort at the Battery, then called Fort George, and driven the royal Governor Tryon on board the British man-of-war *Asia*. On the 14th of April, Washington reached New York, and began to fortify the town and its neighborhood, and guard the passes of the Highlands, as far as West Point on the Hudson. General Lee, having been appointed to the command of the Southern forces, had left his troops in charge of General Lord Stirling.²

¹ Bancroft, vol. viii, pp. 304-305.

² William Alexander Lord Stirling was a descend-

ant of the Scotch Earl of Stirling, already spoken of as Sir William Alexander, who was, in 1633, made

Feeble as now were the resources at the command of General Washington,—with no fleet, like the enemy, to transport his forces from point to point, and uncertain where the enemy might strike,—the exigencies of his position began to develop those wonderful abilities as a commander, which inspired the whole nation with such absolute confidence, but which fill us with amazement at the distance of a hundred years, even when we have so faint a conception of the embarrassments which surrounded him.

The Revolution Moves Southward.—Two points divert our attention for a moment. After the fall of Montgomery, and the failure of the second attempt on Quebec, the desolations of winter, the insufficiency of clothing, and the wastings of famine, had paralyzed our forces on the northern frontier. One post after another was taken, and before the 1st of July, 1776, all Canada had been recovered by the British. The expedition, with the retreat, had cost us more than a thousand men; but it was attended with still more disastrous results to the enemy. Carlton had indeed saved Quebec at a heavy loss, but he had been utterly foiled in his purpose of cutting his way through to Lake Champlain, from which, by effecting a union with the British forces on the Hudson, he intended to break up all communication between New England, and the Colony of New York. Washington had in the meantime kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the line of the Hudson, knowing how much his success would afterwards depend upon holding West Point—the key to the northern frontier—and which, in the campaign of New Jersey, was to be the gateway of communication between him and New England.

Patriotism and Valor of South Carolina.—Although the Southern Colonies, owing chiefly to their distance from the early scenes of the Revolution, but partly to the scattered distribution of the population, had not been so early in the field, yet they were fired with the same common spirit that inflamed the breasts of their New England brethren. Signs of insubordination, revolution, and independence were manifest all through the South, and had attracted the special attention of the British Government. Consequently a fleet, under Admiral Parker, destined for the reduction of the Southern Colonies, had reached Cape Fear, where Clinton assumed the command of all the land forces. On the 4th of June, the squadron arrived off Charleston. But Governor Rutledge, who was the soul of Southern independence, had already collected six thousand men, who had fortified the city and its neighborhood, and erected a strong fort on Sullivan's Island. Before the appearance of the fleet, this fort, constructed of palmetto logs, had been garrisoned by five hundred chivalric men, under Colonel William Moultrie. Having taken their position on the morning of June 28th, a combined attack was made by land and water, and at an early hour the English vessels were pouring broadsides from heavy

Earl of Stirling, and to whom, in 1621, King James, as sovereign of Scotland, had, under the Scottish seal, granted a charter for the whole territory eastward of the State of Maine, under the title of Nova Scotia or New Scotland.

The officer spoken of above was born in the city of New York, in 1726. Being attached to the patriot cause, he early joined the Continental army, in which he served as an active officer during the Revolutionary War, dying in 1783, at the age of fifty-seven.

guns into the fort. A desperate attempt was also made by Clinton to force a passage across a narrow neck of land which divided Sullivan's from Long Island: but Colonel Thompson's little battery at the east end of Sullivan's Island resisted the movement; and while the balls from the fleet lost themselves when they struck into the palmetto fort, as though they had been shot into a fortress of cotton bales, its cannon worked havoc among the British vessels. During a battle which raged for nearly ten hours, the heroic Moultrie defended the place with so much skill and daring, that the British fleet was compelled to withdraw, and night shut down on the brave defenders still masters of the fort. Only two of the garrison had been killed, and twenty-two wounded, while the slaughter of the enemy had been fearful. In wounded and dead they had lost two hundred and twenty-five men.

Chivalry of Jasper.—One incident of that day is worth relating, not only in honor of the hero of the story, but because it was a fair indication of the spirit of genuine chivalry which the sons of the South displayed all through the Revolution. Hosts of spectators had gathered on the shore to watch the tide of battle. In the deadliest hour of the conflict, suddenly, as the smoke rolled off from the palmetto fortress, the American colors were no longer to be seen. Alarm spread everywhere, and every eye was strained in dread to see the British marines mounting the fortress with the flag of St. George in their hands. A lull for a few moments came over the land and the water; even the British seemed to think the day was won. But just then, a sergeant—Jasper was his name—sprang over the wall, and a moment after had climbed back, and was waving the American standard from the top of the fortress. The flag-staff only had been shot away, and all could see the young American waving the national ensign in defiance.¹

Thus did South Carolina cover herself with glory in the first bloody contest she had to wage against the common foe; and so terrible was the chastisement inflicted, that more than two years passed by, before the torch of war was again lighted by the British beyond the Roanoke. It was an answering shout of victory sent back in response to the thunders of Bunker Hill. From this hour the two extremities of the little, narrow, inhabited belt on the verge of the Atlantic, which began to be known as the Thirteen United Colonies, were transported by a common enthusiasm.

Thomas Paine—the Influence of His Political Writings.—Any account of the progress of public opinion towards the consummation which was reached in the Declaration of Independence, would be far from complete, if one prominent character, yet unmentioned, should be left out of the scenes. Time enough has gone by since the death of Thomas Paine, to enable any

¹ A few days afterwards, Governor Rutledge, took his own sword from his side and presented it to the brave Jasper; he also offered him a lieutenant's commission, which the young man modestly declined, because he could neither read nor write, saying, 'I am not fit to keep officers' company; I am only a sergeant.'

When the British approached for the bombardment,

General Lee advised Moultrie to abandon the fort: but that brave officer would not desert it, and was rewarded with victory. The ladies of Charleston presented his regiment with a pair of elegant colors, and the *slaughter-pen*, as Lee ironically called Fort Sullivan, was named Fort Moultrie.—Lossing's *Hist. of the U. S.*, p. 249.

candid writer to do justice to his character. Very little interest is now felt in his personal history ; nor in a work like this has he any claim for recognition beyond the influence of his political writings on the public mind of America, during the War for Independence. That influence was far greater than the mass of men in our times can readily understand. With the alleged depravity of his tastes and habits in later life, or the bitterness with which he assailed Christianity, and those who, bearing the Christian name, looked upon its Founder as the hope and security of the world, I have nothing to do in this work. The earth has twice closed over the ashes of the so-called reviler and debauchee : but the gratitude of the friends of civil liberty for the great services of its champion, will survive the memory of the odium which may rest upon his religious opinions, or the aspersions which may have been cast on his personal character. That gratitude will fade away, only when the priceless value of self-government shall no longer live among men.

Thomas Paine was born the son of a Quaker staymaker at Thetford, England, in January, 1737. He learned the trade of his father, and followed it for a while ; but his restless spirit doomed him to a restless life. The tempest was his chosen element—the atmosphere of revolution was his native air. He was sent into the world to make trouble for despotism ; and he achieved this so well, it is a matter of less consequence what else he did, or left undone. In his thirty-fourth year, he found himself floating about in the wilderness of London. With no completeness of education, and no great range of reading, he was still a close watcher of political events in every quarter of the world. The growing troubles of the Colonies early attracted his attention, and he seized hold of all the political news from America with the greatest avidity. He sought out Franklin, then the colonial agent in London. With that intuitive perception of character which so distinguished the philosopher, he recommended him to come to America, ‘for there,’ said he, ‘you will find quite enough to do.’ This determined his fortunes ; and at the age of thirty-seven, he sailed for Philadelphia, with a letter from Franklin in his pocket. His first plan was to open a school for the higher education of young ladies. But falling in with Aitkin, a bookseller, it was proposed to start a magazine for which Paine wrote a prospectus, and of which he became editor. His first article of any importance, was a contribution on the subject of Negro Slavery to Bradford’s newspaper. This attracted the attention of Benjamin Rush, then, next to Franklin, the foremost citizen of Pennsylvania.¹ This essay had all the strong marks of Paine’s vigor of thought, and style. ‘I did homage to his principles and his pen,’ wrote Rush. Seeing what he could do, the illus-

¹ Benjamin Rush was one of the most eminent men of his time, as a physician, a man of science, and an active patriot during the whole Revolution. He was born twelve miles from Philadelphia, in 1745. He was educated at Princeton, completed his scientific studies in Edinburgh, and after his return, he soon rose to the highest eminence in his profession. He was the recipient of many honors, and as a member of the Continental Congress, in 1776, he advocated and signed the Declaration of Independence. His labors during the prevalence of yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1793, gave

him the imperishable crown of a true philanthropist. He founded the Philadelphia Dispensary in 1786, and he was also one of the principal founders of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He was president of the American Society for the Abolition of Slavery ; of the Philadelphia Medical Society ; vice-president of the Philadelphia Bible Society ; and one of the vice-presidents of the American Philosophical Society. He died in April, 1813, at the age of almost sixty-eight years.—Lossing’s *Hist. of the U. S.*, p. 250.

trious physician proposed to him to write a work to prepare the American mind for independence. This was towards the close of 1774. After reading the manuscript, he advised the author to show it to Franklin and Samuel Adams, 'since,' said he, 'they hold the same views and principles.'

Franklin approved of it heartily, and it soon appeared as it came from Paine's pen, with only one passage struck out, for some reason which Doctor Rush could not explain;—'since,' he says, 'it was one of the most striking passages in the essay':—'a greater absurdity cannot be conceived of, than three millions of people running to their sea-coast, every time a ship arrives from London, to know what portion of liberty they should enjoy.' It was agreed that the paper would 'help America, and make trouble for England.' 'What shall be the title?' inquired Rush. 'Call it Plain Truth,' answered Paine. 'I think,' said the Doctor, 'I have a better title: why not call it Common Sense?' Thus christened, Robert Bell, 'an intelligent Scotch bookseller and printer in Philadelphia, whom I knew,' said Dr. Rush, 'to be as high toned as Mr. Paine upon the subject of American independence,' and bold enough withal to risk its publication, brought it out. He continues:—'Common Sense burst from the press in a few days with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper in any age or country.'

'This pamphlet of forty octavo pages, holding out relief by proposing INDEPENDENCE to an oppressed and despairing people, was published in January, 1776. Speaking the language which the Colonists had felt, but not thought, its popularity, terrible in its consequences to the parent country, was unexampled in the history of the press.'² At first, involving the Colonists, it was thought, in the crime of rebellion, and pointing to a road leading inevitably to ruin, it was read with indignation and alarm: but when the reader—and everybody read it—recovering from the first shock, reperused it, its arguments nourishing his feelings, and appealing to his pride, reanimated his hopes, and satisfied his understanding, that COMMON SENSE, backed by the resources and force of the Colonies, poor and feeble as they were, could alone rescue them from the unqualified oppression with which they were threatened. The unknown author, in the moments of enthusiasm which succeeded, was hailed as an angel sent from heaven to save from all the horrors of slavery, by his timely, powerful, and unerring counsels, a faithful, but abused, a brave, but a misrepresented people.'³

¹ Alluding to the predominant wishes of the Colonists soon after his arrival, Paine says in the Seventh number of the Crisis:—'I found the disposition of the people such that they might have been led by a thread, and governed by a reed. Their attachment to Britain was obstinate, and it was at that time a kind of treason to speak against it; they disliked the ministry, but they esteemed the nation. Their idea of grievance operated without resentment, and their single object was reconciliation.'

Also in the Crisis number Three:—'Independence was a doctrine scarce and rare, even towards the conclusion of the year 1775. All our politics had been founded on the hope or expectation of making the matter up—a hope which, though general on the side of America, had never entered the head or heart of the British Court.'

² Nothing could be better timed than the performance. In union with the feelings and sentiments

of the people, it produced surprising effects. Many thousands were convinced, and were led to approve and long for a separation from the mother country; though that measure, a few months before, was not only foreign from their wishes, but the object of their abhorrence, the current suddenly became so strong in its favor, that it bore down all before it.—Ramsay's *Revolution*, vol. i. pp. 336-37, London, 1793.

The publications which have appeared have greatly promoted the spirit of independency, but no one so much as the pamphlet, under the signature of Common Sense, written by Mr. Thomas Paine, an Englishman. Nothing could have been better timed than this performance. It has produced most astonishing effects.—Gordon's *Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 78, New York, 1794.

³ *The Life of Thomas Paine*, by James Chet- ham. New York. 1809.

No man of his day wrote with so much power as Thomas Paine. He was the boldest political thinker living. He was a stranger to elegance of diction, which he was indisposed to cultivate. But he thought clearly, and wrote in sound, plain, forcible language. Every sentence was struck off with the strength and heat, and went with the ring of the blacksmith's anvil. From the pen of an Irving, or Chesterfield, those terrible leaves would have fallen upon the popular mind, as gently as the downiest feathers, and as cold as the gauziest snow-flakes. From the heated laboratory of Paine, they struck like the thunderbolts of Jove. The pamphlet set the national heart on fire. The country was ready for it, as the prairie is made ready by a long drought for the first kindling spark. Since the days of Peter the wondrous Hermit, no such words had been uttered in the ears of men. All glory to the man who uttered them.¹ Whatever excesses Paine may have been guilty of in later life, he is universally believed to have indulged in none at this period. Those were the days of a higher inspiration in the soul of the author of COMMON SENSE, and THE CRISIS, than ever springs from the fitful excitement of alcohol.² To state that large editions of Paine's 'Common Sense' followed each other in quick succession from the press, gives us but a faint idea of its circulation. The principal newspapers of the country reprinted the most striking portions; extracts were made in all the correspondence of the times; it was read in every family, in every group, in every assembly, and in the legislatures and conventions of all the Colonies. In fact, it formed the chief subject of conversation and debate for many months together.³

In his 'Rights of Man,' Part Second, advertent to the beginning of his Revolutionary labors in America, Paine says: 'I saw an opportunity in which I thought I could do some good, and I followed exactly what my heart dictated. I neither read books, nor studied other people's opinions.' A more prejudiced or ill-tempered biography could hardly be written than Cheetham's

¹ It reminds us of what Abraham Lincoln said about the hero of Vicksburg, when somebody told him he *drank hard*: 'Won't you then, my dear fellow,' said he, 'tell me what brand he uses, and I will order a supply for every general in the army.'

² After a fruitless search for a printed copy of a grand oration on the 4th July, 1832, at Hartford, by Mr. Gillet, I throw myself on my recollection for one scathing passage on the curse of rum. 'Neither were the dauntless sons of Carthage, under its fitful excitement when they followed the consummate Hannibal over the Alps, routed the enemy on the field of Cannæ, and carried consternation to the gates of the seven-hilled city.'

³ In his *Rise of the Republic*, Mr. Frothingham cites the following extracts from the newspapers of the period:—'New England Chronicle' of March 28th, 1776, copies the appendix to 'Common Sense,' written by Paine, with the following remarks: 'The public in general having read, and (excepting a few timid Whigs and disguised Tories), loudly applauded that truly excellent pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," our readers will doubtless be pierced with the following appendix,' etc. The Boston Gazette, April 29, 1776, has the following: 'Had the spirit of prophecy directed the birth of a publication, it could not have fallen upon a more fortunate period than the time in which "Common Sense" made its appearance. The minds of men are now swallowed up in attention to an object the most unimportant and important that ever yet employed the deliberations of a people.'

New York, March 22. 'A pamphlet entitled "Common Sense" has converted thousands to Independence that could not endure the idea before.—Almon's Remembrancer, vol. iii., page 87. It is stated in the 'New York Gazette,' April 8, that 'the subject of conversation throughout America for these few weeks past hath been excited by a pamphlet called "Common Sense."'

A Philadelphia letter of March 12, says: "'Common Sense" is read to all ranks; and as many as read, so many become converted; though perhaps the hour before were most violent against the least idea of independence.—Almon's Remembrancer, vol. iii., p. 31.'

The 'Pennsylvania Evening Post' of Feb. 13, 1776, contains a letter from Maryland, dated Feb. 6, which says: 'If you know the author of "Common Sense," tell him he has done wonders and worked miracles, made Tories Whigs, and made blackamoors white. He has made a great number of converts here.' The same paper, March 26, contains a letter, dated Charleston, Feb. 14, which says: 'Who is the author of "Common Sense"?' I cannot refrain from adoring him. He deserves a statue of gold.' A letter dated Georgetown, South Carolina, March 17, 1776, says: "'Common Sense' hath made independents of the majority of the country, and Gadsden is as mad with it as he ever was without it.—Proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society, 1869, 1870, 254.—Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic*, pp. 479-480.

'Life of Paine.'¹ But there is something sweet in praise from such a quarter, for it is flavored with the odor which emanates from the extortion of justice. The *CRISIS*, Paine's next work, soon began to come out in numbers. Of the effect of the *first*, Cheetham says:—'Paine now accompanied the army of independence as a sort of itinerant writer, of which his pen was an appendage almost as necessary and formidable as its cannon. Having no property, he fared as the army fared, and at the same expense; but to what mess he was attached I have not been able to learn, although from what I hear and know, it must, I think, though he was sometimes admitted into higher company, have been a subaltern one. When the colonists drooped he revived them with a *CRISIS*.' The first of these numbers he published early in December, 1776. The object of it was good, the method excellent, and the language suited to the depressed spirits of the army, of public bodies, and to private citizens, cheering. WASHINGTON defeated on Long Island, had retreated to New York, and been driven with great loss from Forts Washington and Lee. The gallant little army, overwhelmed with a rapid succession of misfortunes, was dwindling away, and all seemed to be over with the cause, when scarcely a blow had been struck. 'These,' said the *CRISIS*, 'are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph; what we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly!'

'The number was read in the camp to every corporal's guard, and in the army and out of it, had more than the intended effect. The Convention of New York, reduced by dispersion occasioned by alarm, to nine members, was rallied and reanimated. Militiamen who, already tired of the war, were straggling from the army, returned. Hope succeeded despair, cheerfulness to gloom, and firmness to irresolution. To the confidence which it inspired, may be attributed much of the brilliant little affair which in the same month followed at Trenton.'²

The publication of the serial '*Crisis*' continued until April 19th, 1783, when peace had been substantially concluded. During this long period, the seventeen numbers had been issued, each adapted to the exigency as it arose,

¹ Cheetham had been an enthusiastic admirer and disciple of Paine, and a noisy advocate of his political and religious opinions. Vale, who subsequently wrote a fairer life of Paine, overthrows many of his statements, showing that he became the libeller of the author of *Common Sense*, only after he had deserted the cause of Republicanism, and had sold himself out to the British party.

² Immediately after the death of Paine, Cheetham wrote his life in 1809. Cheetham was an Englishman, and had been a zealous disciple of Paine, both in politics and religion; but he had retrograded in politics, and deserted the principles of the democratic party; Paine had attacked him with his accustomed force, and thus converted him into a personal enemy. Mr. Cheetham at this time edited a party paper (the *Citizen*) in New York, and while he was yet smarting under the lash of Paine, heated by party politics, and fired with revenge, like the ass in the fable, he kicked, not indeed

the dying, but the dead lion, by writing the life of his adversary. Cheetham, however, connected this with a scheme of interest; for becoming the deadly enemy of democracy, and losing the support of his old friends (for he was turned out of the Tammany Society), he was preparing to go to Europe, and enlist in support of the Tory government in England, by publishing a paper opposed to Cobbett, who had just come out in opposition to the government; and Cheetham apparently meant this life of Paine as a passport to the British treasury favor; at least, such was the opinion of the intimate friend of Cheetham, Mr. Charles Christian, who gave this relation to Mr. John Fellows and others, whom we have seen, and from whom we have learned this fact. This life of Paine, the only one published in the United States, abounds in calumnies.'—Vale's *Life of Thomas Paine*, p. 4.

³ Cheetham's *Life of Paine*, pp. 55-56.

and each producing the effect designed—some with less, others with greater power. Of this performance Cheetham remarks: ‘He, who, if not the suggester, was the ablest literary advocate of independence, could do no less, when independence was acquired, than salute the nation on the great event. He is not, however, content with proudly reflecting on past, and triumphantly revelling in present circumstances. He still looks forward, still suggests, still advises. He points to the formation of a *national character*—that broad and solid foundation of national safety, happiness, greatness and glory—and sternly recommends an *union of the States*.’

At the close of the war, Washington proposed to Congress to make some permanent provision for Paine; for in addition to his great services as a writer, he had for nearly two years acted as Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and been influential in assisting Laurens, who had been sent on a mission to France, to obtain a loan in 1781. ‘It would be pleasing to me,’ said Washington to a member of the Congress, ‘and perhaps obviate charges of ingratitude, if Congress should place him in a state of ease. I have offered Paine a seat at my own table, but he would doubtless prefer something more independent.’¹ The following resolution was ultimately passed:—‘*Resolved*, That the early, unsolicited, and continued labors of Mr. Thomas Paine, in explaining and enforcing the principles of the late Revolution, by ingenious and timely publications upon the nature of liberty and civil government, have been well received by the citizens of these States, and merit the approbation of Congress; and that in consideration of these services and the benefits produced thereby, Mr. Paine is entitled to a liberal gratification from the United States.’ The sum of three thousand dollars was thus presented to him. The Legislature of Pennsylvania voted him five hundred pounds. But New York, in a more munificent spirit, gave him the confiscated estate of Frederick Davoe, an obnoxious Tory. This beautiful estate of upwards of three hundred acres, in high cultivation, with a fine, spacious, stone mansion of one hundred and twenty feet in length, and corresponding outbuildings, lying at New Rochelle, in the County of Westchester, was a fitting home for the greatest of all democratic writers.

¹ Washington’s Invitation to Paine.

Rocky Hill, Sept. 10, 1783.

‘I have learned, since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement, or economy, I know not. Be it for either, for both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you at it.

‘Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself, Your sincere friend, G. WASHINGTON.’—*Vale’s Life of Thos. Paine*, p. 70.

SECOND PERIOD.

1776—1815.

CONSOLIDATION AND STATESMANSHIP.

FROM THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, TO THE
CLOSE OF THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.

SECTION FIRST.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE hour had at last come for the final step to be taken, which was to rend forever the Thirteen Colonies from the throne of Great Britain. Scarcely three months had passed since the English troops had been driven out of Boston, and the shadow of great war was spreading over the whole country. Nearly every provincial Assembly had spoken in favor of Independence. But still the Colonial Congress hesitated on the verge of the abyss which a single act would lay open at their feet, while the nation itself seemed ready for the last decisive movement.

For many days a feeling of dread had been coming over the minds of the delegates. A murky gloom pervaded the Hall where their deliberations were held. Richard Henry Lee had already displayed the high qualities of a statesman, and his soul glowed with patriotic fervor. He rose in his place, and in the rich tones which gave so magical a charm to his eloquence, read in a clear deliberate voice, the great Resolution which so far transcended the action of Congress on the 10th of May, recommending the establishment of independent State governments in all the Colonies, that it was rather the expression of the popular will of the country—could it have been heard that day—than the will of Congress itself. It embraced the three great subjects—a Declaration of Independence, a Confederation of the States, and Treaties with Foreign Powers—and was in the following words:—‘That the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved.

‘That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.



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‘That the plan of Confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective Colonies, for their consideration and approbation.’

Mr. Lee’s biographer, says tradition relates that he prefaced his motion with a speech, portraying the resources of the Colonies, and their capacity for defence, dwelling especially on the bearing which an independent position might have on foreign powers, and concluded by urging the members so to act, that the day might give birth to an American Republic.

It was known that Mr. Lee was to introduce the great Resolution, and it was equally well known that, if pressed at the time, it would divide the House. Only a few of the more dauntless spirits, even in that brave Assembly, were prepared for so irrevocable a Declaration. The question was brought home to every delegate. Every man there knew that in voting for it, he was deliberately putting the halter round his own neck. One movement further, and he had leaped the gulf, and found himself *beyond* the line of high treason—a proclaimed outlaw, with a price on his head. Any man might kill him—the God of Heaven alone having the power to put a mark upon his brow that would exempt him from slaughter.

John Adams seconded Lee’s motion; but we learn from the Journal of Congress, that the Resolution was postponed till the next morning, and the members were enjoined to attend punctually at 10 o’clock, in order to take the same into consideration.

Promptly at the hour, the House met, when Lee’s Resolution was referred to a committee of the whole. Benjamin Harrison, the future Governor of Virginia, took the chair. Then commenced that great debate of which we know so little, except the result. It lasted till seven o’clock in the evening, when Hancock resumed the chair and announced, that as the committee had come to no decision, they had directed him to ask leave to sit again on Monday, June 10th, and the motion to adjourn over Sunday was carried.

For two days longer, the Resolution was debated with all the vehemence and power which could be brought for its defence on the one side, against everything that could be said on the other. The page of no history yet written, or that ever can be written, will give more than a faint idea of this gigantic and desperate struggle; for it is not known, after a careful search of a century, that a single speech then delivered is now in existence.¹ In the Preface of the Memoir, Correspondence and Miscellanies from the Papers of Thomas Jefferson, it is declared, that this is the first disclosure to the world of these debates. We are told at the time Jefferson summed up the arguments for and against the Resolution urged by the speakers during both days—that on the one side, James Wilson, Robert R. Livingston, Edward Rutledge, John Dickinson, declared themselves in favor of the measures, but objected to their adoption at the time because there would be a lack of unanimity; and pleading for a delay of three weeks, they announced that by that time,

¹ The elaborate speech of JOHN DICKINSON, of Pennsylvania, in favor of delaying the DECLARATION, before the Congress for discussion on its final passage, he preserved and caused it afterwards to be published.

they believed the Middle Colonies, which were not then ripe for the measure, would be prepared for it. They were answered with irresistible logic by John Adams, Richard Henry Lee, and George Wythe, who were the most powerful orators in the body. John Adams defended the measure as having in view 'objects of the most stupendous magnitude, in which the lives and liberties of millions yet unborn were intimately interested.'

Congress sat with closed doors, and when they were thrown open at the close of each sitting, and that band of men came forth, eye-witnesses described the scene as one of the most imposing solemnity. They walked to their lodgings, some of them with bowed heads, but others with the steadiness of firmly strung nerves indicating the fearful earnestness of their determination. The latter class grew more numerous day by day. Far into the night hours they assembled in knots in each other's dwellings, when old and worn-out arguments were once more brought up to be shivered by the fiery blows of John Adams, or dissolved by the irresistible charm of Lee's persuasion. But the ice was melting from the foot of the glacier, and on the fourth day from the time Lee's Resolution was read, the great Committee whose names were forever to be associated with the grandest act this continent has witnessed, was appointed: Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, John Adams, of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston, of New York. They were instructed to draw up a Declaration in the spirit of Lee's Resolution which was still before the House, and bring in their report at a future day, whenever that Resolution should be brought up. Had not the framer of the Resolution been summoned, to what he feared was the dying-bed of his wife, he would have been appointed chairman of the Committee, and become the author of the Declaration. But fortune had reserved that glory for Thomas Jefferson, on whom the choice by common consent fell.

Jefferson thus sums up the result:—'It appearing in the course of these debates, that the Colonies of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and South Carolina were not yet matured for falling from the parent stem, but that they were fast advancing to that state, it was thought prudent to wait a while for them.'

To secure unanimity, a postponement of the Resolution of Independence was agreed to till the first day of July. Two days later, June 12th, a Committee of one delegate from each Colony was appointed to report the form of a Confederation, and another Committee of five delegates, was chosen to prepare a Plan of Treaties to be proposed to Foreign Powers.¹

¹ On the preceding Sunday, June 9th, John Adams wrote to his wife:—'How many calamities might have been avoided if these measures had been taken twelve months ago, or even no longer ago than last December,' and further:—'In the choice of their rulers, capacity, spirit, zeal in the cause supply the place of fortune, family, and every other consideration which used to have weight with mankind. My friend Archibald Bullock, Esq., is Governor of Georgia; John Rutledge, Esq., is Governor of Virginia; Dr. Frank-

lin will be Governor of Pennsylvania. The new members of this city are all in this taste, chosen because of their inflexible zeal for independence. All the old members left out, because they opposed independence, or at least were lukewarm about it:—Dickinson, Morris, Allen, all fallen like grass before the scythe, notwithstanding all their vast advantages in point of fortune, family, and abilities. I am inclined to think, however, and to wish that these gentlemen may be restored at a fresh election, because, although mistaken in some

The Three Weeks of Suspense Preceding the Declaration.—The history of those three weeks while the nation was waiting for that fourth of July to come, witnessed clouds of peril and disaster closing around thicker than ever. From the North, news came that the fragments of the Arnold and Montgomery expeditions were being driven out of Canada. Admiral Howe with his fleet, and General Howe with his army, composed of regulars, Hessians, Hanoverians, Tories and Indians, were ‘plundering and murdering, while the king was amusing a distressed people with the sound of Commissioners crying peace when there was no peace.’¹

Loyalists were arming all through Delaware, New Jersey, and New York. ‘Anxiety and apprehension invaded every breast. Every popular assembly, every religious congregation, every scene of social intercourse, or of domestic privacy and retirement, was a scene of deliberation on the public calamity and the impending danger.’²

The Commander-in-Chief was without money, or sufficient military supplies. The Colonies were in political chaos; and to give any conception to men now living, of the awful suspense that hung over the nation during those long three weeks which intervened between the appointment of the Committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, and its final adoption, is an utter impossibility. But twelve of the United Colonies—as they now called themselves—had authorized their representatives to unite in making the Declaration, for as Judge Drayton said from the bench of Charleston, in a charge the 15th of the following October: ‘Such a declaration was of right to be made only by the General Congress, because the united voice and strength of America were necessary to give a desirable credit and prospect of stability to a declared state of total separation from Great Britain. A decree has now gone forth, not to be recalled; and thus has suddenly risen in the world, a new empire, styled the United States of America.’³

The Morning of the Fourth of July, 1776.—It broke in all the splendor of midsummer, and the day closed more gloriously, for at sunset the great bell on the Hall of Independence was to ring out its peals as gladly as if hailing a festival of victory, instead of proclaiming a crusade of struggle and blood. And well it might, for the day was full of the inspirations of hope; its founders had cast on the bell itself an inscription which bade it ‘*Proclaim Liberty throughout the Land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*’⁴ The Congress had met at ten o’clock, and after the usual preliminaries, proceeded to the order of the day.

points, they are good characters, and their great wealth and numerous connections will contribute to strengthen America and cement her union.’ In another letter of the day after, printed in the ‘Life and Works of John Adams,’ vol. ix., page 391, he says:—‘Objects of the most stupendous magnitude and measures in which the lives and fortunes of the millions yet unborn are intimately connected, are now before us. We are in the midst of a revolution, the most complete, unexpected and remarkable of any in the history of nations.’

¹ *Conn. Courant*, June 17, 1776.

² Tucker’s *Blackstone*, vol. i., part x., p. 84.

³ *American Remembrancer*, vol. v., p. 327.

⁴ When the debates were ended, and the result was announced, on the 4th of July, 1776, the iron tongue of that very bell first ‘proclaimed liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof,’ by ringing out the joyful announcement, for more than two hours, its glorious melody floating clear and musical as the voice of an angel above the discordant chorus of booming cannon, the roll of drums, and the mingled acclamations of the people.—Lossing’s *Field-Book of the Revolution*, vol. ii., pp. 66–67.

Some new members of Congress were present for the first time; among them Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, who was so importunate in his demand for the question to be further discussed, that the House exclaimed, 'Let the gentleman be gratified,' and now we have a gleam of light on those proceedings. In a letter to Mrs. Mercy Warren, dated Quincy, 1807, published by Frothingham in his 'Rise of the Republic,' for the first time, Mr. Adams says:—"All was silence; no one would speak; all eyes were turned upon me: Mr. Edward Rutledge came to me and said laughing:—"Nobody will speak but you upon this subject; you have all the topics so ready, you must satisfy the gentleman from New Jersey.'" He further adds that: "Somewhat confused at this personal appeal, I rose and began. This is the first time in my life, when I seriously wished for the genius and eloquence of the celebrated orators of Athens and Rome, called in this unexpected and unprepared manner to exhibit all the arguments in favor of a measure, the most important in my judgment that had ever been discussed in civil or political society. I had no art or oratory to exhibit, and could produce nothing but simple reason and plain common sense. I felt myself oppressed by the weight of the subject; and I believe if Demosthenes or Cicero had ever been called to deliberate on so great a question, neither would have relied on his own talents without a supplication to Minerva, and a sacrifice to Mercury, or the god of Eloquence." Mr. Adams adds, that when the Abbé Raynal afterwards requested him to furnish him with any speeches he had published or delivered, he assured the Abbé that he had never published or written a speech in his life made in any public assembly. That he did not wish that any one he had ever delivered should be preserved in form, excepting the one made upon the question of Independence; but of even that speech he had no minutes himself of what he said, and that no part of it had ever been published.¹

¹ In a letter of Daniel Webster, to be found in Curtis' Life, vol. ii., page 295, dated Jan. 27, 1846, the great statesman says: "So far as I know there is not existing in print or manuscript, the speech or any part or fragment of a speech, delivered by Mr. Adams, on the Declaration of Independence." True, the contrary impression is quite prevalent, and most young gentlemen suppose, that when they are declaiming the eloquent words of Daniel Webster, in his discourse at Faneuil Hall, on the second of August, 1826, in commemoration of the life and services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, they are actually uttering the speech which John Adams delivered when he was pleading for the adoption of the Declaration. But Mr. Webster premises his own burning words by saying: 'It was for Mr. Adams, to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character; he would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and

blinded to her own interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment, and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill, and all? Do we mean to submit and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him

In 1755 I took a decided part against France and Greek
Bereain too; thoroughly disgusted with ^{their} cruelty. Her Ignorance, the
Conardice or Treachery of her Conduct of the War against Canada;
This Indignation was much increased by her degrading Treatment
of our Troops through the whole War.

In 1760 and 1761, upon the first Appearance of the Design
of Great Britain to deprive Us of our Liberties by appointing the
Sovereign Authority of Parliament over Us, I took a decided Part
against her, and have persevered for Fifty five Years in opposing
and resisting to ^{the} almost of my power. every Instance of her Injustice,
and arbitrary Power, towards Us, I am Sir with much respect

Your humble Servant
John Adams

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM JOHN ADAMS.

(From "A Piece of Autobiography," by John Adams, written in 1815.)

Jefferson had been requested to prepare the first draft, and when he presented it to Adams and Franklin, it was his own work: neither the order nor the substance of it was impaired by the few alterations they made.¹

Final Adoption of the Declaration.—The question before the House was on the adoption of the paper which lay upon the table, with the alterations, and finally, as the sun was about setting, and the question, ‘Shall the Decla-

in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised or to be raised for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

‘The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why, then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a National War? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory.

‘If we fail it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them will carry us, and will carry themselves gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found, I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage: Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send

it to the public halls, proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy’s cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

‘Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day’s business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so, be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

‘But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment: Independence *now* and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.’

¹ The Declaration having been reported to Congress by the committee, the resolution itself was taken up and debated on the first day of July, and again on the second, on which last day it was agreed to and adopted.

Having thus passed the main Resolution, Congress proceeded to consider the reported draught of the Declaration. It was discussed on the second, and third, and fourth days of the month in committee of the whole; and on the last of those days, being reported from that committee, it received the final approbation and sanction of Congress. It was ordered at the same time that copies be sent to the several States, and that it be proclaimed at the head of the army. The Declaration thus published did not bear the names of the members, for as yet it had not been signed by them. It was authenticated, like other papers of the Congress, by the signatures of the President and Secretary. On the 10th of July, as appears by the secret journal, Congress *Resolved*, That the declaration passed on the fourth, be fairly engrossed on parchment, with the title and style of ‘THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE

ration now pass?' was put by the President, the clear, firm *aye* rose as one voice. The Secretary laid the greatest State paper in the history of human government, upon the desk of the President, and it received the bold, eternal autograph of John Hancock.

The Declaration went forth authenticated by John Hancock, as President, and Charles Thompson, as Secretary. It had received the vote of every Colony except New York, its delegates not having the authority at that moment to act. But in the new Convention of that State on the 9th of July it was referred to a committee of which John Jay was chairman, and this committee without delay, reported resolutions pronouncing the reasoning of the Declaration cogent and conclusive, and that the convention were resolved 'to support it with their fortunes and their lives.' It was adopted, and declared to be the act of the representatives of the State of New York; and thus the Declaration became the act of *all* the United Colonies.

From the Journals of the Congress, we learn that on the 19th of July, it was resolved: "That the Declaration passed on the Fourth be fairly engrossed on parchment with the title and style of 'The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America,' and that the same when engrossed, be signed by every member of Congress." The record of the second day of August, says: 'The Declaration being engrossed, and compared at the table, was signed by the members.'¹

How the Declaration was Received by the Army and the State Assemblies.—It was at once officially proclaimed, and by the fleetest couriers it was carried

THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA; and that the same, when engrossed, be signed by every member of Congress.' And on the SECOND DAY OF AUGUST following, 'the Declaration, being engrossed and compared at the table, was signed by the members. So that it happens, fellow-citizens, that we pay these honors to their memory on the anniversary of that day (2d of August) on which these great men actually signed their names to the Declaration. The Declaration was thus made, that is, it passed and was adopted as an act of Congress on the fourth of July: it was then signed and certified by the President and Secretary, like other acts. The FOURTH OF JULY, therefore, is the ANNIVERSARY OF THE DECLARATION. But the signatures of the members present were made to it, being then engrossed on parchment, on the second day of August. Absent members afterwards signed as they came in; and, indeed, it bears the names of some who were not chosen members of Congress until after the fourth of July. The interest belonging to the subject will be sufficient, I hope, to justify these details.'—*Discourse in Commemoration of the Lives and Services of Adams and Jefferson, by Daniel Webster.*

In speaking of the changes that were debated and made in the phraseology, allegations, and principles of the Declaration he had drawn up, and which was subjected to such severe scrutiny, Jefferson relates in his 'Memoirs,' vol. i., page 15:—'The pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with haunted the minds of many. For this reason those passages which conveyed censure on the people of England were struck out, lest they should give them offence. The clause, too, reproaching the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa was struck out in complacency to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, wished to continue it. Our Northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender un-

der those censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others.'

Mr. Frothingham characterizes these alterations thus:—'The striking out of the passage, declaring the slave-trade piratical warfare against human nature itself was deeply regretted by many of that generation. Other alterations were for the better, making the paper more dispassionate and terse, and—what was no small improvement—more brief and exact.'

¹This manuscript is preserved in the office of the Secretary of State. In the proposals to print an engraving of it with facsimiles of the signers, dated March, 1816, it was said that there was no authentic copy of it in print. This splendid engraving was published in November, 1819. A *facsimile* of the engrossed copy is in the Fifth Series of Force's Archives, vol. i., page 595.

The statements relative to the signing of the Declaration are conflicting. Jefferson states that it was signed generally on the fourth (Memoirs, vol. i., page 94). And he in another place reiterates this statement. 'But this manuscript is not known to be extant' (Randall's Jefferson, vol. i., page 71).

John Adams on the 9th of July (Works, vol. ix., page 417) says: 'As soon as an American Seal is prepared, I conjecture the Declaration will be superscribed by all the members.'

Thomas McKean, in a letter dated June 15, 1817, (Niles' Register, vol. xii., page 120) says: 'Probably copies with the names then signed to it, were printed in August, 1776. One of the signers, Thornton, was not a member until November 4th, but the list was otherwise incorrect. The early lists in law books and other works omitted the name of McKean, which is not in the list printed by Ramsey, 1789 (vol. i., page 346), nor in the Journals of Congress, published by authority by Folwell in 1800 (vol. ii., p. 232).'



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE READ TO THE ARMY.

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UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

to the most distant Colonies. In an appropriate and eloquent letter, the President communicated it to the Commander-in-Chief, to be read at the head of the army. Five days after it was passed, Washington in a General Order said:—‘The General hopes this important event will serve as an incentive to every officer and soldier, to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend—under God—solely on the success of our arms; and that he is now in the service of a State possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit, and advance him to the highest honors of a free country.’ At six o’clock that evening, the Declaration itself was read at the head of each brigade, and every soldier had a copy for himself. In his reply to the President, Washington said:—‘The expressions and behavior of officers and men testify their warmest approbation.’ From Ticonderoga, our northernmost military post, they wrote back:—‘The language of every man’s countenance here is, ‘Now we are a free people, and have a name among the States of the world.’”

From the State Assemblies, and from every Legislature and Convention in every State, as fast as they could come, responses were received, all animated by the same fervid and patriotic spirit—all containing assurances of their determination at every hazard, with their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to sustain the Declaration. The South Carolina Assembly said: ‘We receive the news with the most unspeakable satisfaction; and we are determined at every hazard, to endeavor to maintain it, so that after we have departed, our children and their latest posterity may have cause to bless our memory.’ The Maryland Assembly: ‘Would maintain the freedom and independence of the United States, with their lives and fortunes.’ North Carolina would stand by, ‘under the sanction of virtue, honor, and the sacred love of liberty and their country.’ The Pennsylvania Convention would maintain it, ‘in behalf of themselves, their constituents, and before God and the world.’ And thus the United Colonies, one and all, took their station—a leagued, confederate, blended, single Nation—THE UNITED STATES.

Fifty-six years later, in President Jackson’s Proclamation against nullification in South Carolina, he recalled the feeling and the fact, in those unmistakable words: ‘That decisive and important step, Independence, was taken jointly. We declared ourselves a nation by a joint, not by several acts.’

By the People.—Acclamations of joy and thanksgiving went up from every part of the country where the news of the Declaration travelled. Hearty responses were echoed from every deliberative assembly, every convention, and every public gathering; from every workshop of labor, and every field of toil; across every valley, and from every mountain-side; from every college and district school-house, and from every altar of prayer. Statues of bronze, and lead, and marble, and granite, which had been inaugurated to kings, were torn from their pedestals, and shivered to atoms, or melted down into bullets or cannon; and the name of George III. was suppressed in public prayers. Emblems of royalty, crowns, lions, and sceptres, were swept away like chaff;

and in their places perched the bald-headed American Eagle, winged in a constellation of thirteen stars, with the stripes of white and red, which, being adopted now as the national standard waved over the *Thirteen Independent Colonies*.

Wrote Samuel Adams: 'Was there ever a revolution brought about, especially one so important as this, without great internal discords and violent convulsions? The people, I am told, recognize the Revolution as though it were a decree from heaven.' 'This,' wrote John Adams on the day before the adoption of the Declaration, 'will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God.' On the sixth of July, Colonel Haslett, commanding the Continental troops in Delaware, wrote to Cæsar Rodney:—'I congratulate you on the important day which restores to every American his birthright; a day which every free-man will record with gratitude, and the millions of posterity will read with rapture.' As a sample of the united voice of a free press, the *Continental Journal*, of Boston, July 18, said:—'The 4th instant was rendered remarkable by the most important event that ever happened to the American Colonies; an event which will doubtless be celebrated through a long succession of future ages by anniversary commemorations.' James Madison termed the Declaration 'The fundamental act of union—the embodiment of the public will as a source of authority, whenever it is the will of the people composing one nation.' Thus had the already matured sentiment of nationality given its expression in a concentrated and enduring form—the founders of the Republic named it the Birth of the Nation.

How the Declaration was Received by Mankind.—Sismondi, in his History of the French, said: 'The Declaration had an immense effect. . . The cause was so noble, and the effort was so grand, that there was not a doubt, not a hesitation, in the sentiment of the entire world; and the governments and rulers of states would seek glory by thinking like the people.' Buckle, the most advanced of all the historians of Civilization, records his sympathies with 'the great people who gloriously obtained their independence. Their Declaration ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace.'

On the eye of every outwatcher for the dawning of a better day for the human race, standing on the grave of the buried liberties of Europe, the light of the rising Republic of the West shone like a new star that had just taken its place in an old constellation. Statesmen contemplated the spectacle with amazement, and wondered—the wisest of them—not what they should do with the earthquake, but what the earthquake would do with them; while in the ears of the multitude, wearied with their burdens, and worn in their hopes, the news sounded like a fresh Evangel. 'That is the work of the great Franklin!' exclaimed Volta, his correspondent. 'Now may the multitude

hope, if crowns begin to fall from the heads of tyrants,' exclaimed that hearty hater of despotism, Vittorio Alfieri; while the young Lafayette, with a sword by his side ready to be drawn in the cause of liberty before he had yet reached man's estate, in a transport of enthusiasm exclaimed:—'I will yet live to fight by the side of George Washington.' America was to become the teacher of mankind in a new system of political rights, and in the Declaration of Independence she had given her first lesson. 'America,' says Rotteck, the German historian, 'in the Declaration of Independence planted herself between magnificence and ruin.' Walter Savage Landor, with a heart throbbing with love to all mankind, paid this willing tribute: 'America was never so great as on the day she declared her independence.' Our schoolboys all remember the words of Phillips, the fiery Irish orator. He gave none too warm an expression to the gratitude and love of the green island for the land which was to prove 'the home of her emigrant, the asylum of her oppressed.'

Without carefully tracing the records of European thought at that period, as scattered through her political literature, little idea can be gained of the effect which the news of the Declaration produced upon foreign nations. It is even yet premature to form any adequate conception of its ultimate influence on the fortunes of the race. It began at once to revolutionize the world. But a few years passed before France was on fire, and all Europe in convulsions.¹ Nor from that day to this, has the wearied arm of injured man been lifted to level on the breast of his spoiler one more blow, whose inspiration did not spring from the Declaration of Independence: and, through all time to come, every such blow will be coupled with an invocation of that Eternal Charter.

How our Enemies Received the News.—Poor George III. was thrown into transports of rage. Forgetting the wonted stolidity of his character, he gave way to paroxysms of anger and hate. Rebels and traitors were epithets which no longer met the case; he branded the Signers of the Declaration with still harder names, and the brand was malignantly held on the forehead of America, till the crazed brain of the poor old monarch, with the lying lips of his bigoted worshippers, had alike rotted in the grave. But among the whole human race, these blasphemers of Liberty stood alone.

Personal Accusations against the King of England.—It was alleged at the time, that the language of the Declaration was characterized by unworthy personalities against the ruler of a great State:—that the sovereign of a constitutional monarchy should not have been held responsible for the acts of a free Parliament. Mr. Webster, in his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, set this matter in the proper light. He drew a clear distinction, which every Amer-

¹ The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with a fearful celerity, till at length like the chariot wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.—Webster on Washington.

ican should understand and remember, between the allegiance by which the Colonies held themselves bound to the king, and any and all obligations of obedience to Parliament. They disclaimed the authority of Parliament altogether. 'The tie,' he says, 'which our Revolution was to break, did not subsist between us and the British Parliament, or between us and the British Government in the aggregate, but directly between us and the king himself. They had uniformly denied that Parliament had authority to make laws for them. There was, therefore, no subjection to Parliament to be thrown off. Parliament is not so much as mentioned in the whole instrument. Hence, there was this clear and obvious necessity of founding the Declaration on the misconduct of the king himself; and this gives to that instrument its personal application, and its character of direct and pointed accusation.'¹

An American Party in Great Britain, and on the Continent.—The act of Declaration was, however, applauded by the enlightened and liberal portion of the British nation; and, from that day to this, the noblest Englishmen have been proud to rank themselves among the friends of America. As had been clearly predicted also, by the most sagacious members of the Continental Congress, that final announcing ourselves as a nation, commanded the respect of every cabinet on the Continent of Europe, and opened the way for diplomatic intercourse, and confidential and public negotiations with France, Holland, and other States. They soon afterwards saw their way to aid the American cause; and at a not late period, to recognize our independence.

How was the Declaration to be Made Good?—This was the next great question before the nation. The Declaration itself announced the American Theory in words, 'the memory of which,' said Buckle, 'can never die.' The existence of a new political sovereignty *de jure*, implied the necessity of establishing it *de facto*. In this manner only, by the usages of international law, could the new Power claim admission into the society of nations. In a letter to James Warren, Samuel Adams had said in the preceding April:—'The child Independence is now struggling for birth: I trust in a short time it will be brought forth; and in spite of Pharaoh, all America will hail the dignified stranger.' It did; events alone were to determine if it was to be thus hailed by mankind.

Resources for Achieving Independence.—They should be considered in the following order:

TERRITORY:—In 1783, the area of the United States was estimated at 820,680 square miles. In 1854, at 2,936,166. In 1868, at about 3,466,000. The following are the statistics:—

¹ In Jefferson's draught of the Declaration of Independence had inserted these words:—'That in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league and amity with them; but that

submission to their Parliament was no part of our Constitution, not even in idea;—Congress would not go so far as to recognize the existence of the British Parliament, and therefore the passage was struck out.

	SQUARE MILES
Original limits of the Thirteen States.....	820,680
Louisiana, purchased of France in 1803, for \$15,000,000.....	899,579
Florida, purchased of Spain in 1809, for \$3,000,000.....	66,900
Territory, confirmed by the Oregon Treaty in 1842, and 1846.....	308,052
Texas, annexed in 1846 (Texas debt), \$7,500,000.....	318,000
New Mexico and California in 1847 (cost of the war), \$15,000,000....	522,955
Arizona, purchased of Mexico in 1854, for \$10,000,000.....	30,000
Alaska, purchased of Russia in 1867, for \$7,200,000.....	500,000
	3,466,166

Of that portion of the territory of North America, which lies between the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic coast then occupied by the Thirteen Colonies, Frothingham says: 'This region, of a mean breadth of about one hundred miles, and nine hundred miles in length, is characterized as a long ridge of rock and sand, presenting obstacles, rather than offering temptations, to the husbandman. It had, however, no wastes like the deserts of Africa, and no impassable barriers between the north and the south; while parts of it were enriched by nature with the most luxuriant fruitfulness of the torrid zone. Its coasts were admirably adapted to foster the growth of a commercial marine; and its long, wide, and deep rivers invited inter-communication.' To the rear of this region was the valley of the Mississippi which De Tocqueville declares in his 'Democracy in America,' to be, 'the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode;' while the whole continent seemed to be fashioned by providence for the uses of a great nation.' Writing to Lord Kames in 1776, Franklin said: 'America, an immense territory, favored by nature with all advantages of climate, soils, great navigable rivers, lakes, etc., must become a great country, populous and mighty.' In No. 2 of the *Federalist*, written by John Jay 'to the people of the State of New York,' printed in 1787, in speaking of 'independent America as one connected, fertile, wide-spreading country, blest with a variety of soils, and productions, and watered with innumerable streams for the delight and accommodation of its inhabitants,' he says 'it appears as if it was the design of Providence that an inheritance so proper and convenient for a band of brethren united to each other by the strongest ties, should never be split into a number of unsocial, jealous and alien sovereignties.'

Agriculture.—It was in its infancy. Little more was produced from the soil than the necessities of the people required. All the implements of tillage were of primitive simplicity, and the labor put forth upon the land was mainly by sheer brute force. For agricultural reliances this much only was certain—that when the fields were not 'trampled by the hoof of war,' there

¹ In the second volume of Webster's Works, page 607, he cites as of authority the following facts from Gallagher's address before the Ohio Historical Society:—"Prior to the year 1800, eight or ten keel boats of about twenty-five tons each, performed all the carrying

trade between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. The first government vessel appeared on Lake Erie in 1802; the first steamboat was launched at Pittsburg in 1811; the first on Lake Michigan in 1826; and they first appeared at Chicago in 1832.

would be always a prospect of enough food for the people, no matter how many of its men were sent to fight its battles, nor how many years the war might last. This general statement must suffice, till we reach the close of the Revolution, when it will be necessary to look more carefully into the methods and extent of agriculture, and how its products were increased.

Population.—Until the year 1790, when the first census of the population of the United States was taken, there were no means of ascertaining their exact number. The estimates differ widely, ranging at the beginning of the Revolution, from two millions and a quarter, as high as three millions and twenty-six thousand, the latter being the estimate of Congress. It is believed, however, that the estimate was too large, and that this number could not have been reached before the Declaration of Independence. I am inclined to regard the calculation of Professor Tucker, in his History of the United States, volume i., page 96, as being the most reliable yet made. At the date of the opening of the Revolution, he makes the following apportionment, which doubtless gives the relative importance of the Colonies as satisfactorily as we are ever likely to obtain :

Massachusetts.....	360,000
New Hampshire.....	80,000
Connecticut.....	200,000
Rhode Island.....	50,000
New York.....	180,000
New Jersey.....	130,000
Pennsylvania.....	300,000
Delaware.....	40,000
Maryland.....	220,000
Virginia.....	560,000
North Carolina.....	260,000
South Carolina.....	180,000
Georgia.....	30,000
	2,590,000

In this case, however, the resources of the country should not be measured by the ordinary standard as to population. It will give a better idea, if we show the pro rata of *men* furnished for the Revolutionary armies drawn from the whole body of the people. When in 1790, in the first Congress under the Constitution, a call was made for the number of men furnished for the war by each State, and the number of the militia, the answer from the War Department, then under the charge of General Knox, gave the following table, which is copied from the first volume of *American Archives* :

Statement of the number of troops and militia furnished by the several States, for the support of the Revolutionary war, from 1775 to 1783, inclusive.

	Number of continental troops.	Number of militia.	Total militia and continental troops.	Conjectural estimate of militia.
NORTHERN STATES.				
New Hampshire.....	12,496	2,093	14,598	7,300
Massachusetts.....	67,937	15,155	83,092	9,500
Rhode Island.....	5,908	4,284	10,192	1,500
Connecticut.....	32,039	7,792	39,831	3,000
New York.....	17,781	3,312	21,093	8,750
Pennsylvania.....	25,608	7,357	32,965	2,000
New Jersey.....	10,727	6,055	16,782	2,500
Total.....	172,496	46,048	218,553	30,950
SOUTHERN STATES.				
Delaware.....	2,387	376	2,763	1,000
Maryland.....	13,912	5,464	19,376	4,000
Virginia.....	26,672	4,163	30,835	21,880
North Carolina.....	7,263	2,716	9,969	12,000
South Carolina.....	5,508	—	5,508	28,000
Georgia.....	2,679	—	2,679	9,930
Total.....	58,421	12,719	71,130	76,810

It should be understood that, at this time, there was but little difference in numbers between the population of the Southern States and that of the Northern States. By the census of 1790, the Southern had a population of 1,956,354; the Northern had a population of 1,968,455. But, notwithstanding this comparative equality of population in the two sections, the North furnished vastly more men than the South.

Of continental troops, the Southern States furnished 58,421; the Northern furnished 172,496; making about three men furnished to the continental army by the Northern States, to one from the Southern.

But these figures, surprising as they are, would not alone account for the great results achieved during the War for Independence. For this, we must look at the character of the men whose qualifications were so peculiarly adapted to the hard services they performed. In some respects, they differed from the great body of armies ordinarily serving in campaigns.

First.—The rank and file was made up of primitive men, and mostly in the full vigor of manhood; for as a rule, the youth of the country staid at home to go to school, or work in the shops, or on the farms. They had not only been enervated by no luxury, but they had been inured to health, and continuous labor, and by consent of the military men of the Revolution, both American and foreign officers, they were unequalled by the troops of any nation, in their ability to endure exposure, privation, and fatigue. With scarcely an exception, they had been accustomed from boyhood to the use of firearms. The rifle has always been the toy of the American boy, and in

subduing the continent, it has been the chief reliance of the pioneer settler.

Second :—Intelligence. What is popularly called ignorance, was unknown from the earliest life of the Colonies ; and just so far as intelligence, linked with independent thinking, and the ingenuity which is begotten by necessity for economy and improvised contrivances, with habits of reliance on self-judgment, make men useful and strong, just in that proportion did the American soldiers surpass in efficiency those brought against them.

Third :—Devotion to country. To be patriotic was the habit of men in those days ; to be true to the flag was the law—to betray it,—the cases were too rare to mention. The records of the Revolution are filled with instances of devotion to the cause of Independence, which, however admirable, became too common to be distinguished. When men went into that war, they made up their minds to win or lose *all* ; hence there was no half-way work. Every man put his whole strength into the work of every day. There was deliberation in council, but there was no slow acting. When an officer was asked for a man to perform some special service, he was at a loss whom to choose amongst so many. It grew into a proverb when some man of special qualities was called for, 'Take the first man you lay your hands on.'¹ From the highest to the lowest, they all had a common interest—everything was at stake for every man. It is evident enough that few armies have been made up of such material. As fast as European officers became acquainted with these characteristics, just as fast did the words fall from their mouth : 'Such men can never be conquered.'

These were about all the resources the Americans had to carry on the war for the first two or three years. The Colonies were poor. There was no money ; there was no machinery for manufacturing firearms, or other munitions of war. The raw material was obtained only by the hardest, and almost everything had to be done 'by hand.' As for credit, it scarcely occurred to anybody to ask it. Some of the Colonies, especially Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York, had indeed built up a considerable commerce with the West Indies, and other foreign countries ; and the hardy mariners of New England were cultivating the fisheries of Newfoundland, and even chasing the whale of the Northern Ocean. But hereafter, any American vessel which ventured to sea, could expect to escape capture only by fast sailing, or cutting her way against odds. The whole Atlantic seaboard was blockaded. No help could for a long time be looked for from abroad, and nothing was left but for the brave Colonists who had defied the mightiest empire on the globe, but to go into battle trusting to their own valor, the justice of their cause, and the help of Heaven.

How Effectually this Work was to be Done.—It is no part of my plan to

¹ It reminds us of a well-known incident in the beginning of the Civil War, when an accident disabled the engine of a train carrying the 6th Massachusetts regiment through Maryland. The commander asked anybody who could repair it, to come forward :—twenty-six engineers instantly stepped from the ranks.

write a history of the Revolution, much less to describe its battles. All we can do will be to keep our eyes steadily enough fixed on the national ensign as it waved or drooped, to follow the fortunes of the war; while we must trace with special care the causes of our chief successes and failures in the great business of emancipating ourselves from the political, as well as the military thralldom of the Old World, and in the consolidation of thirteen separate and independent Colonies, into a higher and better form of free government than had yet been established among men.

I am endeavoring to write a work of instruction, as well as of popular interest. I am more anxious to explain facts of deep significance, than to captivate the reader by stirring narration. I hoped to escape, in some measure, the charge which an ingenious writer not long ago brought against the historians of our country, for his criticism seemed to be at least partly just:—‘There has not been a single writer who has attempted to distinguish between the History of the United States, and the Political Literature of the country; that is, in giving an account of the facts, of a public or a private nature, that controlled the events of any era or epoch, almost all have altogether failed to look to the inner influence, so to speak, of the writings, the proceedings of public bodies, the State papers, that in each case preceded, and moulded, and accompanied every important occurrence of the different phases of our national existence. They have confined their attention too much to the *effect* of the development of both the political and social progress of our earlier existence, and have paid too little heed to the *causes* of the gradual expansion of political opinions, and the origin of our steady and successful advance to independence and constitutional government.’¹

The Force of the Empire invoked to crush the Republic.—Astounded and enraged at the hardihood and audacity of the rebel Congress, the king his ministers and his Parliament determined to strike one blow that would end the Rebellion. Accordingly Gen. Howe, and the Admiral of the same name—the one commanding the naval, and the other the land forces—were ordered to New York; and, a few days after the Declaration of Independence—July 12th, '76—these experienced commanders had posted themselves on, and around Staten Island, with more than thirty thousand fighting men. The commanders were also empowered to act as commissioners to proclaim pardon to all who would lay down their arms, and resume their allegiance. General Howe seems to have been a man of humane disposition, and he believed that the presence of so overwhelming a force would crush the Rebellion, and save the effusion of blood. Every effort was made to impair the confidence of the people in the acts of the Provincial Congress; but when these attempts failed, Howe wrote a letter directed to *Mr.* Washington. It was returned to the writer unopened, with the intimation that he could receive no communication that was not addressed to him as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces; as a private man, he could hold no intercourse with the enemies

¹ *The Penn Monthly*, for August, 1871, vol. ii., p. 379.

of his country. Further attempts were made by addressing him as 'George Washington, Esq.,' etc. The same result followed. It was then determined to take New York, and annihilate the main body of the American army. They could then easily succeed in cutting off all communication between New York and the Southern colonies; and Sir Guy Carleton was prepared, with thirteen thousand men, to descend from Canada to meet Lord Howe in his advance up the Hudson to Lake Champlain.

By reinforcements of the provincial militia, Washington had now under his command, nominally, twenty-seven thousand men. But, owing to sickness, and a short provision of arms, scarcely one-half of this number could be called into requisition; and even they were without order or discipline. But poorly provided as he was with the materials of war, he resolved not to abandon the important post of New York, until after a hard struggle.

The Battle of Long Island.—That struggle was at hand. On the 25th of August, the British had landed twenty thousand effective men,¹ and forty cannon on the western end of Long Island, between New Utrecht—now Fort Hamilton—and Gravesend, and they posted themselves in a line stretching as far as the Flatlands, only four miles from the fortified camp of General Sullivan on Brooklyn Heights. 'It was,' says Bancroft, 'the most perfect army of that day in the world, for experience, discipline, equipments, and artillery; and was supported by more than four hundred ships and transports in the bay; by ten ships of the line, and twenty frigates, besides bomb-ketches, galiots, and other small vessels. Against this vast armament the Americans on the Island, after repeated reinforcements, were no more than eight thousand men, most of whom were volunteers or militia; and they had not the aid of a single platoon of cavalry, nor one ship of war.' A large detachment was at once despatched by Washington under General Putnam, who was to take the chief command of the little army—all Washington could spare to resist the assault of a vastly superior number. The sudden illness of General Greene, who alone, from his complete knowledge of the ground and superior generalship, was equal to such a work, was regarded at the time, as it has ever since been, an unmixed misfortune. Supposing that an attack would be simultaneously made by the fleet on New York,—as Howe had intended, and which nothing but a sudden change in the wind prevented,—Washington could not leave the city in time to help the army across the river, and as he landed, later in the day, and rode through our broken lines, he saw that it was a hopeless defeat.

¹ There had been so much misconception about the numbers of British troops engaged in the Battle of Long Island, that the time had fully come to get at the facts. Bancroft has set the matter at rest on unquestionable authority. In his ninth volume, p. 85, is found the following statement:

"Howe, in the Observations annexed to his Narrative, p. 45, wrote thus: 'I landed upon Long Island with between 15,000 and 16,000 rank and file, having left the remainder of the army for the defence of Staten Island; my whole force at that time consisted of 20,121

rank and file, of which 1,677 were sick.' It is charitable to suppose that his memory was for the moment confused; on August 27, 1776, his rank and file amounted to 24,247, apart from the royalist force under Brigadier De Lancey. MSS. in my possession from the British State-paper Office. Sir George Collier writes that the army with Howe on Long Island 'amounted now to upwards of 20,000, besides those who remained on Staten Island.' Detail of Services by Sir George Collier in Naval Chronicle, xxxii, 271. Sir George Collier was employed at the time to cover the landing of the troops."

Washington's Address to the Army before the Battle of Long Island.—'The time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness, from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

'Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us then rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hand victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us therefore animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world, that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

'Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country; our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

'The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember that they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it, and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders—and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.'

Before day-break on the morning of the 27th, the British commanders brought on the action. Clinton from the old Jamaica road on the east, swept down on Sullivan while he was desperately struggling with De Heister. Grant, from the Bay of New York on the west, engaged Stirling among the hills where Greenwood,—the silent city of the dead,—now stands, and whose soil was from that day consecrated by the most generous blood. He had also to contend with Cornwallis, and surrendered only after a hard-fought but hopeless battle, many of his fugitive troops being swallowed up by the tide rushing into Gowanus Creek. After a hand-to-hand fight with the foe in front and rear, Sullivan was also taken prisoner with a large part of his division, and the day was lost.¹ 'At this moment'—the signal for a general

¹ In an ORATION on the Life, Character, and Public services of GENERAL NATHANIEL WOODHULL, by LUTHER R. MARSH, ESQ., some years ago, the distinguished lawyer and scholar, after tracing the career of the Statesman and Soldier who had fallen into the hands of the enemy on the bloody Long Island day, thus he speaks of his death and character:—

'But General Woodhull, cut off in the position he was ordered to maintain, from the soldiers of Congress, unaided, alone, fell into British power. Upon being commanded to say "*God save the King,*" he firmly refused, but replied with the nobler sentiment, "*God save us all.*" His refusal to comply, brought upon him the savage violence of his captors. But, though

attack—continues Bancroft, ‘the whole force of the Americans on Long Island was but about eight thousand, less rather than more; of these only about four thousand, including all who came out with Stirling and Sullivan, were on the wooded passes in advance of the Brooklyn lines. They were environed by the largest British army which appeared in the field during the war. Could the American parties have acted together, the disproportion would yet have been more than five to one; but as they were disconnected, and were attacked one by one, and were routed in a succession of skirmishes, the disproportion was too great to be calculated.’

The Memorable Retreat.—During the six hours the battle was raging, Washington had watched it from New York with intense anguish, but to have left his position or sent further reinforcements might have proved fatal. The loss was afterwards shown by Washington to have been somewhat less than one thousand, of whom three-fourths were prisoners; and although they had been so well drawn off that they succeeded in gaining their entrenchments, yet the victorious enemy felt sure of their capture, which should end the war. On the morning after the battle, Washington learned that the British would delay a further attack until Howe’s fleet could move up the East River to co-operate, which would give him a day for planning the escape of his army. During the morning General Mifflin had brought over a reinforcement of a thousand men, whose arrival was greeted with cheers. This raised the number of Americans to nine thousand, and served effectually to conceal the resolution which Washington had already formed, to retreat with the whole body. In Mifflin’s loyalty and discretion he could place absolute trust. Through him he sent early in the morning—August 29—in writing, a peremptory command to Heath at King’s Bridge, a distance of fifteen miles, ‘to order every flat-bottomed boat and other craft at his post, fit for transporting troops, down to New York as soon as possible—*without any delay.*’ Trumbull, the Commissary-General, was despatched to New York ‘to impress every kind of water-craft, on either side of the river, that could be kept afloat, and had either oars or sails, or could be furnished with them, and to have them all in the East river by dark.’ Washington had now been forty-hours in the saddle, in a cold drenching rain; but caring little for rest at any time, and least of all at a time like this, he was riding night and day from

defenceless, assaulted with the sword, severely wounded in the head, and with an arm mangled and bleeding, “*God save us all,*” was the only benediction that could be hacked from his lips. While he would acknowledge no kingly monopoly of the blessing of God, he would recognize no kingly exclusion, even of an enemy—“*God save us all,*” king and subject, friend and foe, the victor and the vanquished, the prisoner and the free, the living and the dead. “*God save us all.*” Here was a breadth of philanthropy which knew no exception. Here was the teaching of our Saviour carried into practice. Here was the mingling of courage, patriotism and religion. While he invoked the Divine blessing upon all, he would admit neither *exclusion* nor *exclusive right*—a sublime spectacle! He would not yield the sentiment; he would sooner yield his life. At the risk of death he clung to his faith, and gave up his life for a deathless principle. Mortally

wounded—thrown with eighty of his countrymen into one of those terrible prison ships, where the well grew sick, and the sick died, he calmly awaited the hour of death. At last, some surgeon or other told him that this hacked arm must be cut off,—that arm which he had so often raised in debate, and in battle for his country. Before the amputation, he sent for his wife, with a request that she should bring with her *all the money she had, and all she could get.* The dying man distributed his beneficence among his fellow-sufferers, embraced his wife, uttered a prayer for his country, and died. He received his mortal wound in an act of patriotism, and breathed his last breath in an act of charity. His death was in keeping with his life. He who would die for a principle, might be expected to use his last hour in the cause of humanity. “*God save us all,*”—a motto by which it was religious to live, and glorious to die.’

station to station, encouraging his worn, half-clothed, and half-famished men with inspiring words, while his whole bearing betokened the unshaken confidence of an undaunted soul. Later in the day he called a council of war at the house of Philip Livingston on Brooklyn Heights, and opened his whole plan. Some fiery spirits declared against it. But Macdougall, the sailor, showed that 'they were liable every moment on a change of wind, to have their communication with New York cut off by the British frigates.' An eastern storm of two days had 'injured their arms and spoiled most of their ammunition; the soldiery, of whom many were without cover at night, were worn out by incessant duties and watching. The resolution to retreat was therefore unanimous; yet in ignorance of what orders Washington had issued, and how well they had been obeyed, an opinion was entertained in the council that success was not to be hoped for.'

Some time after dark the officers of every regiment were ordered to hold their entire commands ready for a night attack, and in the utmost silence the preparations were made along all the lines. Every man of the nine thousand seemed to feel that the fate of the next few hours hung upon his own prudence and valor. Meanwhile the tiny fleet of homely craft was carefully manœuvring in the darkness and storm and raging tide of the East river, waiting for the concerted signals. The preparations were conducted with such profound secrecy that no suspicion of his purpose was excited. Not one of his own aids was in his confidence. All the preparations being complete, at nine o'clock, with the greatest silence, the American troops began to move down to the shore. But a violent northeast wind and angry tide rendered all attempts to cross worse than futile. The elements, however, became auspicious; for while the anxious host could see no deliverance but in the miraculous interposition of Heaven, the wind suddenly veered to the southwest, 'the water became so smooth that the row-boats could be laden nearly to the gunwales. The British were so nigh that they were heard with their pickaxes and shovels; yet neither Agnew, their general officer for the night, nor any of them, took notice of the deep murmur in the camp, or the plash of oars on the river, or the ripple under the sail-boats. All night long, Washington was riding through the camp, insuring the regularity of every movement. Some time before dawn on Friday morning, Mifflin, through a mistake of orders, began to march the covering party to the ferry: it was Washington who discovered them in time to check their premature withdrawing. The order to resume their posts was a trying test of young soldiers; the regiments wheeled about with precision, and recovered their former station before the enemy perceived that it had been relinquished. As day approached, the sea-fog came rolling in thickly from the ocean; welcomed as a heavenly messenger, it shrouded the British camp, completely hid all Brooklyn, and hung over the East river, without enveloping New York. When after three hours or more of further waiting, and after every other regiment was safely cared for, the covering party came down to the water-side, Washington remained standing on the ferry-stair, and would not be persuaded to

enter a boat till they were embarked.' ¹ As the sun burst forth through the fog, Washington landed in New York, and the wild, prolonged cheers of nine thousand redeemed men greeted him as the deliverer of the patriot army, and the savior of his country.

The retreat of Xenophon with his ten thousand Greeks is enumerated among signal military achievements. It found its parallel in Washington's retreat from Long Island. Compelled thus to either risk the safety of his entire army in a decisive and general engagement, or to abandon New York, Washington prudently, but reluctantly, withdrew his forces from the city, and posted them on the Heights of Harlem, where he made his position as strong as possible, and began to prepare for a long, arduous, and inevitable campaign.

Death of Captain Nathaniel Hale the American Spy.—It now became necessary to obtain information of the strength, situation, and plans of the enemy. Colonel Knowlton, to whom Washington had spoken, mentioned the matter to Captain Hale, one of the most brilliant and best educated young men in the army. He had left Yale College to dedicate himself to the cause of liberty. He immediately volunteered his services, and conquering his repugnance to assume a character foreign to his nature, in the hope of being useful to his country, he passed in disguise to Long Island, and obtained the requisite information. In attempting to return, however, he was apprehended, and brought before the British commander who ordered him to be executed the next morning. The sentence was conformable to the laws of war; but it was carried into effect in the most brutal manner. He asked if he might see a friend whom he loved better than his own life; it was denied. He asked for a Bible with which he might await death; it was refused. He desired that a clergyman might be with him; but even this request which all governments and civilized men hold in respect, was also refused. More cruel still, his letters written the night before his death, to his betrothed, his mother, and other friends, and committed to the British commander, with the request that they might be sent to their destination after his execution, were broken open, read, and burned, 'in order,' as was said by the provost-marshal, 'that the rebels should not know that they had a man in their army who could die so heroic a death.' When young Hale was led out to execution, he said with calmness, as a defiant expression of exultation wreathed his face, 'I lament that I have but one life to lay down for my country.' ²

Howe Proposes a Conference with a View to Peace.—Believing that the

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., pp. 103-4. He also adds:—It was seven o'clock before all the companies reached the New York city. At four, Montresor had given the alarm that the Americans were in full retreat; but the English officers were sluggards, and some hours elapsed before he and a corporal, with six men, clambered through the fallen trees, and entered the works, only to find them evacuated. From Brooklyn Heights four boats were still to be seen through the lifting fog on the East river; three of them filled with troops, were half way over, and escaped; the fourth, manned by three vagabonds, who had loitered behind to plunder, was taken; or otherwise the whole nine thousand, who

were on Long Island, with their provisions, military stores, field artillery, and ordnance, except a few worthless iron cannon, landed safely in New York. 'Considering the difficulties,' wrote Greene, 'the retreat from Long Island was the best effected retreat I ever read or heard of.'

² His body was buried beneath the gibbet-tree. The name of this youthful patriot martyr, appears luminous upon the pages of our country's history, and the grateful citizens of his native town—Coventry, Conn.—have erected a handsome monument to his memory there.—Lossing's *Field-Book*, vol. ii., p. 609.

disaster of Long Island would dispose the revolutionists to listen to almost any overture for reconciliation, the British commander paroled General Sullivan, who passed through the lines with a verbal communication to Congress, suggesting a committee of conference, and Dr. Franklin, Edward Rutledge, and John Adams were appointed Special Commissioners. The place of meeting was on Staten Island, opposite Perth Amboy, and the time, the 11th of September. The interview was not a long one. To the amazement of Lord Howe, the Americans would treat only on the basis of a recognition of their independence. The British General, assuming the helplessness of their position, and the hopelessness of their cause, proffered his patronage and protection. With the courtesy which always marked the manner of Franklin, he thanked his lordship for his good intentions; but he assured him that they proposed to dispense with any further patronage from his majesty; and as for his protection, they considered that they were able to protect themselves. The conference was soon brought to a close, the Commissioners returning to Philadelphia, and Howe to his headquarters, both parties more resolute than ever to prosecute the war. The following day, September 12th, the British army entered New York, and held it till Independence had conquered a peace.

Consequences of the Long Island Disaster.—The recent defeat had spread gloom through the country. There are few instances on record, in which nations have gone into any great enterprise with a stronger reliance upon Heaven, or a firmer conviction of the justice of their cause. In fact, so many eloquent and stirring appeals had been made to the people, by the newspapers, and by the clergy of every denomination, that nobody seemed to dream of the possibility of defeat, except the military leaders. The high hopes with which the beginning of the struggle was greeted, now gave way to an unreasonable depression, and every man in the American army who had left behind him a home which he had reclaimed from the wilderness, with wife and children to protect from the ferocious cruelties practised by the British and German soldiery, felt that the time had come for him to hasten back, and stand sentinel by those he loved. Entire regiments of militia deserted, and the regular army itself was being thinned every day from the same cause. Its entire dissolution seemed inevitable. A survey of its condition would have disheartened almost any other commander. All the writers and authorities of the time tell the same depressing story. Insubordination pervaded the ranks. The spirit of union and patriotism which had so suddenly clustered an army around Bunker Hill, and achieved such great results on that memorable day, had disappeared: and although that battle had been fought with little order or system, and it was neither known on the field, nor for years afterwards, who was the commander-in-chief,¹ yet so indomitable was the courage, and so completely had a common feeling blended the raw masses together, that all the

¹ President John Adams, in a letter June 19th, 1818, in answer to the inquiry, 'who was the first officer of Massachusetts at Bunker Hill or Breed's Hill?' says, 'I have always understood he was Colonel Pomeroy or General Pomeroy. Colonel Prescott might be the most persevering, and efficacious officer in Massachu-

setts, but Pomeroy was certainly his superior in command.' In this same letter he continues: 'The army at Cambridge was not a national army, for there was no nation. It was not an United States army, for there were no United States. It was not an army of the United Colonies, for it could not

fruits of a great victory had been reaped. That battle had meant *the people of New England in arms*. Fifteen months had gone by, and in no sense was the army now a homogeneous body. The remnants of Bunker Hill still constituted the nucleus of the National force that was to fight our battles; but having been reinforced by troops from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, the jealousy of their claims to precedence strengthened by sectional differences, and the men vitiated by those vices which desultory warfare always engenders, rendered what was numerous on the roll-call, the least effective, and the least reliable of any army Washington ever commanded. Washington's letter to Congress—September 24th—discloses only in part the actual state of things, for it was too bad to be made publicly known. In a general return of fifteen regiments, there appear to have been in the surgeon's department, instruments sufficient for only a single battalion; and besides those sick from other causes, several hundred men lay wounded in the hospitals. There was no immediate lack of food, but there was a lack of everything else. Proof enough exists, that at no period during the Revolution, did so many causes conspire to depress the spirits of the commander-in-chief, and his most trusted generals.

Washington had closed his letter to Congress with an urgent appeal, to the effect that, he could entertain no reasonable hope of successfully contending with the public enemy, unless he could be furnished with an effective army, enlisted for the entire war. Congress acted at once, and bounties were offered for all who would enlist, with the pledge of portions of the public domain, in addition to the regular pay of the service. This, in the end, was to produce the desired result. But in the meantime, how many obstacles had to be overcome, and how many misgivings and solitudes had to be suffered by the Leader of the Revolution, and his immediate associates, we of the present day cannot comprehend. Had the actual condition of both armies been known at that time to the whole country, one of two results would have followed: either the patriotism of the nation would have risen in a tempest, and swept the British army into the sea, or our troops would have disbanded, and the country fallen an easy prey to the conquerors. A council of war was summoned, and it was determined that the army should be withdrawn from New York, the military stores removed to Dobb's Ferry, twenty-two miles up the Hudson, while the chief body of the forces was to fall back on Harlem Heights, which stretch from the plain seven miles above the City Hall, to 206th Street, near King's Bridge at the end of Manhattan Island, and now the upper limit of the city. This plan was at once carried into execution, with the enemy pressing hard in the rear.¹

be said in any sense, that the Colonies were united. The centre of their union, the Congress of Philadelphia, had not adopted or acknowledged the army at Cambridge. It was not a New England army, for New England had not associated. New England had no legal legislature, nor any common executive authority, even upon the principles of original authority, or even of original power in the people. Massachusetts had her army; New Hampshire her army; and Rhode Island her army. These four armies met at Cambridge,

and imprisoned the British army in Boston. But who was the sovereign of this united, or rather congregated army, and who its commander-in-chief? It had none. Putnam, Pomeroy and Green, were as independent of Ward, as Ward was of them.—Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*, p. 173.

¹ He—Major Aaron Burr—served as aid-de-camp to General Putnam in the unfortunate action upon Long Island, and upon the subsequent evacuation of New York saved a brigade, which had been detained

A strong detachment of the British formed a line from 34th Street on the East River, across to the Hudson, two miles below the American intrenchments ; while their main army stretched from Brooklyn to Flushing, and the British commander with an overwhelming force was preparing to close around the Revolutionary army and compel it to accept a general engagement, or escape annihilation in flight.

The Contrast between the Contending Parties.—It was a strange spectacle now presented to the world, even if we contemplate it only in a military point of view. The King of England had an efficient navy, with which his troops could be transported from any point to any other along our entire coast from Maine to Georgia ;—while in no instance could our own forces change their position, except by land marches. Great Britain also had nearly forty thousand perfectly armed, and thoroughly disciplined men, commanded by officers of great experience, all of whom were fired by the ambition of winning in this distant field of adventure, laurels which they might wear with honor after their return to their native shores. At no moment during the Revolution did the British commanders lack money, munitions, or men. They had every appliance—the Revolutionists few—generally none. They were obliged to create resources to meet every exigency ; and make up for order, discipline, munitions, means of transport, and all the other facilities which were at the immediate command of their enemy, by an undying and unconquerable determination to achieve their independence. Washington never had one-half so many men under his command—except at a later period—as the enemy could bring into the field. He had either to peril the national cause in the hazards of one or more great battles, or to adopt the policy of Fabius Maximus, who saved Italy twenty centuries before, by evading decisive engagements with the irresistible hosts of Hannibal. He has been called the American Fabius, because he wasted away the strength of the enemy by the exhausting attrition of harassment and delay. This policy was early adopted, and rigidly adhered to through the war. It was the only policy that could have saved us. Among other beneficent results that sprang from it, was the impression which the British commanders got, that after being worsted for a few times, the panic-struck Americans would yield to the arms of Britain. Washington was aware of this, and took advantage of it, as we shall soon find from events that transpired in New Jersey, where his movements on the banks of the Delaware were as daring and rapid, as Napoleon's on the plains of Italy.

The Struggle East of the Hudson.—The Continental army had taken refuge behind their hastily thrown-up entrenchments on the heights above Harlem, and a strong detachment was sent to dislodge them. But the British

there too long, from falling into the hands of the British. These services earned for him a lieutenant-colonel's commission, and the virtual command of a regiment. He had a horse shot under him at the battle of Monmouth, and from that time until his retirement from the service, which happened in 1779, though not again in action, he appears to have persevered in the faithful and punctual performance of the duties incumbent upon a skilful and vigilant officer.—*North American Review*, July, 1839, p. 167.

veterans were so effectually repulsed after a fierce skirmish, that they were glad to draw off their shattered battalions; and when Howe was ready with a heavier force for a decisive engagement, he found the victorious and now inspirited patriots, prepared to defy him behind a double line of works which had been thrown up, with the celerity that marked Washington's action in every moment of exigency. The attack could be risked only by a flank movement; nor even thus, without more formidable preparations. War vessels were sent up the Hudson and East rivers, and with every means at his disposal, it seemed to the British general an easy matter to surround the American army, and by cutting off all means of escape, force a choice between a general engagement against fearful odds, and the certain fate of annihilation by piecemeal, in a series of hopeless encounters. In any event, Cornwallis made sure of preventing Washington's escape to New Jersey, in which case, the Congress of the Rebels in Philadelphia would be left at Lord Howe's mercy. But the British generals knew little of the man they were dealing with, nor by what scale the comparative power of the contending forces was in the long run to be measured.

The last four Months of the dark Year of 1776.—Although it may not be the commonly accepted view, yet, I am inclined to think, that the entire fate of the War for Independence, hung upon the four months which began with the disastrous defeat of Long Island before the night of August 27th—and ended in the victory of Trenton on the morning after Christmas—December 26th. The first event shrouded the nation as if with the pall of death: the last came over her like a resurrection morning. Even a hurried relation of the exciting events which marked that interval, may impart some color of plausibility to this opinion. Garrisoning Fort Washington,—the highest ground on Manhattan Island, and which overlooks a wide sweep of land and water—the patriot commander withdrew the rest of his army to the Bronx river, a few miles to the northeast in Westchester county, and established his headquarters still further northward, at the village of White Plains. Here he was obliged to accept battle on the 28th of October. Retiring once more, before a superior force, after a severe engagement, he fell back five miles, three days afterwards—November 1st—to the hills of North Castle and formed a strong camp which the enemy was not inclined to disturb.

Fall of Fort Washington.—Four days later, a force of five thousand completely equipped men, under General Knyphausen, consisting chiefly of Hessians, who had recently landed and joined the British army in Westchester, prepared to carry Fort Washington by storm, if it could be gained in no other way. This fort had been raised by General Putnam. Its highest peak rises nearly two hundred and fifty feet over the eastern bank of the Hudson, and its summit was crowned with a five-sided earthwork, mounting thirty-four cannon, but destitute of casemates, or formidable outposts. In occupying Harlem Heights for three weeks with his main force, Washington's twofold

object was to arrest Howe's advance to the north, and gain men and munitions to be able to cope with the enemy.

Trying Position of Washington.—The adoption of the Declaration of Independence, had relieved the public mind from its chief political solicitude, since the belief was generally entertained that the act was irrevocable. In pursuance of the recommendation of Congress, the several States began to mould their new governments on a permanent basis, in harmony with the spirit of a national union, and with all the guarantees of sovereignty in their individual capacity as Republican Commonwealths. Many of the strongest men in Congress, among them Thomas Jefferson, were called home to assist in this important work of State building, and a less enthusiastic and determined spirit was manifest in the national councils. The late disasters to our arms had dampened the patriotic ardor of the country, and little attention was paid to the representations which Washington was pressing upon Congress, with so much earnestness, and such frequent repetitions. Of the actual condition of the army, and the urgent necessity of adopting the most vigorous measures for its permanent equipment and consolidation, Congress had no adequate conception. Least of all were they aware of one imminent peril which was threatening from another quarter. Thus far, Washington was commander-in-chief only in name, for he was clothed with none of the attributes of an absolute command. The authorities of the different States retained the power of appointing all the officers of the troops they raised, and determining to a great extent, their destination when they took the field. The terms of enlistment were too brief to admit of discipline; questions of rank and precedence were continually arising; and no vigorous means were devised to arm, or sufficiently equip a force able to resist the first onset of a single hostile division.

During these dark days of peril, when there was no safety but in retreat from a foe too mighty to grapple with, there was one danger which confronted Washington far more to be dreaded, and it was harder to bear, because either to expose it, or retire from the army, would have proved fatal to the cause which to him was far dearer than life.

Charles Lee was a bad Man, and Washington knew it.—His character is faithfully drawn by Bancroft: "With all his ill-concealed aspirations, he had not one talent of a commander. He was proud of being an Englishman, and affected, by the right of birth, to look down upon his present associates, whom he thought to be 'very bad company;' for he had the national pride of his countrymen, though not their loyalty; the disdain of other nations, without devotedness to his own. His alienation from Britain grew out of petulance at being neglected; and had a chance of favor been thrown to him, no one would have snapped more swiftly at the bait. He esteemed the people into whose service he had entered as unworthy of a place among the nations; their Declaration of Independence jarred on his feelings; and if by fits he played the zealot in their cause, his mind, after every swing, came back

to his first idea, that they had only to consider how they could 'with safety, glory, and advantage, return to their former state of relation.' He used afterwards to say, that 'things never would have gone so far, had his advice been taken;' and he reconciled himself to the Declaration of Independence by the Americans, only that he might have something 'to cede' as the price of 'accommodation.' On the seventh of October, Lee appeared before the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, and obtained the coveted grant of thirty thousand dollars as an indemnity against apprehended losses in England. Aware of his designation to the chief command in case of a vacancy, he looked upon himself as already the head of a party, fretted more than ever at his subordinate position, and wearied Congress with clamor for a separate army on the Delaware; but they proved deaf to his cries, and sent him to the camp of Washington, while he in return secretly mocked at them as 'a stable of cattle that stumbled at every step.'"

And yet his manner was so captivating, his plans so plausible, his management so adroit, he swayed an influence so strong over a considerable party, especially among the timid, the halting, the lukewarm and the compromising, that Washington was obliged to tolerate him, although his keen perception of character penetrated through the illusive gauze which hid from dimmer eyes the real motives of the charlatan. He understood Lee better than Lee understood himself, and not long afterwards the country was to discover how often it was wrong, and how often the leader was right. Meantime the mischief this man was to do, was incalculable. Contrary to the opinion of Putnam and Greene, and especially of Lee, that Howe had no intention of attacking Fort Washington, and in compliance with the orders of Congress to hold that post to the last extremity, Washington called a council of war—November 6—and at the same time wrote a pressing letter to Congress to reverse the order. He spoke of 'the approaching dissolution of his army from the expiration of the terms of enlistment,' and assured that body, 'that the enemy would bend their force against Fort Washington, and invest it immediately.' But the order was not revoked; and worse than all, Greene, the ablest and best of his Generals, was 'possessed with the same infatuation.' The event was soon to show whose eyes saw clearest. But for his scrupulous respect for the supreme civil power at Philadelphia, the approaching disaster would have been averted by Washington's peremptory order to evacuate a post which, even if it could be held, would have now been of little advantage. As it was, he did his best to save the Fort Washington garrison, and the stores at Fort Lee. On the eighth he gave his final instructions to Greene, which left him discretion to save himself and his garrison, if he chose to act on the judgment of his chief. 'The passage,' he said, 'of three vessels up the North river is so plain a proof of the insufficiency of all the obstructions thrown into it, that it will fully justify a change of the disposition. If we cannot prevent vessels from passing up, and the enemy are possessed of the surrounding country, what valuable purpose can it answer to attempt to hold a post, from which the expected benefit cannot be had? I am, therefore, in-

clined to think that it will not be prudent to hazard the men and stores at Mount Washington; but as you are on the spot, I leave it to you to give such orders as to evacuating Mount Washington, as you may judge best: but so far as can be collected from various sources of intelligence, *the enemy must design a penetration into Jersey, and to fall upon your post. You will, therefore, immediately have all the stores removed, which you do not deem necessary for your defence.*' This advice would have saved the lives of a hundred and fifty brave men, the worse than death on board prison-ships of nearly two thousand others, the disgraceful flight of Congress to Baltimore, and the almost utter dissolution of the patriot army.

Washington crosses the Hudson into New Jersey, Nov. 12.—Having thus done his best to avert the disaster he so clearly foresaw, and knowing that Howe's grand object was to reach Philadelphia before it could be protected, Washington determined to make New Jersey the battle-ground of a decisive campaign, and leaving a force sufficient to hold North Castle, he marched to the Hudson. After halting long enough at Peekskill—a village on the east bank at the lower entrance to the Highlands—he crossed the river with his main body, to Fort Lee, on the Jersey shore, two miles below Fort Washington. Here he learned the depressing tidings, that Greene had not only utterly disregarded his instructions, but written to Congress encouraging its members to believe that Howe would be powerless to take Fort Washington, even if he should have any idea of attempting it. Washington's apprehensions were soon realized. Three days later, thirty flat-boats passed the post undiscovered, and landed a force at Spuyten Duyvel creek. Having fortified his position on Fordham Heights, Howe peremptorily demanded 'the surrender of Fort Washington, on pain of the garrison being put to the sword.' Colonel Magaw replied that, in spite of the inhumanity of the threat, he should defend his post to the last extremity, and at once informed General Greene, who sent a messenger with the intelligence to Washington, who had advanced on to Hackensack. Springing to saddle, Washington rode to Fort Lee, and while crossing the river at midnight in a row-boat, was met by Putnam and Greene. The latter assured him that he had put 'men enough into Fort Washington to hold their own against the whole British army,' that 'the garrison was in high spirits, and all would be well.' Washington could not close his eyes to the certain fate which awaited the garrison.

A brave Defence and a fatal Blunder.—If the fort itself had been alone to be defended, the British victory would have been purchased at an enormous cost. But a vastly greater task was committed to Colonel Magaw, its commander. He was ordered to defend 'the grounds from the hills above Tubby-hook to a zigzag line a little south of the present Trinity cemetery, a distance north and south of two and a half miles, a circuit of six or seven.' This compelled him to scatter his force. A Maryland rifle regiment was stationed at the northern point of the heights, a Pennsylvanian at the southern,

and another on the east side towards Harlem, while Magaw held the fort himself. Four separate attacks were made from as many directions; the most perilous and formidable, by two brigades under Rall and Knyphausen, numbering forty-five hundred veteran Hessians. Against rocks, felled trees, and a murderous fire of rifles, the men pressed gallantly up the steeps, from the river-side, led by their desperate commanders, whose cheers rang out loud and clear over the firing of the garrison, and the answering shouts of the clambering assailants. The last obstruction was finally scaled, and the two parties came together in a hand-to-hand grapple. Lord Cornwallis, with his brigade, had, at about the same time, climbed Laurel Hill, and stormed and carried the battery over the dying body of Baxter, its commander. On the south, Percy gained a strong and sheltered position, from which he sent to Howe for reinforcements. They were instantly despatched, and with a greatly superior force they made an irresistible onset. On all sides the patriots were outnumbered—in several of the fiercest combats, five to one. Watching these terrible struggles from Fort Lee, and waiting for messages to bring tidings of the fortune of the day, Washington at last sent a despatch to Magaw, telling him he would try to bring off his garrison if he could hold out till night. But the truce of half an hour for a parley, which was all Magaw could get, had expired, and the brave, but helpless commander was obliged to capitulate. Everywhere the tide of battle went against the Americans. There was no choice but surrender or death. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded—that of the Germans numbering more than three hundred and fifty, and of the whole British army upwards of five hundred—showed how well the battle had been contested: for the fallen or disabled Americans on the field, were only one hundred and fifty. But this gives no idea of the extent of the disaster. It is summed up only in part, by reckoning on the scroll of captives, twenty-six hundred men, ‘of whom one-half were well-trained soldiers,’ with some of the finest artillery and arms in the service. “Greene would never assume his share of responsibility for the disaster, and would never confess his glaring errors of judgment; but wrongfully ascribed the defeat to a panic which had struck the men, so that ‘they fell a prey to their own fears.’ The grief of Washington was sharpened by self-reproach for having yielded his own opinion and wish to the confident reports of the commander of the post, who had incomparably better opportunities than himself of forming a just judgment; but he took the teachings of adversity without imbibing its bitterness; he never excused himself before the world by throwing the blame on another; he never suffered his opinion of Greene to be confused; and he interpreted his orders to that officer as having given the largest discretion which their language could be strained to warrant.”¹

The Fall of Fort Lee.—The abandonment of this post necessarily followed the fall of Fort Washington. Two days later, Lord Cornwallis, who, if not the ablest of Howe’s generals, was esteemed the best qualified for the im-

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 293.

portant work now in hand, obtained the command in New Jersey, and with a corps of six thousand of the best men in the British army, entered on the campaign which he had promised his commander-in-chief should 'end the rebellion.' During the night of the nineteenth, the main body of his force, embracing two battalions of Hessian grenadiers, two companies of yagers, and eight battalions of English, eluding the observation of Greene, crossed the Hudson, with their whole train of artillery, five miles above Fort Lee, and dragged their cannon up the rugged side of the Palisades, where they had only to be placed in position to command the fort. The disgraceful result is soon told. "Aroused from his bed by the report of a countryman, Greene sent an express to the commander-in-chief, and having ordered his troops under arms, took to flight with more than two thousand men, leaving blankets and baggage, except what his few wagons could bear away, more than three months' provisions for three thousand men, camp-kettles on the fire, above four hundred tents standing, and all his cannon, except two twelve-pounders. With his utmost speed he barely escaped being cut off; but Washington, first ordering Grayson, his aide-de-camp, to renew the summons to Lee to cross the river, gained the bridge over the Hackensack by a rapid march, and covered the retreat of the garrison, so that less than ninety stragglers were taken prisoners. The main body of those who escaped were without tents, or blankets, or camp utensils, but such as they could pick up as they went along. While the Americans were in full retreat, Reed, the adjutant-general, ordered a horseman to hasten to Lee with an announcement of the day's disaster, and as the means of writing gave out, to add the verbal message: 'I pray you to push and join us;' and the horseman, without further loss of time, fulfilled his commission."¹

Washington's Orders treated with Contempt.—Lee, who never had at heart the triumph of the nation, paid no heed to this urgent order. He had upwards of seven thousand Continental troops under his command at North Castle, and a march of twenty-four hours could have effected a junction with Washington, which would have enabled him, stripped as he was of nearly all efficient munitions, to have at least held Cornwallis's victory-flushed veterans in check. He knew that the term of three thousand of his Connecticut militia was expiring—that Washington's army had to choose only between annihilation and flight—that there was no enemy in his own neighborhood. And yet, for sixteen days, he treated the reiterated orders of the Commander-in-chief with indifference and contempt. In any other army in the world, he would have been tried by court-martial for insubordination, and shot. But Congress had not yet learned that successful campaigns are carried on only by generals-in-chief. The lesson was to be learned at last, but only at the expense of a terrific sacrifice.

Washington appeals to the Patriotism of New Jersey, and demands vigorous Measures from Congress.—The Legislature of New Jersey was then

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 196.

sitting at Burlington, and Reed, a native of that State, was sent there with a strong appeal for instant aid. General Mifflin, who was as 'true as steel,' was despatched to Congress. But that body was helpless from lack of means, and they neglected to do the only thing in their power worth doing—to clothe Washington with additional authority in the pressing exigency. Mifflin threw himself upon the old Committee of Safety, the new Assembly of the State, and the patriotism of the city. The old Independence bell sounded the alarm, and the chief citizens assembled for council, with Rittenhouse in the chair.¹ Mifflin set the fire blazing, and his appeal was answered by acclamations.

Washington's Retreat through the Jerseys.—The miracle of Brooklyn, which was the work of forty hours from its first inception, was now to be re-enacted during forty days, in every one of whose moments the storm-clouds were gathering with darker peril. Salvation seemed beyond the power of earth, or the vigilance of heaven. On the twenty-eighth of November, while the advanced guard of Cornwallis was entering Newark, the rear of the Americans was leaving it in a flying march towards Brunswick, which they reached that night. It was a brief respite from hunger, exhaustion, and cold.

Washington on the last Night of November, 1776.—While the broken ranks of his fugitive army were taking such rest as the wearied find in sleep, and the wounded in death, let us look into the tent of the National Leader. Messenger after messenger had been despatched—sometimes twice a day—and they rode hard—with every species of order, and even of imploration, to General Lee to hasten to the relief of the Commander-in-chief. But the heartless villain still played the laggard. Reed had slunk from his mission to the Legislature of his native State, and shirking his duty in the cowardice of resignation, sent back his commission to the President of Congress, 'since he could not wholly overcome his reluctance at following the wretched remains of a broken army.' The State of 'Maryland was willing to renounce the Declaration of the Fourth of July, for the sake of an accommodation with Great Britain.' For a statement which I regret to make, I quote a high authority.

To complicate Washington's difficulties, darken his hopes, and embarrass

¹ David Rittenhouse was born near Germantown, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of April, 1732. His ancestors were from Holland. His early life was spent in agricultural pursuits, and was marked by a love of mathematical studies. Feeble health would not allow him to pursue the labors of a farm, and he became, by self-instruction, a proficient clock and mathematical instrument maker. It was while working at his trade he planned and executed his orrery, a piece of mechanism far superior for its intended purposes, to anything before constructed. It was purchased by the College of New Jersey. Another was made by him, after the same model, for the College of Philadelphia. He pursued his trade in that city for several years. His first philosophical publication was an account of his calculations of the transit of Venus, as it was to happen on the 3d of June, 1769. He observed the phenomenon—

a spectacle never seen but twice before by an inhabitant of earth—and he was so much affected by its proof of the accuracy of his calculations that he fainted. He was engaged in government surveys, fixing territorial boundaries, etc., during the Revolution, and became one of the leading practical philosophers of the day. On the death of Franklin in 1791, he was chosen President of the Philosophical Society, which office he held by annual election until his death. He was Treasurer of Pennsylvania, from 1777 to 1789. In 1792, he was appointed Director of the Mint of the United States; but ill-health compelled him to resign the office in 1795. He died on the 26th of June 1796, aged 64 years. His birth-place is yet standing a mile west of Germantown.—Lossing's *Field-Book of the Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 36.

² Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 199.

every step he took, the British commander was scattering his proclamations of pardons and rewards for every deserter who would renounce the cause of the suffering patriots and go over to the king. The very rich on the one side, and the very poor on the other—neither of whom, take them as classes, can be generally depended on by any nation that is in deep trouble, the one being too selfish to be disinterested, and the other too needy to be independent—these classes deserted the American cause. But a fine exemplification was now given, of the eternal difference between form and substance—between numbers and strength. When whole ranks were deserting, the men who did stand at all, stood firm as rocks. Some names that had become illustrious and beloved while the day-spring was breaking over the new-born Republic, embellished the scroll of defection. Samuel Tucker had presided over the convention which gave New Jersey her free constitution—had headed her committee of safety—been her treasurer and supreme judge—he crawled back to Lord Howe's feet to proffer his oath of allegiance. Andrew Allen, of Philadelphia, who had been a member of the Continental Congress, with his two brothers, and Joseph Galloway, deserted the patriot cause to secure their imperilled estates. 'Even John Dickinson, who was free from malice, and struck wounds only into his own breast, discredited the Continental paper, and for two or three months longer was so thoroughly convinced of the necessity of returning to the old state of dependence, that he refused to accept from Delaware an appointment to the Congress of the United States.'¹

Such was the thick darkness which hung over the patriot camp of shivering soldiers; such the despondency of the patriot generals; such the apparent hopelessness of the patriot cause. But none of this gloom found shelter in the great soul of the patriot leader. While those who could sleep had laid themselves down to rest, Washington's camp was a scene of cheerfulness. His indomitable courage was never shaken, his hope could not be quenched. He sat most of the night at a little deal table, writing letters, to Congress suggesting measures of the greatest urgency, and to Governors of States and personal friends, all filled with wise suggestions, earnest appeals, and words of encouragement. In reply to the generous William Livingston's assurances of sympathy, he said: 'I will not despair'—And yet he knew that when the roll-call should beat the next morning it would decimate his little army, for the term of the Jersey and Maryland brigades had expired, and the fragment left must continue the flight. All his powers of persuasion—and they often proved irresistible—were of no avail now. But he bore himself with his wonted cheerfulness, and his parting words of fraternal kindness brought tears to the eyes of many a brave man whose purpose was for a moment shaken, till it gave way to irrepressible longings for home.

The Flight towards the Delaware.—At daybreak on the first of December, the village of New Brunswick was the theatre of strange scenes. The

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 199.

discharged soldiers of the disbanded and disarmed brigades were fast dissolving in the wide-spreading fields, seeking shelter behind the coverts of friendly woods; the enfeebled band who still rallied round the stripes and stars had crossed the Raritan, and were tearing down the bridge behind them; while the solid squadrons of the cavalry of Cornwallis were dashing over the deserted camping-ground where the little fires of the patriots were still burning. Leaving Stirling in his rear with twelve hundred of his three thousand men, to watch the enemy's movements, Washington led the rest on to Trenton, where he transferred his baggage and stores across the Delaware; and immediately returned with a thousand of his most effective men, where he waited in the vain hope of being reinforced by Lee. Again and again he sent messages, each still more urgent than the last, hoping 'to animate him to rapid movements, by informing him fully of his desperate situation.' But no reinforcements came.

Washington rejoins Stirling.—On the sixth, Cornwallis was reinforced by Howe in person, with a brigade from New York, and they pushed on towards the Delaware. Anxious for Stirling's safety, Washington turned back towards Princeton. On the road he was met by that officer's detachment in full flight before the overwhelming British columns. The whole body pressed on to Trenton and commenced the embarkation across the river. Foreseeing this emergency, Washington had made the completest preparation. The first recourse was to place the broad Delaware, now deep and angry with its winter currents, between him and the foe. When night shut down, after the trials of that perilous seventh of December, the rear-guard of what there was left of the American army, stood watching the approach of the British forces from the east, secure at least of the fact that the Delaware banks had been swept by Washington's trusty men, and that along the wide space of seventy miles, not even a fishing-smack had been left on the Jersey shore.

The British Army reaches the Delaware.—When Cornwallis rode into Trenton, he discovered that his prey had escaped him. He had already been told that there were no means for crossing; and overlooking the dark, sullen flood that nature had interposed as a barricade more formidable than human hand ever reared, he cursed the dilatory policy of Howe, who, after checking his pursuit of Washington for several days, had, after joining him, wasted seventeen hours at Princeton on the seventh, and consumed seven hours more in a slow march of twelve miles, only to find how fatal it is in warfare, as in the whole battle of life, to be too late. Lord Howe's active force was six times more numerous than Washington's; for in this trying crisis, when terror had almost paralyzed the American army, numerous desertions had been constantly taking place. This retreat had been conducted in winter weather. Part of the time, the troops had marched barefooted over ice, sleet, and frozen ground; whenever they halted, Washington, his eyes tremulous with tears, had gone from rank to rank to rally the expiring strength of his soldiers. But it

required something more than his sublimity of character and disinterestedness of example, to breathe hope and confidence into the hearts of men who had left blood in their snow-tracks for so many miles. He praised them—he blessed them—he represented their condition to Congress—he was their general, their companion, their father—and all through these dark days, like one of the ancient prophets, he had pointed the finger of faith to the ‘pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night,’ assuring them that the hour of deliverance and triumph would come.

Alarm in Philadelphia.—The fall of Philadelphia now seemed inevitable. Gen. Putnam was directed by Congress ‘to throw up works for the protection of the city.’ Mifflin was sent through the surrounding region to ‘rally the Pennsylvania freemen to arms,’ and announce to them that ‘help had already come from Europe, and more would be received,’ while Gen. Lee was on his way to reinforce the commander-in-chief. Would it had been true. Washington had indeed made one more appeal to that unworthy pretender:—‘I request and entreat you, and this too by the advice of all the general officers with me, to march and join me with your whole force with all possible expedition. Do come on: your arrival without delay may be the means of preserving a city,’—again, and a final despatch was sent on the eleventh, by the boldest rider. ‘The force I have is weak, and entirely incompetent to prevent General Howe from possessing Philadelphia. I must therefore entreat you to push on with every possible succor you can bring.’ This despatch was safely taken through, although Lee was not to receive it. As good fortune would have it, the braggart had met a well-merited fate. When he could no longer find any pretext for his criminal delay, he had crossed the Hudson—Dec. 3d—but hung back from an advance which would have enabled Washington to rescue the national capital, and perhaps the country itself from the tyranny of a foreign oppressor.

Capture of Lee.—Finally, on the twelfth, as his corps was advancing by slow marches under Sullivan, Lee, in the boastful spirit he so often displayed, dashed off from the flank some three or four miles, attended only by a small body-guard, and pulling up to an inviting tavern, concluded to pass the night. He rose late the next morning, and after finishing his breakfast whiled away another hour in writing a confidential letter to Gates, adroitly attempting to undermine the influence and authority of Washington, and displaying throughout, a spirit of animosity to his superior, and treason to his adopted country. He had signed the letter; but before he had time to fold it, one of his officers cried out at the window, ‘The British cavalry are on us.’ ‘Within two minutes, he who had made it his habitual boast that he would never be taken alive, sneaked out unarmed, bareheaded, without cloak, in slippers and blanket-coat, his collar open, his shirt very much soiled from several days’ wear, pale from fear, with the abject manner of a coward, and entreated the dragoons to spare his life. They seized him just as he was, and

set him on Wilkinson's horse, which stood ready saddled at the door. One of his aids who came out with him, was mounted behind Harcourt's servant ; and at the signal by the trumpet, just four minutes from the time of surrounding the house, they began their return. On the way, Lee recovered from his panic, and ranted violently about his having for a moment obtained the supreme command, giving many signs of wildness, and of a mind not perfectly right. At Princeton, when he was brought in, he was denied the use of materials for writing ; and an officer and two guards were placed in his room. He demanded to be received under the November proclamation of the Howes ; and on being refused its benefits, and remanded that he might be tried as a deserter,¹ he flew into an extravagant rage, and railed at the faithlessness and treachery of the Americans as the cause of his mishap.² Sullivan thus succeeding to the command, and knowing full well the orders and desire of Washington, pushed his detachment on till he reached the headquarters of the Commander-in-chief.

Flight of Congress to Baltimore.—It was now everywhere known that the British army had reached the Delaware, and were posted in overwhelming numbers along its eastern bank. Fugitives from every quarter were seeking refuge with their treasures in Philadelphia, and in its apparent helplessness the Continental Congress called on 'all the States to appoint a day of fasting and prayer for divine deliverance.' Aware that their abandonment of the city was suspected, they 'Resolved, that Washington should contradict, in general orders, the false and malicious report that they were about to disperse, or adjourn from Philadelphia, unless the last necessity should direct it.' Washington had the discretion to disregard the request, and the event justified his course ; for on the following day, at the advice of Putnam and Mifflin, they voted to adjourn to Baltimore. This act was stoutly resisted by Samuel Adams, in whose generous soul the fires of patriotic enthusiasm never burned low :—'I do not regret,' he said during that debate, as we learn in substance from his own letters, 'the part I have taken in a cause so just and interesting to mankind. The people of Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, seem determined to give it up ; but I trust that my dear New England will maintain it at the expense of everything dear to them in this life ; they know how to prize their liberties. May Heaven bless them. If this city should be surrendered, I should by no means despair. Britain will strain every nerve to subjugate America next year ; she will call wicked men and devils to her aid. Our affairs abroad wear a promising aspect ; but I conjure you not to depend too much upon foreign aid. Let America exert her own strength. Let her de-

¹ General Howe refused to see Lee at Princeton, but ordered him to be held as a deserter from the British army, and he was taken under a close guard to Brunswick, and afterwards to New York, where none of the British officers, whose 'good society' he had once lauded so highly, would have anything to do with him ; for they knew that he had never joined the patriot cause from principle, but from the basest mercenary motives.

² Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 210-11. He also pays the following well-deserved tribute to the painstaking author to whom he is indebted for his account :—'Geo. H. Moore's *Treason of Lee* is the fruit of comprehensive and thorough research. It is confirmed by documents of unquestionable authenticity, and is the first correct sketch of the early career of Lee in the American service.'

pend on God's blessing, and He who cannot be indifferent to her righteous cause, will even work miracles if necessary to carry her through this glorious conflict, and establish her feet upon a rock.' Bancroft is doubtless justified in characterizing it as "the needless flight of Congress, which took place amidst the jeers of Tories and the maledictions of patriots, gave a stab to public credit, and fostered a general disposition to refuse Continental money. At his home near the sea, John Adams was as stout of heart as ever. The conflict thus far had been less severe than he from the first expected; though greater disappointments should be met, though France should hold back, though Philadelphia should fall, 'I,' said he, 'do not doubt of ultimate success.'"¹

A deeper Gloom settles over the Country.—The last hope of the nation now centred on Washington. Only a few days were left of the year 1776, and on the 1st of January a large portion of the little American army would have fulfilled their engagements; their enlistments would expire. Some electric shock must be sent through the staggering, bleeding, and disheartened colonial army, or it would be disbanded. The letters of Washington, written to confidential friends during this period, clearly indicate that he was maturing a plan, whose execution should alone reveal his concealed purpose. Howe regarded the campaign for the year as ended, and granting leave of absence to Cornwallis to visit England, and receive his share of the honors that were to crown their boasted feats of strategy and valor, he congratulated *his nephew*—the king—on the success of his arms, and confidently assured him that a brief spring campaign would put a final end to the rebellion. 'I am informed,' he wrote, 'by many prominent persons who had participated in the early and inconsiderate movements of the rebels, but who have returned to their allegiance since the cause became desperate, that Washington's so-called army will dissolve by the New Year, when their engagements expire.' In this belief the British commander prepared to return to New York for his winter quarters, where he could regale himself in those indulgences which were more grateful to his easy and voluptuous habits, than the inconveniences and exposures of the open field.² Grant was left in command of Cornwallis's division, while the merciless Donop was charged with the business of hanging from the

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 215.

² The British commander-in-chief, General William Howe, by *illegitimate descent an uncle to the king*, was of a very different character [from Washington]. Six feet tall, of an uncommonly dark complexion, a coarse frame, and a sluggish mould, he was unresistingly ruled by his sensual nature. He was not much in earnest against the Americans, partly because he was persuaded they could not be reduced by arms, partly because he professed to be a liberal in politics, partly because he never kindled with zeal for anything. He had had military experience, and had read books on war; but being destitute of quickness of thought and will, he was formed to carry on war by rule. He would not march till he could move deliberately, with ample means of transportation. On the field of battle he sometimes showed talent as an executive officer; but, except in moments of high excitement, he was lethargic, wanting alertness and sagacity. He hated business, and his impatience at being forced to attend to it, joined to a fitly gloom, made

him difficult of access, and gained him the reputation of being haughty and morose. His indolence was his bane: not wholly merciless, he permitted his prisoners to suffer from atrocious cruelty; not meaning that his troops should be robbed, he left speculators uncontrolled, and the army and the hospitals were wronged by contractors. His notions of honor in money matters were not nice, but he was not so much rapacious as insatiable. Disliking to have his personal comforts infringed, he indulged freely in the pleasures of the table; without any delicacy of passion, *kept a mistress*; and loved to shake off dull indifference by the hazards of the far-table. His officers were expected to be, in the field, insensible to danger, like himself; in their quarters, he was willing they should openly lead a profligate life; and his example led many of the young to their ruin by gaming. He had nothing heroic about him, wanting altogether the quick eye, the instant combination, and the commanding energy of a great warrior.—Bancroft, vol. ix., pp. 99–100.

nearest tree any of the inhabitants of New Jersey 'who should separately, or in bands, fire upon any British soldiers.' He had under him two Hessian brigades, a troop of mounted yagers, and the forty-second Highlanders, who during the war brought upon their country a disgrace, to which the Scotch name had always been a stranger. The brutal character of the Hessians was proverbial from the beginning. Neither life nor property of friend or foe, was held sacred by these foreign hirelings. All authorities agree, too, that there were 'examples where English soldiers forced women to suffer what was worse than death, and on one occasion pursued girls, still children in years, who had fled to the woods. The attempts to restrain the Hessians were given up, under the apology that the habit of plunder prevented desertions. A British officer reports officially:—*They were led to believe, before they left Hesse-Cassel, that they were to come to America to establish their private fortunes, and hitherto they have certainly acted with that principle.*'

The approaching Doom of the Hessians.—Rall, their leader, as a reward for his 'valuable services,' had obtained the separate command of Trenton, with a troop of yagers and dragoons, in addition to his own Hessian brigade. On this pitiless marauder and his murderous band, Washington kept his eye steadily bent, taxing his utmost power of invention and resource, to devise some plan for his destruction. It was at last matured, and the moment had come when, if ever, it must be carried out. In a despatch of the eighteenth, General Grant wrote to Lord Howe: 'I am certain the rebels no longer have any strong corps on this side of the river; the story of Washington's crossing the Delaware at this season of the year, is not to be believed.' Donop, with more sagacity, had hinted to Rall the wisdom of flanking Trenton by garrisoned redoubts; but the Hessian commander, inflated by his promotion to new honors, despised the suggestion:—'Let them come! What need of entrenchments? We'll at them with cutlass and bayonet.'

The Interval before the Blow fell.—Every moment of it was crowded with activity; but the preparations were made with so little ostentation, that his ultimate design remained undetected. His letters to Congress during the next ten days were, as the future showed, among the most important he ever wrote. They should be carefully studied by every reader who prizes that luxury of curiosity and wisdom—gazing into the clear fountains from which the streams of history flow.¹ Experience had taught him the lessons which he pressed upon Congress, with that clear and earnest simplicity which was beginning to be understood. A few passages from those luminous State Papers—for time has lifted them into that dignity—will photograph to us, as no other picture can, the moral and physical scenery of those dark hours.

¹ Sparks' *Life and Letters of Washington*. Of all the books yet published, or probably ever will be, that work is best worthy to be called the Student's Guide to the character of Washington. No biography, however accurate or brilliant, can ever portray Washington so perfectly as his own letters. The Correspondence extends through the long period of his eventful

life, and all his Letters were the artless expressions of his own candid soul, and distinguished by a clearness and simplicity very rare in the official or familiar writings of eminent public men, they will delight and instruct mankind forever. In another part of this work I shall speak of the immense services Jared Sparks rendered to American Literature.

Washington's Painting of the Situation, and his Plan for Success.—All had been hitherto but doubtful conflict, in the midst of chaos. Order must take its place. Doubt must give way to certainty : incoherence to compactness : feebleness to strength : inchoate nebulae to a clearly-defined system of crystallized power.

FRESH BATTALIONS MUST BE DRAWN FROM THE BOSOM OF THE PEOPLE.

THEY MUST BE ORGANIZED AS A NATIONAL ARMY. THUS ALONE COULD THE MILITARY FORCES IN THE FIELD, REPRESENT THE CIVIL POWER OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES IN ITS COUNCILS.

This was the conception of the Leader. On its adoption was to hang the salvation of the Republic. He thus presented it :—

December 12.—‘ Perhaps Congress have some hope and prospect of reinforcements. I have no intelligence of the sort ; and wish to be informed on the subject. Our little handful is daily decreasing by sickness and other causes ; and without considerable exertions on the part of the people, what can we reasonably look for ? The subject is disagreeable ; but yet it is true.’

December 16.—‘ I am more and more convinced of the necessity of raising more battalions for the new army than what we have voted. The enemy will leave nothing unessayed in the next campaign ; and fatal experience has given its sanction to the truth, that the militia are not to be depended on, but in cases of the most pressing emergency.’

December 20.—‘ I have waited with much impatience, to know the determination of Congress on the propositions made in October last, for augmenting our corps of artillery. The time has come when it cannot be delayed without the greatest injury to the safety of these States, and, therefore, under the resolution of Congress, bearing date the 12th instant, by the pressing advice of all the general officers now here, I have ventured to order three battalions of artillery, to be immediately recruited. This may appear to Congress premature and unwarrantable ; but the present exigencies of our affairs will not admit of delay, either in the council or in the field. *Ten days more will put an end to the existence of this army.* If, therefore, in the short interval in which we have to make these arduous preparations, every matter that in its nature is self-evident, is to be referred to Congress at the distance of a hundred and thirty or forty miles, so much time must elapse as to defeat the end in view.’

And these important passages follow :—‘ It may be said that this is an application for powers too dangerous to be intrusted ; I can only say, that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. I have no lust after power ; I wish, with as much fervency as any man on this wide-extended continent, for an opportunity of turning the sword into the ploughshare ; but my feelings, as an officer and a man, have been such as to force me to say, that no person ever had a greater choice of difficulties to contend with than I have. It is needless to add, that short enlistments, and a mistaken dependence upon militia, have been the origin of all our misfortunes, and of the great accumulation of our debt. The enemy are daily gathering strength from the disaf-

fect. This strength will increase, unless means can be devised to check effectually the progress of his arms. Militia may possibly do it for a little while ; but the militia of these States which have been frequently called upon, will not turn out at all ; if they do, it will be with so much reluctance and sloth as to amount to the same thing. Instance New Jersey ! witness Pennsylvania ! The militia come in, you cannot tell how ; go, you cannot tell when ; and act, you cannot tell where ; consume your provisions, exhaust your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment. These are the men I am to depend on *ten days hence* : this is the basis on which your cause must forever depend, till you get a standing army, sufficient of itself to oppose the enemy. This is not a time to stand upon expense. If any good officers will offer to raise men upon Continental pay and establishment in this quarter, I shall encourage them to do so, and regiment them when they have done it. If Congress disapprove of this proceeding, they will please to signify it, as I mean it for the best. It may be thought I am going a good deal out of the line of my duty, to adopt these measures, or to advise thus freely. A character to lose, an estate to forfeit, the inestimable blessings of liberty at stake, and a life devoted, must be my excuse.'

December 24th.—On this day, just on the eve of his contemplated movement, he said : 'Very few have enlisted again, not more from an aversion to the service, than from the non-appointment of officers in some instances, the turning out of good and appointing of bad in others. The last of this month I shall be left with from fourteen to fifteen hundred effective men in the whole. This handful, and such militia as may choose to join me, will then compose our army. When I reflect on these things, they fill me with concern. To guard against General Howe's designs, and the execution of them, shall employ my every exertion ; but how is this to be done ?'

Washington's Advice was taken.—Congress understood these despatches. They hardly needed the confirmation of Greene, but they received it with the well-merited confidence which the character of that true man inspired. He wrote :—'I am far from thinking the American cause desperate, yet I conceive it to be in a critical situation. To remedy evils, the General should have power to appoint officers to enlist at large. The present existence of the civil, depends upon the military power. I am no advocate for the extension of military powers ; neither would I advise it at present, but from the fullest conviction of its being absolutely necessary. There never was a man that might be more safely trusted, nor a time when there was a louder call.'

The General-in-Chief was authorized to recruit and organize twenty-two battalions for THE NATIONAL ARMY, under the authority of THE UNITED STATES. The tide had changed.

SECOND SECTION.

NEW ERA IN THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE—WASHINGTON CLOTHED WITH
AUTHORITY TO PROSECUTE IT.

THE preliminary skirmishing was over—the war for Independence began. Rall lay complacently, if not securely, with his Hessians at Trenton, and there was the first point of attack. ‘Our numbers,’ wrote Washington, ‘are less than I had any conception of; but necessity, dire necessity, will—nay, *must*—justify an attack.’ He had just counted his men.

The Position of the National Army on the Twenty-third of December, 1776.—The headquarters were at Newtown, Pennsylvania, not far from the Delaware river. Gates and Sullivan had come in—the former with the fragments of the four New England regiments,—only five hundred in all,—but to be counted on, since they were led by John Stark, that brave old campaigner of New Hampshire, over whose stalwart frame time had left no trace but the frost in his locks;—Sullivan with the division which Lee had so long kept back from the front. Washington was at the head of an army of *five thousand fighting men*. He turned their faces towards the Delaware, with the watchword, VICTORY OR DEATH. His plan was about to be tested.

Rumors of an American movement were afloat in New Jersey, and they reached the camp of the British General in command. But he wrote: ‘There will be no crossing with a large force, because the running ice would make the return desperate, or impracticable. Besides, Washington’s men have neither shoes nor stockings, nor blankets, and are almost naked and dying of cold and want of food.’ The British commander had not yet learned that the war of Independence was not to be fought with blankets, or food or summer weather.

Our Cause elsewhere in Europe.—Our enemies held the ocean, across which their courier ships alone could sail. On the day Sullivan and Gates reached Washington’s camp, Franklin entered Paris on his important mission to the court of Louis XVI. He had borne no cheering news to the friends of liberty. It was the darkest hour the American cause was ever to see abroad. The triumph of England seemed sure. Voltaire, the iconoclast of the past, and the prophet of the future, said: ‘Franklin’s troops have been beaten by those of the King of England. Alas! reason and liberty are ill received in this world.’ Cornwallis was the coming idol of England; decorations were on the way to New York for the victorious Lord Howe; while in the quaint old town of Cassel, he was proclaimed a new Cæsar. Franklin was declared ‘a fugitive from a felon cause,’ and our friends in the House of Commons saw that ‘the moment of reconciliation had come.’ So much

behind the destiny of America did the genius for compromise of Rockingham, and even the inspirations of Burke lag.

In the Camp of our Enemies.—The good news of the defeat of the rebels had thrown the king and his *coterie* into ecstasies, and with a facility which royalty can command in manufacturing titles for its favorites—equalled only by republics in multiplying *money* for monopolists, by the printing-press—a new patent for a higher grade of nobility had been struck for the bastard uncle of the sovereign of the British Empire, in recognition of his military achievements in ‘snuffing out’ the flickering light of a new republic. The messenger from the court arrived. New York—now become the court city of the Western world—blazed with all its ostentatious illuminations. Officers of the king would assist as ‘performers of plays at the theatre, for the benefit of the widows and children, and sufferers by the war. The markets were well supplied; balls were given to satiety; and the dulness of evening parties was dispelled by the faro-table, where subalterns competed with their superiors, and ruined themselves by play. Howe fired his sluggish nature by wine and good cheer; his mistress spent his money prodigally, but the continuance of the war promised him a great fortune. As the fighting was over, Cornwallis sent his baggage on board the packet for England,’ etc.

On the Ice of the Delaware.—The plan of Washington was admirably conceived, but no part of it was completely executed except by himself in person. With an almost superhuman discernment he chose among his general officers, Greene, Sullivan, Stirling, and Mercer, and of field officers, Stark of New Hampshire, Webb of Connecticut, Hand of Philadelphia, Knox and Glover of Massachusetts, William Washington and James Munroe of Virginia, and Alexander Hamilton of New York. The company numbered twenty-four hundred picked men, ‘ready, every devil of them,’—as Hamilton afterwards said to his *then* friend Aaron Burr,—‘ready to storm hell’s battlements in the night.’ On the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of December, these crusaders of freedom began their march—every man carrying forty rounds of cartridges, and three days’ rations. The eighteen field-pieces ‘by a brisk movement’ struck the river before dark. The current was sullen and dark with grinding ice-cakes. ‘Who leads the embarkation?’ spoke out the Commander-in-Chief. ‘Marblehead,’ was the low, determined answer from some sailor-soldier of Massachusetts. Just then up rode a courier from Col. Reed, saying that neither Putnam nor the troops from Bristol could reach them. The next instant the daring Wilkinson came dashing up. He was not expected. ‘How did you trace us?’—‘Easily, by the blood-tracks of the boys over the snow.’ Another messenger, who had in some way got across the river, rushed up to Washington and whispered—‘Rall believes no reports of our approach—he is in his usual revels.’ The word came from a man who could be trusted—it was believed. ‘All hands over no *v*, gentlemen—orderly, quick, silent, sure.’

The Weather that Night on the Delaware.—Thomas Rodney knew all about it. He said: 'It was as severe a night as I ever saw.' The ice was gathering thicker—the wind from the northeast was charged with sleet and edged with frost, and for ten hours the great company kept up their steady struggle—unwavering, orderly, vigilant, strong. Before any of the blackness of night had showed signs of a dawning, the last cannon had been dragged to level ground on the Jersey shore, and the column began its march of nine miles down the river to Trenton. It was a bewildering tempest—snow, sleet, hail and howling wind all mingled wildly in a driving winter storm. After a hard march of three or four miles, Sullivan led one division along the bank of the river, and Washington the other by another nearly parallel road. The two columns now pressed on through the night and storm. A messenger from Sullivan said: 'Our ammunition is wet'—'Back to your General and say: We will use only bayonets to-night. *We must take the town.*' The stirring tale has been told ten thousand times. It is all said in a few words. Washington's party from the Pennington road drove in the pickets from one quarter; Stark, who led Sullivan's van, sent back a loud cheer from a distance as they drove in the pickets near the river; a hastily roused company from the barracks gave way to the unexpected charge, and fled with yagers and dragoons across the bridge over the little Assanpink stream which divides the town. Sullivan flanked them and cut off their retreat, while Washington, holding his division compact, moved steadily but rapidly through King and Queen streets—ever after called Warren and Greene—and at meeting in the concerted spot were forming in line of battle, when the Hessian commander, roused from his last night's debauch, cried out from his horse, which he just managed to mount, 'Advance—forward march,'—the soul of the soldier struggling to speak through the drunkard. It was quick work. Rall suddenly sobered by the cutting air, and bleaching terror, tried to atone for the surprise. He attempted to rally his forces, and bring them into action. All the time the Americans were pouring in their well-regulated fire with the steadiness of old troops, and the few Hessians who stood their ground were returning it. Washington's horse was shot, but the night victory was won. A musket ball sent Rall reeling from his saddle. His aide at once rode up to Washington with his proffered sword—'Sir, the Hessians have surrendered.' The retreat of 'the terrible Knyphausen regiment' was cut off by Lord Stirling, and they yielded on condition of retaining their side-arms and private baggage.

After the Battle.—It had lasted thirty-five minutes. Only seventeen Hessians had fallen dead, but nine hundred and forty-six had surrendered as prisoners of war. Six brass field-pieces, twelve hundred small arms, with all the colors of the enemy, were among the trophies of the victory. But the fruits of the battle could be secured only by placing the barricade of the Delaware once more between the patriots and the enemy. The rest of the night was consumed in recrossing the river, and before the daylight lit up the

still stormy heavens, the last transport had landed the last patriot soldier, with the spoils and prisoners of war on the Pennsylvania side. The ice-craunching flood of the river rolled on, no matter now, how dark. Even the bodies of the only two patriots who were killed in the battle were brought over, with those of the only two also who had frozen to death.

Washington and Greene at Rall's Deathbed.—After the surrender Washington had inquired for the Hessian commander. 'He was a brave soldier,' said the general to Greene. 'Let us look in on him, for it seems that his campaigns are over.' They were shown to his dying-bed in a neighboring house. 'With a heart overflowing with generous emotions, in that hour of triumph, the American chief offered the brave Rall those consolations which a soldier and a Christian can bestow. This kindness and attention from his conqueror soothed the agonies of the expiring hero.'¹

There will be no space for saying so much about any other battle of the American Revolution, for the simple reason that no one was to follow it which would be attended with such great results. Its importance is not to be measured by the number of prisoners—least of all by the roll of the wounded or dead on either side. But if the reader fixes the following facts in his mind, he will gain some faint idea of the reason why this night battle borrowed from the circumstances which attended it, such wonderful significance. Glance at a few points.

First. It displayed qualities of generalship which made our enemies dread the patriot commander. Ever after, the sneer was left out when they mentioned his name. *Second.* It reversed the judgment of European statesmen on the prospects of our success, and this made it easier to gain allies to our cause. *Third.* It nerved the arm of every American in every future battle. *Fourth.* It showed Washington in his true character as a bold, and yet prudent commander—an original and daring general, and yet a safe leader. Ever after he was the beloved and trusted man of the army. *Fifth.* The statesmen of the country saw that in his counsels there was victory—that he alone could make good the Declaration of the Fourth of July. The result we know. It is, indeed, hardly necessary to recount subsequent military events with any minuteness of detail. Around Washington the chief reliances of the people began to cluster. His name became a charmed name. From that hour, men, who never saw him, began to love him. And from

¹ Lossing's *Field-Book of the Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 22.

This painstaking historian also furnishes the following incidents connected with the last hours of Rall's life:—Col. Rall and his troops were, as Washington supposed they would be, yet under the influence of a night's carousal after the Christmas holiday. On the morning of the battle, Rall was at the house of Abraham Hunt, who traded with friend and foe. Hunt was sometimes suspected of being a Tory, but never of being a true Whig. He had invited Col. Rall and others to a Christmas supper at his house. Cards were introduced, and play continued throughout the night, accompanied with wine-drinking. A negro servant was kept as a sort of porter and warden at the door. Just at dawn a messenger came in haste with a note to Col. Rall, sent by a Tory on the Pennington road, who had dis-

covered the approach of the Americans. The negro refused admittance to the messenger, saying, 'The gemman can't be disturbed.' The bearer knew the importance of the note, and handing it to the negro, ordered him to carry it immediately to Col. Rall. Excited by wine, and about to deal, the Colonel thrust the note into his pocket. Like the Theban polemarch, who, in the midst of a convivial party, on receiving despatches relative to a conspiracy, refused to open them, saying, 'Business to-morrow,' Rall did not look at the message, but continued his amusement. Soon afterwards the roll of the American drums fell upon his ear. The rattle of musketry, the rumble of heavy gun-carriages, and the tramp of horses aroused his apprehensions, and by the time he could fly to his quarters and mount his horse, the Americans were driving his soldiers before them like chaff.

that Christmas night, in which he struck the grand blow at Trenton, and in an almost bloodless battle won such fadeless laurels for freedom, he became linked in the minds of discerning men with another, and a far more exalted Being, whose birth was heralded on the plains of Bethlehem as the Prince of Peace. It is not irreverent to mention these two beloved names together. We only catch the refrain of the note we struck in THE OPENING in these words:—‘I hold firmly to the belief, that George Washington and his companions, with the Declaration of Independence in their hands, are destined to accomplish for the political redemption of mankind, what Jesus Christ and his Apostles, with the Gospel, have achieved for man’s spiritual elevation.’ From the night which in seventeen hundred and seventy-six, followed the anniversary of the natal day of the Man of Nazareth we date the event which introduced a new era in the history of human liberty.

Washington crosses the Delaware again, and fixes his Headquarters at Trenton.—The field of a battle won, belongs to the victor. Having secured the immediate fruits of his victory, Washington again passed the Delaware, and established his headquarters at Trenton. His resources were lean, his army was still small; and yet within five days one-half of it would melt back into the towns and scattered settlements from whence it had been gathered: *the terms of enlistment would expire*—sad words, but not to be repeated so often hereafter, since a national army was to be organized, on which the commanding general could rely. Encumbered as Washington’s victorious men were with a thousand prisoners, and nearly disabled as most of them were by exposure for forty hours to a blinding storm, in the cutting hail and the bitterest cold, with little food, no rest, all frost-bitten, and some of them frozen to death, prudence would seem to have dictated repose. But to Washington’s heroic spirit there was now no safety but in daring—no salvation but in a still more desperate movement. He was too feeble to expose his weakness. It was safer to defy the enemy, than to appear to dread him. In this extreme emergency, one reliance upon which Washington secretly depended, did not fail. In anticipation of the term of the enlistment of the New England regiments coming to an end, he made an appeal of the deepest earnestness to his friend Robert Morris, who had already contributed generous aid, for further and instant assistance. Pennsylvania had promised bounties to her undisciplined volunteers if they would remain six weeks longer, and Washington now pledged his personal honor to the Eastern veterans for the same terms; ‘with one voice they instantly gave their word to do so, making no stipulations of their own.’ The paymaster’s last dollar was gone. No promise of Congress to pay money could any longer inspire confidence, and the printed currency was no longer current. *Money* must be had. Washington, Stark, and other officers pledged their own fortunes. But this could not work the miracle of hard cash at the instant. ‘If it be possible, sir,’ wrote the Commander-in-chief, ‘to give us assistance, do it; borrow money while it can be done; we are doing it upon our private credit. Every man of interest,

every lover of his country, must strain his credit upon such an occasion. No time, my dear sir, is to be lost.' "Then it was that Robert Morris not only evinced his faith in the success of the patriot cause, and his own love of country, but he tested the strength of his credit and mercantile honor. The sum was large, and the requirement seemed almost impossible to meet. Government credit was low, but confidence in Robert Morris was unbounded. On leaving his office, musing upon how he should obtain the money, he met a wealthy Quaker, and said, 'I want money for the use of the army.' 'Robert, what security can'st thou give,' asked the Quaker. 'My note and my honor,' promptly replied Morris. 'Thou shalt have it,' as promptly responded the lender.'"¹ In a few hours the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in hard money, was in Washington's hands, and the man who never broke his word through a life time, had redeemed his pledge.

Congress nobly meets the Emergency.—Its decisive action was the more to be praised, for it was in the midst of the gloomiest forebodings that they had adjourned to Baltimore; and on the very day the victory of Trenton was being won, they had appointed Richard Henry Lee, and Samuel Adams a committee to report what action should be had in the solemn crisis. On the following day Congress determined that, 'having maturely considered the present crisis, and having perfect reliance on the wisdom, vigor, and uprightness of General Washington, resolved that, in addition to the eighty-eight battalions to be furnished by the separate States, he shall, as the General of the United States, raise, organize, and officer sixteen battalions of infantry, three thousand light horsemen, three regiments of artillery, and a corps of engineers.' The general, thus made in fact what he had hitherto been only by courtesy—Commander-in-chief,—could enlist men from the whole country; displace all incompetent officers, and commission new ones under the rank of brigadier-generals; filling vacancies, and appropriating necessaries for the use of the army at a just appraisal.

Washington not a Dictator.—This action was misunderstood at the time, and has been misunderstood ever since. Congress was accused by the Tories of America, and by our enemies in Europe, of creating a dictator; and this was so persistently reiterated, that the cause of Republicanism itself was seriously hurt. But Congress meant to confer no such honors, nor did Washington so understand it. Even where he arrested disaffected persons, as any commanding general in actual warfare always may, he was required to account to the civil authorities of the States where they belonged. To this grant of powers, not before conferred, Washington immediately replied: 'All my

¹ Robert Morris was a native of England, where he was born in 1733. He came to America in 1744, and became a merchant's clerk in Philadelphia. By the force of industry, energy, and good character, he rose to the station of one of the first merchants of his time. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was active as a public financier throughout the war. Toward its close—1781—he was instru-

mental in establishing a national bank. After the war he was a state legislator, and Washington wished him to be his first Secretary of the Treasury, but he declined it. By land speculations he lost his fortune, and died in comparative poverty, in May, 1806, when a little more than seventy years of age.—Lossing's *Hist. of the U. S.*, p. 263.

faculties shall be employed to advance those objects, and only those, which gave rise to this distinction. If my exertions should not be attended with success, I trust the failure will be imputed to the difficulties I have to combat, rather than to a want of zeal for my country, and the closest attention to her interests. Instead of thinking myself freed from all civil obligations by this mark of confidence, I shall constantly bear in mind, that as the sword was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be laid aside when those liberties are firmly established. I shall instantly set about making the most necessary reforms in the army.' This letter was written on New Year's day, 1777, from a camp where less than seven hundred effective and reliable men answered to the roll-call.

Cornwallis with seven thousand Veterans marches on Trenton.—Recalled suddenly by the astounding news of the capture of the Hessians, Cornwallis postponed his pleasure-trip home, and at the head of a corps of seven thousand of the best troops in the British army, marched on Trenton, 'determined to wipe out the late mortifying disgrace, rescue the victor's prey, and by a single overwhelming blow, annihilate the rebels.' To all human foresight, that fate could be averted only by a cowardly flight, which would be but another name for destruction. But the hopes of Independence were on the eastern shore of the Delaware, and Washington stood undismayed amidst the dwindled band of its champions. Through the clouds that drifted over their heads, the eye of faith could discern the arm of everlasting justice that swayed the fortunes of the struggling Colonies; and while on the sightless couriers of that December air, the wild storms of winter were drifting, the ear of patriotism could hear the many voices of Eternal Liberty.

Washington concentrates all his Forces to meet the Enemy.—The old order of things had passed away; a new and more efficient régime came in. Despatches now carried orders and not advice, and those orders were obeyed with alacrity and delight. Cadwalader¹ hastened from Crosswick's with eighteen hundred troops on the first of January; and by a forced march the next night, Mifflin came in with a like number from Bordentown, making an army of five thousand men. They amounted to very little in the opinion of Cornwallis, to whom news of every movement of the patriots was instantly carried by the disloyal who swarmed all through the region; but before many days, that brave and accomplished but somewhat self-confident soldier, was to have abundant occasion to change his opinion. In truth, that motley mass did not present a very soldierly appearance, for more than half of them were farmers, merchants, and mechanics, who knew nothing of war, and had hastily left their family firesides with all the comforts of home, for the hardships and

¹ John Cadwalader was born in Philadelphia in 1743, and died Feb. 10, 1786. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention in 1775, and at the commencement of the war was commander of a volunteer company, nearly all the members of which subsequently became officers of the army. In 1777 he was appointed by Congress a brigadier-general, and took part in

the battles of Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He fought a duel with Gen. Conway on account of his intrigues against Gen. Washington, and was, after the war, a member of the Assembly of Maryland.—*Appleton's Cyclopaedia: Title, Cadwalader, John.*

perils of a winter campaign. But they all knew something of the use of fire-arms, and to a man they were veterans in patriotism.

The Night Flight from Trenton to win a Victory at Princeton.—All through the war our great leader had to make up in generalship, what he lacked in munitions and men. One of his most rapid and superb movements was made on the second night of the year 1777. Leaving a strong rear-guard at Princeton, Cornwallis reached Trenton on the evening of that day, after a hard march of ten miles over roads made deep by a winter thaw, and his advance was impeded by a succession of hard skirmishes with detachments thrown out by Washington to harass his columns. At dark both armies found themselves encamped on opposite sides of the narrow Assanpink, which flows through the town. The main British body bivouacked on the rising ground above the town, while strong pickets were posted along the stream to watch closely every movement of the Americans behind their breastworks, which had been thrown up within pistol-shot, and apparently with a view to meet the enemy. Cornwallis was advised by one of his principal officers, to bring on an engagement at once; but he could not believe Washington would try to escape. Tory spies could only report what they saw and knew; they neither saw nor knew the secret purposes of the American leader. Towards midnight he told his council of war his plan. It was by a sudden movement to turn Cornwallis' left, fall on his rear-guard at Princeton, and try to capture the enemy's military stores at Brunswick. He had already—just after dark—started all the army baggage noiselessly over the soft road to Burlington. He knew every by-road throughout the neighborhood, and watching the skies carefully saw signs of a sudden change of the weather, which if it came in time, would probably enable him to carry away his field-pieces safely over the frozen ground. By midnight that sudden change had come—the ground was stiff, and his army began to move in detachments by 'a roundabout road' towards Princeton. 'To conceal the movement, guards were left to replenish the American camp-fires. The night had as yet no light in the unmeasured firmament, but the stars as they sparkled through the openings in the clouds; the fires of the British blazed round the hills on which they slumbered; the beaming fires of the Americans rose in a wall of flame along the Assanpink, for more than half a mile, impervious to the eye, throwing a glare on the town, the rivulet, the tree-tops, the river and the background. The drowsy British officer who had charge of the night-watch, let the flames blaze up and subside under fresh heaps of fuel, and saw nothing, and surmised nothing.'¹

Discovery of the Deserted Camp of the Americans.—When the British commander was told the next morning that nothing was left of the American camp but the smouldering ashes of its watch-fires, and whither they had fled no one could tell, nothing could exceed his mortification, or solve the mystery,

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 247.

till the booming of cannon on the still, clear winter air, from the direction of Princeton, smote his ear. 'Is that thunder?' 'No, General,' answered Erskine, 'it is Washington's cannon playing on our rear-guard.' 'What will become of our stores at Brunswick? To arms!' And his army was quickly formed into marching columns.

The Battle of Princeton.—A hard night's march, by a circuitous route of eighteen miles, brought the Americans to the southeastern skirts of Princeton at sunrise, too late for a complete surprise. Mercer, with four hundred men, was sent to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook on the direct road to Trenton. But, although the British were already on their march to join Cornwallis, they turned to meet the pursuers, and an engagement followed; and as both parties were about equal in numbers and field-pieces, the ground was fiercely contested. The first strife was for a commanding range of high ground to the north, where, after a short but brisk cannonade, the Americans scaled the fences, and opened with their muskets and rifles. After one return volley, the English charged with their bayonets; and as most of the Americans were armed only with rifles, they gave way and abandoned their cannon. But their officers attempted to arrest the retreat, and stood bravely till most of the leaders fell—Haslet, of Delaware; Fleming, of Virginia; Neal, in command of the artillery; and noblest perhaps of all, the gallant General Mercer, who reeled from his dying horse only to be stabbed by many bayonets. But on hearing the first gun, Washington started on a flying march, and reached the field only to find Mercer's division in retreat. At a glance he saw where to strike. While a well-directed fire from his two pieces of artillery stopped the advance of the foremost British column, he arrested the retreat of Mercer's battalions, and bringing them once more into line, held the united forces steady for a general engagement. The moment having come to win or lose the day, he resorted to the desperate, but only means which ever availed with his raw levies against the unwavering obstinacy of British regulars—he dashed to the front, and led the charge himself to within thirty yards of the enemy, when volleys from both sides renewed the fight with deadly fierceness. As the clouds of smoke rose and were almost instantly dissolved in the frosty air, the eyes of the Americans eagerly sought the spot where they had last seen their general, and as his majestic form was unveiled to their gaze, still firmly seated on his well-known battle-horse fronting the foe, as he waved his sword a wild cheer rang over the field. The spectacle seemed for a moment to excite the same amazement in both armies; they felt that a higher than human power shielded the patriot leader. His waving sword flashed back in the morning sun-blaze the answering signal, and nerved the ranks of the fresh volunteers with the steadiness of accustomed campaign valor. He was everywhere on the field, directing every movement with rapidity and matchless dexterity. Neither the skill of the hostile commander, nor the courage and discipline of his troops, could avail against the onset of such men. They had to give way. The shattered regiments broke and fled: their deserted can-

non began to grow cold ; the officer in command was pursued for four miles, and many of his men taken. After Washington came up, the conflict lasted but twenty minutes : but the English fell like tall grain before the reaper. Two hundred lay dead or bleeding on the field, and before noon a still larger number were brought in prisoners, fourteen of whom were British officers. The American loss was surprisingly small, except of officers,¹ whose cool intrepidity, and noble devotion inspired the young army with a still higher feeling of soldierly confidence, and the whole nation with fresh enthusiasm.

Cornwallis reaches Princeton too late.—Disappointment and chagrin now seemed to overtake the gifted Cornwallis at every step. Even his forced march of ten miles by the direct road, brought him to Princeton only in time to see the rear of the Americans in orderly retreat beyond the town, carrying with them their own wounded and dead, and in addition to their baggage, the prisoners, booty, and trophies of triumph. A bolder commander might have hotly pursued an encumbered fugitive army, exhausted by constant marching, watching, or fighting, without sleep or shelter, or sufficient food for more than forty hours. But he began to entertain a salutary dread of the military genius of the American general, while his trained regulars no longer ‘affected the contempt which they had early imbibed from their officers, for a mob of ununiformed rebels.’ Perhaps both of these things had something to do with his lordship’s decision. It seems that he preferred to send on a force to protect his stores at Brunswick, and look about him to see if he should be able to hold even what he had gained in a single narrow State at so great a sacrifice of time, men, and treasure, and regain what he put a far higher estimate upon—his prestige for generalship.

Washington establishes his Winter Quarters at Morristown.—Although he was strongly inclined to attempt the destruction of the enemy’s stores at Brunswick, yet his humanity towards the brave men who had done so well, and were still suffering so much, overruled his original purpose. Of the extent of that suffering and destitution, we can realize little from the facts already recorded. Washington’s letters describing the condition of his soldiers, are more than confirmed by the pictures drawn by English and German officers who were prisoners in the American camp, all of whom had been strangers to such privations. They wrote at the time :—‘Very many of them marched barefoot great distances over rough, frozen ground, and through snow with bleeding feet. Few have warm clothes : blankets are almost unknown : they have few tents, and lie down on the frozen ground to sleep, seeming to look for but one comfort—a fire to warm their feet by. We never knew an army that would think of such privations without mutiny. And yet these republican soldiers never complain, although they have all of them had comfortable, and many of them even luxurious homes. It will be very hard to conquer such men—yes, impossible.’

¹ Mercer, who was mortally wounded, stood in merit next to Greene, and by his education, abilities, willing disposition, and love for his adopted county, was fitted for high trusts.—Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 249.

After passing the Millstone river, and destroying the bridge at Kingston, Washington turned off to the highlands, where the exhausted army 'sank down for the night in the woods around Somerset Court House, on the bare, frozen ground, and fell asleep without thinking of the cold.' The next day—January 6—they rose with alacrity to the *reveille*, and marched on in a solid column to Morristown, which was to be the quarters of the Commander-in-chief. In that town and in the neighboring villages, the troops were to find shelter, and learn the life and discipline of the regular soldier.

New Jersey almost Redeemed.—Meantime there was to be no cessation from activity till the enemy had been driven from the interior of the State, and forced back to his strongholds on the coast from which he had started. Late successes had greatly strengthened the popular cause. The timid had grown bold, and the patriotic daring. Everywhere armed men seemed to spring up from the bosom of the soil. The enemy was harassed from all quarters. Foraging parties were surrounded and cut to pieces, or compelled to surrender with their spoils. Four hundred raw troops flocked to General Dickinson's standard, forded the Millstone, and swept a strong marauding band from the neighborhood, taking many of them prisoners, and capturing forty army wagons, and large droves of horned cattle and sheep, with a hundred English draft breed horses. Washington's outposts stretched to within sight of Amboy, which was almost the last point the English held in New Jersey beyond the Bay of New York; and feeble as was the American army, it was secure behind the formidable barricades of frozen rivers, dense forests, and ranges of snow-covered hills.

The Results of the late victorious Campaign.—They were great and inspiring. In the military annals of illustrious Captains, few fairer pages have been written, than the record of the ten days which opened with the capture of Rall's Hessian army at Trenton on the night of Christmas, and ended in the arrival at their winter quarters at Morristown, on the evening of the fifth of January, of the victors of Princeton. During this brief campaign with one army on the eve of being disbanded, and another of raw troops just recruited, Washington had, in the depth of a rigorous winter, crossed a broad, deep river—angry with black water and crowded with masses of floating ice-cakes—marched six hours through a bewildering night storm of snow and hail—surprised and captured an army of brutal and ferocious Hessian mercenaries—recrossed that same terrible stream, rolling a flood like the Danube, carrying with them prisoners and booty to a place of security—sent the greater portion of his troops to their homes, and with but a few remaining hundred, passed that raging river for the third time—recruited a new army in hours which other generals would have demanded weeks for—flanked an overwhelming corps of the best troops in the world, and stealing away so noiselessly that the sleeping commander only knew he had escaped him by the discovery the next morning of a deserted camp, whose fires were still burning; not knowing whither

he had fled, till the sound of his cannon from a distance of ten miles, told him that his army had been flanked by a long and circuitous night march of his antagonist, who had engaged his rear-guard, cutting whole regiments of them to pieces, capturing several hundred and putting the rest to flight—retreating from the field within an hour, and carrying his prey with him in a march so orderly and rapid that pursuit was hopeless—reaching his impregnable winter quarters among the frozen hills—all with but a handful of undisciplined recruits, half-fed, half-clothed, half-armed, half-frozen—and that these prodigies of strategy and valor, should have been crowded in the brief span of two hundred and forty hours! To this day it reads more like a fancy sketch of romance, than the unvarnished record of history.

Its Effect on the Country.—The news had been spreading day by day through the disheartened colonies with the swiftness of couriers, and the power of inspiration. Every man who told his neighbor of it, began by saying—‘Great news from the Jerseys.’ It passed into a proverb, and familiarized millions of men with the great qualities of the leader of the patriot cause, and the heroic achievements of the Continental soldiers.

Everything had been lost—everything was now won. Those last, dark, cold, gloomy days of December, which had covered the earth with the winding-sheet of winter, and buried her till the resurrection of spring, were days of gladness and triumph. When the news of the victory of Trenton reached Congress, the President, who attempted to communicate it to that body, broke in his utterances. At last he said: ‘The Secretary will read Washington’s despatch.’ It was written in no mood of exultation, but it breathed the conscious spirit of faith in God, and confidence in the justice and ultimate triumph of the national cause.

Its Effect in Europe.—When the intelligence of the campaign reached England, and spread over Europe, military men who studied its details, began to criticise somewhat severely the conduct of veteran English generals, for allowing a rebel who had at best been known only as a forest campaigner, with a few straggling, half-clothed, half-armed, half-fed republicans, to foil the designs, escape the stratagems, and defy the power of the best army on the earth. The great Frederic of Prussia was then founding a state, which during the same first hundred years of our national life, has grown into one of the most powerful of kingdoms. He traced the progress of the American struggle with the minutest care, and with the most reliable information. He was the first of the great soldiers of Europe, to discern the military genius of Washington:—‘This young American general,’ he said, ‘is opening a new chapter in the art of war. England has no man to match him.’ The world then began to fix its gaze upon what has since become the Great Republic. But no eyes were fixed with deeper intensity than those of the young Marquis of Lafayette. As soon as the news reached Paris, he flew to Deane, who read to him the despatches.

Dealing with Tories.—As the shadows thickened around the national cause, and all but the stoutest hearts began to quail, the second proclamation of the brothers Howe was scattered broadcast over the country, and the disloyal, the timid, and the base, everywhere hastened to declare their allegiance to the British king. Eight hundred and fifty in Rhode Island, where the English had gained a temporary foothold without serious opposition; twelve hundred and eighty in the city and rural districts of New York, and two thousand seven hundred in New Jersey had, in a short time, subscribed the formal declaration of fidelity. Washington had in the meantime gained two brilliant, and to all recreant Americans, astounding victories; and he was clothed with authority to speak in behalf of the nation. On the 25th of January he promulgated an order from 'Headquarters of the Army of the United States,' demanding that 'all persons who had accepted British protection should withdraw within the enemy's lines, or take the oath of allegiance to the United States of America.' This bold and peremptory order struck terror into every Tory heart in New Jersey, and inspired the soul of every patriot who read the proclamation, or heard the news. The change which so suddenly came over the Jersey people has been well described: 'The indiscriminate rapacity of the British army, which spared neither friend nor foe; the terrible excesses of their lust, the unrestrained passion for destruction, changed the people of New Jersey from spectators of the war,—so supine that no more than a hundred of them had joined Washington in his retreat,—to active partisans, animated by the zeal and courage which exasperation at personal injuries, the love of liberty and property, the regard for the sanctity of home, and the impulse to avenge wrong, could inspire.' The same faithful historic pen draws the narrow limits within which the British power found itself circumscribed at the opening of the third year of the attempt of the Empire to extinguish the light of the rising Republic of the West: 'New England, except the island of Rhode Island; all central, northern, and western New York, except Fort Niagara; all the country from the Delaware to Florida, were free from the invaders, who had acquired only the islands that touched New York harbor, and a few adjacent outposts, of which Brunswick and the hills round Kingsbridge, were the most remote. For future operations, they had against them the vast extent of the coast, and in the forest, which was ever recurring between the settlements whenever they passed beyond their straitened quarters, they were exposed to surprises, skirmishes, and hardships. They were wasted by incessant alarms and unremitting labor; their forage and provisions were purchased at the price of blood.'¹

Washington's Character begins to be Appreciated.—Some cavils were raised by ambitious and captious men in and out of Congress. But the growing feeling of the country was better represented by such sagacious and generous men as Richard Henry Lee, who spoke of Washington in those days much as men do now; and Robert Morris, who, in writing to his friend, William

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 254.

Hooper, the Congressional delegate from North Carolina, exclaimed: 'He is the greatest man on earth,' and received in reply the following words, which forecast the awards of the future: 'Will posterity believe the tale? When it shall be consistent with policy to give the history of that man from his first introduction into our service; how often America has been rescued from ruin by the mere strength of his genius, conduct, and courage, encountering every obstacle that want of money, men, army, ammunition, could throw in his way, an impartial world will say with you, that he is the greatest man on earth. Misfortunes are the element in which he shines; they are the groundwork on which his picture appears to the greatest advantage. He rises superior to them all; they serve as foils to his fortitude, and as stimulants to bring into view those great qualities which his modesty keeps concealed. I could fill my letter with his praise; but anything I can say cannot equal his merits.' Through all the records of opinion of those times, we everywhere find indications that it was gradually becoming the general conviction, that in the essential greatness of his military genius, in his broad and illuminated statesmanship, in his matchless self-control, in the indomitable courage, strength, and purity of his character, the chief hope of the Republic reposed.

Distant Scenes brought together.—We left our goodly city of New York gay with festivities in honor of the investiture of Sir William Howe as Knight of the Bath. The town was lit up by a general illumination. From private dwellings, and the fort on the battery, lights were flashing over the waters, and rockets of many colors were shooting into the winter sky. The heavy reverberations from guns of the English men-of-war were rolling ceaselessly over the broad bay. The headquarters of the commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in North America, with the new order won by his late brilliant victories on his breast, were blazing with a splendor hitherto unknown on these rude shores. While the happy recipient of this dazzling emblem of royal favor, was surrounded by whatever of beauty and chivalry the court capitol could gather, and

'The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell!—'

Washington with his patriot army was crossing the Delaware, and before the next morning's daybreak had ended the revelry, messengers on fleet horses were riding hard with the news that the Hessian army was captured and that its commander lay dying at Trenton.

Franklin spending his Christmas at Paris.—After a stormy passage, in which his good little ship had taken three English prizes, Franklin reached France, and entered Paris—December 21st,—four days before the victory of Trenton had shot the first gleam of light through the darkness which wrapped the infant Republic. His fame as a scientist had long filled Europe, and he was regarded as the greatest man America had produced. His arrival created universal astonishment. 'He has fled for safety from an expiring

cause :’ ‘He has come back to make the best terms he can for his rebel countrymen.’ Such was the language of the government and press of England. Edmund Burke, in whose noble soul no mean suspicion ever found shelter, indignantly exclaimed :—‘It cannot be true ; I will never believe that he is going to end a long life, every hour of which has been brightened with grand achievement, by so foul and dishonorable a flight !’ At Nantes, Franklin had dropped a few words, which flew through Europe, carrying with them a weight greater than the utterances of any other private man living. ‘By no means, gentlemen ! Our cause is neither desperate, nor discouraging. A score of successful English campaigns could not subjugate the Americans. The Declaration of Independence was not blotted out by the battle of Long Island—that great act is irrevocable. We are winning our liberty, we shall found a free State, and France is our natural ally.’ Beyond this it was needless to go. On the evening of Lord Howe’s festivities in New York, and Washington’s night battle at Trenton, Franklin was holding councils in a secluded apartment in Paris, with Silas Deane, and a few confidential friends—the theme being the one which lay nearest their hearts—how to win the Government of Louis XVI. to the American cause. The future will show with what results.

The Winter of Preparation for the Spring Campaign—Washington at Morristown.—The organization of the national army now began, and was prosecuted with vigor and steadiness. For the first time, officers learned subordination to one supreme chief, and were taught discipline. A line of small cantonments was planted from Princeton to the Highlands of the Hudson, and light expeditions were scouring the country in all directions, till the harassed foe was glad to abandon the interior, and withdraw the last foraging party within the lines at Brunswick and Amboy, from whence no offensive movements were made till far into the following spring. A new aspect was presented throughout the State. The lines were pretty clearly drawn between Tories and Whigs ; volunteers were constantly recruiting the regular service, and before the farmers’ fields were ready for the plowing, Washington found himself at the head of a comparatively efficient army of nearly ten thousand men. They had bravely endured the bitter cold, and deprivations of the season ; they saw few idle hours, for they were too actively engaged in excursions and training, to learn anything of the idleness, or much of the dissoluteness of camp life. They had escaped death by freezing or starvation. Of course, they neither thought nor cared about uniforms. They had arms, such as they were, and ammunition. They loved their general, and they were ready to fight.

SECTION THIRD.

STATE BUILDING—THIRTEEN INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC COMMONWEALTHS
FOUNDED.

ALL the fighting in America, was done to win Civil Liberty. The soldier was sent to the field to secure freedom to the statesman to construct codes and constitutions. Now while the reign of winter had interrupted the movements of both armies, and the common sentiment of the old Thirteen Colonies had found expression through the Declaration of Independence—that MAGNA CHARTA OF LIBERTY FOR ALL NATIONS, AND FOR ALL TIME—the people of the separate Colonies appointed their representatives to meet in conventions and legislatures, to frame State constitutions for their own government. This work had a vastly broader and more lasting significance than the evolutions of armies on battle-fields. The proceedings of these bodies will interest statesmen to the end of time. Lord Bacon, in his estimates of great men, places in the First Class the Code-Framers and Nation-Builders.

The Foundation Stones on which the new Constitutions rested.—In tracing the progress of the construction of these constitutions, I shall go into very few details. It will answer my purpose fully, to state the broad principles which were recognized as the bases of all the structures ; for differing as they did in form, they all breathed the same spirit.

First.—After the great act of the Fourth of July, 1776, the General Congress recommended all the States, as free sovereignties, to form their own constitutions, to which they would bind all their citizens in true allegiance.

Second.—While no instructions could be given by Congress, still a Committee had been appointed to draught a plan of Confederation for all the Colonies ; and, although the original Articles of Confederation had not yet been adopted, and were not till four years later, yet the whole nation was agreed to act in union on all strictly national affairs, until a general Constitution should be established. Nor was the idea anywhere entertained, of any action by the separate States that would conflict with the spirit of a national union, least of all with the great principles of republicanism, and local independent sovereignty.

The Characteristics of these Constitutions.—Long before this, in his remarkable speech on conciliating the Colonies, Burke paid only a just tribute

to the intelligence of the American people. 'Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this intractable spirit. *I mean their education.* In no country perhaps in the world, is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of deputies sent to the Congress are lawyers; but all who read—and most do read—endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on Law exported to the plantations. The colonies have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England.'

Training of American Statesmen.—By this time, moreover, the most learned and accomplished men throughout all the Colonies, had been going through a process of practical education in the affairs of government, more thorough than any generation of men that had ever lived. From the first Colonial Congress, which met at Albany in the summer of 1765, eleven years had gone by before the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed; and during that period more learned and profound debates on human rights had been witnessed than, up to that time, had occurred in the history of the human race. In each separate colony, every fundamental principle connected with free civil government had been investigated; pamphlets, essays and dissertations without number had been printed, and the great body of the people had become familiar with the cardinal maxims of civil government as founded upon the rights of *man*, in distinction from, and antecedent to, all rights of the citizen. The American code-makers were also as familiar with the principles of human liberty and justice upon which the constitution of England rested, as were the best Englishmen themselves; and they were equally learned in the constitutions of all the free states from the earliest historical antiquity. But, except within certain limitations of form, they had no model to choose from; they selected what best suited their condition, and created the rest.

Third. The Source of all Power lies in the Bosom of the People.—This principle shone out from every constitution they formed. "That 'inalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' was the keynote," as Rousseau, that passionate worshipper of ideal liberty, well said, "to the anthem of universal freedom." In this spirit they went confidently to their work; and it is amazing, in recurring with studious care to those grand edifices of civil government, after the lights and shadows of a century have fallen over them, to see how much wiser they built, than even they themselves knew. Since their time, no new principle of civil government has been discovered; no new contributions have been made by the men who came after them, to the common treasury of political wisdom. Experience did indeed, in many instances, suggest wiser provisions for carrying out

these principles, as practice alone makes perfect; and yet a close scrutiny reveals the surprising fact, that even their modes of administration and prudential provisions, were so wisely adapted to their social condition, very few changes have since been made, except those which became necessary or advisable with the developments of time.

Fourth. The Originality of their Statesmanship.—It is a notable fact that, so far as we have yet learned, not a single statesman who helped to form the American constitutions, had originally been an advocate of a Republican form of government. I have already shown, that loyalty to the King of England was the original sentiment of all the colonists, and that Republicanism was an after-thought—an outgrowth from circumstances—the recourse of sheer necessity—the fruit of political oppression, and of that only. We shall now see that every American statesman had cast the souvenirs and the principles of royalty behind his back: its precedents, its authority, its sanctions, and its traditional sacredness, were all swept by the board. Not only was a new leaf to be turned over in the history of government, but the whole library of codes was to give place to a new volume, in which were to be inscribed Fundamental Statutes springing from the eternal principles of human liberty derived from the Creator, and incorporated into the system of eternal justice on which the moral universe reposes. Whatever of legislation was now to be made, was to be framed on, and adjusted to, this system alone. Precedents might be quoted, but only by way of illustration. In jurisprudence indeed, there was no occasion for a new system, for it had long ago been determined, that the Common Law of England was founded in common sense—it had grown out of the illuminated reason, and the sense of natural justice in the human soul. It rested upon that which was right *in the nature of things*; equity was its chief corner-stone. Behind the *Magna Charta*, the writ of *habeas corpus*, and *trial by jury*, it was not necessary to go. All else was to be created anew; and this creation—the grandest, the purest, the wisest, and, as we believe, the most enduring—was purely an American creation. No improvement has been made upon it, nor has any attempt to imitate it on a broad scale been, as yet, attended with permanent success. But it is the conviction of the clearest headed, and the hope of the warmest hearted among our people, that the American system is the one which mankind will ultimately find most favorable—not to say indispensable—to the completest triumphs of civilization.

The Constitutions of the Thirteen States in the order of adoption:

MASSACHUSETTS.—It had been the first of the Thirteen to substitute the name of the 'government and people' for the authority of the king. On the 19th of July, 1775, thirty-two days after the battle of Bunker Hill, its Assembly recognized the Colonial Council as the legal depository of executive power. All the functions of government, with all commissions and legal processes, continued under the provisions of its old Charter, until Sept-

ember, 1779, when a Convention chosen by the people for that purpose, framed a constitution. John Adams, who was its main constructor, says that he 'followed three guides in the work; the first being the English Constitution; the second, the Bill of Rights of Virginia; the third, the experience of Massachusetts herself.' This Constitution was approved by the people at the ballot-box, and went into effect the following year.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—During the first week in January, six months before the Declaration of Independence, this Colony formed an independent government, with only few slight deviations from its royal charter, except by vesting the executive power in the State Council, and this order of things continued till the close of the Revolution, when in June, 1783, a Convention formed a Constitution which received the approval of the people, and became the fundamental law from the 31st day of October following.

SOUTH CAROLINA had, as early as March 26th, 1776, adopted a Provisional Constitution; a permanent one being established two years later by an act of her Legislature, without a further reference to the people.

RHODE ISLAND was content to rest the administration of power and justice, upon her venerable Roger Williams Charter, which was so thoroughly Republican that, in May, 1776, no further change was found necessary, than blotting out the king's name from the record, and expunging a single law disfranchising Catholics, 'which had, in some manner,' as one of her historians said, 'stolen into its book of statutes.'

CONNECTICUT.—She, too, was satisfied with her old charter, which in days of peril she had committed to the friendly shelter of the Charter Oak, and she had only to substitute the word 'people' for the name of 'king.' This she did June 14th, 1776, by a legislative provisional act; but on the 10th of the next October, this act was declared to be perpetual.

VIRGINIA.—This oldest of the colonies and the mother of a whole constellation of States, had done her work under the inspirations of her great statesmen, a month before the Declaration of Independence. Her legislative Convention, deeming themselves clothed with supreme authority, boldly proclaimed her Constitution based upon her original Bill of Rights, and her own Declaration of Independence.¹

NEW JERSEY, two days before the Declaration of Philadelphia, had perfected and promulgated a new charter, created by herself, and for herself.

¹ The British Parliament, in its Bill of Rights, had only summed up the liberties that Englishmen in the lapse of centuries had acquired from their kings; the Americans opened their career of independence by a declaration of the self-evident rights of man; and this, begun by Virginia, was repeated, with variations, in every constitution formed after independence, except that of South Carolina. In that State, the amended constitution breathed not one word for universal freedom, made no assertion of human rights, and no longer affirmed that the people is the source of power. Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire proclaimed that all men are born free, and as a consequence were the first to get rid of Slavery; Georgia recognized rights derived to Americans from 'the laws of nature and reason;' at the bar of humanity and the bar of the people, South Carolina alone remained silent.—Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 282.

DELAWARE.—After proclaiming her Bill of Rights, her Convention, chosen by her freemen for that purpose, announced her Constitution.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A similar Convention adopted a Constitution for this Colony, September 28th, 1776; but owing to its partial disfranchisement of the Quakers, it met with so much opposition, not only from them, but from many patriotic citizens, that it did not go into operation till the ensuing autumn.

MARYLAND.—Her Convention met August 14th, 1776; and after mature deliberations, perfected and adopted her Constitution the 9th of November.

NORTH CAROLINA.—She had elected a Congress—so-called—to frame a Constitution and ratify it, and it was done December 18th, 1776.

GEORGIA.—The action of her Convention was prompt and unanimous, and her Constitution was adopted February 5, 1777.

NEW YORK.—Her Constitution came latest of all, and it was declared in the judgment of the wisest statesmen of the country, to be the best of all. The Convention elected for framing it, was authorized also to announce its adoption by the act of the same body.

The supreme Object of universal Desire.—‘That nothing might be wanting to the seeming hazard of the experiment, that nothing might be wanting to the certainty of its success, full force was given to one principle, which was the supreme object of universal desire. That which lay nearest the heart of the American people, that which they above all demanded, from love of freedom of inquiry, and from the earnestness of their convictions, was, not the abolition of hereditary monarchy and hereditary aristocracy, not universal suffrage, not the immediate emancipation of slaves: for more than two centuries the plebeian Protestant sects had sent up the cry to heaven for freedom to worship God. To the panting for this freedom, half the American States owed their existence, and all but one or two their increase in free population. The immense majority of the inhabitants of the Thirteen Colonies were Protestant dissenters; and from end to end of their continent, from the rivers of Maine and the hills of New Hampshire, to the mountain valleys of Tennessee and

¹ New York, the happy daughter of the ancient Netherlands, true to her lineage, and not misled by the recollections of the Huguenots, did, ‘in the name of’ her ‘good people, ordain, determine, and declare the free exercise of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, to all mankind;’ for the men of this new commonwealth felt themselves ‘required, by the benevolent principles of national liberty, not only to expel civil tyranny, but also to guard against that spiritual oppression and intolerance wherewith the bigotry and ambition of weak and wicked princes have scourged mankind.’ So does one century avenge the wrongs done to humanity in another; here, Louis the Fourteenth of France, and Bossuet, could they come back to this life, might read the American reply to the sorrowful revocation of the Edict of

Nantes. And the vengeance was sublime; for independent New York with even justice, secured to the Catholic equal liberty of worship, and equal franchise. New York almost alone had no religious test for office. Her liberality was wide as the world, and as the human race. Henceforth no man on her soil was to suffer disfranchisement for creed, or lineage, or color; the conscious memory of her people confirms, what honest history must ever declare, that at the moment of her assertion of liberty, she placed no constitutional disqualification whatever on the free blacks. Even the emancipated slave gained instantly with his freedom equality before the Constitution and the law. New York placed restrictions on suffrage and on eligibility to office; but those restrictions applied alike to all.—Bancroft, vol. ix., pp. 273-274.

the borders of Georgia, one voice called to the other, that there should be no connection of the church with the state, that there should be no establishment of any one form of religion by the civil power, that "all men have a natural and inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and understandings." With this great idea the Colonies had tra-vailed for a century and a half; and now, not as revolutionary, not as destructive, but simply as giving utterance to the thought of the nation, the States stood up in succession, in the presence of one another, and before God and the world, to bear their witness in favor of restoring independence to conscience and the mind. Henceforward, worship was known to the law only as a purely individual act, a question removed from civil jurisdiction, and reserved for the conscience of every man.¹

SECTION FOURTH.

PREPARATIONS OF THE BRITISH FOR THE CAMPAIGN OF 1777.

THE news of the terrible defeat of the patriot army on Long Island, filled the ministry with exultation. It would have been made still more complete by the succession of disasters which so soon followed, had not the wonderful retreat of Washington with his army deprived those victories of some part of their lustre. But when intelligence was received of the almost incredible victories of Trenton and Princeton, and the utter failure of the military plans of Lord Howe, a different feeling began to come over the British people, and the ministry saw that more vigorous preparations must be made for the prosecution of the approaching campaign. Passionate and misguided counsels had launched the empire into a formidable war. Generals who had distinguished themselves on other fields, against the best captains in Europe, had been over-matched by the American commander, and the 'ununiformed mob of rebels' had inspired a new sentiment of respect for their valor and endurance.

Demands were made for large bodies of recruits for the army and navy, and preparations of unexpected magnitude were called for. The most efficient measures were adopted; and yet it was found impossible so suddenly to answer the demand for men among the subjects of the king. Promises the most flattering proved unavailing to induce captured American sailors to enter the service of a hated tyrant, and threats the most unmanly and degrading were resorted to in vain.²

The ship 'Reprisal' which carried Franklin to France, took several prizes into Nantes, with a hundred of their crews prisoners. Franklin proposed

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., pp. 272, 273.

² The reply of Nathan Coffin was characteristic of the brave class to which he belonged. He said, 'Hang me if you will to the yardarm of your ship, but do not ask me to become a traitor to my country.'

an exchange for the same number of Americans. His communication to Lord Stormont—the English Ambassador at Paris,—received no attention. This neglect was followed by a remonstrance so earnest, that it at last called forth the following contemptuous reply: ‘The king’s ambassador receives no applications from rebels, unless they come to implore his majesty’s mercy.’ This was thoroughly British; but how politic it was, became evident enough from subsequent events. Insults, and cruelties the most brutal, were all through the war resorted to with our seamen, until the very word *impressment* made the eyes of American sailors flash fire. For the next half a century, it discolors the diplomatic correspondence of the two countries; it tinges their histories; it darkens the pages of romance, and casts a far-reaching shadow over the British name. A blind persistence in that policy brought on the Second War with England, and hurried us to the verge of others, until the good sense and illuminated statesmanship of Ashburton and Webster, finally removed this fruitful cause of trouble in the Treaty of Washington.

More Mercenary Troops.—Unable to recruit her army at home, England once more turned to the continent, casting all other reliances aside except the power of gold to purchase men in the open markets of Germany. The ‘subsidized kinglings’ who were engaged in ‘the trade in soldiers’ needed money, and they could sell subjects. The tiny Prince of Waldeck, impressed eighty-nine of his unwilling subjects, and kept them locked up in the fortress of Hameln ready for use. The Prince of Cassel raised ninety-one recruits, and four hundred and sixty-eight yagers; and ‘by forced impressment, theft, and other doubtful means,’ Hesse-Cassel, in the year ’77 raised 1,450. But this hardly made good Washington’s work at Trenton, while the work of pestilence at Brunswick had in two months carried off more than three hundred ‘as able men as ever stood in the ranks of the army.’ All Hessians, too, being objects of special animosity, were marked out for vengeance, wherever sharpshooters got sight of them.

The Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach, kinsman of George III., and nephew to Frederick of Prussia, furnished two regiments of 1,200 men, ‘tall, neatly-clad, handling their bright and faultless arms with dexterity, spirit, and exactness.’ No means were too infamous for the little tyrants who became the willing kidnapers of British Ministers.¹ Money was lavishly spent, while

¹ The subsidized princes sought for men outside of their own lands, and forced into the service not merely vagabonds and loose fellows of all kinds, but any unprotected traveller or hind on whom they could lay their hands. The British agents became sensitive to the stories which were told of them, and to ‘the excessive defamation’ which they encountered. The rulers of the larger states felt the dignity of the empire insulted. Frederick of Prussia never disguised his disgust. The court of Vienna concerted with the Elector of Mentz, and the Elector of Treves to throw a slur on the system. At Mentz, the yagers of Hanau who came first down the Rhine were stopped, and eight of them rescued by the elector’s order, as his subjects or soldiers. From the troops of the landgrave of Hesse, eighteen were removed by the commissioners of the ecclesiastical prince of Treves. At Coblenz, Metternich, the active young representative of the

court of Vienna, in the name of Maria Theresa, and Joseph the Second, reclaimed their subjects and deserters.

Still more formidable was the rankling discontent of the enlisted men. The regiments of Anspach could not be trusted to carry amunitions or arms, but were driven on by a company of trusty yagers well provided with both, and ready to nip a mutiny in the bud. Yet eighteen or twenty succeeded in deserting. When the rest reached their place of embarkation at Ochsenfurt-on-the-Main, the regiment of Bayreuth began to march away and hide themselves in some vineyards. The yagers, who were all picked marksmen, were ordered to fire among them, by which some of them were killed. They avenged themselves by putting the yagers to death. The Margrave of Anspach, summoned by express, rode to the scene in the greatest haste, leaving his watch on his table, and without a shirt to change.

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their virtue, if they had any, was tested, and their vices, in which they abounded, were ministered to. But all this scouring of Germany ended in raising only 3,600 men, while from Great Britain and Ireland during the entire year of 1777, only 3,252 recruits were raised to send to New York, and 726 to Canada.

How this scanty Supply was eked out—Enlistments of the Disloyal in America.—For this odious and unscrupulous work, Governor Tryon was appointed the general officer. He was a daring, relentless, unscrupulous man. As early as 1768, while in the service of the king in North Carolina, he had displayed these qualities so well, that he had been transferred to New York, where his sanguinary conduct earned for him a name of lasting infamy.¹ His name had been made familiar through the Carolinas, and along the banks of the Mohawk, as a man who never wavered in his loyalty to the king, who hesitated not to call into requisition whatever means would promote his object—holding out standing offers for the scalp of any patriot, or a bribe to any republican to desert the national cause. He became the leader of the Tories and Royalists of the North in the Revolution.

The murderous Foray of Tryon into Connecticut.—On the 25th April, before the campaign of 1777 had fully opened, Governor Tryon, at the head of eighteen hundred British and Tories, landed on the shore of Long Island Sound, between Fairfield and Norwalk, with an expedition intended solely for pillage, burning, and murder. He destroyed a quantity of stores belonging to the patriots at Danbury, overpowered the guard of fifty under Colonel Huntington, and burned the town, murdering some of the unresisting inhabitants, and throwing their bodies into the flames of their dwellings. Sullivan, Arnold, and Wooster hastily assembled the 'minute men' from the whole neighborhood, and pursued the marauder to Ridgefield. Fierce and bloody skirmishing ensued, in which the Americans displayed the utmost valor. The venerable General Wooster had, so far back as 1745, participated in the siege of Lewisburg, serving with reputation as a captain in the British army; afterwards in the French and Indian war; and now, although seventy years old, in his full vigor, and promising to be of great future service, died that day, after conduct which would have covered a young captain with glory, leaving a record which endeared him not only to his native State, but to the whole country. Arnold, who fought with all his characteristic bravery, narrowly escaped; but he displayed such superb courage and skill, that Congress applauded his devotion, and presented him with a fine horse fully caparisoned for the field. Tryon had no reason to congratulate himself on the result,

He who by the superstitions of childhood and hallowed traditions was their land's father stood before them. The sight overawed them. They acknowledged their fault, and submitted to his severe reprimands. Four of them he threw into irons, and ordered all to the boats. Instead of the yagers, he in person assumed the office of driver; marched them through Metz in defiance of the elector; administered the oath of fidelity to the King of England at Nymwegen; and the

land's father never left his post till, at the end of March, in the presence of Sir Joseph Yorke, his children, whose service he had sold, were delivered by him in person on board the British transports at Seavandell.—Bancroft, vol. ix., pp. 316, 317.

¹ I have no space for the record: Judge William W. Campbell, in his *Border Warfare of New York*—one of the most valuable contributions to local history that has ever been made—has portrayed Tryon's character.

for he was closely followed up by Sullivan, who harassed him all the way to the coast; and when he reached Campo where his vessels lay, he was heavily raked by the artillery of the gallant Lamb. He lost nearly three hundred men during the expedition, while in killed and wounded it cost the Americans not half that number.

Brilliant Night Expedition to Sag Harbor.—The vigilance of the Americans lost no opportunity for daring and aggressive adventures. At Sag Harbor, on the eastern point of Long Island, large magazines of grain and forage had been made by the British. Colonel Meigs, who had been one of Arnold's bravest companions in the march to Canada, leaving Guilford, Connecticut, with a hundred and seventy men in whale-boats, May 22d, 1777, at two o'clock in the morning surprised and seized the post, burned twelve vessels with the store-houses and their contents, captured ninety prisoners, and reached Guilford after traversing nearly one hundred miles by land and water in twenty-five hours without losing a man.¹

Another Dash.—On the night of the 10th of July the same season, an equally brilliant feat was performed by Colonel William Barton. With a few picked men, he crossed Narraganset Bay in whale-boats through the British fleet unobserved, and stealthily reaching the headquarters of the British General Prescott—the house still standing above Newport, a mile from the bay—seized him in bed, and took him across the bay to Warwick, where, soon after daybreak, he was sent in a carriage under a strong guard to Providence, and from thence transferred to Washington's headquarters, where, unfortunately, his exchange brought back no better man than General Charles Lee, whose redemption was very dear at that purchase.²

Tryon's chief Allies in the Work of enlisting the Tories.—The two most efficient were De Lancey of New York, and Cortland Skinner of New Jersey. Their activity and adroitness were equalled only by the means at their disposal for seduction and bribery; but with all these appliances during the whole season they enlisted only five or six hundred men each. To the honor of the American name it should be stated, that these were mostly foreigners; and to the honor of foreign nations it may, with equal justice, be said, they were renegades—bad men who had doubtlessly left their country for their country's good.

An Embassy to France.—In September, 1776, Congress appointed three commissioners to negotiate a Treaty of Alliance with Louis XVI. In the preceding spring, Silas Deane³ had been sent to Paris by the Secret Com-

¹ For this gallant service Congress voted thanks to Meigs and his men, and a beautiful sword to their commander. Sergeant Cummings was also promoted by Washington.

² Congress, never slow to recognize any brilliant or patriotic service in the national cause, voted Colonel

Barton a splendid sword, and the rank and pay of a colonel in the army.

³ *Silas Deane.*—In consequence of the extravagant contracts he had entered into, not authorized by his instructions, he was recalled, November 21st, 1777, and John Adams appointed in his place. He left

mittee of Congress, as an agent to negotiate loans, obtain munitions of war, and such other aid as France, Spain, Holland, and the Prince of Orange, or their subjects, might be disposed to render to the insurgent Colonies. All these governments hated and feared England as the over-shadowing military, commercial, and Protestant power of Europe; and they would willingly have seen any blow levelled against that power, whose arrogance had wounded their pride, whose armies circumscribed their dominion, and whose invincible navy threatened to sweep their commerce from all the seas. It was chiefly on this account, that the sympathies of these powers were readily extended to the insurgents of the West, and they were disposed to encourage the Revolution, so far as they could without involving themselves in a war with their common foe, before they were prepared for the struggle. But open recognition of the American agent was considered premature, although his mission was attended with some success. Fifteen thousand muskets, which had been laid aside as almost useless,¹ were secretly furnished from the French arsenals; some money was advanced, and abundant encouragement extended for further assistance. But Deane, although a graduate of Yale College, and a member of the Congress of 1774, was distinguished by no considerable ability beyond some commercial experience, and a certain doubtful adroitness in negotiation. He was not a man to move cabinets, or win personal popularity. But it was considered well to retain him in the service, since two of the foremost statesmen of the country had been designated for the embassy. Jefferson had already retired from Congress to aid his native State in shaping her institutions to the new condition of affairs, and declined leaving, and Arthur Lee's name was substituted, partly because he was a Virginian and a brother of Richard Henry Lee, and partly because he was a gentleman of refinement, and a writer of some force and polish, although he seems to have been entirely lacking in magnanimity of character. In fact, it would have been altogether a discreditable commission, had not Franklin been at the head of it; 'and as long as that is so,' said our friends at home and abroad, 'no matter who is in the middle, or at the tail.' 'Thus,' remarks Bancroft, 'the United States were to be represented in France to its people, and to the older house of Bourbons, by a treacherous merchant, by a barrister, who, otherwise a patriot, was consumed by malignant envy, and by Franklin, the greatest diplomatist of his country.' The embassy meant Franklin, who represented in his manner, dress, and essential dignity of character, the venerable impersonation of the republics of antiquity. He wore a plain Quaker dress; his plain American tanned calf-skin shoes were tied with leathern strings. His prestige as a great discoverer in science, and the homage paid to him by learned men whose society he most fre-

Paris April 1, 1778, and on his return, being required to give an account of his proceedings, on the floor of Congress, evaded a complete disclosure on the ground that his papers were in Europe. He then attacked Congress and his fellow-commissioners in a public manifesto, but did not succeed in removing suspicion of himself of having misapplied the public money. He afterwards published, in 1784, an address to the citi-

zens of the United States on the same subject, and, returning to Europe, died in great poverty.—Appleton's *Cyclopaedia*, 1874.

¹ Of the French arms obtained from the arsenals, Lafayette, in his '*Memoirs*,' says: 'Silas Deane despatched privately to America some old arms which were of little use, and some young officers who did but little good.'—Vol. i., p. 7.

quented, soon made him an object of such adulation in Paris, that the young *beaux* imitated his dress, and studied the sobriety and dignity of his manner. It early became evident that he would sway the thoughts, and perhaps the policy of the most splendid court in Europe. Had there not been such complete symmetry, refinement, and unaffected majesty of demeanor in all he said, appeared to be, and actually was, the French of Louis Sixteenth's time would have paid him no such homage.

The literary and diplomatic circles had watched the American struggle thus far with intense interest. The essential portions of the new Constitutions had been translated and widely read. Their air of manly independence; the supremacy of state over the dictates of the church; the establishment of liberty of worship, and liberty of conscience; above all, the spectacle of a young nation, in the far-off wilds of a new world, establishing a republic in defiance of the mightiest Power in Europe, filled the young men of France with rapture. Already the new Republic had begun to shape the destinies of the Old World.

The first Interview of the Commissioners with the Chief Minister of State.

—It was on the morning of the 28th of December that Vergennes read their commission, and the Plan which Congress had proposed for the Treaty of Alliance with France. The minister alluded in the most cordial terms to the enthusiasm of the French people for the American cause, and assured the commissioners of the good-will of the king and his cabinet—of protection, of kindness, of confidence, and respect. But he impressed upon them the absolute necessity of extreme caution and reticence on both sides. It was not necessary for the minister to say that Louis and his people had inherited souvenirs of lost possessions on both sides of the Atlantic; nor how deeply French pride had been wounded by the arrogance, assumption, and growing supremacy of Great Britain. Nor need he disclaim any unfriendly recollections that might have grown out of the Seven Years' War which drove the Lilies from the then fairest portions of America; for, as I have already had occasion to remark, they looked upon that war as one between the King of England and the King of France, and not between France and the American Colonies. But the hour had not yet come for the final conflict between those two Powers, which all the statesmen of Europe now saw to be inevitable. The government of Louis would do all it could without provoking an open rupture with England. Prizes taken under the American flag would be allowed to enter French ports. The manner in which France could show her friendship by some substantial acts, was to be left open for consideration. The minister requested Franklin—with whom alone the business was transacted—to prepare for his use a paper on the condition of the Colonies, from which he might gain as complete a comprehension of the whole case as possible. He desired that the utmost secrecy should be observed, that their interviews should be without the intervention of any third party, only nothing should be withheld from the Spanish Am-

bassador, since his government and France were in perfect accord, and, for the present, no step would be taken without the concurrence of both.

Although no such great results sprang from our friendly relations with Spain as compared with France, yet the spirit of modern progress had recently developed itself in the Peninsula, and the progressive statesmen and advanced minds of Europe looked forward to a resurrection of Spain from what had, for the better part of a century, appeared to indicate a hopeless decadence. In Count de Aranda, Charles the Third had a fearless servant, not only as an ambassador at the Court of Louis, but a trusted counsellor in the Cabinet at Madrid. His advice had prevailed in the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain; and his energy had suppressed the riots which followed at Madrid. But repeated interviews with Aranda secured little more than the pledge that the American privateers, with their prizes, should have the same security in Spanish ports, as had been guaranteed to them by France.

What the Commissioners requested from the King.—Vergennes had already been furnished with Franklin's paper, and, in the interview on the 5th of January, a request was presented in writing, that the Americans should be furnished with eight line-of-battle ships, twenty or thirty thousand muskets, and brass cannon, with munitions for the whole. The request was sustained by arguments, addressed both to Versailles and Madrid: 'The interests of the three nations are the same; the opportunity for securing a commerce, which in time will be immense, now presents itself; if neglected, it may never return; delay may be attended with fatal consequences.' This petition received the most careful consideration; and on the 13th of the month, Gerard met the commissioners for a night interview, at a private house in Paris, and read to them the king's answer. 'Neither ships nor convoys could be furnished without compromising the French government. Time and events must be waited for, and provision made to profit by them. The United Provinces'—as our colonies were called—'may be assured that neither France nor Spain will make them any overture that can in the least contravene their essential interests; that they both, wholly free from every wish for conquests, always have singly in view to make it impossible for the common enemy to injure the United Powers. The commercial facilities afforded in the ports of France and Spain, and the tacit diversion of the two Powers—whose expensive armaments obliged England to divide her efforts—manifest the interest of the two crowns in the success of the Americans. The king will not incommode them in deriving resources from the commerce of his kingdom, confident that they will conform to the rules prescribed by the precise and rigorous meaning of existing treaties, of which the two monarchs are exact observers. Unable to enter into the details of their supplies, he will mark to them his benevolence and good-will, by destining for them secret succors which will assure and extend their credit and their purchases.'

Good Faith of the King.—One hundred thousand dollars were paid quar-

terly to the banker of the embassy, the first instalment being instantly provided for. As soon as it could be prudently done, three vessels laden with military stores were made ready for sea by Deane and Beaumarchais, between whom, under the guise of a commercial partnership, the business was transacted. One of them was taken by the British cruisers, but the other two arrived with their treasures before the summer campaign of 1777 was opened. The commissioners had also been allowed to enter into a contract to furnish the agents of the French government with fifty-six thousand hogsheads of tobacco, on which they received an advance of one million francs.

Unavailing Complaints of the British Minister.—It is needless to state that Lord Stormont knew everything that was going on. But as long as he could not reveal the sources of his information, and there had been no open infraction of the law of nations, he was obliged to content himself with such vexatious but impotent complaints, and perplexing demands for disclaimers and denials, as diplomacy could devise, to embarrass an enemy with whom his government was not prepared to go to war. The cabinet of London was, however, thrown into a frenzy of anger and chagrin at the kindness known to have been extended to the American embassy, and the enthusiasm manifested throughout France for the American cause; and well-founded alarm at its growing strength all over the continent of Europe.¹

Embarkation of Lafayette.—Simultaneously with these friendly acts on the part of the government of the king, Lafayette was maturing his preparations with the secrecy he was compelled to observe, for his expedition to America—a movement to which history has attached an importance which has seldom attended the act of a private individual, and which was to color our fortunes with tintings more brilliant perhaps, than have ever been drawn by the sober pen of history, or the wizard hand of romance. In his 'Personal Memoirs,' with whose charming details the world is so familiar, we learn how long and how persistently Lafayette worked to carry out his design, and how fruitless were the endeavors of his friends and relations, who were among the noblest and most powerful in France, to repress his unconquerable enthusiasm for the cause of American liberty, or to defeat the ingenious devices he was compelled to resort to in order to accomplish his purpose.

¹ It is somewhat amusing, in reading the diplomatic correspondence and conversations between the English and French ministers at the time, to think how closely France the subtrefuges and evasions with which she attempted to shirk the responsibility of fitting out the *Alabama* and other piratical craft, which she equipped or allowed to sail from her ports, to prey upon the commerce and lives of the citizens of the United States. Until a declaration of war between France and England, the former never recognized the Americans as a belligerent power, but merely threw upon England the burden of maintaining her own municipal laws. When England required France to close the harbors against American privateers, the French minister professed to admit them only in distress, requiring them to leave forthwith. Bancroft well says: 'England insisted that no arms or munitions of war should be exported to America, or to ports to which Americans could conveniently repair for a supply. Vergennes rather acknowledged the rightfulness of the demand, representing the Americans and their friends as escaping his vigilance. England was uneasy at the presence of the American commissioners in Paris; Vergennes compared the house of a minister to a church which any one might enter, but with no certainty that his prayers would be heard. England claimed the right of search. Vergennes admitted it in the utmost latitude in the neighborhood of any part of the British dominions; but demurred to its exercise in mid-ocean. England did not scruple to seize and confiscate American property wherever found; France held that on the high seas American property laden in French ships was inviolably safe. England delayed its declaration of war from motives of convenience; France knew that it was imminent and inevitable, and prepared for it with the utmost vigilance.'

Descended from one of the noblest families of France ; the sole living male representative of the proudest lineage ; a member of the most brilliant court in Europe ; rich beyond the dream of dependence ; married at the age of sixteen to one of the noblest and most accomplished daughters of another ancient house ; carrying his heart with his alliance to the altar ; but fired like a young paladin by the spirit of heroism, and panting with an ambition to distinguish himself in the struggle of a new nation for its freedom, he turned his back upon the blandishments of the great, the brilliant future which awaited him, and above all, the bewitching endearments of his home, and pressing to his heart the fond bosom which held the hope of his name and his house—to pass over the sea and place himself by the side of the deliverer of a nation ! I know not if its parallel can be found in human history. Nor, although it may be an apparent departure from even the slender thread of historic narrative which I wish to maintain, still I cannot resist the temptation to cast one glance into the future, when half a century had gone by, and the young republic that first entranced him, had grown into power and glory, rose to greet him with its undying love. On the Fourth of July, 1825, the venerable Lafayette, on his last visit to America, was one of the fascinated listeners to the following magical words of Sprague, the poet-orator of the occasion, and of the country. The historic situation of the dark days we are now dwelling on, is portrayed with such matchless power and beauty, that it is far more worthy of a place in this text, than anything I could utter, or borrow from other men.

Sprague's Greeting to Lafayette in 1825.—‘While we bring our offerings for the mighty of our own land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of other shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe ? Pile to the clouds the majestic columns of glory ; let the lips of those who can speak well, hallow each spot where the bones of your Bold repose ; but forget not those who with your Bold went out to battle.

‘Among the men of noble daring, there was One, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not his people ; he knew them only in the wicked story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoil of the vanquished ; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation ; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart ; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood ; his kinsmen were about him ; his wife was before him !

‘Yet from all these he turned away. Like a lofty tree, that shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride, to crusade for freedom, in freedom's holy land. He came—but not in the day of successful rebellion ; not when the new risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the

heavens. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briars cumbered the garden of beauty. He came when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God.

'It was then that this One joined the ranks of a revolted people. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs his arm was lifted, with theirs his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty; and at her pure shrine the pilgrim warrior, with his adored Commander, knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, and the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose up, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet towards his long-deserted home.

'After nearly fifty years, that One has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel, the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it, and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes round him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him, the learned deck their halls to greet him, the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage. How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days, he treads the high places where his brethren moulder, he bends before the tomb of his Father;—his words are tears—the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings these trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that Father lived;—and again his words are tears—the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

'Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitudes revive;—and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless chief! of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for him alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of Lafayette!'

How Lafayette became connected with the American Cause.—The account given by Sparks in the writings of George Washington,—volume v., appendix No. 1, page 445,—was doubtless furnished to the American historian by

Lafayette himself, since it is well known that Sparks visited Lafayette in 1828, and was for a considerable time his guest. His statement moreover, corresponds perfectly with Lafayette's Memoirs of himself. Says Sparks :—' In the summer of 1776, M. de Lafayette was stationed on military duty at Metz, being then an officer in the French army. It happened at this time, that the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of England, was at Metz, and a dinner was given to him by the commandant of that place. Several officers were invited, and among others Lafayette. Despatches had just been received by the duke from England, and he had made their contents the topic of conversation; they related to American affairs, the recent declaration of independence, the resistance of the colonists, and the strong measures adopted by the ministry to crush the rebellion.

'The details were new to Lafayette; he listened with eagerness to the conversation, and prolonged it by asking questions of the duke. His curiosity was deeply excited by what he heard, and the idea of a people fighting for liberty had a strong influence upon his imagination; the cause seemed to him just and noble, from the representations of the duke himself; and before he left the table, the thought came into his head that he would go to America, and offer his services to a people who were struggling for freedom and independence. From that hour he could think of nothing but this chivalrous enterprise. He resolved to return to Paris and make further inquiries.

"When he arrived in that city, he confided his scheme to two young friends, Count Segur and Viscount de Noailles, and proposed that they should join him. They entered with enthusiasm into his views; but as they were dependent on their families, it was necessary to consult their parents, who reprobated the plan and refused their consent. The young men faithfully kept Lafayette's secret: his situation was more fortunate, as his property was at his own disposal, and he possessed an annual revenue of nearly two hundred thousand livres.

"He next explained his intentions to the Count de Broglie, who told him that his project was so chimerical, and fraught with so many hazards, without a prospect of the least advantage, that he could not for a moment regard it with favor, nor encourage him with any advice which should prevent him from abandoning it immediately. When Lafayette found him thus determined, he requested that at least he would not betray him, for he was resolved to go to America. The Count de Broglie assured him that his confidence was not misplaced. 'But,' said he, 'I have seen your uncle die in the wars of Italy; I witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden; and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family.' He then used all his powers of argument and persuasion to divert Lafayette from his purpose, but in vain. Finding his determination unalterable, the Count de Broglie said, as he could render him no aid, he would introduce him to the Baron de Kalb, who he knew was seeking an opportunity to go to America, and whose experience and counsels might be valuable."

Speaking of himself in the third person, Lafayette says in his *Memoirs* :

'After having encountered for seven weeks various perils and chances, he arrived at Georgetown in the Carolinas. Ascending the river in a canoe, his feet touched at length the American soil, and he swore that he would conquer or perish in the cause. Having procured horses, he set out with six officers to Philadelphia to repair to the Congress of the United States, riding nearly nine hundred miles on horseback.¹ He was presented for the first time to Washington at a dinner at which several members of Congress were present. When they were separating, Washington drew Lafayette aside, expressed much kindness for him, complimented him upon his zeal and sacrifices, and invited him to consider the headquarters as his own house, adding with a smile, that he could not promise him the luxuries of a court, but that as he was become an American soldier, he would doubtless submit cheerfully to the customs and privations of a republican army. The next day Washington visited the forts of the Delaware, and invited Lafayette to accompany him.'

Burgoyne's projected Invasion from Canada.—It was planned in the closet of George III. by Lord Germain, General Burgoyne, and the King. All doubt on this subject has, for some time, been dispelled; especially was the plan of the employment of the savages, the work of the sovereign. In Germain's letter to Sir Guy Carleton, July 25, 1777, he says: 'After considering every information that could be furnished, the king gave particular directions for every part of the disposition of the forces in Canada.' Bancroft further states: "It was their hope to employ bands of wild warriors along all the frontier. Carleton had checked their excesses by placing them under agents of his own appointment, and by confining them within the limits of his own command. His scruples gave offence, and all his merciful precautions were swept away. The king's peremptory orders were sent to the northwest to extend operations, and, among those whose inclination for hostilities was no more to be restrained, were enumerated the Ottawas, the Chippewas, the Wyandotts, the Shawnees, the Senecas, the Delawares and the Potawotomies.² Joseph Brant, the Mohawk, returned from his interview with the secretary, to rouse the fury of his countrymen, and to make them clamor for war under leaders of their own, who would indulge them in their excesses and take them wherever they wished to go. Humane British and German officers in Canada were alarmed at the crowds of red-men who were ready to take up the hatchet, but only in their own way, foresaw and deplored the effects of their unrestrained and useless cruelty, and from such allies, augured no good to the service. But the policy of Germain was unexpectedly promoted by the release of La Corne Saint Luc, who came in advance to meet his wishes. This most ruthless of partisans was now in his sixty-sixth year, but full of vigor and animal spirits, and only more passionate and relentless from age. He had vowed eternal vengeance on *the beggars* who had kept him captive. He stood ready to pledge his life and his honor, that, within sixty days of his landing at

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 321.

² Lord George Germain, to Sir Guy Carleton, March 26, 1777, MS.

Quebec, he would lead the Indians to the neighborhood of Albany. His words were: 'We must let loose the savages upon the frontiers of these scoundrels, to inspire terror, and to make them submit ;' and his promises faithfully reported to Germain, won favor to the leader who, above all others, was notorious for brutal inhumanity."¹

The King's Plan for the Campaign.—From the beginning to the end of the Revolution, he interested himself in the minutest details concerning the American war. He cherished with great confidence the idea of the concerted action of the forces under Burgoyne at the North, and Howe at the South, which, by a descent from Canada, and an advance from New York, would cut off all intercourse between New England and the other States, and permanently control the Hudson. In the month of May, Burgoyne reached Quebec, and was, says Lafayette, 'already advancing with ten thousand men, preceded by his proclamations and his savages.' Colonel St. Leger was despatched with a strong force to Oswego to effect a junction with Johnson and Brant, and after capturing Fort Stanwix, to join Burgoyne's main army at Albany.

Investment of Ticonderoga.—With upwards of ten thousand men, Burgoyne invested Ticonderoga on the 7th of July. General St. Clair's garrison did not exceed three thousand men, but leaving his outworks he prepared for an assault. On the evening of the 5th, discovering that the British had planted a battery of heavy guns on Mt. Defiance,—a hill which rises more than five hundred feet on the southwest side of the outlet of Lake George, opposite Ticonderoga—and knowing that any resistance would be in vain, he removed his stores up the lake to Skenesborough—now Whitehall—and under cover of the night crossed over with his forces to Mt. Independence, from which he commenced a retreat to Fort Edward, the headquarters of Major-General Schuyler, then in command of the Northern army. The flight would have been successful but for the fatal burning of a building on Mt. Independence, which revealed it. The brigade of General Fraser, and Reidsel's two Hessian corps started instantly in the pursuit. They came up with the chief division under Colonel Seth Warner at Hubbardton, just after sunrise, July 7th, when the Americans, after a fierce engagement, fled with a loss in killed, wounded, and missing of more than three hundred ; the British reporting their loss at one hundred and eighty-three. Before evening of the same day, a British flotilla, by a rapid movement, had overtaken and destroyed the stores which St. Clair had sent up the lake, as well as others collected at Whitehall. Finally, on the evening of the 12th, St. Clair reached Schuyler's headquarters with the fragments of his shattered army, which had fought bravely against hopeless odds, but with a heavy loss of men and military stores, and, what could so ill be spared, nearly two hundred pieces of artillery.

¹ Governor Tryon to Secretary Germain, 9 April, 1777, MS.

Schuyler retreats down the Hudson, and establishes a fortified Camp at the Mouth of the Mohawk.—With no more facilities, an abler strategist might have more effectually arrested the advance, even of so superior a force, although led by so able a general as Burgoyne. But Schuyler had none of the qualities of a great commander; although he displayed some alacrity and decision in obstructing the march of Burgoyne after St. Clair's retreat. His utmost effective force did not reach four thousand, but he despatched a strong party towards Whitehall, who broke up all the bridges, and felled heavy trees over the roads which Burgoyne's army must pass, thus greatly impeding his advance.

Schuyler's Call for Reinforcements.—From his new headquarters, a cry for reinforcements—sanctioned by Washington's earnest appeal—was sent in all directions, and it was nobly responded to. Detachments from the regular army were sent on by forced marches under Washington's orders; General Lincoln reached the camp, and volunteers came in from all quarters, while a large body of militia from the New England States flew to his side.

Splendid Victory of Bennington.—The well-known integrity and patriotism of Schuyler had gained him great popularity and respect throughout the State of New York, and with the hearty co-operation of the Commander-in-chief,—who watched over the Northern department with peculiar care, and sent to Schuyler more regiments than it seemed prudent to spare—an army of thirteen thousand men was soon gathered. Fairly roused to the situation, Schuyler seemed to have atoned for the lack of more vigorous measures in the spring. So serious were the obstructions he interposed to Burgoyne's advance that the British army was exhausted by fatigue, and running so short of provisions by the 30th of July, some desperate measures had to be taken to replenish his supplies; for, with his loss by skirmishes, casualties, and sickness, he had still an army of ten thousand men. With the hope of seizing the stores which the patriots had collected at Bennington, a strong detachment of Canadians, Tories, Indians, and Hessians under Colonel Baum, was despatched on this mission—a distance of nearly forty miles. They were sure of meeting with trouble, for Stark, 'who could do anything with the New Hampshire militia,' had hurried them to Bennington, and against the indomitable courage of this man, whom nature had made so rude and yet so great, the enemy were to dash in vain.¹ Without counting numbers, Stark advanced with his corps to fight this motley crowd, which the agents

¹ In *Washington and his Generals*, Hon. J. T. Headley—with a graphic power of delineation so rare and so entrancing—gives a touching description of the old age of GENERAL STARK, and finely sums up his character:—"After the disbanding of the army, he returned to his home, and at the age of fifty-five became a sober farmer and quiet citizen. Here he lived in retirement, and like a good ship, which has long braved the storm, and at last is left to crumble slowly away in a peaceful port, gently yielded to the pressure of years and the decay of age. With his white locks falling around his strongly-marked visage, he would while away many a long winter evening in relating to his children and to his grandchildren the adventures of

his early life. The roar of the blast without would remind him of his wild bivouacs when a bold young ranger, amid the snow in the wilderness, and the strange events of his stormy career come back like an ancient dream on his staggering memory. Eighty-four years of age when the Last War commenced he listened to the far-off roar of battle like an old war-horse whose spirit is unbroken, but whose energies are gone. When he was told that the cannon he had taken at Bennington were among the trophies surrendered by Hull in the capitulation at Detroit, he evinced the greatest emotion. He mourned for "his guns," as he was wont to call them, as if they had been his children. They had become a part of his existence, associated

of the British government had scoured two continents to raise. Men who had been spoiled by civilization on the one side, and savages who had no conception of civilization on the other, were no match for those hardy settlers who owned the soil they cultivated, unwilling though it was to have even a scanty subsistence wrung from it by honest labor. Four days after St. Clair's retreat, Stark had marched out into the village of Hoosick, five miles from Bennington, where, by one of those irresistible assaults, which neither Hessians, nor Tories, nor Indians, ever withstood, the marauders were swept from the field—scattered and pursued in all directions. Towards sunset, however, Colonel Breyman with another strong German party, suddenly appeared to renew the attempt to capture the stores. But every step they took was disputed by Colonel Seth Warner's Green Mountain boys, who, 'with their stalwart courage, deadly aim, and breathless activity, repelled the attack so successfully, and followed it up with such desperation, that of the two large bodies who had joined in the day's conflict, not a man but fell dead, or wounded, or a prisoner, except those who escaped by flight. The whole nation rang with the victory. The disproportion of loss on the two sides was almost unprecedented; it had cost the Americans less than two hundred in wounded and dead, and there were no prisoners that day, except of the invaders. The moment Congress received the news, a vote of thanks was passed to the Green Mountain boys and the New Hampshire militia, and Stark was made a brigadier-general in the regular army.

Burgoyne's Loss.—The expedition had cost him a thousand men, but this alone might not have proved fatal; it shattered his whole plan for the campaign; it was the beginning of the end of his military career in America, as the decisive struggle, now imminent and inevitable, was so soon to prove.

A bloody Raid along the Mohawk.—While these scenes were being en-

his old age with one of the most brilliant events of his life, and it was like robbing him to take away the monuments of his fame. He longed once more for the energy of youth to take the field again, but the thread of life was drawing to its last span, and his battles were all over. Still he lived ten years longer, and at the age of ninety-four rested from his labors.

HIS CHARACTER.

'General Stark was a man of strong character, frank even to bluntness, and both stern and kind. Independent, yet fearless, he yielded neither to friend nor foe. In youth, an adventurous woodsman—in manhood, a bold ranger, and in maturer years an able and skilful commander, he passed through his long career without a spot on his name. Few lives are marked by greater adventure, yet amid all his perils—through two long wars, and in many battles, though exposing himself like the meanest soldier in the fight—he never receives a wound.

'He was a good commander, and showed himself in every position equal to its demands. He loved action, and was at home on the battle-field. Charles XII. was his favorite hero, and he always carried his life with him in his campaigns. The stern and resolute character of this chivalric king harmonized with his own, and he made the history of his deeds his constant companion. He possessed, to a great degree, one of the most important qualities of an efficient and successful officer—wonderful power over his troops. We

never hear of the militia fleeing from him in battle. At Bunker's Hill, at Bennington, at Trenton, and Princeton, they followed him without hesitation into any danger, and were steady as veterans beneath the most galling fire. This moral power over troops is the battle half gained before it is fought, and shows a character possessed of great strength or some brilliant, striking quality. His eccentricities and bluntness no doubt pleased his men, but it was his determined courage, confidence in his own resources, and amazing power of will, that gave him such unbounded influence over them. But his greatest eulogy is, he was an incorruptible patriot. No neglect or wrong could swerve his just and noble soul from the path of duty, and though honor forbade him for a while from serving in the army, he fitted out his sons, one after another, and sent them into the field! How different from the conduct of Arnold!

'He was borne to the grave with military honors, and now sleeps on the shores of the Merrimac, where the river takes a long and steady sweep, revealing his tomb for miles up and down the quiet valley. He was buried here at his own request, and it seems a fit resting-place for the bold and independent patriot. As his glance was free and open in life, so his grave is where the winds of his native land have full play, and the vision full scope. A plain granite obelisk stands above his remains, on which is inscribed simply, MAJOR GENERAL STARK.'

acted around the battle-grounds of the old French war among the sources of the Hudson, St. Leger with his murderous savages had been joined by Brant with his Mohawk Indians, and a large body of Tories under Johnson.¹ Their first point of attack after leaving Oswego, was Fort Stanwix. The garrison, under the command of Colonel Gansevoort, made a brave and persistent defence. General Herkimer, with the militia he had hastily mustered, pressed forward to the relief of the fort. Falling into an ambush² a bloody conflict followed, and the brave general was mortally wounded.³ During the same hour, Colonel Willett with a corps of the garrison, made a daring sortie,

¹ From a letter of Lord Germain to Sir Guy Carleton, March 26, 1777, and a further letter of Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, Detroit, of July 27, of the same year—both quoted by Bancroft from the original manuscript—we find that ‘Hamilton, the Lieutenant-Governor of Detroit, in obedience to orders from the Secretary of State, sent out fifteen several parties, consisting in the aggregate of two hundred and eighty-nine red braves with thirty white officers and rangers, to prowl on the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia.’—Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 377. It was in this fiendish spirit that George III. determined in the confidential councils of his secret closet to carry on the war. No distinction was made between rebels in arms, and mothers and children and old men.

² ‘A messenger from Brant’s sister brought word that Herkimer and the militia of Tryon County were marching to its relief. A plan was made to lay an ambush of savages for this party, which encamped on the fifth at a distance of twelve miles. During the evening the savages filled the woods with yells. The next morning, having carefully laid aside their blankets and robes of fur, the whole corps of Indians went out naked, or clad only in hunting-shirts, armed with spear, tomahawk, and musket, and supported by Sir John Johnson, and some part of his loyal Yorkers, by Colonel Butler and his rangers, by Claus and his Canadians, and by Lieutenant Bird and a party of regulars.

‘The patriot freeholders of the Mohawk Valley, most of them sons of Germans from the Palatinate, seven or eight hundred in number, misinformed as to the strength of the besieging party, marched through the wood with security and carelessness. About an hour before noon, when they were within six miles of the fort, their van entered the ambuscade. They were surprised in front by Johnson and his Yorkers, while the Indians attacked their flanks with fury, and after using their muskets rushed in with their tomahawks. The patriots fell back without confusion to better ground, and renewed the fight against superior numbers. There was no chance for tactics in this battle of the wilderness. Small parties fought from behind trees or fallen logs; or the white man born on the banks of the Mohawk, wrestled single-handed with the Seneca warrior, like himself the child of the soil, mutually striking mortal wounds with the bayonet or the hatchet, and falling in the forest, their left hands clenched in each other’s hair, their right grasping in a gripe of death the knife plunged in each other’s bosom. [Gouverneur Morris in *N. Y. Hist. Coll.*, ii., 133.]

‘Herkimer was badly wounded below the knee, but he remained on the ground giving orders to the end. [In his *Field-Book of the Revolution*, vol. i., p. 246, Lossing says: ‘A musket-ball passed through and killed the horse of the general, and shattered his own leg just below the knee. With perfect composure and cool courage, he ordered the saddle to be taken from his slaughtered horse and placed against a large beech-tree near. Seated, there, with his men falling like autumn foliage, and the bullets of the enemy, like driving sleet, whistling around him, the intrepid general calmly gave his orders, and thus nobly rebuked the slanderers who called him coward. It is stated that during the hottest of the action, the general, seated upon his saddle, quietly took his tinder-box from his pocket, lighted his pipe, and smoked as composedly as if seated at his own fireside.]’

‘Thomas Spence died the death of a hero. The

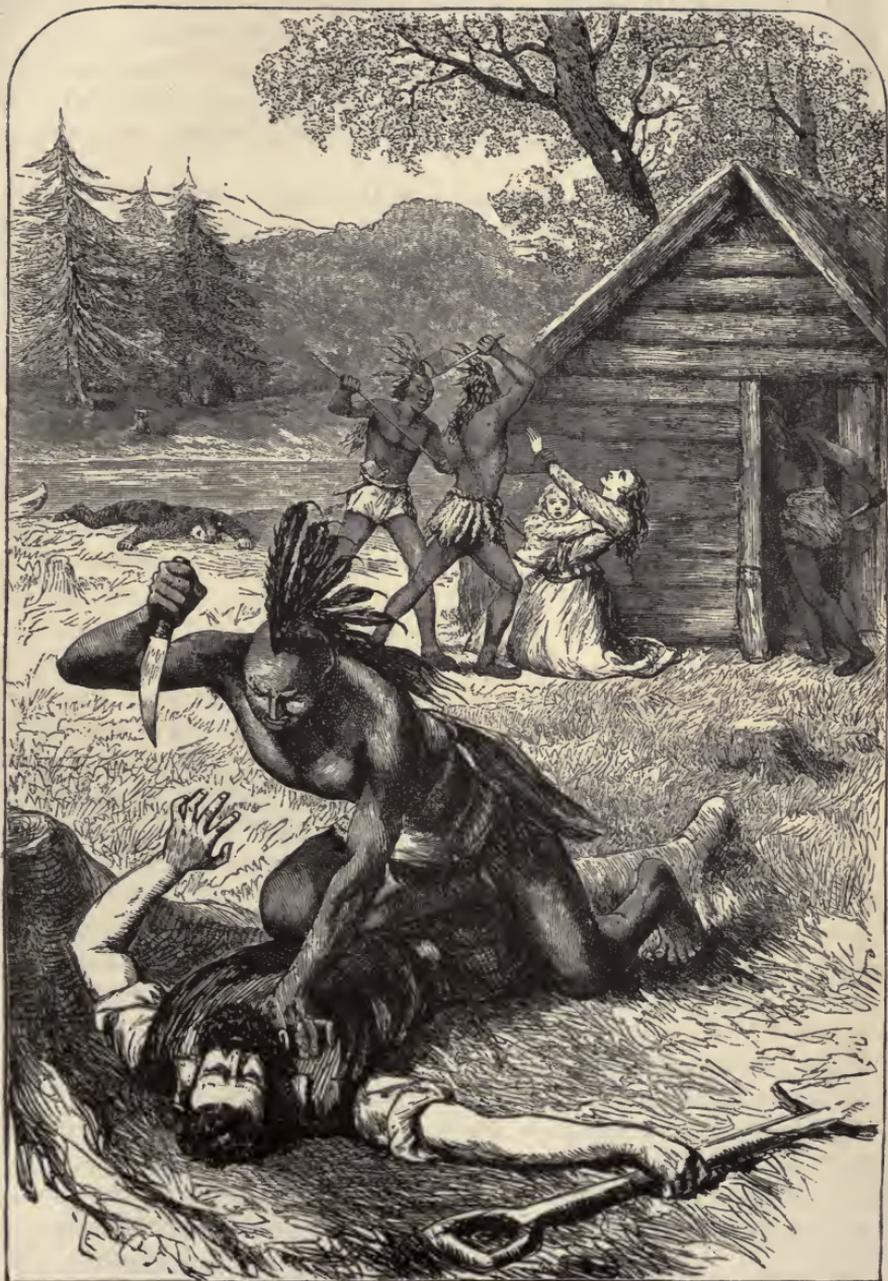
battle raged for at least an hour and a half, when the Americans repulsed their assailants, but with the loss of about one hundred and sixty killed, wounded, and taken, the best and bravest people of Western New York. The savages fought with wild valor; three and thirty or more of their warriors, among them the chief warriors of the Senecas, lay dead beneath the trees; about as many more were badly wounded. The British loss, including savages and white men, was probably about one hundred. Three men having crossed the morass into Fort Stanwix to announce the approach of Herkimer, by Gansevoort’s order two hundred and fifty men, half of New York, half of Massachusetts, under Lieutenant-Colonel Marinus Willett, made a sally in the direction of Oriska. They passed through the quarters of the Yorkers, the rangers, and the savages, driving before them whites and Indians, chiefly squaws and children, capturing Sir John Johnson’s papers, five British flags, the gala fur-ropes and the new blankets and kettles of the Indians, and four prisoners. Learning from them the check to Herkimer, the party of Willett returned quickly to Fort Stanwix, bearing their spoils on their shoulders. The five captured colors were displayed under the Continental flag. It was the first time that a captured banner had floated under the stars and stripes of the Republic. The Indians were frantic with grief at the death of their chiefs and warriors; they suffered in the chill nights from loss of their clothes; and not even the permission in which they were indulged of torturing and killing their captives—conformable to the Indian custom—could prevent their returning home.

‘Meanwhile, Willett, with Lieutenant Stockwell—both good woodsmen—made their way past the Indian quarter at the hazard of death by torture, in quest of a force to confront the savages; and Arnold was charged with the command of such an expedition. Long before its approach, an Indian ran into the camp, reporting that a thousand men were coming against them; another followed, doubling the number; a third brought in a rumor that three thousand men were close at hand; and deaf to Saint Leger and to their Superintendents, the wild warriors robbed the British officers of their clothes, plundered the boats, and moved off with the booty. Saint Leger, in a panic, though Arnold was not within forty miles, hurried after them before night-fall, leaving his tents standing, and abandoning most of his artillery and stores.’—Bancroft, vol. ix., pp. 379-381.

³ Washington entertained the highest admiration and respect for Herkimer:—‘He it was,’ were his words, ‘who first reversed the gloomy scene of the Northern campaign. The hero of the Mohawk Valley served from love of country, not for reward. He did not want a Continental command, or money.’ Dying of his wound before Congress could reward him, they decreed him a monument.

Lossing pays Herkimer the following tribute:—‘The Continental Congress, grateful for his services, resolved to erect a monument to his memory, of the value of \$500. But till 1847, no stone identified his grave. Then a plain marble slab was set up with the name of the hero upon it; and when I visited it in 1848, it was overgrown with weeds and brambles. It was erected by his grandnephew, W. Herkimer. The consecrated spot is in the possession of strangers.

‘Nine days after the battle when his wound had become gangrenous, an amputation was thought neces-



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and broke through the line of the besiegers. He was soon after joined by an effective force under Arnold—who carried consternation and death to every battle-field he ever entered—whom Schuyler had sent for the relief of the fort. St. Leger's force was routed. He abandoned his camp after being robbed and deserted by a part of his Indian allies, and was compelled by the rest to retreat into Canada. His design was utterly defeated, and tranquillity was once more restored to the lovely vale of the Mohawk.

The Employment of Indian Allies begins to be considered a Failure.—An incident which occurred about this time, began to open the eyes of our enemies, and worked serious injury to the British arms. It was the massacre of Miss M'Crea of Fort Edward. This beautiful girl was betrothed to Captain Jones, of Burgoyne's division. Uniting her fortunes with those of her English lover, she put herself under the protection of Indian scouts, who had been sent by Captain Jones, and started through the forest. A second party of Indians despatched by the lover to aid the first, quarrelled with those they met, and a rivalry sprang up. A quarrel ensued on the question which party should deliver the lady. When the second party were likely to get her in their possession, those who had taken her in the beginning, tied her to a tree and shot her. This incident revealed more clearly than any preceding event had done, the atrocity with which the British commanders were determined to carry on this war; for it was evident that they would call into requisition the wild and unfettered passions of savage tribes, to deepen the tide of blood which they had set flowing through the devoted Colonies.

The reaction was immense. For many miles around the neighborhood, the people rose and rushed to the American encampment. The massacre of Miss M'Crea was no more atrocious than multitudes of others. But it came nearer to our enemies, and began to open their eyes to the savagery of employing such infernal instruments in warfare. Bancroft sums it up as follows: "The employment of Indian allies had failed. The king, the ministry, and in due time, the British Parliament were informed officially that the wild redmen 'treacherously committed ravages upon their friends;' that 'they could not be controlled;' that 'they killed their captives after the fashion of their tribes;' that 'there was infinite difficulty in managing them;' that 'they grew more and more unreasonable and importunate.' Could the government of a civilized state insist on courting their alliance? When the Seneca warriors, returning to their lodges, told the story of the slaughter of their chiefs, their villages rang with the howls of mourners, the yells of rage. We shall see interested British emissaries, acting under the orders of Germain and the king, make the life of these savages a succession of revenges, and lead them on to the wreaking of all their wrath in blood."¹

sary; but it was performed by a drunken surgeon, who neglected it till it was evident that he was dying of the unstaunched hemorrhage. Seeing that he must soon die, he called for the Bible, and read composedly, in the presence of his family and others, the thirty-eighth Psalm, applying the deep, penitential confessions of the poem to his own case. He closed the

book, sank back upon his pillow and expired. Stone justly observes:—"If Socrates died like a philosopher, and Rousseau like an unbelieving sentimentalist, General Herkimer died like a CHRISTIAN HERO."¹—*Field-Book*, vol. i., pp. 260-261.

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., pp. 381-382.

Schuyler Superseded.—This general was not popular in Congress, which rendered it easier for Gates with his strong body of supporters, to reach the point on which his restless ambition had been long fixed, and he was sent to supersede Schuyler. It was alleged at the time, that Schuyler was unfairly treated; and his friends were the more indignant, since after St. Clair's disasters, he had soon gathered an army of thirteen thousand men around him, with fair prospects of a successful prosecution of the campaign. The injustice, however, if such it were, was forgotten in the glorious victory of Saratoga, which soon afterwards followed. But Schuyler endeared himself the more to his friends by his subsequent conduct; for through all his future career, he never allowed the insult to leave the slightest taint upon his patriotism. It was enough for him that fortune had smiled upon our arms, and it did not ruffle the serenity of his noble spirit, that she was already smiling upon his successful rival.

Burgoyne's Extremity.—The stars were fighting against the British general, and the prospects of his carrying out the campaign which had been so successfully fought out on paper in the closet of the King of England, was growing darker every hour. As he afterwards himself said: 'I could not have anticipated any serious obstacle to the advance of St. Leger with his numerous and trusted allies; nor did I suppose that General Clinton would be arrested by any little obstacles in the Highlands of the Hudson, starting as he did from New York with a strong force so completely appointed. The greatest curse of the whole thing was, that I was placed where I could neither advance nor retreat, nor hold my ground: there was nothing left but for me to fight, and win or lose the day, as the Fates would have it.' His Canadian allies were getting discouraged, and the ardor of his savages was somewhat cooled by learning that some of the warriors of the SIX NATIONS¹ were joining the camp of his enemy. With less modesty than became a commander-in-chief, Burgoyne boasted that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Albany. Gates had heard of this silly boast, and equalled it;—'Then it will be a dinner of cold lead.' Without desiring to detract from the merit of General Gates, it is but just to say that, at this time, he was in command of the largest body of troops ever massed together under one commander during the Revolution; a degree of order and subordination almost unknown had been introduced into his camp; that their ammunitions and equipments were in some measure adequate to the work before them, and that no great body of men of higher character, intelligence or patriotism, was ever mustered into the American service. The strength, manhood, brains and valor of New York, New England and Virginia were completely represented. Burgoyne's men knew little of Gates or Schuyler, but they had found out who Stark was, to their heart's content. Burgoyne always said that Stark was the only name that ever raised a dread in his army; and it is doubtful if, with the exception of Washington, he himself ever was afraid of any other American general.

¹ See Campbell's *Border Warfare of New York*, and Stone's *Life of Brant*, for an account of these tribes.

Gates assumes Command of the Army of the North, August 19, 1777.—After liberating the Mohawk Valley, Arnold, with his victorious battalions, and Morgan, with his veteran regiment of riflemen, joined the Continental troops, which made Gates' command outnumber Burgoyne's German and British regulars; while his large accessions of militia from New York and New England, with fresh arrivals of small arms and artillery from France, recently landed at Portsmouth, left him superior to his antagonist.

Burgoyne prepares for Battle.—The British general now began a final movement, which, if successful, would cover him with glory; while the disgrace of a failure could be thrown on his superiors, who might be held responsible for a disaster incurred in obeying their orders. He was determined to cut his way through the American lines to Albany, or lose his army. Before sundown, September 13, his fine train of artillery had crossed over the Hudson on a bridge of boats at Schuylerville; but formidable as was the appearance he now presented, before daylight streaked the east on the morning of the 18th, his star began to lose its brightness. Colonel John Brown, of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, had been despatched by Lincoln from Manchester, with five hundred light troops to harass the rear of the enemy. Surprising the outposts of Ticonderoga, he liberated a hundred American prisoners, captured four companies of regulars, and the guards at the portage between Lake George and Lake Champlain, with their arms and cannon, and destroying a hundred and fifty vessels, among which were several gunboats, and an armed sloop. The next four days, Burgoyne's army, by stopping to rebuild bridges, advanced hardly as many miles. But on the morning of the 19th, encountering Gates' army, now strongly posted on Bemis's heights, he saw there was no way to victory, except by dislodging them at once. He formed his entire force in three columns. The left, under Riedesel, with the heaviest field-batteries, took the road through the meadows on the bank of the Hudson; Burgoyne led the centre in person across a deep ravine; while the right column, under Fraser, following the circuitous ridge, advanced towards the heights on the left of the Americans,—the only point from which they could be successfully assailed. Along the rear of these advancing columns, hung hordes of Canadians, Tories, and Savages, thirsting for plunder and blood. There were three major-generals on the British side—on ours not one in the field.¹

A Glimpse of the Battle.—The Americans used no artillery that day. The work was done by the separate regiments, which being well handled by their officers, and rigidly adhering to the orders of the chief commander—suggested in the main beyond all doubt by Arnold who watched the battle—won the field which was obstinately contested for so many hours. Morgan, with his veteran regiment of riflemen, did fearful execution.² Scammiel's New Hamp-

¹ The impression that Arnold engaged in, instead of directing this battle is a mistake. For this I have the authority of Robert R. Livingstone, in a letter to General Washington, written January 14th, 1778, as well as the testimony of Wilkinson, who was present at

the battle, as reported by Chief-Justice Marshall; and other witnesses whom Gordon regarded as reliable. See his history, vol. ii., p. 551.

² Next to Washington, Morgan was the best officer whom Virginia sent into the field, though she raised ac

shire battalion, and Cook's two regiments of Connecticut militia, by their rapid, dexterous and daring movements, had much to do in the hardest work of the day. But where all did so well, Cilley's Continental regiment, the Connecticut militia under Cook, the Virginia riflemen under Morgan, and the New Hampshire men under Scammel, carried away the chief glories of the field. It was evident enough at the time, that, if an able general officer had led the army in person, the route of Burgoyne might have been complete.

The Night after the Battle.—Evening was coming on, and the long engagement having nearly exhausted the ammunition of the Americans, they withdrew quietly and in good order, taking with them their wounded and a hundred prisoners. Burgoyne's divisions bivouacked on the field, too exhausted to bestow much care on their disabled, or to bury their dead. Including the wounded and the dead, the American loss was three hundred and twenty, while the enemy's exceeded double that number. Arnold, who doubtless from the jealousy of Gates, was not allowed to engage in the fight, saw with the eye of a consummate soldier where a complete victory might have been won when Burgoyne's columns began to waver towards evening, and he expressed this opinion to Gates. Again, when the next morning had exposed the desperate condition of the British army, he pressed his views so urgently that the less resolute, if not timid commander, resented the interference, and a quarrel ensued. The fiery Arnold demanded a passport for Philadelphia, which Gates readily granted; but, 'repenting of his rashness, the restless and insubordinate man lingered in the camp, though he could no longer obtain access to Gates, nor a command.'¹

Burgoyne sends to Sir Henry Clifton for help;—but Clinton was a hundred and fifty miles away to the south, and every hour the northern commander's position was becoming more desperate.² He must meet his destiny—he pre-

statue to the incomparable leader of her light troops.'—Bancroft, vol. ix., p. 131. Among the troops who hastened to Washington's camp at Cambridge was a company of riflemen from Virginia, commanded by Daniel Morgan, whose early life was so obscured by poverty that no one remembered his parents or his birth-place, or if he had sister or brother. Self-supported by daily labor, he was yet fond of study, and self-taught, he learned by slow degrees to write well. Migrating from New Jersey, he became a wagoner in Virginia in time to witness Braddock's expedition. In 1774, he again saw something of war, having descended the Ohio with Dunmore. The danger of his country called him into action which was his appropriate sphere. In person he was more than six feet high and well proportioned, of an imposing presence, moving with strength and grace, of a hardy constitution that defied fatigue, hunger, and cold. His open countenance was the mirror of a frank and ingenuous nature. He could glow with vehement anger, but passion never mastered his power of discernment, and his disposition was sweet and peaceful, so that he delighted in acts of kindness, never harbored malice or revenge, and made his house the home of cheerfulness and hospitality. His courage was not an idle quality; it sprang from the intense force of his will, which bore him on to do his duty with an irresistible impetuosity. His faculties were only quickened by the nearness of danger, which he was sure to make the best preparations to meet. An intuitive perception of character assisted him in choosing

among his companions those whom it was wise to be-trust; and a reciprocal sympathy made the obedience of his soldiers an act of affectionate confidence. Wherever he was posted in the battle-field, the fight was sure to be waged with fearlessness, good judgment, and massive energy. Of all the officers whom Virginia sent into the war, next to Washington, Morgan was the greatest: equal to every occasion in the camp or before an enemy, unless it were that he knew not how to be idle, or to retreat. In ten days after he received his commission, he attracted to himself from the valley, a company of ninety-six backwoodsmen. His first lieutenant was John Humphreys; his second, William Heth; his sergeant, Charles Porterfield. No captain ever commanded braver soldiers, or was better supported by his officers; in twenty-one days they marched from Winchester in Virginia, to Cambridge.—Bancroft, vol. viii., pp. 62-63.

¹ The historian also says, vol. ix., p. 412, that 'the British dead were buried promiscuously, except that officers were thrown into holes by themselves: in one pit three of the twentieth regiment, of whom the eldest was not more than seventeen.'

² In Bancroft's fine, and somewhat elaborate description of this campaign, he thus speaks of Burgoyne's condition: 'The Americans broke down the bridges which he had built in his rear, and so swarmed in the woods, that he could gain no just idea of their situation. His foraging parties and advanced posts were harassed; horses grew thin and weak; the hospital was

pared for it like a brave man. No tidings came from Clinton, and finding that he must go into the struggle alone, he prepared for a reconnoissance in force. Fifteen hundred picked men, under his ablest commanders, advanced in the afternoon of October 7th, to within half a mile of Gates' position, and offered battle. The Americans entered the conflict with coolness and confidence. The battle was fiercely contested on both sides. Every regiment moved to its work with order, and held its ground with steadiness: not a battalion wavered, not an officer was at fault.

Although Burgoyne had led only fifteen hundred men from his camp, the rest of the army was in supporting distance, and his entire available force could be brought to bear during the long conflict. Rank and file on both sides seemed to understand that the fate of both armies would be decided that day; and it is difficult, with the full knowledge we have of that battle, to determine whether the honors of the field should be accorded to the generalship of Burgoyne, the admirable manner in which Fraser, Breyman, Riedesel, and Phillips, managed their troops, and the unshaken steadiness with which they fought all through—or to the brilliant conduct of the American officers, sustained as they were by the steady valor of the patriot army, and all fired by the gallant and desperate heroism of Arnold, who could be restrained no longer by Gates, and in defiance of orders, sprang upon a horse and dashed into the thickest of the fight, where without a command whole battalions followed his intrepid lead. During the Revolution there was no better fighting by the republicans or their invaders. Straight into the mouth of the British batteries of twelve-pounders, heavily charged with grape-shot and well handled, our regiments advanced, closing up their ranks as fast as their men were mowed down. Nothing could withstand their deadly fire, or impetuous charges. While Poor's brigade and Broeck's militia engaged Ackland's grenadiers, Morgan was making a circuit by one of his brilliant evolutions to flank the British right, and Dearborn was dashing down with his light infantry from the heights. Not long after the battle had begun to wax hot, Fraser was struck in the head by a rifle bullet, and the British grenadiers broke and fled, leaving their heroic commander, seriously wounded. Burgoyne's first aid, Sir Francis Clark, was struck from his saddle on his way to rally the Brunswickers. The gallant John Brooks—afterwards governor of his State—with a Massachusetts regiment was storming the stockade redoubts on the right of the British camp, while Breyman, now exposed in front and rear, fell mortally wounded. It became evident that the enemy was losing the field.

But Burgoyne's spirit rose with the occasion. Officers on his staff were wounded and fell with their wounded horses. A shot meant for Burgoyne, dropped the officer nearest to him dead. A bullet flew through his hat; others grazed his body. Where a battalion or regiment wavered, he dashed in

cumbered with at least eight hundred sick and wounded men. One-third part of the soldiers' rations was retrenched. While the British army declined in number, Gates was constantly reinforced. On the twenty-second Lincoln arrived, and took command of the right

wing; he was followed by two thousand militia. The Indians melted away from Burgoyne, and by the zeal of Schuyler, contrary to the policy of Gates, a small band, chiefly of Oneidas, joined the American camp
—*ibid.*

that direction and breathed new fire into their ranks; and could the field have been won by mortal power, he would have gained it. But the terrible charges of the patriot regiments and battalions could not be resisted. And so the battle raged till long after sunset. It was ten o'clock at night before Burgoyne gave orders to retreat. But there was no time for repose that night. On the outer verge of the field from which he retreated, an improvised hospital was receiving the wounded and the dying, to join a thousand of their comrades who had fallen sick from fatigue and exposure, or been disabled in former engagements. On the rising ground beyond this scene of suffering and defeat, he gathered his shattered army.

The Surrender of Burgoyne.—When the sun of the next morning rose over the field of yesterday's struggle, Burgoyne saw that the work was done—the fate of his army was sealed. He could not attribute it to his lack of courage; and to his dying day, never seemed to have been conscious that in *lack of judgment*, nature had been too niggardly, to stamp him with the impress of a great commander. The consciousness of valor transported him with ceaseless illusions of victory. He followed his star till it vanished like a miserable *ignis fatuus* in the morass of defeat.¹

When another night of gloom had closed in after the disheartening day that followed the battle, Burgoyne abandoned his sick and bleeding men in the hospital, and began his retreat. When within two miles of Saratoga, on the night of the 10th, finding a flight across the Hudson impossible, he forded the Fishkill, and choosing the best position he could, made his final encampment. Only one hope was left of escape; but a reconnoitering party sent out found that Stark held the river at Fort Edward! This indomitable man had been greeted by two thousand recruits who rushed to join the hero after the battle of Bennington, and he had now returned with a powerful corps of New Hampshire militia eager for battle. The last hope being cut off, in a council of war, Burgoyne's proposal to surrender was unanimously approved. Transported with a triumph which good fortune, more than generalship had accorded to him, Gates allowed the victory to be shorn of some of its fruits, by signing a convention which stipulated for a passage for his army from Boston to Great Britain, on condition of their not serving again during the war in North America, when he should be demanded, what he could instantly have enforced, and what he was by all laws of war entitled to, an unconditional surrender. But it was not an hour for censure—the American people were satisfied. The British army were to lay

¹ Among the officers who fell wounded or dead that day, there were many whose names were cherished for their noble qualities, by friends on both sides of the Atlantic. "All persons sorrowed over Fraser, so much love had he inspired. He questioned the surgeon eagerly as to his wound, and when he found that he must go from wife and children, that fame and promotion and life were gliding from before his eyes, he cried out in his agony: 'Damned ambition!' At sunset of the eighth, as his body, attended by the officers of his family, was borne by soldiers of his corps to the great redoubt above the Hudson, where he had asked to be buried, the three major-generals, Burgoyne, Phil-

lips, and Reidsel, and none beside, joined the train; and amidst the ceaseless booming of the American artillery, the order for the burial of the dead was strictly observed in the twilight over his grave. Never more shall he chase the red deer through the heather of Strath Errick, or guide the skiff across the fathomless lake of central Scotland, or muse over the ruin of the Stuarts on the moor of Drum-mossie, or dream of glory beside the crystal waters of the Ness. Death in itself is not terrible; but he came to America for selfish advancement, and though bravely true as a soldier, he died unconsolated."—Bancroft, vol. ix., pp. 418-419.

down their arms—almost on the terms their commander had dictated. The deed was not witnessed by the patriot army; a detachment from their body marched into the British camp to the tune of ‘Yankee Doodle,’ and ‘while,’ says Lafayette,¹ ‘a brilliant troop, covered with gold, filed out with Burgoyne, they encountered Gates and his officers, all clothed in plain gray cloth.’ Including officers, they numbered five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, exclusive of eighteen hundred and fifty-six prisoners of war, embracing the sick and wounded whom Burgoyne had abandoned.

The Loss of the British in this Northern Campaign:—In killed, disabled, and prisoners, it was reckoned at ten thousand men. The trophies of war were forty-two brass cannon, five thousand muskets and small arms, with large munitions of war; the ordnance and arms being the best then known, and probably exceeding in number all others of equal value in the federal army.

Consequences of the Victories.—It is impossible at our day, to form any adequate conception of the mingled feelings of relief and exultation which filled the nation. Washington’s heart swelled with gratitude, and he wept long with joy. It was the greatest victory that had yet crowned our arms. Since the battle of Long Island, no such formidable force had been brought against the patriots in one engagement: nor had there been up to that time, nor was there afterwards, a series of engagements in any one campaign, which reflected more glory upon the patriot arms, or more lustre upon the valor of British and American soldiers. The candid judgments of European writers, military and civilian, from that day to this, will be found by the careful reader, to be fairly summed up in the few words just written.

The shadows had lain so thick over the cause of independence that the spirit of Toryism had become rampant. Throughout Pennsylvania particularly, it was said, that the enemies of the Republic outnumbered its friends. But the news of the northern victories inflamed the spirit of patriotism on all sides, and everywhere disloyalty hung its head. Men began to treat Toryism as treason. The lines were drawn straighter between republicans and monarchists. From the lips of preachers of all sects, bolder words fell;—‘Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,’ was the text which rang from many a pulpit that had been cold or dumb. With the overpowering force Howe was bringing against the national army on the Delaware, the belief even in Washington’s ability to hold his own, was giving way. How deep would have been the public depression, or how great the disaster, could Clinton have joined his forces with Burgoyne, and gained permanent possession of the Hudson river, it is impossible to conjecture. But with the good news from the north, a new feeling spread over the country; everywhere the clouds began to lift, and the mists of doubt to be dissolved. When the British garrison at Ticonderoga heard of Burgoyne’s defeat, they fled. The victorious Americans looked up towards the north, and saw no enemy to contend with

¹ *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 31.

this side of the St. Lawrence. The yells of the savage had died away on the Mohawk. The alliance between the Tories of Johnson and Butler, and the warriors of Brant, had for the time being at least, been broken up. Sir Henry Clinton received the tidings of the British disaster while he was sailing up the Hudson, and satisfied with the capture of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, he again turned his prow to New York, leaving to Vaughan his worthy subordinate, the brutal work of firing the homes of the patriots on both banks of the Hudson, and burning down the unprotected town of Kingston.

The Effect of the News in Europe—In France.—It was to be still more auspicious to our cause abroad. The joy that spread over France, where the fires of a great democratic revolution were being kindled, woke up the wildest enthusiasm among all classes, and the public indignation of Europe could not be restrained against the barbarous policy of impressing German troops into the service of British despotism. Those princes who had kidnapped their own subjects, and sold them to infamy or death in a distant land, were obliged to defend themselves from public indignation. The Margrave of Hesse, who had entered the plea of legitimacy and feudal rights as his justification, was answered by Mirabeau, who said, ‘When power breaks the compact which secured and limited its rights, then resistance becomes a duty. He that fights to recover freedom, exercises a lawful right. Insurrection becomes just. There is no crime so great as one perpetrated against the freedom of peoples.’ This greatest of all the French orators of the last century, from his exile in Holland, began to lift that trumpet voice for the cause of humanity and civilization, which was afterwards to make the battlements of oppression tremble to their foundations. He had witnessed the infamous spectacle of driving the German soldiers from their homes to fight for George III., and he sent these burning words through Germany:—‘What new madness is this? Alas! miserable men, you burn down, not the camp of an enemy, but your own hopes! Germans! what brand do you suffer to be put upon your foreheads? You war against a people who have never wronged you; who fight for a righteous cause; and set you the noblest pattern. They break their chains. Imitate their example. Have you not the same claim to honor and right as your princes? Yes, without doubt. Men stand higher than princes. Of all rulers conscience is the highest. You, peoples that are cheated, humbled, and sold! Fly to America! There embrace your brothers. In the spacious places of refuge which they open to suffering humanity, learn the art to be free and happy; the art to apply social institutions to the advantage of every member of society.’

By such Promethean hands was the torch of liberty,—which had been borrowed from the American altar,—transmitted to the European nations.

In England.—The success of our arms was the cause of scarcely less gratulation with the liberal party in England. Their principles had never

changed, and their sympathy for America was perhaps warmer than ever; but from the distance their eyes could not so clearly pierce the clouds that hung over us, and it seemed likely that their faith in our principles would outlive their confidence in our success. But now they could take a bolder attitude. When the king, on the 20th of November, opened the new session of Parliament, he seemed more fixed than ever in his convictions, and still more obstinate in his determination to continue the war, regardless of waste of treasure or life. The news of Burgoyne's overthrow had not then reached England, and therefore, the more glory to Chatham for saying, 'My Lords! you cannot conquer America. In three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow, traffic and foster with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent, doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates to an incurable resentment. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms; never, never, never.' Chatham called for conciliation with America by a change of ministry to quench 'the barbarities of the horrible hell-hounds of this savage war;' and appealing to the patriotism and pride of England, demanded that France should be chastised for her insulting interference in the affairs of the British Empire. In the House of Commons, Burke plead for 'an agreement with the Americans on the best terms that could be made;' and Fox, the rising young giant of the English political world, declared, 'If no better terms can be had, I would treat with them as allies; nor do I fear the consequences of their independence.'

The Situation of Lord North.—Had this statesman been gifted with a nobler nature, his embarrassment and mortification might now have excited some sympathy. He was a man of feeble convictions, but they were in the main generous and just. While his secret sympathies were with the cause of American independence, his love of power and his spirit of cringing loyalty to the king, made him an obsequious, although unwilling instrument, of the bigoted monarch. He was one of those men who have more faith in compromises, than in adherence to principle. He could not bear the idea of the defeat of the king's forces on any battle-field; and it was with painful feelings of mortification and twinges of conscience, harder to bear than the misfortune of blindness and the ills of old age,¹ that he had yielded his convictions to the will of his sovereign.

¹ Returning from the fatiguing debate of the 2d of December on the state of the nation, Lord North received the news of the total loss of Burgoyne's army. He was so agitated that he could neither eat nor sleep, and the next day at the levee his distress was visible to the foreign ministers. He desired to make peace by giving up all the points which had been in dispute with America, or to retire from the ministry. Concession after defeat was humiliating; but there must be prompt action or France would interfere. . . . It was the king who persuaded his minister to forego the

opportunity which never could recur, and, *against his own conviction*, without opening to America any hope of pacification, to adjourn the Parliament to the 20th of January. Those who were near Lord North in his old age, never heard him murmur at his having become blind; 'but in the solitude of sleepless nights he would sometimes fall into very low spirits, and deeply reproach himself for having, at the earnest desire of the king, remained in administration after he thought that peace ought to have been made with America.'— *Bancroft*, vol. ix., chap. xxviii.

Passing from Versailles to Valley Forge.—Madness ruled the ministry of George III., and our friends in England fought our battles with almost fruitless results at the time. But they were piling up mountains of justification for our conduct, and writing epitaphs of glory and gratitude in the hearts of Americans to ‘the last syllable of recorded time.’ We turn even from them for a while, with the assurance that we shall meet them again; for nearly all but Chatham lived to see the young Republic rise into the sunshine of independence. As for the King of England, and his Parliament, and the ministers of his despotic will, their acts no longer interested the American people. We had had enough of them; and for good or evil, every American statesman, and the great mass of our people, were willing enough to leave them to ‘gang their ain gait.’ But our fathers were looking with intense interest at what was taking place on the other side of the British Channel; for, after all, the hardest battle of the Revolution was to be waged in Paris—there our mightiest victory was to be won. Franklin was at Versailles!

Before we look into the gorgeous palace of Versailles, reared by the pride, and embellished by the taste of Louis XIV., and which was to become the scene where the claims of the young Republic were to be urged and acknowledged, we must visit the bleak quarters of Washington at Valley Forge, where the gloomiest winter—1777—1778—in the life of the patriot leader and his army was passed. This record must be cut short; for although the interval was filled with activity, and the fortunes of war were alternating between victory and defeat, yet they belong to those minute and extended relations which are excluded from the scope of our record. In a few lines we can trace the current of military affairs from the close of May, when Washington left his headquarters at Morristown, until the summer campaign was over, and he had moved from his last position—White Marsh, December 11, 1777—into his winter quarters at Valley Forge. Although the dreary winter season admitted of no aggressive movement on either side, yet it was not wasted in idleness. The exposure of the troops to the inclemencies of the weather, and the privations they went through, called for the utmost vigilance in warding off disease, and every precaution and remedy within the reach of the science of that day, was sedulously resorted to.¹

Howe's Plan.—If he had settled upon one for the campaign—which is more than doubtful—he succeeded in concealing it. He seemed to be equally prepared to co-operate with Burgoyne on the North, and in the event of his success or defeat, to seize on Philadelphia. Washington, therefore, placed a strong force on the Hudson to arrest the advance of Sir Henry Clinton, while he moved his main body to Brandywine, within ten miles of the British post at New Brunswick. By the middle of June, Howe's plan began to be developed. The main body of his army advanced from New York to New Bruns-

¹ During the spring he had inoculated a large portion of the troops for the small-pox. The common practice of vaccination at the present day was then unknown in the country. Indeed the attention of Jenner, the father of the practice, had then just been turned to the subject. It was practised here a year after the close of the war.—Lossing's *Hist. of the U. S.*, p. 271.—Is not Lossing in error? For a carefully written sketch of JENNER'S Life see *Appleton's Cyclo-pædia*.

wick, and by a feigned movement toward the Delaware, he tried to draw Washington into an engagement. Failing in this attempt, he suddenly retreated, pursued by the whole American force for some distance. A severe skirmish between Stirling's brigade, and a strong corps under Cornwallis, took place on the 26th of June; and the Americans fell back without serious loss to their camp. On the 30th, Howe's army abandoned New Jersey, and crossed over to Staten Island. On the 23d of July, the commander sailed in the fleet with eighteen thousand troops, apparently intending to ascend the Delaware to capture Philadelphia. Washington pressed on at once to protect the national Capital; but after a long detention at sea, the squadron passed up the Chesapeake, and landed at the head of the Bay. Washington advanced beyond the Brandywine creek, where Howe's superior force compelled him to fall back to the east side, as he was not strong enough to cope with him without the favor of more auspicious circumstances. Hard pressed, he fell back to the east of Brandywine, where, at Chad's Ford, he made a stand, and a fierce battle followed. The attack was begun on the British side by Knyphausen on the American left wing, which was commanded by Washington in person; while Howe and Cornwallis crossed the stream several miles above, and fell upon the American right under the command of Sullivan. It was a hotly contested field, and the battle lasted till evening. The chief cause of the disaster, was the conflicting reports brought in from different directions by Washington's officers. But the approach of Cornwallis from an unexpected quarter, with eight thousand men, embracing the grenadiers and the guards, turned the fortunes of the day, and the routed American army retreated on the road to Chester, with a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners of a thousand men.

Lafayette at the Battle of the Brandywine.—This was the first battle in which General Lafayette had been engaged, and throughout the day he had displayed the utmost gallantry, while a surprising knowledge of war gave new lustre to his military genius. In resisting the impetuous charge of Cornwallis's overwhelming division, Lafayette was struck from his saddle by a musket-ball passing through his leg.¹ Lafayette says: 'Howe's army was composed of about twelve thousand men; their losses had been so

¹ 'At that moment all those remaining on the field gave way. M. de Lafayette was indebted to Gimat, his aide-de-camp, for the happiness of getting upon his horse. General Washington arrived from a distance with fresh troops. M. de Lafayette was preparing to join him, when loss of blood obliged him to stop and have his wound bandaged; he was even very near being taken. Fugitives, cannon, and baggage now crowded, without order, into the road leading to Chester. The general employed the remaining daylight in checking the enemy; some regiments behaved extremely well, but the disorder was complete. During that time the ford of Chad was forced, the cannon taken, and the Chester road became the common retreat of the whole army. In the midst of that dreadful confusion, and during the darkness of the night, it was impossible to recover; but at Chester, twelve miles from the field of battle, they met with a bridge which it was necessary to cross. M. de Lafayette occupied himself in arresting the fugitives; some degree of order was re-established,

the generals and the commander-in-chief arrived, and he had leisure to have his wound dressed.'

'M. de Lafayette, having been conveyed by water to Philadelphia, was carefully attended to by the citizens, who were all interested in his situation and extreme youth. That same evening the Congress determined to quit the city: a vast number of the inhabitants deserted their own hearths—whole families abandoning their possessions, and uncertain of the future, took refuge in the mountains. M. de Lafayette was carried to Bristol in a boat; he there saw the fugitive Congress, who only assembled again on the other side of the Susquehanna; he was himself conducted to Bethlehem, a Moravian establishment, where the mild religion of the brotherhood, the community of fortune, education, and interests, amongst that large and simple family, formed a striking contrast to scenes of blood and the convulsions occasioned by a civil war.'—Lafayette's *Memoirs*, vol. i., pp. 23–25.

considerable that their surgeons and those in the country, were found insufficient, and they requested the American army to supply them with some for their prisoners. If the enemy had marched to Derby, the army would have been cut up and destroyed; they lost an all-important night, and this was perhaps their greatest fault during a war in which they committed so many errors. It was thus at twenty-six miles from Philadelphia, that the fate of that town was decided—September 11th, 1777. The inhabitants had heard every cannon that was fired there; the two parties, assembled into distinct bands in all the squares and public places, had waited the event in silence. The courier at length arrived, and the friends of liberty were thrown into consternation.’¹

The Victory of the Brandywine.—It opened for the conquering army the road to the Capital. But they were not to enter it without a further struggle. After giving several days' rest to his troops, Washington crossed the Schuylkill to meet Howe, who was advancing on Philadelphia. On the 16th of September a severe skirmish took place twenty miles west of the city; but a deluging rain prevented a general engagement, and the main body of the patriots withdrew towards Reading for the protection of their chief magazine of stores, while General Wayne, with fifteen hundred men, hung on the enemy's rear to harass his movements. A series of fierce and bloody contests followed for the possession of the line of the Schuylkill River, attended with serious losses on both sides; and it being no longer possible, nor on the whole desirable, to hold Philadelphia, Washington withdrew to his winter quarters at Valley Forge.

Washington's Strategy.—In no portion of his life did he display higher military ability than in the campaign of 1777. To enable the commander of the Northern department to arrest the advance of Burgoyne, and break up his plans, he had stripped himself of many of his best troops; and yet with an inferior force, he had detained Howe a whole month in a march of a little more than fifty miles, till the delay made it impossible for him to obey the instructions of the ministry, or mature any plan of his own, in time to carry it into execution. Had he been able, as he intended, to take Philadelphia, he could have sent an effectual force to relieve Burgoyne; as it was, he found that another year had been wasted, and he clearly foresaw that it would cost him his command. The final possession of Philadelphia had indeed secured for himself and his army, not only comfortable but luxurious quarters. But the success he had gained in reaching that point by the fiercely contested struggles at Germantown, and in taking Forts Mifflin and Mercer on the eastern side of the Delaware, a few miles below Philadelphia, were a poor compensation for the loss of a whole season and the British disasters at the North. Those forts had to be taken before the English fleet could come up the Delaware with supplies for his relief; and before that was accomplished, his army had begun to suffer. It had been declared treason by

¹ Memoirs, vol. i., p. 24.



LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON.



the National Congress, either to sell or to furnish, any provisions to the enemy, within a distance of thirty miles from their stations.¹

Congress Abandons Philadelphia.—When it became evident that the city must fall into the enemy's hands, Congress adjourned—September 27th—first to Lancaster, and soon afterwards to York, carrying with them all the public archives. Here they felt secure, and the public business was prosecuted without interruption till the following summer.

The Winter at Valley Forge.—This spot, where Lossing well says that patriotism should delight to pile its highest and most venerated monument, lies in the bosom of a rugged gorge, on the bank of the Schuylkill, twenty miles north-west of Philadelphia. Gordon, the historian, says that while dining at Washington's table, in 1784, he told him that bloody footprints marked the march of his army to the spot. It was probably the coldest winter ever known in America. Even the Bay of New York was frozen so deep, that the heaviest ordnance was transported over the ice from Staten Island to the city, a distance of seven miles. Most of the patriot army were destitute of common clothing. Little provision could be made even for their shelter; and the great body of them not only stood barefoot on the frozen ground and ice during the day, but were compelled to sleep without blankets in the open air. Disease struck the camp, and found easy conquests among men who were suffering such terrible privations. Congress had done the best it could; for it had no means of paying for military stores or equipments, except by its own notes; and when it was found that it could not redeem them, they depreciated almost to nothing. Not an officer could realize enough from his pay to get him the necessaries of life, and many of the brave and the patriotic were compelled to abandon their regiments to escape starvation. The scenes which occurred at Valley Forge during that long and terrific winter, indicate the extremest suffering. It seems almost incredible that there could have been enough patriotism in the breasts of any body of men, to stand by a cause which was so sorely and so deeply tried, although it was sustained by the great personal influence of a commander so revered and beloved.

A Conspiracy to supersede Washington.—It is lamentable and humiliating; but during these dreadful months of suffering and inaction, a conspiracy² was plotted to remove Washington from the chief command of the army. Gen-

¹ There was little disposition, after the news of Burgoyne's defeat had spread through the region, to violate this law of Congress, for the hopes of the Tories had been considerably dampened by that event. Before Howe got possession of Philadelphia, he found himself obliged to open the navigation of the Delaware, which had been obstructed in several places by sinking heavy-framed timbers in the river. The fierce and brave Count Donop assaulted Fort Mercer with a body of sixteen hundred Hessians, where he lost five hundred of his men, and was fatally wounded. Being taken to the house of a Quaker near by, he expired three days afterwards. His last words were, "I die the victim of my own ambition, and the avarice of my sovereign."—*Lafayette's Memoirs*, vol. ii, p. 31.

² I have no space nor inclination to go into any detailed account of this disgraceful cabal. It had its origin in the selfish and despicable jealousies of Gates, Lee, and Conway, and found a very effective promoter in Benjamin Rush, whose great and otherwise unsullied name will forever be associated with the dastardly attempt to overthrow the man on whom the hopes of the nation rested. Says Bancroft—vol. ix., p. 461—"While those who wished the general out of the way urged him to some rash enterprise, or, to feel the public pulse, sent abroad rumors that he was about to resign, Benjamin Rush, in a letter to Patrick Henry, represented the army of Washington as having no general at their head, and went on to say: 'A Gates, a Lee, or a Conway would, in a few weeks, render them an irresistible body

eral Gates was to be his successor; truth justifies the assertion, that he was aware of all the movements going on to effect this object. His chief agent was General Conway, who had succeeded in getting himself appointed inspector-general, with the rank of a major-general, his office being made independent of the commander-in-chief. But when the foul plot became known, the indignation of the army was too great to be disregarded, and those who had been most active in the cabal were glad to escape from its consequences as best they could. The office of inspector-general was taken from Conway, and the gallant Steuben, a Prussian officer of great valor and integrity, was appointed in his place. Conway was the only member of the cabal magnanimous enough to own his error. In the next July, after receiving a severe wound in a duel, and supposing himself near his end, he wrote the following words to Washington:—‘My career will soon be over; therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues.’ Washington, who was too great to harbor resentment, said, on reading the letter—‘Poor Conway never could have intended much wrong—there is nothing to forgive.’

During the intrigues against Washington, Lafayette, in a letter to Baron de Steuben, dated Albany, March 12th, said: ‘Permit me to express my satisfaction at your having seen General Washington. No enemies to that great man can be found, except among the enemies to his country; nor is it possible for any man of a noble spirit, to refrain from loving the excellent qualities of his heart. I think I know him as well as any person, and such is the idea which I have formed of him. His honesty, his frankness, his sensibility, his virtue—to the full extent in which this word can be understood—are above all praise. It is not for me to judge of his military talents; but, according to my imperfect knowledge of these matters, his advice in council has always appeared to me the best, although his modesty sometimes prevents him from sustaining it; and his predictions have generally been fulfilled. I am the more happy in giving you this opinion of my friend, with all the sincerity which I feel, because some persons may, perhaps, attempt to deceive you on this point.’¹

of men. Some of the contents of this letter ought to be made public, in order to awaken, enlighten, and alarm our country. This communication, to which Rush dared not sign his name, Patrick Henry, in his scorn, noticed only by sending it to Washington. An anonymous paper of the like stamp, transmitted to the President of Congress, took the same direction.

“Washington’s real greatness never shone out more brilliantly than in the midst of the villainous plottings of this low cabal. To William Gordon, who was then collecting materials for his history of the Revolution, and who enjoyed the confidence of Washington, the commander wrote, ‘Neither interested nor ambitious views led me into the service. I did not solicit the command, but accepted it with much entreaty, with all that diffidence which a conscious want of ability and experience equal to the discharge of so important a trust must naturally excite in a mind not quite devoid of thought; and after I did engage, pursued the great line of my duty, and the object in view, as far as my judgment could direct, as pointedly as the needle to the pole. . . . No person ever heard me drop an expression that had a tendency to resignation. The same principles that

led me to embark in the opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain, operate with additional force at this day; nor is it my desire to withdraw my services while they are considered of importance to the present contest. There is not an officer in the service of the United States that would return to the sweets of domestic life with more heartfelt joy than I should, but I mean not to shrink from the cause.’

“In his remonstrances with Congress he wrote with plainness, but with moderation. His calm dignity, while it irritated his adversaries, overawed them; and nothing could shake the confidence of the people, or divide the affections of any part of the army, or permanently distract the majority of Congress. Those who had been most ready to cavil at him, soon wished their rash words benevolently interpreted or forgotten. Gates denied the charge of being in a league to supersede Washington as a wicked, false, diabolical calumny of incendiaries, and would not believe that any such plot existed; Mifflin exonerated himself in more equivocal language; and both retired from the committee that was to repair to head-quarters.”

¹ Lafayette’s *Mémoires*, p. 163.

SECTION FIFTH.

ALLIANCE WITH FRANCE.

BUT that dark winter, which had witnessed all the terrors that frost, pestilence, deprivation, and treachery could accumulate upon the devoted band of soldiers at Valley Forge and their commander, was drawing to a close, and Providence had been smiling upon our cause in other and distant scenes. Our privateers were sweeping British commerce from the sea. Upwards of five hundred English vessels had been captured since the Declaration of Independence, and at last the glad news came that the king of France had become our ally, and that the most chivalric of nations was about to join our standard. On the seventh of May salutes were fired from all the military stations of the United States, in honor of Louis XVI. and his gallant people. This treaty of amity and commerce recognized our absolute independence and sovereignty, and stipulated that neither nation should make truce or conclude peace with England without the consent of both; and that neither party should cease hostilities until England acknowledged the Independence of the United States. The American commissioners were then received with all the courtesy due to ambassadors from a friendly nation. M. Gerard was appointed minister to the United States, and Franklin, who remained in Paris, was, on the ratification of the treaty, appointed minister plenipotentiary from the now recognized *Republic of the United States of America*.

Immediate results of the Alliance.—It fell upon Great Britain like a bolt from heaven. It was hailed with joy by the small but powerful American party in Parliament and throughout the nation, while it filled the king, Lord North, and the entire ministry with mortification and dismay. A profound feeling of alarm pervaded the empire, which now seemed seriously threatened with dismemberment. It was no longer a cluster of rebel colonies, nor even an insurgent nation. The gaunt spectre of a new Republic began to rise up beyond the Western waters, foreshadowing the dismemberment of the empire, and filling the loyal heart of the great Chatham himself with terror. Fired by the patriotism and pride of Englishmen from the days of Alfred, this grandest of all the champions of liberty and greatest of all the subjects of Britain, could not look with complacency on the separation of his beloved thirteen colonies from the old empire, and therefore he arrayed himself against American independence. But the clamor for reconciliation with America had now become so loud, that only a few days after the proclamation of the treaty with France, Lord North proposed a bill for the repeal of all Acts of Parliament obnoxious to Americans, that had been enacted since the close of the French and Indian War; and in the speech he

made in support of his Resolution, he proposed to recognize the legal existence of the American nation, and treat with the national Congress as a legal body. This astounding measure seemed likely to bring all the friends of the Colonies to the side of the minister. They had desired to confer with Franklin—even to go to Paris to see if something could not be done to secure justice to America, and wind up the war—even if it were at the expense of recognizing the independence of the Republic. Once more poor Lord North had a hard struggle between his convictions of right, and his sense of loyalty to his king. He proposed two conciliatory measures, both of which passed, and received the approval of the king on the 11th of March. Chatham would have favored these bills; but when there seemed to be a disposition to recognize American Independence, rather than waste further blood and treasure, and involve the empire in a war with France and her ally Spain, thus entering on a conflict which threatened to array all Europe against her, the courage and patriotism of the great statesman revolted against the measure. The Duke of Richmond, large and liberal in his views, and well-known as an advocate of the rights of the Colonies, approached Lord Chatham to win his approval of these bills, and urge for them the sanction of the House of Lords. But the heroic old patriot, unshaken in his purpose by the appeals of life-long friends who had stood firmly around him in his championship of liberty in other days, rejected the proposition with scorn. “On the 7th of April, wrapped up in flannel to the knees, pale and wasted away, his eyes still retaining their fire, he came into the House of Lords leaning upon his son William Pitt, and his son-in-law Lord Mahon. The peers stood up out of respect as he hobbled to his bench. The Duke of Richmond proposed and spoke elaborately in favor of an Address to the King, which in substance recommended the recognition of the independent sovereignty of the Thirteen revolted Provinces, and a change of administration. Chatham, who alone of British statesmen had a right to invite America to resume her old connection, rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by a friend. His figure was marked with dignity, and he seemed a being superior to all those around him. Raising one hand from his crutch, and casting his eyes towards heaven, he said: ‘I thank God, that, old and infirm, and with more than one foot in the grave, I have been able to come this day to stand up in the cause of my country, perhaps never again to enter the walls of this House.’ The stillness that prevailed was most affecting. His voice at first low and feeble, rose and became harmonious; but his speech faltered, his sentences were broken, his words no more than flashes in the midst of darkness, shreds of sublime but unconnected eloquence. He recalled his prophecies of the evils which were to follow such American measures as had been adopted, adding at the end of each, ‘and so it proved.’ He could not act with Lord Rockingham and his friends, because they persisted in unretracted error. With the loftiest pride he laughed to scorn the idea of an invasion of England, by Spain or by France. or by both. ‘If peace cannot be preserved with honor, why is not

war declared without hesitation? This kingdom has still resources to maintain its just rights. Any state is better than despair. My Lords! I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy.' The Duke of Richmond answered with respect for the name of Chatham, so dear to Englishmen; but he resolutely maintained the wisdom of avoiding a war in which France and Spain would have America for their ally. Lord Chatham would have replied; but after two or three unsuccessful efforts to rise, he fell backwards, and seemed in the agonies of death. Every one of the peers pressed round him, save only the Earl of Mansfield, who sat unmoved. The senseless sufferer was borne from the House with tender solicitude, to the bed from which he never was to rise."¹

Sympathy of Frederic of Prussia.—It was certain now that the National Congress would no longer be obliged to struggle on under the same poverty and embarrassments, since the chief obstacle to the triumph of the American arms was soon to be removed by a powerful ally. The ministry knew that the public sentiment of Europe was with America—that Frederic of Prussia held the policy of the British cabinet and their military management in America in utter contempt—that he despised the purchase of German troops for the American campaign, and would render no encouragement to so degrading a policy. In the instructions which he gave to his ambassadors to Great Britain and France, as we now read them, we discern a surprising foresight and sagacity of statesmanship. During the autumn of 1777, he said to Goltz, his ambassador to Louis XVI., 'You can assure M. Maurepas that we have no jealousies of the aggrandizement of France; we even put up prayers for her prosperity, so long as her arms are not found on our borders—that I have no connection whatever with England—that I begrudge France no advantages she may gain by the war in aid of the American colonies; her first interest requires the enfeeblement of Great Britain, and her shortest road to this is to strip her of her colonies in America. The present is the most favorable opportunity that ever was presented, and none more favorable will probably occur for three hundred years. The independence of the American States will be worth more to France than the war with England will cost.' In speaking of the overthrow of Burgoyne, in connection with Howe's successes, Frederic said: 'These triumphs of Howe are only for a day. The ministry could no longer stand if the ancient spirit of English liberty had not degenerated. They can get money—thirty-six millions easier than I can a single florin; but where will they get twenty thousand men? Neither Sweden nor Denmark will furnish them. Being at variance with Holland she will get no help there. If she applies to the small princes of the German Empire, she will find their force already too much absorbed. England made an awkward mistake in the beginning in going to war with her colonies. I agree with Chatham that England's ill success is due to the ignorance, rashness, and in-

¹ Bancroft, vol. ix., pp. 494, 495.

capacity of the ministry. The chief source of the decay of Great Britain, can be found in the departure of its present government so radically from the principles of British history. All the efforts of the king tend to despotism.'

Frederic's Prophecy of the Independence of the Colonies.—'The reinforcements which the ministry designs to send to America, will not change the aspect of affairs, *for independence will always be the indispensable condition of an accommodation.* All good judges agree with me, that if the colonies remain united, the mother country will never subjugate them.'

Maurepas had asked Frederic's opinion about the possible chances of a war, and which side Russia would take. 'As for Russia,' said Frederic, 'there is no cause of apprehension of her interference; the chances are, a hundred to one, in favor of the immense advantages France will reap in entering into the American alliance; and the chances are equally great that the colonies will maintain their independence.' Frederic was right about Russia, for she received the news of the alliance of the old Carlovingian kingdom with the young Republic, with joy, and has maintained from that hour her friendship for the United States. The warrior-king nowhere concealed his sympathy with the Americans. He tried to dissuade the German princes from furnishing England with any more troops, nor would he let them pass through his dominions. He had neither force nor ships to defend American cruisers if they should enter his port of Embden; but at Dantzic, in the Baltic, he offered them hospitality. He extended to the American commissioners every facility for purchasing arms and ships in his kingdom, and in the beginning of 1778, his minister officially informed our commissioners that 'the king desires to see your noble efforts crowned with success, and he will not hesitate to recognize your independence when France, which is more directly interested, shall have given the example.' Although Lord North could have had no access to such state papers, yet he must have been as fully informed through his agents, of the feelings and the policy of Prussia and Russia, as he was of the hearty sympathy of the people of Europe with the fortunes of the American republic.

The Friendship of the Queen of France.—*Franklin at the Court.*—Nowhere did we have a more brilliant or persuasive advocate than in Marie Antoinette. This heroic, but most unfortunate Princess, was known to await the reception of Franklin at the court of France, with the utmost impatience, for she longed to make some demonstration of sympathy for the cause of republicanism as represented in his illustrious person. On the 20th of March, the commissioners were presented to the king at Versailles. The Patriarch appeared 'dressed in the plain gala coat of Manchester velvet which he had used at the levee of George III.—the same which, according to the custom of that age, he had worn—as it proved for the last time in England as agent for Massachusetts when he had appeared before the Privy Council—with white stockings, as was the use in England, spectacles on his nose

a white hat under his arm, and his thin gray hair in its natural state.' It mattered not how his colleagues were dressed; the fact is only noticed somewhere, that all the observation they attracted was owing to the glitter of their lace, and the quantity of their powder. Franklin was the observed of all observers—he meant America. After the audience of the king, the commissioners paid a visit to the young wife of Lafayette, whose gallant husband had already become the idol of our people, and was still in that distant land fighting our battles.

Franklin at the Queen's Drawing-Room.—Two days later came the audience of the queen in her drawing-room, when, in the presence of the noblest and most beautiful women of the court, every possible demonstration of admiration and respect was paid to the venerable American. The fashionable world went crazy over Franklin. The opera and theatres were crowded with brilliant audiences, who rose to receive him, and they rang with the wildest applause. No prince or conqueror ever swayed so magical a power over that gay and brilliant capital. The whole world did him homage.

Franklin at the Academy.—When he was received at the Academy, D'Alembert the president, hailed him as the being who had 'wrenched the thunderbolt from the heavens, and the sceptre from the tyrants.' 'How grand a thought!' exclaimed Malesherbes, 'that they have founded institutions in America which have elevated the printer-boy and the son of a tallow-chandler, to mould their institutions and guide their diplomacy.' There was no better judge in such matters than John Adams, who said of Franklin, at this time, 'Not Leibnitz or Newton, not Frederic or Voltaire, had a more universal reputation; and his character was more beloved and esteemed than that of them all.'

Franklin among the People.—From the throne to the humble cot of the peasant; from the savans and the scholars; from the statesmen and the enthusiasts for liberty, to the idlest 'man of the world,' were showered upon this greatest of all living men, all the honors which mankind can bestow upon their benefactors; and something far more admirable than all, he sustained the great weight with calmness, simplicity and self-possession. His modesty disclaimed any tributes of admiration of himself. He received every token of love and adoration, as a tribute paid to his native land now passing through the fires of a revolution, to establish freedom for all mankind. It would seem, without exaggeration, to have been among the most signal dispensations of a supreme Providence, that two such men should have been raised up to be the guardians of our fortunes in the two hemispheres, as George Washington and Benjamin Franklin.

After this, we shall be greeted with more sunshine than cloud during the revolutionary struggle. A new strength will nerve the arm of every patriot when he is striking down oppression. New faith will strengthen the heart

of the praying. Hardships will be borne with more resignation. 'The brave will no longer fear the power of man, nor the pious begin to doubt the favor of God.' The struggle indeed was not over. Days of darkness were still to come to a bleeding land, and thick shadows were to fall over every home in America: but through them all the light of the rising sun of liberty was to send its cheering beams.

The French Fleet sails for America.—France was in earnest. The first movement of her government was to dispatch a squadron of twelve line-of-battle ships, and four heavy frigates, under Count D'Estaing, to blockade the British fleet in the Delaware. France gave England notice—March 17th—of her intention, thirty days before her admiral sailed. Hereafter the despised Colonies could defy on the ocean the mistress of the seas—the new title England had assumed.

How Lafayette received the Intelligence.—It was with a pride and satisfaction that could not be expressed, that young Lafayette, who had secretly to steal away from his attempted arrest by the king, only a short year before, now received this startling intelligence; nor could anything have excited his joy to a higher ecstasy than when he saw that his government had dated the independence of the United States from the hour it had first been made, July 4th, 1766. 'Therein,' he exclaimed to Washington, 'lies the principle of national sovereignty, which will one day be recalled to them at home.'

The Salute from Valley Forge.—In our younger days we have talked with men who stood in the two lines of our army as drawn up on the 6th day of May, 1778, and the salute of thirteen cannons rolled through the rocky gorge of the Schuylkill at Valley Forge, and who, with that entire army, sent up their long glad shouts, 'Long live the King of France—long live the friendly powers of Europe.'

The British Commissioners for Peace.—The Earl of Carlisle, George Johnston, formerly Governor of Florida, and William Eden, a brother of Sir Robert Eden, the last royal Governor of Maryland, were appointed as commissioners by virtue of the two bills which Chatham had opposed, and King George had signed on the 11th of March. Adam Ferguson, the eminent Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was appointed secretary to the commission. His name alone gave any respectability to the sham embassy, or in the slightest measure relieved it from the contempt of mankind. Copies of these Parliamentary bills had reached Congress on the 15th of April, and finding no mention of independence as a basis of negotiation, they were at first blush regarded as one more miserable subterfuge of the managers of a despotic cause. On the 4th of June, when they made known their business, they were informed that no negotiations would be entered upon until Great Britain had withdrawn her fleets and armies, and uncon-

ditionally recognized the independence of the United States. But pending these attempts at negotiation, the commissioners did their utmost to seduce every man of any importance whom, by secret and subtle means, they could succeed in reaching. In one interview with General Joseph Reed, a delegate from Pennsylvania, Johnston offered him ten thousand pounds sterling and the best office in the king's gift in the Colonies, if he would abandon their cause. Reed's patriotism had been suspected, and the intrigue had been carried on through a female relative. So much was alleged and believed at the time. The secret was badly kept, and it became necessary for General Reed to denounce the entire rumor as a libel; he is reported to have said, 'I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of England is not rich enough to buy me.' In fact, it is believed that Johnston succeeded in buying nobody that was worth the money. It was believed that purchases of this stamp were the chief objects of the Commissioners. They wrote letters where they could not deal in person, or find instruments. They were, however, closely watched, and their intrigues exposed, when Congress refused indignantly any longer to recognize them, and they were allowed to return from their disreputable and ridiculous mission. They might have been saved the trouble of coming at all, for they were not ignorant of Franklin's peremptory assurances that 'it would be all in vain to attempt to treat with the United States on any other basis than the recognition of their independence.' Jackson, who had been the former colleague of Franklin, and secretary of Granville, refused to serve on this so-called 'commission for peace,' because it was evident enough to him that it was 'a delusion accorded by the king to quiet Lord North, and to unite the nation against the Americans.'

The Failure of the Commission a foregone Conclusion in America.—Before they arrived Washington wrote to a member of Congress, April 21, 1778: 'Nothing short of independence can possibly do. A peace on any other terms would be a peace of war. The injuries we have received from the British nation were so unprovoked, and have been so many, that they can never be forgotten. Our fidelity as a people, our character as men, are opposed to a coalition with them as subjects.' The day following having been appointed for 'a public fast and humiliation, with prayer to Almighty God to strengthen and perpetuate the union,' in their house of worship where Congress had assembled in a body, they 'resolved to hold no conference, or treat with any commissioners on the part of Great Britain, unless they should, as a preliminary thereto, either withdraw their fleets and armies, or, in positive and express terms, acknowledge the independence of the States.'¹

Franklin and Voltaire.—While D'Estaing's fleet, which had sailed from

¹ This was everywhere the public feeling. John Jay said he had not met a single American willing to accept peace under Lord North's terms. George Clinton, then Governor of New York, and afterwards—1804-1811—Vice-President of the United States, said: 'Lord North is two years too late with his political man-

œuvre:' and the lion-hearted Robert Morris wrote, 'No offers ought to have a hearing of one moment, unless preceded by acknowledgment of our independence, because we can never be a happy people under their domination. Great Britain would still enjoy the greatest share and most valued parts of our trade.'

Toulon on the 10th of April, was passing out of the Straits of Gibraltar, a scene was being witnessed in Paris, the like of which never could have occurred in any other nation or period. The illustrious philosopher Voltaire, who had done more to sanctify the principle of toleration than any other man who had ever lived, who had no rival in fame as a man of letters, and who represented in his own person the France of his time, more than her king, or all her statesmen or priests, had come up to Paris for his last visit, to receive such honors as she had never bestowed before upon any one of her children. No two men who had never met, knew each other better than Voltaire and Franklin. Soon after his arrival in the capital, the American Ambassador, with the veneration which scholars alone feel for learning and its masters, waited upon the octogenarian. Voltaire himself, in his touching description of the interview, tells us that before they parted, Franklin, who had brought his grandson along with him, led him up to Voltaire to ask for his benediction. In the presence of the little assembly of twenty persons, all of whom were deeply impressed with the cheerful solemnity of the scene, the old man laid his hand upon the boy's head, and lifting his eyes upward gave his blessing in the sublime words, 'God and liberty.' Even the devoutest Christian could add but one other name, so sacred. Voltaire loved Franklin, and the cause of America lay very near his heart. He was proud wherever he went to have it known that his admiration and love for the new Republic was the strongest passion of his last days.

A few days later, a far more imposing spectacle was presented at the French Academy, whose members had assembled for the solemn reception of the French philosopher. John Adams, who had been appointed to supersede Silas Deane in the American embassy, and who had just reached Paris, attended Franklin on this great occasion.

When these two, by universal consent the greatest chieftains of intellect living, thus publicly met in genial friendship, the enthusiasm of the immense audience transcended all bounds. But it was not enough that the two men should greet each other so heartily; the assembly was not satisfied; they demanded some more earnest token of complete affiliation. 'Embrace,' they screamed; and in the presence of all that was most distinguished in letters and philosophy, Franklin and Voltaire embraced and kissed each other. The two wept and were glad together. Such was the garland with which the Night of the Old World, with the Morning of the New, crowned the Young Republic in its cradle. Hereafter, the latest born free commonwealth became the adopted child of the oldest and most brilliant monarchy in Europe. From that hour France herself was to come forth from the shadows of the past—however radiant with the glories of the achievements of seventeen centuries—and enter upon a new and more magnificent career.

Voltaire's true Place in Philosophical History.—A few Words here.—Voltaire was well enough understood in his own time—he was only misinterpreted afterwards; and even now the mists of vulgar ignorance too much cloud his name. But he is beginning, after he has been nearly a century in his

tomb, to reap the only reward such a man cares for—to be comprehended. When he came into life he found himself almost the only living thing in the midst of dead Europe. The old alliance of priest and king—which had carried on the business of mankind through all the historic ages—was still a firm and unbroken partnership. He who was to put an end to this alliance, and as the great apostle of absolute liberty to think, and become the father of modern thought, as well as its vindicator, found the men of his times believing everything and knowing nothing. His illuminated soul declared war *à l'outrance*, against this system of mental despotism. He had some foundation for his boast, that he had done more for the political redemption of men from tyranny, and the human soul from superstition, than Calvin and Luther. In one sense he had, and in a very broad sense; and yet it is just as true to say that, but for those men, Voltaire would never have been heard of; he was himself the child of the Protestant Reformation, and by direct and unquestionable lineage; he had a great mission, and he fulfilled it well. That mission was to tear down the past—not to build up the future.

An age of supreme credulity must needs be followed by an age of supreme skepticism. A generation of idol worshippers must be followed by a generation of iconoclasts. France had committed her faith to the priests; their falseness to the trust, led to the giving up of all faith. Thinking men then made an age of reason, and this reason could be inaugurated on the old throne, only when the false and rotten superstructure had been swept away. When men find out that they have been often deceived, they must doubt before they can rationally believe. Wounded faith is the only true pupil—it alone is capable of scrutiny worthy of the name of investigation; and such investigation is the only road to truth. Credulity is the arch-enemy of truth. Reason is its only handmaid. Facts are its only instruments. When a man has believed too much, it is time for him to begin to doubt. Buckle, in the opening of his *History of Civilization in Great Britain*, starts out on a basis already prepared for him by Descartes, Bossuet, Edwards, Reid, Kant, Rousseau, and Voltaire—that skepticism is the first starting-point on the road to a knowledge of scientific truth, and that reason is the only guide.

It was not given to Voltaire to be a builder, he was a pioneer, levelling forests and mountains, and filling up valleys to open a clear way to the temple of truth. He was not a Bacon to lead the human race by the sublime laws of reason into the treasure-house where nature holds all truth; but in one respect he was greater than all these fathers of modern light. In his heart of hearts he abhorred all superstition—he hated all tyranny over the mind—time itself could give no sanction to oppression. Feudalism in the intellect was a far mightier wrong than feudalism in the soil, or in the muscles of men. Kings did not reign by a divine right—all the divinity of right inhered in the individual soul. He therefore accorded to the rising Republic of America a more earnest and philosophical greeting, than any European of his times. Standing on the mount of vision, which became to him a mount also of trans-

figuration, where the fathers of the American Republic stood on the 4th of July, '76, he caught the first full-orbed view of the Promised Land for the human race. Among the utterances of his last days, no one was repeated oftener, or with deeper unction, than this: 'I have lived to see the birth of a new Republic, based upon principles which will secure the political emancipation of the world, and, therefore, I have not lived in vain. All thanks to God.' It was not the God of any hierarchy, but in the fine language of Sprague, 'the God of the universe whom he recognized in everything around him:' for he who had been so often denounced as a scoffer at truth, was in the depths of his large soul one of its most reverent worshippers.

Lord Howe superseded by Sir Henry Clinton.—It was evident that Lord Howe 'would not do' any longer, and Sir Henry Clinton was appointed in his place. On the 18th of May, 1778, the officers of the British army got up, in honor of their retiring commander-in-chief, the most brilliant fête that had ever been seen in America. It was graced by the most beautiful women among the Tory families in Philadelphia, by the wives and female relatives of the British officers, and crowned with the charms, such as they were, of the favorite mistresses of Lord Howe and his staff. The loose discipline of the army during these six months of idleness did more to weaken the power of the enemy, than all the battles they had yet fought, which fully justifies the remark of Franklin, that 'General Howe has not taken Philadelphia,—Philadelphia has taken General Howe.'

The Fête in Honor of the Retiring Commander.—The sedateness of 'our national historian' has not disdained some account of this gorgeous festival: 'The numerous company embarked on the Delaware, above the town, and, to the music of one hundred and eight hautboys, rowed two miles down the stream in galleys and boats, glittering with colors and streamers. They passed two hundred transport vessels tricked out in bravery, and crowded with lookers-on; and landing to the tune, *God save the King*, under salutes from the decorated ships of war, they marched between lines of cavalry and infantry and all the standards of the army to a lawn, where, in presence of their chosen ladies, raised on thrones, officers, fantastically dressed as knights and squires, engaged in a tournament. After this they proceeded, under an ornamented arch, to a splendidly furnished house, where dancing began; and a gaming-table was opened with a bank of two thousand guineas. The tickets of admission described the guest of the night as the setting sun, bright at its going down, but destined to rise in greater glory; and fireworks, in dazzling letters, promised him immortal laurels. At midnight a supper of four hundred and thirty covers was served, under the light of twelve hundred wax candles, and was enlivened by an orchestra of more than one hundred instruments. Dancing continued until the sun was more than an hour high. Never had subordinates given a more brilliant farewell to a departing general; and it was doubly dear to the commander, for it expressed their belief that the minis-

try had wronged him, and that his own virtue pointed him out for advancement.'¹

This brilliant farce well terminated the tragedy which Lord Howe had been playing in the slaughter and attempted ruin of a whole people. It was all proper enough as an interlude between the two chief parts of the bloody drama. The uncle was to disappear, but his nephew, the King, was to keep the stage four years longer.

Howe's last American Achievement.—Lord Howe was unlucky in the American fêtes in honor of his military achievements. Hardly had the music of his last night's revels died away, before he received news that a detachment of two thousand five hundred men, with field-batteries of eight cannon, had crossed the Schuylkill under Lafayette, and taken a strong position twelve miles from Valley Forge. Greeting the chance which fortune seemed to hold out to him for gracing his departure from the continent with a brilliant feat of arms, his now disrobed knights, who were resting from the fatigues of the tournament, and sleeping off the fumes of protracted revels, were summoned by a sudden call to the saddle. With five thousand picked men, and expert guides, Grant was dispatched by a circuitous route to strike the rear of 'the beardless Frenchman,' and by daylight the next morning Lord Howe was on the march at the head of a corps of six thousand of the best troops in his army, in two divisions under Clinton and Knyphausen, his two most accomplished commanders. But Lafayette was not to be taken as a trophy in the same ship which was waiting to carry Lord Howe to England. Lafayette's direct communication with Washington's camp had indeed been cut off, but his vigilance and adroitness had fully made up for the strategy on which the British commander depended. The appearance of a few small parties in the woods, intended to indicate the heads of the main columns, was a successful *ruse*, for it arrested Howe's force long enough in forming for battle, for Lafayette to escape with his main body over another ford which had been left entirely unprotected. The crestfallen British leader, out-generalled by a boy, marched with his wayworn army back to the scene of his late brilliant tournament, and four days later he passed his command over to Sir Henry Clinton, a better soldier, but not a braver man, and sailed home to his 'Merrie England.'

Why Burgoyne's Army was not allowed to sail for England.—Magnanimous as were the terms of surrender which Gates had granted at Saratoga to the army of Burgoyne, those terms had been violated at the time, by 'the concealment of the public chest, and other public properties of which the United States were thus defrauded.' This violation of the convention had also been followed by Burgoyne's unfounded, and insulting accusation against the good faith of the country, which intimated that neither he, his army, nor his nation were bound by any of the conditions of the convention. The embarkation

¹ Bancroft, vol. x., pp. 118-19. An elaborate and exquisitely artistic account of this *fête*, written by the graceful pen of Major André, was published in *The Annual Register*, a London Magazine for the year 1778. For this or almost any other rare work, consult the Astor Library.

of the prisoners was therefore suspended by an Act of Congress, until the British government should redeem the pledges of its captive general. The so-called 'commissioners for peace' desired to negotiate for the release of Burgoyne's army. But as they were clothed with no such authority, and by their shameless and perfidious attempts at bribing our citizens had forfeited all claims to confidence or even hospitality, the prisoners were justly detained.

How our Prisoners of War were treated.—This dark page must be opened for the present and future times to read, that men may learn into what brutal inhumanity tyranny betrays the instruments of its injustice. But the loathsome record shall be brief. Neither the accuracy nor justice of Lafayette will be called in question. He knew whereof he spoke :

"An exchange of prisoners had long been talked of, and the cruelty of the English rendered this measure the more necessary. Cooped up in a vessel at New York, and breathing a most noxious atmosphere, the American prisoners suffered all that gross insolence could add to famine, dirt, disease, and complete neglect. Their food was, to say the least, unwholesome. The officers, often confounded with their soldiers, appealed to former capitulations and to the rights of nations, but they were only answered by fresh outrages. When one victim sunk beneath such treatment, 'Tis well,' was said to the survivors ; 'there is one rebel less.' Acts of retaliation had been but rarely practised by the Americans ; and the English, like other tyrants, mistook their mildness and generosity for timidity. Five hundred Americans, in a half-dying state, had been carried to the sea-shore, where the greatest number of them soon expired, and the general very properly refused to reckon them in exchange for his own prisoners of war."¹

British Prisons and Prison Ships.—Although the horrible tale of the barbarities inflicted upon American prisoners has been told a thousand times, yet it should always be repeated in any record of the Revolution, for nothing else can ever illustrate so well, the spirit of inhumanity with which England carried on the war. Its baseness and brutality found no justification in the acts of our government, nor in the conduct of our people. I quote,² in an extended note, DR. LOSSING'S account of the BRITISH PRISONS AND PRISON SHIPS.

¹ Lafayette's *Memoirs*, vol. i., pp. 48-49.

² Associations of intense horror are linked with the memory and the records of the cruelties practised, and sufferings endured in the prisons and prison-ships at New York, in which thousands of captive patriots were from time to time incarcerated during the war for Independence. Those who were made prisoners on land were confined in the foul jails of the city, while captive seamen, and sometimes soldiers too, were kept for months in floating dungeons,

—'doomed to famine, shackles, and despair,
Condemned to breathe a foul, infected air
In sickly hulks, denoted while they lay
Successive funerals gloomed each dismal day.'

PHILIP FRENEAU.

ably more than a thousand private citizens, arrested by the British on suspicion or positive proof of their being active Whigs, were also made prisoners, and at the close of the year, at least five thousand American captives were in the power of the invaders. The only prisons proper in the city were the 'New Jail' and the 'New Bridewell.' The former, entirely altered in appearance, is the present Hall of Records in the Park, east of the City Hall, the latter stood between the present City Hall and Broadway. These were quite insufficient, and the three spacious sugar-houses then in the city, some of the Dissenting churches, Columbia College, and the Hospital, were all used as prisons. The disastrous effects of the great fire in September, the demands of the British army for supplies, the indolent indifference of Sir William Howe, and the cruel conduct of Cunningham, the provost marshal, combined to produce intense suffering among the prisoners.

We before observed that the prisoners taken in the battle near Brooklyn in August, and near Fort Washington in November, 1776, almost four thousand in all, were confined in prisons in the City of New York. Pro-

Van Courtland's sugar-house, which stood at the northwest corner of Trinity church-yard, corner of Thames and Lumber streets ; Rheinlander's, on the

Lafayette makes a Visit to his Home.—He thus speaks of it in his *Memoirs*: 'After having spent some days together, and spoken of their past labor, present situations, and future projects, General Washington and he took a tender and painful leave of each other. At the same time that the enemies of this great man have accused him of insensibility, they have acknowledged his tenderness for M. de Lafayette; and how is it possible that he should not have been warmly cherished by his disciple, he who uniting all that is good to all

corner of William and Duane; and the more eminently historical one on Liberty street (Nos. 34 and 36), a few feet eastward of the Middle Dutch Church, now the Post-Office, were the most spacious buildings in the city, and answered the purposes of prisons very well. The North Dutch Church, yet standing on William street, between Fulton and Ann, was made to contain eight hundred prisoners, after taking out the pews and using them for fuel, and placing a floor across from gallery to gallery. For about two months several hundred prisoners were huddled together in the Middle Dutch Church, when they were removed, and it was converted into a riding-school after taking out the pews. The 'Brick Church' in the triangle between Park Row and Beekman and Nassau streets, was used for a prison a short time, when it, and the Presbyterian church in Wall street, the Scotch Church in Cedar street, and the Friends' Meeting-house in Liberty street, were converted into hospitals. The French Church in Pine street and a portion of Van Courtland's sugar-house, were used as magazines for ordnance and stores, and the old City Hall was converted into a guard-house for the main guard of the city. The latter had dungeons beneath it, wherein civil officers, and afterward whale-boatmen and land marauders were confined.

The 'New Jail' was made a provost prison, where American officers and the most eminent Whigs who fell into the hands of the British were confined. Here was the theatre of Cunningham's brutal conduct towards the victims of his spite. The prisoners were formally introduced to him, and their name, age, size, and rank were recorded. They were then confined in the gloomy cells, or to the equally loathsome upper chamber, where the highest officials in captivity were so closely crowded together, that when, at night, they laid down to sleep upon the hard plank floor, they could change position only by all turning over at once, at the words *right-left*. Their food was scanty and of the poorest kind, often that which Cunningham had exchanged at a profit for better food received from their friends, or from the commissariat. Little delicacies, brought by friends of the captives, seldom reached them, and the brutal Cunningham would sometimes devour or destroy such offerings of affection, in the presence of his victims, to gratify his cruel propensities. Thus, for many months, gentlemen of fortune and education, who had lived in the enjoyment of the luxuries and refined pleasures of elegant social life, were doomed to a miserable existence, embittered by the coarse insults of an ignorant, drunken Irish master, or to a speedy death caused by such treatment, the want of good food, and fresh air, and innumerable other sufferings, the result, in a great measure, of the criminal indifference (it may be *commands*) of Loring, Sprout, and Lennox, commissaries of prisoners at various times. Still greater cruelties were practised upon the less conspicuous prisoners, and many were hanged in the gloom of night, without trial or known cause for the foul murder.

The heart sickens at the recital of the sufferings of these patriots, and we turn in disgust from the view which the pen of faithful history reveals. Let us draw before it the veil of forgetfulness, and, while contemplating the cruelties and woes of that hour of the past, listen to the suggestions of Christian charity, which observes that much of the general suffering was the result of stern necessity, and that the cry of individual wrongs inflicted by Cunningham and his hirelings, did not often reach the ears of the more humane officers of the British army.

Next to the provost prison the sugar-house in Liberty street was most noted for the sufferings of captive patriots. It was a dark stone building, five stories in height, with small, deep windows like port-holes,

giving it the appearance of a prison. Each story was divided into two apartments. A large, barred door opened upon Liberty street, and from another on the southeast side a stairway led to the gloomy cellars which were used as dungeons. Around the whole building was a passage a few feet wide, and there, day and night, British and Hessian sentinels patrolled. The whole was enclosed by a wooden fence nine feet in height. Within this gloomy jail the healthy and the sick, white and black, were indiscriminately thrust; and there, during the summer of 1777, many died from want of exercise, cleanliness, and fresh air. 'In the suffocating heat of summer,' says Dunlap, 'I saw every aperture of these strong walls filled with human heads, face above face, seeking a portion of the external air.' At length in July, 1777, a jail fever was created, and great numbers died. During its prevalence the prisoners were marched out in companies of twenty to breathe the fresh air for half an hour, while those within divided themselves into parties of six each, and then alternately enjoyed the privilege of standing ten minutes at the windows. They had no seats, and their beds of straw were filled with vermin. They might have exchanged this horrid tenement for the comfortable quarters of a British soldier by enlisting in the King's service, but very few would thus yield their principles. They each preferred to be among the dozen bodies which were daily carried out in carts and cast into the ditches and morasses beyond the city limits. Sheds, stables, and other outhouses received hundreds of prisoners, who suffered terribly from cold and hunger during the winter succeeding their capture at Fort Washington. Few now live to recite their experience of this horrid sacrifice to the demon of discord, and humanity would gladly drop a tear upon this chapter of the dark record of man's wrongs, and blot it out forever. Escapes, death, exchange of prisoners, and a more humane policy, gradually thinned the ranks of the sufferers in the city prisons, and when peace came few were left therein to come out and join in the general jubilee. Hundreds had left their brief records upon the walls and beams (the initials of their names), which remained until these prisons were demolished.

PRISON-SHIPS.

The sufferings of American captives in British hulks were greater even than those in prisons on land.

The prison-ships were intended for seamen taken on the ocean, yet some soldiers were confined in them.

The first vessels used for the purpose were the transports in which the cattle and other stores were brought by the British in 1776. These lay in Gravesend Bay, and there many of the prisoners taken in the battle near Brooklyn were confined until the British took possession of New York, when they were removed to prisons in the city, and the transports were anchored in the Hudson and East rivers. In 1778 the hulks of decaying ships were moored in the Wallabout, or Wallebocht, a sheltered bay on the Long Island shore, where the present Navy Yard is. There, in succession, the *Whitty*, *Good Hope*, *Scorpion*, *Prince of Wales*, *Falmouth*, *Hunter*, *Stromboli*, and half a dozen of less note were moored, and contained hundreds of American seamen captured on the high seas. The sufferings of these captives were intense, and at the close of 1779 they set fire to two of them, hoping to secure their liberty or death.

In 1780, the *Jersey*, originally a sixty-four gun ship, (but, because unfit for service, was dismantled in 1776), was placed in the Wallabout, and used as a prison-ship till the close of the war, when she was left to decay on the spot where her victims had suffered. Her companions were the *Stromboli*, *Hunter* and *Scorpion*

that is great, is even more sublime from his virtues than from his talents? Had he been a common soldier, had he been an obscure citizen, all his neighbors would have respected him. With a heart and mind equally well formed, he judged both of himself and circumstances with strict impartiality. Nature, whilst creating him expressly for that Revolution, conferred an honor upon herself; and, to show her work to the greatest possible advantage, she constituted it in such a peculiar manner that each distinct quality would have failed in producing the end required, had it not been sustained by all the others.¹

then used as hospitals. The latter was moored in the Hudson, towards Paulus's Hook. The large number confined in the *Jersey*—sometimes more than a thousand at a time—and the terrible suffering which occurred there, have made her name prominent, and her history a synonyme for prison-ships during the war. Her crew consisted of a captain, two mates, cook, steward, and a dozen sailors. She had also a guard of twelve old invalid marines, and about thirty soldiers, drafted from British and Hessian corps lying on Long Island. These were the jailors of the American captives, and were the instruments of great cruelty. Unwholesome food, foul air, filth and despondency soon produced diseases of the most malignant nature. Dysentery, small-pox, and prison fever were the most prevalent, and, for want of good nurses and medical attendants, they died by scores on the *Jersey* and the hospital ships. The voice of human sympathy seldom reached the ears of the captives, and despair was the handmaid of contagion. No systematic efforts for their relief were made, and, because of the contagious character of the diseases, no person ever visited the hulks to bestow a cheering smile or a word of consolation. All was funeral gloom, and hope never whispered its cheering promises there. When the crews of privateers were no longer considered prisoners of war by the British (see page 85), the number of captives in confinement fearfully increased, and Congress had no adequate equivalents to exchange. Policy, always heartless, forbade the exchange of healthy British prisoners for emaciated Americans, and month after month the hapless captives suffered, and then died.

The name and character of each prisoner were registered when he first came on board. He was then placed in the hold, frequently with a thousand others, a large portion of them covered with filthy rags, often swarming with vermin. In messes of six they received their daily food every morning, which generally consisted of mouldy biscuits filled with worms, damaged peas, condemned beef and pork, sour flour and meal, rancid butter, sometimes a little filthy suet, but never any vegetables. Their meat was boiled in a large copper kettle. Those who had a little money, and managed to avoid robbery by the British underlings, sometimes purchased bread, sugar, and other niceties, which an old woman used to bring alongside the hulk in a little boat. Every morning the prisoners brought up their bedding to be aired, and, after washing the decks, they were allowed to remain about till sunset, when they were ordered below with imprecations, and the savage cry, 'Down rebels, down!' The hatches were then closed, and in serried ranks they lay down to sleep, if possible, in the putrid air and stifling heat, amid the sighs of the acutely distressed and the groans of the dying. Each morning the harsh order came below, 'Rebels, turn out your dead!' The dead were selected from the living, each sewed in his blanket, if he had one, and thus conveyed in a boat to the shore by his companions under a guard and hastily buried.

¹ By feeble hands their shallow graves were made :

No stone memorial o'er their corpses laid.

In barren sands and far from home they lie,

No friend to shed a tear when passing by.'

FRÉNEAU.

So shallow were the graves of the dead on the shores of the Wallabout, that while the ships were yet sending forth their victims, the action of the waves and the

drifting of the loose sand often exposed the bones of those previously buried.—Lossing's *Field-book of the Revolution*, vol. ii., pp. 658-661.

¹ Lafayette's *Memoirs*, vol. i., pp. 64-65.

After Lafayette's return to France Dr. Franklin presented to him the sword Congress had instructed him to have made in Paris. Franklin wrote :

PASSY, 24th August, 1779.

Sir:—The Congress, sensible of your merit towards the United States, but unable adequately to reward it, determined to present you with a sword, as a small mark of their grateful acknowledgment : they directed it to be ornamented with suitable devices. Some of the principal actions of the war, in which you distinguished yourself by your bravery and conduct, are therefore represented upon it. These, with a few emblematic figures, all admirably well executed, make its principal value. By the help of the exquisite artists of France, I find it easy to express everything but the sense we have of your worth, and our obligations to you : for this, figures and even words are found insufficient. I therefore, only add that, with the most profound esteem, I have the honor to be

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S.—My grandson goes to Havre with the sword, and will have the honor of presenting it to you.

HAVRE, 29th August, 1779.

Sir,—Whatever expectations might have been raised from the sense of past favors, the goodness of the United States to me has ever been such, that on every occasion it far surpasses any idea I could have conceived. A new proof of that flattering truth I find in the noble present which Congress has pleased to honor me with, and which is offered in such a manner by your excellency as will exceed everything but the feelings of an unbounded gratitude.

In some of the devices I cannot help finding too honorable a reward for those slight services which, in concert with my fellow-soldiers, and under the god-like American hero's orders, I had the good fortune to render. The sight of those actions, when I was a witness of American bravery and patriotic spirit, I shall ever enjoy with that pleasure which becomes a heart glowing with love for the nation, and the most ardent zeal for its glory and happiness. Assurances of gratitude, which I beg leave to present to your excellency, are much too inadequate to my feelings, and nothing but such sentiments can properly acknowledge your kindness towards me. The polite manner in which Mr. Franklin was pleased to deliver that inestimable sword lays me under great obligations to him, and demands my particular thanks.

With the most perfect respect, I have the honor to be, etc.

WEST POINT, 30th Sept., 1779.

. . . Your forward zeal in the cause of liberty : your singular attachment to this infant world ; your ardent and persevering efforts, not only in America, but since your return to France, to serve the United States ; your polite attention to Americans. and your strict and uniform friendship for me, have ripened the first impressions of esteem and attachment which I imbibed for you in such perfect love and gratitude, as neither time nor absence can impair. This will warrant my assuring you that, whether in the character of an officer at the head of a corps of gallant Frenchmen, if circumstances should require this ; whether as a major

The Battle of Monmouth.—Lord Howe's tournament was over ; his last effort at generalship had failed, and his army had evacuated Philadelphia¹—June 18, 1778—and had commenced their retreat to New York. But their march was to be no holiday promenade ; in fact, they had enjoyed thus far, very few such marches, and they were destined to see fewer still. The moment their first column began to move over the Delaware, Washington broke up his camp, and turning their backs upon the gloomy scenes of Valley Forge, the American patriots pressed on after the enemy. Watching his opportunity, as he hung along the rear of the British army, Washington succeeded, on the 28th of June, in bringing the British commander to an engagement at Monmouth, where he fought one of the bravest battles, and under circumstances of unforeseen difficulties gained, one of the finest and most inspiring victories of the war. It was Sunday, the 28th of June, and the hottest day of the year. All through the day men were dropping dead with the heat, by the side of comrades, who were falling by musket-ball, bayonet thrust, or cannon shot.

Both armies were so nearly equal in numbers, and so well prepared for a great battle, that the fortunes of the day were evidently to be determined only by superiority of generalship. Washington's plan had been so well conceived, and he was so assured of the valor of his troops, who were eager for the contest, that nothing was likely to interfere with his operations except the disloyalty, not to say open treason, of Charles Lee on the field ; even for this he was prepared. He knew that Lee, who was second in command, was seeking for an opportunity now on a battle-field to supersede the commander-in-chief, and thus effect the main object of his ambition, which he had been unable to accomplish by dark and sullen intrigues. In a council of war some days before, he had argued strenuously against a general engagement, and had carried most of the brigadiers with him. Seeing that he had no heart for the business, Washington offered the command of his division to Lafayette. Mortified at this disgrace, he afterwards desired the command which Washington was reluctant to give ; but Lee appealed to Lafayette. 'It is my fortune and honor that I place in your hands ; you are too generous to cause the loss of both.' Lafayette could not resist the appeal, and he promised the first moment he could see Washington, to make the request. It was granted to Lafayette's magnanimity, but was very nearly attended with fatal results. At five o'clock in the morning, when Lee should have moved his division to

general, commanding a division of the American army ; or whether, after our swords and spears have given place to the ploughshare and pruning-hook, I see you as a private gentleman, a friend and companion, I shall welcome you with all the warmth of friendship to Columbia's shores ; and, in the latter case, to my rural cottage, where homely fare and a cordial reception shall be substituted for delicacies and costly living. This, from past experience, I know you can submit to ; and if the lovely partner of your happiness will consent to participate with us in such rural entertainment and amusements, I can undertake, in behalf of Mrs. Washington, that she will do everything in her power to make Virginia agreeable to the Marchioness. My inclination and endeavors to do this cannot be doubted, when I assure you that I love everybody that is dear to

you, and, consequently, participate in the pleasure you feel in the prospect of again becoming a parent ; and do most sincerely congratulate you and your lady on this fresh pledge she is about to give you of her love.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

¹ To the loyalists the retreat appeared as a violation of the plighted faith of the British King. The winter's revelry was over, honors and offices turned suddenly to bitterness and ashes ; papers of protection were become only an opprobrium and a peril. Crowds of wretched refugees, with all of their possessions which they could transport, fled with the army. The sky sparkled with stars ; the air of the summer night was soft and tranquil, as the exiles, broken in fortune and without a career, went in despair from the only city they could love.—Bancroft, vol. 7, p. 127.

attack the rear of the British advance, he delayed, evidently through fear, or a design to break up the plan of the battle. Lafayette urged him to go forward, but Lee answered, 'You do not know the British soldiers; we cannot stand up against them.' With a flash Lafayette saw the position, and sent one of his staff with information to Washington to hasten to that part of the field. In the meantime Clinton sent Cornwallis with two regiments of cavalry, embracing the grenadiers, guards, and Highlanders, to rout Lee's division. He was unwilling to resist the attack, and fled precipitously before Cornwallis, Clinton having followed up with a body of upwards of six thousand, embracing the flower of the British army. Other messengers had reached Washington, and he hurried to the narrow defile through which Lee's division was rushing in confusion and terror. Dashing up to Lee with the terrible anger of a betrayed commander, 'What is the meaning of all this cowardly retreat?' The abashed traitor stammered out, 'You know this battle was undertaken against my advice.' 'Why then, in God's name, did you undertake this command? Back to the rear, you accursed villain!'

Those who witnessed that scene, said that the sight of Washington's majestic form, transported with that fearful indignation, arrested that division as though a bolt from heaven had fallen in their front. Whatever was to be done now, had to be done quickly. All eyes were fixed on the commander, and every order instantly obeyed. Two of the regiments of Wayne's flying brigade were formed by Washington in person on solid ground, as they had been retreating over a narrow road, bounded on either side by a morass. In the meantime Washington's own division had reached the spot, and the impetuous charges of Clinton and Cornwallis were arrested; but the victory had yet to be won. Order had been invoked, and it came out of confusion. Every division stood firm—every battalion obeyed orders—every detachment struck the enemy in the very quarter where they were sent. At every point Clinton was out-generalled. Two brigades hung on his right, and another on his left, while the main army pressed steadily forward, and victoriously planted their standards on the field of battle. It had been a fierce conflict. Wayne afterwards said that 'the fires of heaven, earth, and hell were blazing all through the day.' At last night came, and the American army—except detachments that were taking care of the sick—slept upon their arms, ready to renew the battle with the coming daylight, resolved either to take the British army captive, or rout them utterly. But when the light of the next morning rose on the field, and unveiled the surrounding woods to which the repulsed foe had retreated, they found that he had disappeared.

Clinton Escapes in the Night.—The new British commander-in-chief had seen enough of Washington, for the present at least, and he abandoned in the night his sick and wounded, with the three hundred men he had left dead on the field,—among them the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton, who fell at the head of his grenadiers so bravely that he was buried by Washington's order with military honors,—and the three hundred corpses of the men who had



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been taken from their homes to be immolated on these distant altars of despotism, found their repose in the soil of a country which had done them no wrong. The wounded of this battle,—as were the wounded of the enemy during the war—were cared for with kindness—a far larger portion of them living to bless their enemies, than ever survived among our wounded who fell under the tender mercies of British invaders.

Clinton's army lost no time in marching to Sandy Hook, where they were transported by the fleet to New York, which remained the headquarters of the British commander-in-chief till the close of the war. Washington marched to White Plains on the east of the Hudson, where he could watch the enemy.

The Massacre of Wyoming.—Worsted on the field of open battle, the British endeavored to make up in Indian slaughter, for what could not be achieved by honorable warfare. While the terrible tragedy of which we must give a brief account, was being enacted 'on Susquehanna's side,' the author of the immortal poem, 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' then an infant nine months old, was sleeping in his Scotch cradle. The late William L. Stone, in speaking of the first glance into this paradise vale to the westward, says: 'From the brow of the Pocono range, it lies at the depth of a thousand feet, distinctly defined by the double barrier of nearly parallel mountains, between which it is embosomed. There is a beetling precipice upon the verge of the eastern barrier, called "Prospect Rock," from the top of which nearly the entire valley can be surveyed at a single view, forming one of the richest and most beautiful landscapes upon which the eye of man ever rested. Through the centre of the valley flows the Susquehanna, the winding course of which can be traced the whole distance. Several green islands slumber sweetly in its embrace, while the sight revels amidst the garniture of fields and woodlands; and to complete the picture, low in the distance may be dimly seen the borough of Wilkes-Barre—especially the spires of its churches. The length of the valley, from the Lackawannock Gap, where the Susquehanna plunges into it through a narrow defile of high rocky mountains at the north, to a like narrow pass called the Nanticoke Gap at the south, is nearly twenty miles, averaging about three miles in width. It is walled in by ranges of steep mountains of about one thousand feet in height on the eastern side, and eight hundred on the western.'

That secluded and picturesque valley had been chosen, long before the Revolution, as the home of a colony from Connecticut—emigrating under the authority of its royal charter¹—and perhaps in all the world there was not a

¹ 'This vale was first inhabited by the Delaware and Shawanese Indians, whose little villages dotted either side of the river. When Count Zinzendorf [in 1742], the great founder and apostle of the Moravians, visited Pennsylvania to look after the infant missions which the 'United Brethren' had founded, he made several journeys through those wilderness regions with the benevolent purpose of extending among them the blessing of Christianity. He fearlessly penetrated to the settlements of the Shawanese, without protection, although that tribe was the most savage and remorseless of all the Pennsylvania Indians.

'The Count was alone in his tent, reclining upon a bundle of dry weeds designed for his bed, and engaged in writing, or in devout meditation, when the assassins who had secretly determined on his death, crept stealthily to the tent upon their murderous errand. A blanket-curtain, suspended upon pins, formed the door of his tent, and by gently raising a corner of the curtain, the Indians, undiscovered, had a full view of the venerable patriarch, unconscious of lurking danger, and with the calmness of a saint upon his benignant features. They were awe-stricken by his appearance. But this was not all. It was a cool night in Septem

more virtuous, contented, or prosperous people. They numbered about two thousand, exclusive of nearly four hundred young and vigorous men, who were in distant fields of conflict, fighting the national battles. It would seem that malignity itself might have chosen some other spot for its work of desolation.

The Indians of the Six Nations had not been brought actively into the field against the Colonists until the summer of 1777. But the skilful diplomacy of Sir William Johnson with his British gold, generous presents, and unbounded hospitality,² had won over most of the Indian chiefs; and, fired by the atrocious spirit of the Tories who lived or went amongst them, a secret expedition for the destruction of the Colony of Wyoming was planned by Col. John Butler with his own Tory Rangers, which formed a detachment of the Royal Greens, who, with seven hundred Indians, constituted a force of invaders of eleven hundred men. The expedition moved from Niagara through the Genesee country, and down the Chemung river to Tioga Point, and there embarking on the Susquehanna, they landed about twenty miles above Wyoming, where Butler established his headquarters, near the western entrance to the valley. A few days had completed his preparations.

The banks of the Susquehanna were blushing in the purple light of summer; the hills were crowned with verdure, and the valleys stood thick with corn. Silently and stealthily, as the pestilence goes, the fiends came down upon this scene of unutterable beauty. On their approach, terror spread through the settlement, and hundreds of gentle hearts trembled with the wildest apprehensions. Col. Zebulon Butler—a noble patriot, though a near

ber, and the Count had kindled a small fire for his comfort. Warmed by the flame, a large rattlesnake had crept from its cover and approaching the fire for its greater enjoyment, glided harmlessly over one of the legs of the holy man, whose thoughts at the moment were not occupied upon the grovelling things of earth. He perceived not the serpent, but the Indians with breathless attention had observed the whole movement of the poisonous reptile; and as they gazed upon the aspect and attitude of the Count, and saw the serpent offering him no harm, they changed their minds as suddenly as the barbarians of Malta did theirs in regard to the shipwrecked prisoner who shook the viper from his hand without feeling even a smart from its venomous fangs. Their enmity was immediately changed into reverence, and in the belief that their intended victim enjoyed the special protection of the Great Spirit, they desisted from their bloody purpose and retired. Thenceforward the Count was regarded by the Indians with the most profound veneration.—*History of Wyoming*, by William L. Stone, pp. 96, 97.

¹ 'Sir William built a house at the village of Johnstown, where he chiefly lived during the latter part of his life. The house which he built on this road (along the Mohawk River) was occupied by Sir John. Colonel Guy Johnson built a house on the opposite side of the road a little further down the river. Here these men lived, essentially in the rank, and with not a small part of the splendor of noblemen. But when they joined the British standard their property vanished in a moment, and with it their consequence, their enjoyments, and probably their hopes.

² Many accounts are still given of the rustic sports encouraged by Sir William, and of the influence which he exerted over the Indians and white inhabitants. He died July 11th, 1774, aged 59 years. There is something still mysterious connected with his death. He had been out to England, and returned the previous

spring. During a visit which he made shortly after to Mr. Campbell, an intimate friend of his at Schenectady, the conversation turned upon the subject of the disputes between the colonies and the mother-country. He then said *he should never live to see them in a state of open war*. At a court held in Johnstown for Tryon County, he received a foreign package. He was in the court-house when it was handed him. He immediately left the house and walked over to the Hall. This package was afterwards understood to have contained instructions to him to use his influence in engaging the Indians in favor of England, in case war should break out. If such were the instructions to Sir William, his situation was indeed trying. On the one side was the English government, which had so highly honored and enriched him, and on the other his own adopted country, whose armies he had led to victory, with many warm personal friends who entertained a great respect for him, and who had fought by his side during the previous wars. A spirit like his could not but have foreseen the dreadful consequences of employing such a force as the Indians in such a war. His death followed immediately before the rising of the court. Rumor said he died by poison, administered by himself; but perhaps extreme excitement of mind thus suddenly put an end to a life already protracted to a middling old age. He was buried under the old stone church at Johnstown. His bones were taken up in 1806, and re-deposited. In the coffin was found the ball with which he was wounded at Lake George, which had never been extracted, and which ever after occasioned lameness. His most valuable papers, including his will (said to be a very singular document), were buried in an iron chest in his garden, where they were much injured by the dampness of the earth. They were taken away by his son, Sir John, during the war.—*Border Warfare of N. Y.*, by Hon. Wm. W. Campbell, pp. 245-247.

relative of the Tory leader—being then at home on a brief visit from the army, had hastily gathered together what fragments of the shattered and broken militia he could, and he advanced to the unequal struggle. Desperate as were the chances, and fearful the odds, the betrayed colonists resisted the onset with unparalleled heroism; but, overwhelmed by numbers, the defenders, amounting perhaps to four hundred, were hopelessly cut down. The spear and the tomahawk did their dreadful work. But the battle, which began at four o'clock, was desperately contested till dark.

Night revealed still greater horrors. Those who had escaped immediate death fled to Fort Wyoming and Old Forty, two feeble stockade defences, where the old men, the women and their children, with the sick, the infirm and the dying, had ere this sought shelter. 'Naked, panting and bloody, the few who had escaped came rushing into Wilkesbarré Fort, where, trembling with anxiety, the women and children were gathered, waiting the dread issue. The appalling "*all is lost*" proclaimed their utter helplessness. They fly to the mountains—the evening is approaching. The dreary swamp and the "Shades of Death" [the name of the morass where so many dragged themselves to die] before them—the victorious hell-hounds are opening on their track. They look back on the valley—all around the flames of desolation are kindling. They cast their eyes in the range of the battle-field—numerous fires speak their own horrid purpose. They listen! The exulting yell of the savage strikes the ear! Again a shriek of agonizing woe! Who is the sufferer? It is the husband of one who is gazing!—the father of her children.'¹

The prisoners who had not fallen dead on the field were reserved for torture. On a flat rock, two miles north of Fort Forty, twenty-five of them were enclosed by a circle of Indians, and their squaws rushed up and struck their heads open with the tomahawk, while over their warm, bleeding bodies these priestesses of the sacrifice chanted their horrible incantations; and the victorious war-songs of the chiefs rang out on the night-mantled mountains. The brutal vengeance of the savages was glutted for the night. Fort Wyoming, which had been the chief place of refuge, was spared till the next morning, when the savage band came up with their petrifying yells, throwing down before horrified innocence and affection, upwards of two hundred scalps of the beings best loved on earth. Scenes followed too frightful to relate. Every dwelling in the vale was a smoking ruin; and the mangled corpses of over three hundred of the late dwellers of the happy valley lay scattered on the plain.

Indian Slaughter the Policy of the War.—This Wyoming Massacre was a part of the policy of the British ministry, settled in the councils of the king in his own palace, and persisted in by him from the beginning to the close of the war. It was not an inspiration of mere slaughter for an emergency, nor was the ministry ever able to fasten the responsibility of these deeds upon their subordinates. As I have already shown, it was as much a part of the machinery for subjugating the Colonies, as regular troops, munitions of war

¹ Hon. Charles Miner's Letters.

or a commissariat. The Colonies would not be taxed without representation, and they must be made to do it. When it could not be done by a regular army, with brave men well managed in battle, the wives and mothers, the babes and daughters of Americans must be scalped and brained by the tomahawk in their defenceless dwellings along unprotected settlements. No further proof is needed than official documents thickly strewn through the records of that period.¹ Revolting as it is, the same record must be repeated in every impartial history.

The sentimentalism of the present age may plead that such recitals should not be revived. But when we read that these atrocities were conceived by a great sovereign, and the ministers of a great empire, and their execution made imperative upon their officers,—when instructions were sent to ‘spare neither age, sex, nor condition’—that the infant that had not yet learned to speak its mother’s name, and the aged, standing by the grave, were stricken down by the same tomahawk—that young girls were butchered in the presence of their mothers, and wherever the savages were attended, as they generally were, by British soldiers, or Tories, or other allies in their employment, the persons of the maidens were first violated and then killed—I know of no reason why this record should be blotted out: on the contrary, I think it should be preserved for two reasons—first, to show the atrocities of war, and second, how exacting and merciless is despotism in its outrages on human rights. It has, indeed, often been attempted by English apologists to extenuate the guilt of the crime; they have spoken of the mistakes that were committed, and that even English women were killed by the Indian allies of Great Britain.

But these heartless cruelties admit of no defence. There was here no Cawnpore massacre to avenge; America had no *Nana Sahib*; nor had any cruelties been perpetrated upon Romans by Carthaginian conquerors in some Punic war. Nor would we recur to such records to inflame a spirit of patriotism. We have no Hannibals to lead to the altar to swear eternal vengeance on our enemies. But it does no harm to have some millions of the descendants of those victims of British tyranny sometimes remember the names, or the deeds of ancestors who died such fearful deaths. They will love their country none the less, nor will they on the land or the sea love the enemies of their country any better, if they should ever be called to meet them in battle.

It is estimated by careful computation, that during the Revolutionary War, not less than thirty thousand Indian warriors were hired to butcher our people, to burn their dwellings, and desolate their homes. It has even been supposed by judicious writers, that more persons died by this species of murder, than were slain in open battle. I am well aware that ministers were in-

¹ Col. Gansevoort, in a letter under date of July 29th, confirms the statement, that St. Leger had offered twenty dollars for every American scalp. Small parties of Indians were then lurking around. A few days before, he adds, a firing was heard in the woods about five hundred yards from the fort. On sallying out, it was found that the Indians had fired upon three young girls who were engaged picking berries. Two of them were killed and scalped, and the third made her es-

cape, wounded by two balls shot through her shoulder. The foregoing statements need no comment. The men who employed such instruments, and who stimulated them by promises and rewards, have received the just execration of an indignant people. I shall leave it to the reader to compare their conduct with their professions.—*Border Warfare of New York*, by William W. Campbell.

lignantly rebuked in the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords, as well as by humane and just Englishmen everywhere, for this atrocious policy. But when we were forced in 1812, into the Second War for Independence, these rebukes proved to have been unheeded; for the same means were resorted to then; and if a collision at this late day should come with the British empire, it would doubtless be resorted to once more. True, such a contingency may not now seem probable; for British statesmen in our immediate times, seem more disposed to achieve conquests by the peaceful and omnipotent sway of commerce, than by the old instruments of savagery which have so often darkened the history of their former conquests.

The French Fleet in American Waters.—The destination of Count D'Estaing's fleet had been the mouth of the Delaware. Learning however, that the British fleet was safe in Raritan Bay—because the heavy French men-of-war could not pass the bar at Sandy Hook—the French admiral, with the concurrence of Washington, spread his sails for Newport to assist the Americans in driving the British from Rhode Island, where preparations were made for attacking them by land and sea.¹

Closing of the Year 1778.—The war of the Revolution had now been going on nearly four years, and when the campaign of 1778 was closed, our enemies found little cause for congratulation. After all their expenditure of life and treasure, they were still hemmed in on two islands—New York and Rhode Island—two hundred miles apart, while the Republicans held every other stronghold in the country. On the third of November, D'Estaing had sailed for the West Indies to attack the British possessions, and the English fleet was obliged to follow him to defend them.

A Campaign against the Southern States.—Utterly defeated in some places, and foiled in others, and seeing little hope of striking an effectual blow at the North, their armies were directed towards the Southern States. Sir Henry Clinton sent three thousand men to Georgia, under Colonel Campbell.

¹ Lafayette describes the position: 'General Washington, wishing to make a diversion on Rhode Island, ordered General Sullivan, who commanded in that State, to assemble his troops. The fleet stationed itself in the channel which leads to Newport, and I was ordered to conduct a detachment of the great army to General Sullivan, who is my senior in command. After many delays which were very annoying to the fleet, and many circumstances which it would be too long to relate, all our preparations were made, and we landed on the island with twelve thousand men, many of them militia, of whom I commanded one-half upon the left side. M. D'Estaing had entered the channel the day before in spite of the English batteries. General Pigot had enclosed himself in the respectable fortifications of Newport. The evening of our arrival, the English fleet appeared before the channel with all the vessels that Lord Howe had been able to collect, and a reinforcement of four thousand men for the enemy, who had already from five to six thousand men. A north wind blew most fortunately for us the next day, and the French fleet, passing gallantly under a sharp fire from the batteries, to which they replied with broadside shot, prepared themselves to accept the conflict which Lord Howe was apparently proposing to them. The

English admiral suddenly cut his cables and fled at full sail, warmly pursued by all our vessels with the admiral at the head. This spectacle was given during the finest weather possible, and within sight of the English and American armies. I never felt so proud as on that day.

'The next day when the victory was on the point of being completed, and the guns of the *Languedoc* were directed towards the English fleet, at this most glorious moment for the French navy, a sudden gale, followed by a dreadful storm, separated and dispersed the French vessels, Howe's vessels, and those of Biron, which, by a singular accident, had just arrived there. The *Languedoc* and the *Marseillaise* were dismasted, and the *César* was afterwards unheard of for some time. To find the English fleet was impossible. M. D'Estaing returned to Rhode Island, remained two days to ascertain whether General Sullivan wished to retire, and then entered the Boston harbor. During these various cruises, the fleet took or burnt six English frigates, and a large number of vessels of which several were armed; and they also cleared the coast and opened the harbors.'—Lafayette's *Memoirs*, vol. i., pp. 208-209.

An attack was made upon Savannah, December 29, 1778, which, being in an unprotected condition, fell into the hands of the enemy after an obstinate resistance. The Americans were obliged to retire, and they hurried on by forced marches to South Carolina. Georgia was then one of the feeblest of the Colonies; and it is doubtful if, even with larger means of resistance at her disposal, she would have felt prepared to go into the Revolution with so much decision, and at so early a period as South Carolina, and the other States. She was the only colony in which a legislature assembled under royal authority, after the Declaration of Independence. Her devotion, however, to the national cause was afterwards signally demonstrated.

General Lincoln takes Command of the Southern Forces.—St. Augustine was held by the British troops under the command of General Prevost. He received orders from Clinton to march to Savannah, where, by efficient action, he soon unfurled the royal standard from every important post, and all Georgia fell into the hands of the royalists. The British believed that the Tories of the South constituted a leading portion of the entire community; and acting upon this belief, they moved up the river to Augusta, where emissaries were sent out, to stir up the royalists to arms, by promise of great rewards, and the gratification of every personal revenge. Colonel Boyd got together a formidable force, and commenced the work of pillage and destruction on his march; but he was met by a detachment of brave Carolinians, under Colonel Pickens, who, after a hard contest, put them to utter rout. General Lincoln, with his headquarters at Charleston, sent his detachment of two thousand of the Carolina militia, to take one of the strongest positions the British held in Georgia; but he was surprised by General Prevost, and his raw recruits were put to flight. They fled almost without firing a gun, and many of them in their precipitation were lost in the marshes, or drowned in the river. Having thus succeeded in establishing the royal authority in Georgia, a colonial government was organized by General Prevost, who carried the war into South Carolina, succeeded in driving the Americans, under General Moultrie, from Black Swamp and Puryburg, and appeared before Charleston on the 11th of May. But that city was too bravely defended by General Lincoln and Governor Rutledge, to be taken.

Clinton sends a Marauding Expedition to Virginia.—Irritated at the partial failure of the British attempts in the South, Sir Henry Clinton sent, in May, a fleet from New York, with two thousand men under Gen. Matthews, to ravage and conquer Virginia. Every town they could reach, they reduced to ashes—Portsmouth, Norfolk, Gosport, and Suffolk were indiscriminately and barbarously burned. But no impression was made upon the mass of the people, except to inspire them with a still more determined spirit of opposition to their barbarous foe. Clinton recalled his troops to New York.

Once more the British commanders attempted to carry out their favorite

scheme of establishing a line of posts along the Hudson, from New York to Canada, to cut off communication between the Eastern and Southern States. Gen. Clinton advanced and got possession, June 1st, of the important forts of Stony, and Verplank's Points.

Mad Anthony Wayne storms Stony Point.—It commands the Hudson from the west side of the river, and was one of the most important positions in the whole country. After its works had been completed by the British, it was regarded as almost impregnable. Standing where it was washed by the river on two sides, and protected by a swamp overflowed by the tide on the other side, garrisoned by six hundred men and two rows of abattis, it was a bold enterprise to undertake its reduction. But Washington deemed Gen. Wayne equal to the enterprise,¹ and with twelve hundred men, on the 15th of July, 1779, he marched fourteen miles through a wild, rugged country, passing lofty heights, narrow defiles, and deep morasses till evening, when he found himself within a mile of the fort. Success depended now chiefly on silence and secrecy, and the entire body marched with unloaded muskets, and fixed bayonets, approaching the fort in two divisions on opposite sides. In the mean time the tide had overflowed the marsh; but these determined men went straight through it. At last the advance-guard reached the palisade, and began their attack. The shout of alarm was set up by the sentinels, but from the advance column rang the clear voice of the gallant Wayne, 'On to the fort.' Balls, shells, and bullets were poured down upon them, but they pressed on. As they were scaling the fort, Wayne fell, shot in the head; but he had time still to cry—'On, my brave men—carry me to the fort, for I will die at the head of my column.' They bore him into the fort, where, still bleeding, he gave his orders till the garrison surrendered, when he was laid senseless on the ground. But the wound not being mortal, he soon revived, and calling for a sheet of paper, he wrote and instantly despatched the following words to Washington: 'The fort and garrison, with Col. Johnson, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.'²

The achievement elicited the warmest praises from Washington, and the affair at Stony Point has always been regarded as one of the most brilliant of the war. But Washington was too short of men to hold the place as a garri-

¹ In proposing this to Wayne—the only man in the army he would choose for so desperate an enterprise—he asked him if he would undertake it.—'General,' was the reply, 'if you will only plan it, I will storm h—ll.'

² Wayne's wound proved not to be severe—the ball having only grazed the skull for two inches, and he lived to wear the laurels a grateful nation placed on his brow. The country rung with his name, and Congress presented him with a gold medal. The whole plan of the assault was most skillfully laid, and the bearing of Wayne throughout gallant in the extreme. He chose the post of danger at the head of his column, and led his men where even the bravest might shrink to follow, and when struck and apparently dying, heroically demanded to be carried forward, that he might die in the arms of victory, or be left where the last stand was made. His troops were worthy of such a leader, and more gallant officers never led men into battle. Their humanity was equal to their bravery, for notwithstanding the barbarous massacres, perpetrated by the Eng-

lish, they did not kill a single man after he had asked for quarter. Eulogiums came pouring in upon from every direction.

His was one of those stormy natures that delight in dangers, and find their appropriate life in scenes of great action and excitement. This perhaps amounted to a fault in him, for, Cæsar-like, he could never refuse an offered battle, whatever the terms might be. He seemed to look upon it as a privilege he might not soon enjoy again, and hence was inclined to take the best advantage of it he could; still, there was nothing ferocious in his character, and none of those sordid qualities which so often dim the lustre of a great warrior. Generous, frank, and cordial, he loved two things supremely—*his country and glory*. For these he would undergo any toil, submit to any privation, and risk any death. He fought nobly, maintained his honor untarnished to the last, and stands in the front rank of the defenders of their country.—J. T. Headley's *Washington and his Generals*, pp. 328, 340.

son. The artillery and military stores were removed, and the fort was dismantled and left to the foe.¹

Clinton's barbarous Policy of Butchery, Pillage, and Burning.—Unsuccessful in the chief objects of the campaign of this year, the British commanders cast aside the chief reliances of fair and open warfare, and limited their efforts to the most barbarous depredations, and the most atrocious butcheries. Gov. Tryon had been sent to lay waste Connecticut. Clinton knew that the man of his choice would hesitate at no act of inhumanity or blood. All the shipping of New Haven was destroyed. Fairfield, Norwalk, and Greenwich were pillaged, and then burned. Free license was given by Tryon to his men, for indiscriminate robbery, and unbridled licentiousness. For many days after these scenes of atrocity, females half frantic with fright and famine, were found wandering about the marshes and swamps of the neighborhood.

Washington did all that he could, in the meantime; for he not only acted on the defensive far enough to protect every place within his reach, but he made some bold aggressions which resulted in brilliant successes. Gen. Sullivan was sent with three thousand men to the valley of Wyoming, to chastise the Indians for their savage butcheries. Being reinforced by sixteen hundred men under James Clinton of New York, forty Indian villages were burned, and the Indians and royalists were signally defeated, and put to flight, with Johnson, Butler, and Brant, their ferocious leaders.

D'Estaing's Fleet appears on the Southern Coast.—As the English were now more firmly resolved than ever on conquering the South, Washington requested Count d'Estaing to sail immediately with his fleet from the British West Indies, to act in conjunction with the American forces in the South, for the campaign of '79-'80. On the first of September he appeared off the coast of Georgia, where he captured three frigates, and a fifty-gun ship from the British. For five days the French admiral bombarded Savannah, but with little effect.

Gallant Assault of the Allies on Savannah.—Gen. Lincoln and Count d'Estaing now determined, with the combined French and American forces, to carry the town by assault. The French were led in three columns, and the Americans in one. The brave d'Estaing, with a body of chivalrous men, marched at their head. They made a terrible and deadly onslaught; but the bravest of the leaders were borne wounded from the field. At this moment of misfortune and repulse, Count Pulaski² came up with two hundred horsemen

¹ The British lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about six hundred men; the loss of the Americans was fifteen killed, and eighty-three wounded. The spoils were a large amount of military stores. The post was abandoned by the Americans, for, at that time, troops sufficient to garrison it could not be spared.—Lossing's *U. S.*, p. 298.

² This noble Polish patriot, who had fought so gallantly in behalf of his native country, and after many and wild adventures, finally taken refuge in France,

'determined,' says the author of his life, in Appleton's *Cyclopaedia*, 'to join the Americans, and with high recommendations from Franklin to Washington, arrived in Philadelphia in the summer of 1777. He at first served in the army as a volunteer; but four days after the battle of the Brandywine, in which he distinguished himself, he was appointed, by Congress, commander of the cavalry, with the rank of brigadier-general. After five months at the head of this body, he resigned his command, and entered the main army

to renew the charge ; but he was soon mortally wounded. Undismayed, the Americans pressed their attack with the most determined bravery from all sides. The gallant Laurens, who always distinguished himself, was in the thickest of the battle ; but cut to pieces, and seeing that victory could not be won, his column staggered, and reeled back. His biographer says that he flung away his sword, and, his noble soul wrung with anguish, he stretched forth his hands, and prayed for death. He refused to stir, till he was forced away by his companions. Near him lay the body of the brave sergeant Jasper, who had planted upon Fort Moultrie the fallen standard of his country, now grasping in death the colors presented to his regiment for his heroic deeds at Charleston. This serious reverse, which sprang from this over-confident heroism and impatience of d'Estaing, cost the Americans more than five hundred men.

Fortune favors us on the Sea.—With the aid of France, a little navy¹ had been fitted out, consisting of three frigates, and two smaller vessels, which were put under the command of Paul Jones. This intrepid man was born in Scotland ; but his heart was with the American Colonies in their struggle for freedom. With the deepest earnestness he espoused our cause, called himself an American, and fought at all times with the greatest gallantry,

at Valley Forge in March, 1778. There he proposed to organize an independent corps, consisting of cavalry, lancers, and light infantry, and this proposal was accepted by Congress, who empowered him to raise and equip such a body of men to the number of two hundred and sixty-eight, and, if the experiment were successful, to a still larger number. By October three hundred and thirty men were in this corps, which was called Pulaski's legion. With this he marched, in the beginning of February, 1779, to South Carolina to put himself under the orders of Gen. Lincoln, then commanding the Department of the South. He reached Charleston May 8, and while there vigorously opposed the project entertained by the governor and council of surrendering the place to the British army, then before the city.

In September, the French, under Count d'Estaing and the Americans, prepared to besiege Savannah, and during the march to Georgia, Pulaski's legion did effectual service in reconnoitering. When near Savannah he heard of the landing of the French general, and received from him a complimentary letter, in which he said that, 'knowing Count Pulaski was there, he was sure he would be the first to join him.' The two armies united on September 16, and, on October 9, it was determined to carry the town by assault. Pulaski was placed at the head of the French and American cavalry, and during the engagement received a mortal wound. He was taken on board the United States brig *Wasb*, which lay in the Savannah River, died after lingering two days, and was buried in the river. A monument to his memory, voted by Congress, has never been erected ; but one was raised by the citizens of Georgia in Savannah, of which Lafayette, during his triumphal progress through the United States, laid the corner-stone.—Appleton's *Cyclopædia*, p. 655.

¹The naval operations during the war for independence, do not occupy a conspicuous place in history, yet they were by no means insignificant. The Continental Congress took action on the subject of an armed marine, in the autumn of 1775. Already Washington had fitted out some armed vessels at Boston, and constructed some gunboats for use in the waters around that city. These were propelled by oars, and covered. In November, the government of Massachusetts established a *Board of Admiralty*. A committee on naval affairs, of which Silas Deane was chairman, was ap-

pointed by the Continental Congress in October, 1775. Before the close of the year, the construction of almost twenty vessels had been ordered by Congress ; and the *Marine Committee* was so reorganized as to have in it a representative from each colony. In November, 1776, a *Continental Navy Board*, to assist the *Marine Committee*, was appointed ; and in October, 1779, a *Board of Admiralty* was installed. Its secretary (equivalent to our Secretary of the Navy) was John Brown, until 1771, when he was succeeded by General McDougal. Robert Morris also acted as authorized *Agent of Marine* ; and many privateers were fitted out by him on his own account. In November, 1776, Congress determined the relative rank of the naval commanders, such as *admiral* to be equal to a *major-general* on land ; a *commodore* equal to *brigadier-general*, etc. The first commander-in-chief of the navy, or high admiral, was Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, whom Congress commissioned as such in December, 1775. He first went against Dunmore, on the coast of Virginia. He also went to the Bahamas, and captured the town of New Providence and its governor. Sailing for home, he captured some British vessels off the east end of Long Island, and, with these prizes, he went into Narraganset Bay. In the meanwhile, Paul Jones and Captain Barry were doing good service, and New England cruisers were greatly annoying English shipping on our coast. In 1777, Dr Franklin, under the authority of Congress, issued commissions to naval officers in Europe. Expeditions were fitted out in French sea-ports, and these produced great alarm on the British coasts.

While these things were occurring in European waters, Captains Biddle, Manly, McNeil, Hinman, Barry, and others, were making many prizes on the American coasts. Many other gallant acts were performed by American seamen, in the regular service, and as privateers, during the remainder of the war. The whaleboat warfare on the coast was also very interesting, and exhibited many a brave deed by those whose names are not recorded in history—men who belong to the great host of unnamed demigods, who, in all ages, have given their service to swell the triumphs of leaders, who in real merit have often been less deserving than themselves.—Lossing's *Hist. U. S.*, pp. 307, 308.

and frequently with an energy almost without parallel in the history of naval daring.

Brilliant Achievements of Paul Jones.—While searching for vessels on the coast of Scotland, he sailed to intercept a merchant fleet of forty vessels coming from the Baltic, under the convoy of the British frigates *Serapis*, and the *Countess of Scarborough*. The merchant fleet separated in two divisions, while the British commander bore down for an immediate engagement. The action began in the evening, off the Scotch coast, within sight of several thousand spectators. Finding that the Englishman had an advantage in weight of metal, Jones early gave orders to close in, and lash his ships to the enemy's. His orders were instantly obeyed. The muzzles of the hostile guns touched—the sides were mounted, and desperate men began to butcher each other with cutlasses. While this slaughter was going on, Jones found that his flag-ship *Bon Homme Richard*, which had seen long service, was nearly disabled, and he was obliged to leave her. He cut short the work,—he fired grenades, which several times set the *Serapis* on fire—and the action went on. Magazines of powder exploded. The British vessels were on fire. The darkness and the smoke were pierced by screams of distress, and shouts of heroism. At last, when the carnage had become almost a massacre, the British commander—Pearson—struck his colors, and surrendered. Many of the marine vessels fell into Jones's hands. His prizes were estimated at two or three hundred thousand dollars. The French king conferred on him the Order of Merit. Congress voted him its thanks, and presented him with a gold medal in honor of the victory.¹

Hopeless State of American Finances.—Congress, as we have before lamented, had small and feeble means for the prosecution of this great war. It could not redeem its own bills, and it was obliged to annul the restriction which prohibited the government from parting with them except at par; for

¹ In 1792 he was taken sick at Paris, and gradually declined. He had been making strenuous efforts in behalf of the American prisoners in Algiers, but never lived to see his benevolent plans carried out. On the 18th of July, 1792, he made his will, and his friends, after witnessing it, bade him good evening and departed. His physician coming soon after, perceived his chair vacant; and, going to his bed, found him stretched upon it, dead. A few days after, a despatch was received from the United States, appointing him commissioner to treat with Algiers for the ransom of the American prisoners in captivity there. The National Assembly of France decreed that twelve of its members should assist at the funeral ceremonies of 'Admiral Paul Jones,' and a eulogium was pronounced over his tomb.

Thus died Paul Jones, at the age of forty-five, leaving a name that shall live as long as the American Navy rides the sea.

He was a restless being, and his brain constantly teemed with schemes, all of which he deemed practicable, and therefore became querulous and fault-finding when others disagreed with him. Many of his plans for the improvement of our marine were excellent. His restlessness grew out of his amazing energy—he was ever seeking something on which to expend himself, and this was the reason he joined the Russian service,

after peace was proclaimed in the United States. It was this alone that carried him from his low condition, through so many trials, and over so many obstacles, to the height of fame he at last reached.

He was not a mere adventurer—owing his elevation to headlong daring—he was a hard student as well as a hard fighter, and had a strong intellect as well as a strong arm. He wrote with astonishing fluency, considering the neglect of his early education. He even wrote eloquently at times, and always with force. His words were well chosen, and he was as able to defend himself with the pen as with the sword. He now and then indulged in poetic effusions, especially in his epistles to the ladies; and his verses were as good as the general run of poetry of that kind.

Paul Jones was an irregular character, but his good qualities predominated over his bad ones; and as the man who first hoisted the American flag at sea; and received the first salute offered it by a foreign nation, and the first who carried it victoriously through the fight on the waves, he deserves our highest praise, and most grateful remembrance.

With such a commander to lead the American navy, and stand before it as the model of a brave man, it wonder it has covered itself with glory.—*Washington and his Generals*, by Headley, pp. 355-356.

the Continental money had fallen so low, it was with difficulty that one hundred dollars of the bills could command three dollars in specie. One of the chief causes for this complete prostration of the public credit, was that the British government had unscrupulously turned counterfeiter; for Continental money was manufactured in England to the extent of millions, and scattered broadcast through the Colonies. This was done by the British government, which was every month hanging private individuals for the same crime against her own currency.

It has been well said that—'Bad money makes bad men.' These, however, were not the only evils attending the prostration of the credit of the impoverished government of the Colonies. Some of these consequences not only fell upon the head of Washington direct, but they furnished bad and selfish men with pretexts for cabals, seditions, and intrigues against that great and good man. The most malicious rumors, and atrocious calumnies were perpetrated and scattered against his fair name. They had their effect for a time; but every man engaged in them was compelled, sooner or later, to confess what the near prospect of death had extorted from Gen. Conway.

Close of the Campaign of 1779.—When it ended, Washington retired to his winter quarters at Morristown. With all the desperate fighting of that year, nothing definite had been achieved. The fortunes of war had not yet decided for the Republicans, and to very many it seemed that in the midst of universal destitution, and the decimated forces left to prosecute the war, an ultimate triumph could hardly be hoped for. In the meantime the resources of the British commanders were being multiplied every hour, and streams of wealth were flowing in at their command from the strong government of England. Parliament voted to send one hundred and twenty thousand men to America, and appropriated fifty million dollars to carry on the war. France had proved to be a very uncertain and inefficient ally. The councils of Congress had at last grown discordant, and the only point which either we or the world thought impregnable—the unanimity of the national councils—threatened to give way. In the bitterness of his soul, Washington said, in one of his letters, that 'it seems as though friends and foes are combining to pull down the fabric they have been raising, at the expense of so much time, blood and treasure.'

Sir Henry Clinton sails from New York with Seven Thousand Men—December, 1779.—Charleston was bravely defended; but after a series of disasters to our forces, General Lincoln was compelled to surrender his army, consisting of seven officers, ten provincial regiments, and three battalions, May 12th. The surrender also cost our cause four hundred pieces of artillery, and four frigates. Colonel Tarleton, a man gifted with uncommon military genius, but disgraced by unmitigated cruelty, had under his command a body of trained cavalry that he moved with more celerity and adroitness than any other commanders on either side, during the Revolution. He met a corps of South Carolina patriots under Colonel Buford, at Warsaw, overcame them

in battle, and massacred the men after they had laid down arms, and were crying for quarter. Corps of royalists and Tories were organized in various portions of the State, and so complete was the supremacy of the British arms, that at one time it seemed as if South Carolina itself had gone over to the king. Sir Henry Clinton wrote to the home government that 'South Carolina was English again.' After garrisoning his army at strong points through the South, he left the command to Lord Cornwallis, and sailed for New York. More injury would have been done to our arms, had not the British commander affixed a condition to the pardon extended to all rebels, —requiring them not only to abandon the patriot cause, but to take up arms and aid the British. There was a general exclamation that, if inoffensive and peaceable citizens could not enjoy the royal clemency without going to the field, they might as well fight for their own country, as for foreign oppressors. A spirit of resentment and hostility against England was inflamed by this circumstance, and the patriotism of the South was encouraged by the conduct of the women of Carolina, who absented themselves from every scene of festivity common to the social habits of military men, after successful exploits. This was a source of deep mortification to the British officers, and some retaliations were made, which brave men should never have been mean enough to stoop to. In Virginia, the conduct of high-born and refined women was equally inspiring. Martha—the mother of Washington—encouraged the formation of sewing societies to make clothing for the troops, and presided over those scenes of chivalric industry herself.¹

The Horizon of American Independence begins to brighten.—New light broke in from unexpected quarters. Lafayette, who had returned to France for a brief visit, once more landed on our shores, bringing with him the glad news that six thousand French soldiers had already embarked to aid our cause; and shortly after, Count Rochambeau, who commanded the expedition, landed on our coast. The French government had also courteously consented to have all the French forces placed under the supreme command of Washington, who ordered the French colors to be blended with those of the Colonies on the banners of the army. All these circumstances conspired to raise the drooping spirits of the disheartened Republican soldiers; and the most vigorous resolutions prevailed in the National Congress, and the Councils of War. Men rushed from every quarter to join the army which was advancing under General Gates, to South Carolina, to relieve its distressed inhabitants. While his four thousand Northerners were hastening to the scene of the next struggle, Sumpter and Marion—two of the immortal names which graced the chivalry of freedom—became illustrious by successful engagements with the public enemy. These skirmishers furnished the destitute followers of Marion and Sumpter with ammunition and materials of war, of which they were destitute; and signal services were rendered to the popular cause by these dauntless chieftains.

¹ If the reader feels that I should pause a while to let him wait till we get rid of these clumsy fighters, and pay at least a worthier tribute to this sublime woman, we will come to the heroic women of America.

The British division, under the command of Lord Rawdon, in Carolina, had formed a junction with the division under Cornwallis at Camden, where, August 15th, a bloody engagement took place, ending in the death of General Gregory, the fall of Baron de Kalb, who was mortally wounded, and the retreat of our army, with the loss of 2,000 men in killed, wounded, or prisoners, with all the stores, artillery, and baggage. Gen. Gates retreated to North Carolina, which left the South once more in the possession of the enemy. It was reserved to Greene to redeem the disasters of this unfortunate commander.

The Treason of Benedict Arnold, September, 1780.—The scrolls of the long war for Independence, were blackened by the name of only a single traitor. It should, therefore, be dwelt upon with more minuteness than the tenor of our recital would otherwise admit. That dark and terrible conspiracy, which, if successful, would doubtless have resulted in the most terrible consequences to the cause of Independence, has made West Point and the shores of the Hudson the enchanted ground of the Revolution; and it may worthily find a place in any record of those dark days. Involved by habits of prodigality in heavy debt, willing to gratify the ambition of a gay and beautiful wife, and failing in every other attempt to extricate himself, Arnold at last resolved to betray the patriotic Cause, and entered into negotiations with the enemy for that purpose. He had fixed his price high, and he was a man to render a full equivalent for his services. By adroit management, he succeeded in getting the command of West Point, the strongest fortress in the possession of the Colonial army; and as soon as the terms were settled, he was to deliver up to the enemy this Gibraltar of American liberty. If at that time, the British commander who had control of the City of New York, could have passed the only barrier that lay between him and the British forces in Canada, England might have recovered from some of the disasters which had followed the surrender of Burgoyne three years before. The hour at last came when the traitor, who had been eighteen months maturing his infernal purpose, was to betray his country.

He was a *bold* traitor, for he was consummating his work in the very presence of Washington, who was crossing the North River to meet Count Rochambeau at Hartford. Arnold went in his barge from West Point to King's Ferry, to escort the Commander-in-Chief over the river. It was the 18th of September. As the barge got under way, Washington raised his field-glass to the British frigate *Vulture*, which was lying in full view, six miles down the river. After looking for some time steadily, he spoke in a low tone to one of his officers sitting by his side. The adder in Arnold's bosom started! Another curious incident occurred. About that time the squadron of Admiral Count de Giuchen was expected on the coast. In a tone of pleasantry, Lafayette said to Arnold, 'General, since you have a correspondence with the enemy,'—alluding to the intercourse between West Point, where Arnold commanded, and New York, by means of the river—

you must ascertain as soon as you can, what has become of De Giuchen. Arnold, more than half thrown off his guard, quickly demanded, 'What do you mean, General?' A moment more, and the Argus-eye of the Chief might have detected the conspiracy, for Washington *never had full confidence in Arnold, except in his bravery*. But destiny was working out the plot, and it had to go on. The boat struck the shore, and the Commander-in-chief stepped off.

Arnold attended the party to Peekskill, where they all passed the night. Early the next morning Washington went on to Hartford, after parting with the traitor, who watched his form disappearing behind a turn in the road. He breathed free for the first time in twenty-four hours. He must have felt as Satan did when the Guardian Angel left the Garden of Eden, and our first parents went to their fatal repose.

Meeting of Arnold and André at Haverstraw—Sept. 22.—He had arranged his meeting with André—a gallant and gentle name, which suggests to our minds whatever is noble in heroism, beautiful in art, and touching in suffering. This brave and gifted young officer, one of the most generous of all his countrymen whose fate it was to mingle in that inglorious crusade against freedom, had set out from New York on the morning of the 20th, and reached the *Vulture* at seven the same evening. Arnold was to have gone on board the English man-of-war; but at the last moment—if not before—he resolved not to trust himself in the hands of his friends. He had therefore required that the meeting should take place on shore, where André was to go. There was an American, Joshua H. Smith, living on the western bank of the Hudson, who became—what charity allows us to believe—the unconscious instrument of Arnold's treason. Smith's dwelling was the place where the final scene of this villainy was enacted. Only two days before Washington crossed the river, Mrs. Arnold had passed the night there, and Arnold had gone down to meet her. She was doubtless ignorant of the cowardly plot of her husband; nor did the sight of this beautiful young mother with her tender babe, whom he was to cover with dishonor, shake his purpose. During this visit, he persuaded Smith, under various patriotic pretexts, to allow the interview between himself and Major André, to take place at his house. The family had to be removed,—they were.

Night came, and Arnold was on the spot. He sent Smith off with two oarsmen—the Colquhoun brothers—who were induced to go only by the threats and promises of Arnold. They were fired into by the guard-boats from shore, and had to put back. André passed an anxious night on the *Vulture* waiting for Arnold, or his messenger. In the morning a flag of truce came off, and definite arrangements were made for André to be taken on shore that night. To remove all difficulty in passing the American guard-boats, the countersign *Congress* had been fixed on. When Smith and the boatman reached the landing where their boat lay, the oars were muffled by Arnold's direction.



WEST POINT, ON THE HUDSON, NEW YORK.

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It was a serene night—too calm for the drama being played. There was no ripple on the bosom of the Hudson; the boat swept noiselessly over the lake-like river, very wide in that part, and met with no obstacle till it was hoarsely hailed from the dark hulk of the *Vulture*. Thirty minutes afterwards, the commanding form of a young Englishman in the dashing uniform of an adjutant-general—but so enveloped with a blue overcoat that no portion of his military dress could be seen—passed down the side of the *Vulture*, and the mysterious stranger entered the boat, while the brothers Colquhoun dropped their muffled oars into the water. The entire party remained silent, each knowing well his own business, no one knowing his neighbor's. They landed at the base of a mountain many of my readers have seen, on the western side of the Hudson, about six miles from Stony Point, called Long Clove. Arnold had reached this place, with one of Smith's servants for a guide, on another horse. Smith himself came up the bank, groping his way, and found Arnold hid in a thicket of brush. Descending to the boat, he conducted André back to the spot. They met—the willing traitor, and the unwilling spy—the one, 'cool as an accustomed devil,' the other timid, or apprehensive, not of danger, but of something worse—dishonor.

The Night Negotiations.—Hour after hour passed by—it may have been fast or slow, for sometimes neither the good nor the bad note the march of time. But they were long to the suspecting, half-sick man who waited for this strange interview to end; he could wait no longer. He approached the two; they started, for plotting men are afraid of any noise. 'Only I,' said he; 'but the night is nearly gone. Ye will look badly here by daylight, methinks.' Smith told his boatmen they might go home. The terms were not yet fully settled; and daylight—that unwelcome visitor to all dark plotters—began to unfold the shores of the Hudson. Arnold proposed to his confidant to ride with him to Smith's house. After considerable hesitation he assented. A ride of a few miles brought them to the American lines, and through the still forest-darkness was heard the voice of the sentinel demanding the countersign. It could have been with no pleasant feeling that the British spy found himself completely in the power of a traitor to his country; for he who would betray his native land, would betray a foreign enemy. But he repelled the chilling apprehension; it was too late to turn back. His destiny was fixed. The two horsemen rode up to Smith's house, and entered it just as daylight had begun to fret the eastern sky. Here, in a room by themselves—without even the possibility of a listener—the work went on.

The roar of heavy cannon was suddenly heard coming down the river, and reverberating among the rugged hills. Both sprang to the window; they looked on the Hudson, and the *Vulture* seemed in flames. As they fixed their eyes they thought they saw the black shot of Col. Livingston's guns flying towards the ship, and her own towards the shore. All was explained: the *Vulture* had crept up too far. She lifted her anchor and dropped down the river. At last they calmly resumed their seats, and the plot moved on.

Daylight had now flooded the hills, and the rising autumn sun began to roll the mist-clouds off from the bosom of the river. Smith called the conspirators to breakfast. He ate at the same table. They talked blindly—as Arnold had for months carried on his correspondence with the enemy—under the commercial guise of bargain and sale. Poor Smith wondered, suspecting everything, understanding nothing.

The conspirators are again in the upper chamber, and once more the plot goes on. It moves slow, for Sir Henry Clinton must bid high for treason like Arnold's. Was he not an American general? Was he not made commandant of the strongest fortress in America,—that almost forlorn hope of freedom—by Washington himself? Was he not yet suffering from occasional twinges of pain from wounds which he had received in the service of the country he was now betraying, and on an expedition unparalleled for its daring? Was he not boldly walking to the gibbet? Did he not stare eternal infamy in the face, and look it down? England had spent generous lives enough during five years of fraternal blood-shedding. If by one stroke, she could now reach the goal for which she had been straining nerve, treasure and steel, could not England pay well for the job? Sir Henry Clinton had said to ministers the plan should be pursued at any cost. Arnold wanted money; and he could name his price. He wanted honor, after disgrace; and he could name his future military rank. He did.

What passed in that upper chamber all through that calm autumn day on the magical shores of the Hudson—where in the bland September month nature blends all the glories of ripened summer with the slowly stealing mosaic tintings of the coming autumn—we can never conjecture. André died too soon, and shame closed the lips of the traitor—and thus we have no record left. We only know that all through that balmy day,—more bland than even September Hudson days usually are, just, it would seem, to show the contrast between pure, truthful nature, and foul, lying man,—there sat the proud genial, blushing young hero, who would have died a thousand deaths for his king and country, but who felt that fate had been too cruel in making him play the part he was now acting. With a heart pure enough to love a beautiful maiden away in one of England's dewy homes, who treasured his memory, and would hide her blanched face in her hands if she knew what her lover was then doing, away on the wild banks of that beautiful river;—and in the same chamber, bending across a table covered with maps, and plans of West Point, and writings in a half-disguised hand, sat the seared villain who had never blushed since his boyhood, when on the banks of that other fine river that courses down from its green Connecticut hills, and flows by Norwich, he used to hunt robin-redbreasts, and torture their young to see the gentle mother flutter round the murderer's head, and utter discordant cries—suffering bird's prayers to save her young! His boyhood days, when he used to gather up all the broken phials of his master's drug-shop, and cast them on the sidewalk, to see poor barefoot boys who went by, cut and poison their feet as they ran on with light hearts to school, or sport. He had travelled

far on the road of life covered with dust, but clothed with honor. He had gone bravely over Canada snows, the most daring of the brave—putting ever old campaign valor to the blush. But under the ices of the North, and through the smoke of battle, and in the shout of victory, and even in the presence of Washington, he had carried the same villain heart in his bosom : and he now thought with exulting gladness of the shriek that would be wrung from the bosom of Liberty when Freedom expired—only if he could be paid the heavy price of his treason !¹

There are some scenes it is well for us not to witness ; they would make almost us hate the sight of the green earth itself. What a picture was that—the pale, suffering face of the gallant young André, blanched and recoiling from the demon glare of Arnold the traitor !

The Plot is finished.—Liberty was sold. At ten o'clock that night, if one could have looked into that room he would have seen the generous, humiliated André concealing in his stockings, under the sole of his feet, several papers. He drew on his boots ; he had the death-warrant of American liberty in them, and he wore it as he should—he trod on it.

André must now return to New York, for his work was done. How should he go ? Arnold had started for West Point in his barge ; Smith would not take André back to the *Vulture* : there was no other way but by land. Knowing it to be impossible to avoid detection in his military dress, he obtained from Smith a coat in exchange. They set out, crossing the river at Verplanck's Point.

We need not tell the rest of this tale : every reader knows that he fell into the hands of three patriotic men who loved liberty better than gold ; that

¹ *André's Capture.*—It happened that John Paulding, a poor man, then about forty-six years old, a zealous patriot who had served his country from the breaking out of the war, and had twice suffered captivity, had lately escaped from New York and had formed a little corps of partisans to annoy roving parties taking provisions to New York, or otherwise doing service to the British. On that morning, after setting a reserve of four to keep watch in the rear, he and David Williams of Tarrytown, and Isaac Van Wart of Greenburg, seated themselves in the thicket by the wayside, just above Tarrytown, and whiled away the time by playing cards. At an hour before noon André was just rising the hill out of Sleepy Hollow, within fifteen miles of the strong British post at King's Bridge, when Paulding got up, presented a firelock to his breast, and asked which way he was going. Full of the idea that he could meet none but friends to the English, he answered : 'Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party,' 'Which party?' asked Paulding. 'The lower party,' said André. Paulding answered that he did. Then said André, 'I am a British officer, out on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute.' Upon this Paulding ordered him to dismount. Seeing his mistake, André showed his pass from Arnold, saying : 'By your stopping me you will detain the General's business.' 'I hope,' answered Paulding, 'you will not be offended ; we do not mean to take anything from you. There are many bad people going along the road ; perhaps you may be one of them ;' and he asked if he had any letters about him. André answered : 'No.' They took him into the bush to search for papers, and at last discovered three parcels under each stocking. Among these were a plan of the fortifications of West Point ; a memorial from the en-

gineer on the attack and defence of the place ; returns of garrison, cannon, and stores, all in the handwriting of Arnold. 'This is a spy,' said Paulding. André offered a hundred guineas, any sum of money, if they would but let him go. 'No,' cried Paulding, 'not for ten thousand guineas.' They led him off, and arriving in the evening at North Castle, they delivered him with his papers to Lieutenant Colonel Jameson, who commanded the post, and then went their way, not asking a reward for their services, nor leaving their names.—*Bancroft*, vol. x. pp. 387, 388.

'Washington sought out the three young men who, leaning only on their virtue and honest sense of their duty,' could not be tempted by gold ; and on his report Congress voted them annuities in words of respect and honor.—*Ibid.*, p. 395.

André's Monument in Westminster Abbey.—'His king did right in offering honorable rank to his brother, and in granting pensions to his mother and sisters ; but not in raising a memorial to his name in Westminster Abbey. Such honor belongs to other enterprises and deeds. The tablet has no fit place in a sanctuary dear from its monuments to every friend to genius and mankind.'—*Ibid.*, p. 393.

André's Death on the Gibbet—Its Justification.—'Meantime André entreated with touching earnestness, that he might not die on the gibbet.' Washington as every other officer in the American army were moved to the deepest compassion ; and Hamilton, who has left his opinion that no one ever suffered death with more justice, and that there was in truth no way of saving him, wished that in the mode of his death his feelings as an officer and a man might be respected. But the English

Washington signed the young hero's death-warrant with tears; that André died the death of a brave but unfortunate man. And his tomb is where Priests, Heroes, Orators, Poets, and Kings sleep, by the side of the great and gifted of his country, in the Pantheon of England,—Westminster Abbey. Every American who visits it stops by his ashes to read the inscription which a grateful king put over his grave.¹

Mutiny among the unpaid Troops of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.—Two events now occurred which foreboded the most serious consequences. The Pennsylvania soldiers of the line, amounting to over fifteen hundred men, were suffering the extremest destitution, and on the night of the 1st of January, 1781, they rose in tumult, and threatened to march with arms in their hands into the Hall of Congress, and get their pay, or put an end to its sessions. Lafayette was supposed to have unbounded influence over them; but when he attempted to put it forth, he had to quit the camp. Gen. Wayne entered their ranks, and with a levelled pistol threatened to shoot the first man that opened his mouth; but in an instant five hundred muskets were pointed at him. This was the moment, of course, for the British commanders to try the virtue of gold. Sir Henry Clinton sent three American Tories of some pretensions, into the camp of mutinous patriots, with tempting offers, and negotiations were going on; but better counsels prevailed. Congress frankly exposed the feebleness of its means, but made some provision for the soldiers, and gave them pledges which were nobly redeemed. The men returned to their duty, and delivered up the Tory emissaries sent by Clinton, and they were hanged during the next few minutes.

The infection of this Pennsylvania example spread to New Jersey, and the troops of that State proclaimed their intentions of revolt and violence; but Washington flew to the scene by forced marches, with an adequate force, seized the leaders and condemned them to merited punishment; and the

themselves had established the exclusive usage of the gallows. At the beginning of the war their officers in America threatened the highest American officers and statesmen with the cord. It was the only mode of execution authorized by them. Under the orders of Clinton, Lord Cornwallis, in South Carolina, had set up the gallows for those whom he styled deserters, without regard to rank. Neither the sentence of the court nor the order of Washington names death on the gallows; the execution took place in the manner that was alone in use on both sides.—*Ibid.*, p. 392.

¹ The monument is of statuary marble, and the figures were cut by Van Gelder. On a moulded panel base and plinth, stands the sarcophagus, on which is inscribed:

‘SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
MAJOR ANDRÉ,

who, raised by his merit, at an early period of life, to the rank of Adjutant-General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a victim to his zeal for his king and

country, the second of October, 1780, aged 29, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His Gracious Sovereign, King George III., has caused this monument to be erected. The remains of said Major André were deposited on the 28th of November, 1821, in a grave near this monument.’

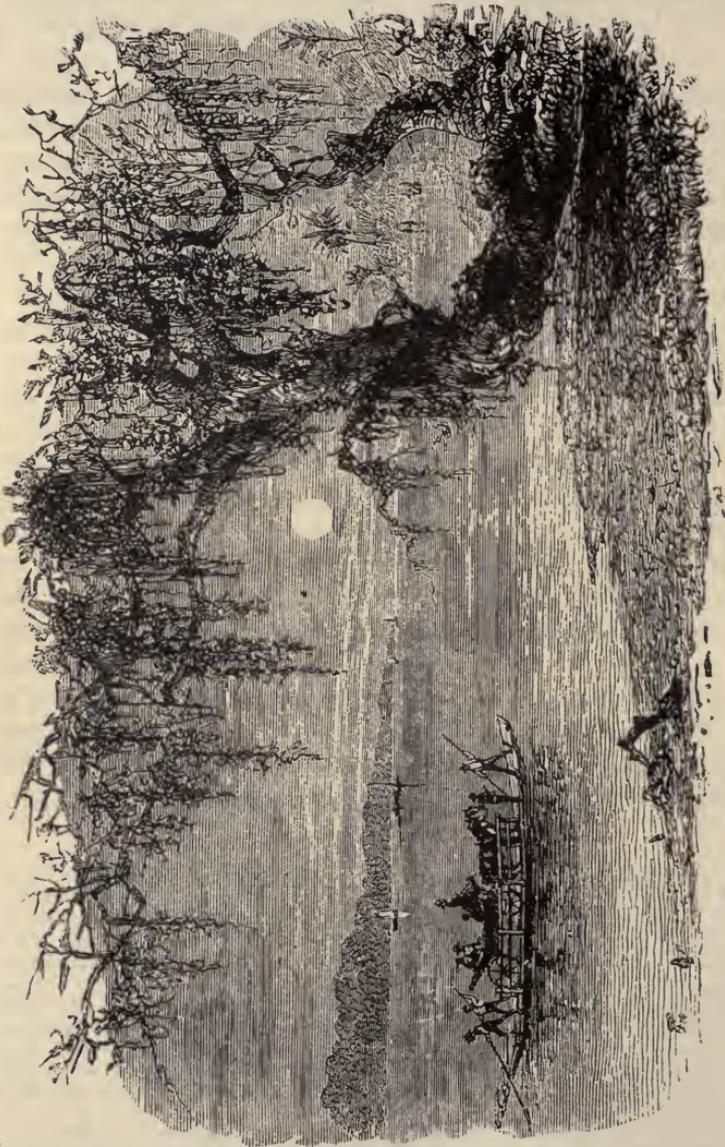
The sarcophagus has two projecting figures: one of them, with a flag of truce, presenting to Washington a letter André had addressed to His Excellency the night previous to his execution, and worded thus: ‘Sir: Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to noble purposes, and stained with no action which can give me remorse, I trust that the request which I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency at the military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

‘I have the honor to be, your Excellency,

‘JOHN ANDRÉ,

‘Adjutant-General of British Forces in America.’





Jersey Boys' were glad to have a chance to get back again into the Revolutionary army. This ends the history of patriotic mutiny during the War for Independence.

Cornwallis advances.—Flushed with the success at Camden, Lord Cornwallis advanced into North Carolina. He had sent forward a detachment under the desperate and flagitious Colonel Ferguson, who left a blackened ruin in his wake, till Campbell, Shelby, Cleaveland, Sevier, M'Dowell, and other gallant Southern leaders fell upon his camp on King's Mountain, where the wretch and three hundred of his men were cut to pieces, eight hundred taken prisoners with 1,500 stand of arms, and the rest utterly dispersed. Our early historians say that this defeat at King's Mountain was to Cornwallis what Bennington was to Burgoyne. It had a like inspiring effect upon the troops in the South.

Conscious of the peril of his position, and mortified by the miscarriage of Ferguson's expedition, and knowing that he was watched by the eagle eyes of Sumpter and Marion, he fell back on South Carolina, and sent Tarleton in pursuit of his pursuers; and so the battle in the South still raged; but with no decisive results.

Victory of the Cowpens.—Gen. Greene had put the Southern army into two divisions, committing the command of one to Colonel Morgan, against whom Cornwallis sent Tarleton,¹ not doubting that, with his characteristic despatch, vigor, and ferocity, he would soon meet him, defeat him, and sweep his army from the field. The result was the battle of Cowpens—a brilliant American victory.

Cornwallis now determined to cut off the march of our victorious soldiers, as they were pressing on in haste to the Fords of Catawba. When the British commander came up, he found that the American army had crossed two hours before him. During that night, a heavy storm swept over, which swelled the river into a flood, and cut off the pursuit of the British. Greene had time here to join Morgan, and another series of forced marches began from the Catawba, on to the Yadkin. Once more the Americans reached the opposite bank before the British came in sight on their rear; and the Yadkin, like the Catawba, was swelled into a flood by another storm, and again the Southern army was saved.

The Battle of Guilford Court-House.—A bloody but indecisive battle was fought between Gen. Greene and Lord Cornwallis, in which upwards of ten thousand men were hotly engaged, the loss hardly falling short of fifteen hundred men on either side. This is known as the battle of Guilford Court-House, March 15, 1781. The British commanders found that the longer the

¹ *Contrast between Marion and Tarleton.*—'In the swamps between the Pedee and Santee, Marion and his men kept watch. Of delicate organization, sensitive to truth and honor and right, humane, averse to bloodshed, never wreaking vengeance nor suffering those around him to do so, scrupulously respecting

private property, he had the love and confidence of all people in that part of the country. Tarleton's legion had laid it waste to inspire terror; and, in unrestrained freedom of motion, partisans gathered round Marion to redeem their land.'—Bancroft, vol. x. p. 331.

war continued, the better the Americans fought. Their courage may have been no greater, although, as men grow familiar with scenes of carnage and military struggles, they grow more hardy, and confident in the hour of danger. Finding that, in scarcely a single instance, were they worsted, except against heavy odds, they had occasion to feel increased confidence in themselves and their commanders. Lord Cornwallis was therefore mortified and disappointed, as he drew off his forces towards the North, abandoning most reluctantly the hope of breaking up Gen. Greene's division.

Arnold was now in Virginia, fighting with his accustomed desperation against the Republic he had betrayed; and it was apparent on all sides, that the protracted struggle between the Colonies of the British Empire was likely to be decided on the plains of Virginia. Rawdon, with a large force, was hard pressed by Gen. Greene. And as, within two months, nearly all the forts of the English in the South, had either been captured by the Americans, or abandoned by the English; and as Marion, Sumpter, Lee, and Greene were crowding him from all sides, Rawdon retreated towards Charleston. Soon after he was succeeded by Colonel Stuart, who occupied Eutaw Springs—a strong position—and had a powerful and completely disciplined and effective military force. To all appearances, the resolution of Gen. Greene to engage the British army, was imprudent; yet his men were so ready for an engagement—he so completely understood the position of both parties, and the immense results that would follow even a partial victory—when the advantages were on the British side—he determined to attack Colonel Stuart, and bring on the battle at once.

Greene's brilliant Generalship in the South.—The battle of Eutaw Springs took place on the 8th of September, 1781. It lasted nearly four hours, and was one of the hardest fought fields of the Revolution. The commanders displayed the highest ability, and both armies seemed to be conscious that they were contending for the prize of the Southern Colonies. Almost every *ruse* known to the art of war, was practised by the British general; but in every one he was foiled by his antagonist. Every evolution of the enemy met a corresponding movement or repulse from the American side; and hour after hour, the struggle went on with a steady flow of blood, fortune seeming reluctant to light on either banner. At last, by a skilful and bold movement on the part of the American commander, the British were thrown into confusion, and obliged to abandon the field, leaving behind them eight hundred wounded and dead, and five hundred prisoners. The British fell back upon Charleston, and thus all Georgia and South Carolina, with the exception of their capitals, once more fell into American hands.¹

¹ *Major-General Greene.*—Nathaniel Greene was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, May 27th, 1742, and hence was a young man at the breaking out of the Revolution. His father was a Quaker preacher; and young Nathaniel was early instructed in the principles of peace and universal brotherhood. To have seen him about on the farm, in his drab suit and broad-brimmed hat, or sitting meek and grave as a statue in one of those silent conventicles, one would never have picked him

out for a major-general in the American army. His father owned a forge, and to this Nathaniel was finally promoted from the farm, and worked at the anvil with the same vigor he afterwards did in hammering out his own fortune.—J. T. Headley's *Washington and his Generals*, vol. ii, pp. 7, 8.

Years before, the English officer opposed to him in Jersey wrote, saying, 'Greene is dangerous as Washington—he is vigilant, enterprising, and full of resour-

Cornwallis posts himself at Yorktown.—Finding it not only hazardous, but impossible any longer to keep the open field against the skilful stratagems and bold onsets of the patriot forces, Cornwallis marched north into Virginia, where, being reinforced by the divisions under Arnold and Phillips, the most wasteful and desolating depredations were committed through the State.¹ It was estimated that thirty thousand slaves were carried from Virginia, and property destroyed to the amount of fifteen million dollars. At last, when he saw that the American forces were pressing upon him from the South to join Gen. Greene, and down on him from the North under Washington, Cornwallis posted himself at Yorktown, which he strongly fortified; and prepared for a decisive engagement.

SECTION SIXTH.

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

Concentration of the Allied Forces around Yorktown.—Intelligence had reached the Commander-in-Chief of the American army that a large force, under Count de Grasse, was to arrive in the Chesapeake. Concerted action

ces;' and the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Knight of Malta, in speaking of his southern campaign, said: 'Other generals subdue their enemy by the means which their country or sovereign furnishes them; but Greene appears to reduce his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for nothing since; and yet, scarcely a post arrives from the South that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this.'

'The resources of his mind were inexhaustible—there was no gulf out of which he could not find a way of escape, and no plan, if necessary, too hopeless for him to attempt. Without a dollar from government, and penniless himself, he nevertheless managed to keep an army in the field, and conquer with it. True, it was half-naked and half-starved; but by his wonderful power he succeeded in holding it together. His soldiers loved him with devotion, and having seen him extricate himself so often from apparently inevitable ruin, they at length came to regard him as invincible. Sharing all their toils and dangers, and partaking of all their sufferings, he so wound himself into their affections that they would go wherever he commanded. He made of raw militia all that ever can be made of them, in the short time he had them under his control.

'His patriotism was of the purest kind, and Washington spoke from correct knowledge when he said: "Could he but promote the interests of his country in the character of a corporal, he would exchange, without a murmur, his epaulettes for the knot." His own reputation and life he regarded as nothing in the cause of freedom. Next to his country, he loved Washington; and no mean ambition or envy of his great leader ever sullied his noble character. That affection was returned, and the two heroes moved side by side, as tried friends, through the revolutionary struggle. He was a man whose like is seldom seen; and placed in any country, opposed to any commander, would have stood first in the rank of military chieftains. In the heart of Europe, with a veteran army under his command, he would have astonished the world.'—*Ibid.*, vol. ii. pp. 76, 77.

'*Cornwallis's Reign of Terror.*—In carrying out his plan, the first measure of Cornwallis was a complete error. Preferring to regard South Carolina as a province to be added to the dominion of George the Third, he

accepted the suggestions of Martin and Tarleton, and the like, that severity was the true mode to hold the recovered province. He therefore addressed the most stringent orders to the commandants at Ninety-Six and other posts, to imprison all who would not take up arms for the king, and to seize or destroy their whole property. He most positively enjoined that every militia-man who had borne arms with the British and had afterwards joined the Americans should be hanged immediately. He set up the gallows at Camden for the indiscriminate execution of those among his prisoners who had formerly given their parole, even when it had been kept till it was cancelled by the proclamation of Clinton. To bring these men to the gibbet was an act of military murder.

The destruction of property and life assumed still more hideous forms, when the peremptory orders and example of Cornwallis were followed by subordinates in remote districts, away from supervision. Cruel measures seek and are sure to find cruel executive agents; officers whose delight was in blood patrolled the country, burned houses, ravaged estates, and put to death whom they would. The wives and daughters of the opulent were left with no fit clothing, no shelter but a hovel too mean to attract the destroyer. Of a sudden, the woodman in his cabin would find his house surrounded, and he himself, or his guest, might be shot, because he was not in arms for the king. There was no question of proofs, and no trial. For two years cold-blooded assassinations, often in the house of the victim, and in the presence of his wife and little children, were perpetrated by men holding the king's commission, and they obtained not indemnity merely, but rewards for their zeal. The enemy were determined to break every man's spirit, or to ruin him. No engagement by proclamation or by capitulation was respected.

The ruthless administration of Cornwallis met the hearty and repeated applause of Lord George Germain, who declared himself convinced that 'to punish rebellion would have the best consequences.' As to the rebels, his orders to Clinton and Cornwallis were: 'No good faith or justice is to be expected from them, and we ought, in all our transactions with them, to act upon that supposition.' In this manner the minister released his generals from their pledges to those on whom they made war.—Bancroft, vol. x. pp. 327-3-9.

immediately took place between Washington, Count Rochambeau, the French Commander-in-Chief, and Admiral de Grasse, by which the French and American forces by land and sea, were to fall upon Cornwallis at Yorktown, and thus strike a decisive blow. Sir Henry Clinton still occupied New York with a large force; and as the allied armies appeared to be centring for a decisive blow, he did not doubt that they intended to attack him in that city. He was the more convinced of it since Washington began to move south through New Jersey; for he only regarded this as a feint intended to draw the British army away from its defences. But Washington's eye was fixed upon Cornwallis, at Yorktown; and he had already got so far, it was no longer in the power of Clinton to stop him. This masterly movement, which equalled in celerity, confidence, and skill, some of the rapid and bold movements of Napoleon, fixed the stamp of the highest generalship upon Washington. So well had the movements of the army and the fleet been concerted, that de Grasse entered the mouth of the Chesapeake with twenty-five sail of the line, only one hour before Washington arrived at the head of the Elk. The mouths of the York and James rivers were immediately blockaded, and all communication between the British army at New York and their forces at Yorktown was hopelessly cut off. In the meantime a French squadron from Rhode Island, safely shot by the British fleet on the coast, carrying the artillery required for the siege.

The crowning Infamy of Benedict Arnold's Life.—Before we come to the final battle of the War for Independence, it will be in the order of events to take some notice of the last act of infamy in the history of the arch-traitor of America. It was perpetrated on the spot which had given him birth.

The heroic part which Connecticut took in the Revolution; her contributions in men, money, and munitions of war; the achievements of her seamen on the ocean, and the sacrifices she made in the cause of liberty, I have had no space to rehearse; 'the world knows them by heart.' In receiving from American historians,¹ as she has, a just recognition of her prominent par-

¹ From the establishment of the Colony of Connecticut, the most advanced ideas of civil liberty pervaded her people; and the part she acted in colonial history is a bright record of honor and heroism. She was one of the earliest of the colonies in undertaking the great work of independence, and, although her territory was comparatively small, yet the compactness of her population, and the amount of her wealth made her military resources second only to those of Massachusetts. In the protection of her charter—see history of charter oak—she had displayed a jealous vigilance in the protection of her liberty, of which we read now with a lively thrill.

In the intelligence of her people she was unsurpassed by any community on the globe. She commanded an influence and power over the destinies of the country, and assumed the direction of public opinion, which, although it partook sometimes of the spirit of dictation, yet which was cheerfully acceded to by her sister colonies. In journalism she stood not a whit behind Boston or Philadelphia, while she led New York by a

great distance. Next to Franklin's journal in Philadelphia, the '*Connecticut Gazette*' in New London, was the most influential newspaper on the continent. It contained the ablest essays on the political condition and rights of the colonies ever published. Her Assembly had, before the meeting of the Stamp Act Congress, voted American taxation by a British Parliament to be 'unprecedented and unconstitutional.' Had there been no other men than Pitkin, Trumbull, Dyer, Styles, and the incomparable Stephen Johnson to press the rights of the colonies, there was one man who would have left an immortal record, and who in himself was enough to represent a great and illuminated commonwealth. Timothy Green, the publisher of the *New London Gazette*, was as unbending as oak. On Friday the first day of November, when the Stamp Act was to go into effect, he had boldly committed treason by bringing out the regular issue of his paper without a stamp.—Bancroft, vol. v. p. 353, 354.

The royalists of the country railed at Connecticut as

ticipation in the nation's struggles and progress, she can have no cause to complain; nor does she need any other eulogium than the deeds of her children. It detracts nothing from the honor of the other twelve Colonies to say that Connecticut has been the eagle's nest of the Republic. In the superior character of her original settlers; in the establishment of a system of education for all her population; in the emigration of her people to Vermont, and afterwards to Central New York; in the establishment of another Connecticut in Ohio, and in leading the way to the shores of the Pacific; in the number of educated men whom she has sent out to found institutions of learning; in the legislation of Congress and the separate States; in shaping the Judiciary of the United States; in promoting domestic and foreign commerce; in her vast contributions of inventions for saving labor and the promotion of the mechanical arts; and in every department of human effort for the advancement of civilization, she has laid a fair claim to the gratitude and admiration of mankind, and this claim has always been cheerfully allowed. Her southern border washed by the waters of the Atlantic, and all her rivers swelled by its tides—like those of Massachusetts and Rhode Island—no barrier lay between her and our foes, except the ocean, which offered another home for her mariners, and allured them to the most distant seas. To have protected her coasts against the invasions of the British navy, and the landing of hostile expeditions could not have been effected by a Chinese wall, or a score of Gibaltars. She was safe only behind her ramparts of men, and the strongest and best of them were now conquering, or falling in other fields.

Sir Henry Clinton had allowed the French squadron from Rhode Island to escape the British fleet and reach the southern coast, while Washington's

'a land of republicans,' and maligned Yale College as a seminary of Democracy, the prolific mother of patriots; for in a letter written by Gage to Sir William Johnson, September 20th, 1765, he uses the words 'the pretended patriots educated in a seminary of Democracy.'

'The liberty of free inquiry,' said Stephen Johnson of Lyme, 'is one of the first and most fundamental of a free people. They have an undoubted right to be heard and relieved. They may publish their grievances; the press is open and free.'

'We may go on to enjoy our rights and liberties as usual. The American governments or inhabitants may associate for the mutual defence of their birthright liberties. A person or people collectively may enjoy and defend their own. The hearts of the Americans are cut to the quick by the Act; we have reason to fear very interesting and terrible consequences, though by no means equal to tyranny or slavery. But what an enraged, despairing people will do, when they come to see and feel their ruin, time only can reveal.'

'It is the joy of thousands, that there is union and concurrence in a general Congress. We trust they will also lay a foundation for another Congress. The American colonies cannot be enslaved but by their own folly, consent, or inactivity. Truly Britons have nothing at all to hope for from this most unnatural war. My countrymen, your concern is great, universal, and most just. I am an American born, and my all in this world

is embarked with yours, and am deeply touched at heart for your distress. O my country! my dear, distressed country! For you I have wrote; for you I daily pray and mourn; and to save your invaluable rights and freedom, I would willingly die.

'Forgive my lamenting tears. The dear Saviour himself wept over his native country, doomed to destruction. We appeal to our Supreme Judge against the hand whence these evils are coming. If we perish, we perish, being innocent, and our blood will be required at their hands. Shut not your eyes to your danger, O! my countrymen. Do nothing to destroy or betray the rights of your posterity; do nothing to sully or shade the memory of your noble ancestors. Let all the governments and all the inhabitants in them unitedly resolve to a man, with an immovable stability, to sacrifice their lives and fortunes before they will part with their invaluable freedom. It will give you a happy peace in your own breasts, and secure you the most endeared affection, thanks, and blessing of your posterity; it will gain you the esteem of all true patriots and friends of liberty through the whole realm; yea, and as far as your case is known, it will gain you the esteem of all true patriots and friends of liberty through the whole realm. yea, and as far as your case is known it will gain you the esteem and the admiration of the whole world.'

—*New London Gazette*, 103, Friday, 1 November, 1765.

army in the march southward, was already beyond his reach. He must now atone for this twofold blunder and disaster as best he could. He conceived an expedition, which he intended should be formidable and destructive enough to create a profound sensation, and divert, at least, some of the force that Washington was concentrating at Yorktown. New London being one of the best harbors on the coast, and having a large quantity of shipping then in port, had also on store large amounts of West India goods and European merchandise, captured by successful privateers. The *Hannah*, the richest merchant ship brought into America during the war, had just been taken into New London by the privateer *Minerva*. This port thus offered too fair an inducement for one of those marauding and murderous expeditions, which had a greater charm for our enemies than regular warfare. Of course there was only one man in the world Clinton thought of to conduct such an expedition. Arnold had just returned from his Virginia raid, and was flattered at the invitation to make a similar maraud on his birth-place. The expedition was planned at the British headquarters in New York. It was Arnold's intention with his fleet—consisting of thirty-two sail of all classes of vessels, and carrying not less than eighteen hundred men—to steal into the harbor at dead of night, and, taking possession of the fortifications on both sides of the river, to seize or destroy the shipping, public offices, stores, and merchandise, before a sufficient force could be gathered to oppose him. Attempts have been made to shield him from more barbarous intentions; but events proved that nothing would satisfy his vengeance but to lay his birth-place in ashes, and sodden it with the blood of his former friends and neighbors.¹ But a change in the wind prevented his landing, and at early daybreak, the fleet being discovered off the harbor, the signal agreed upon and understood as far as heavy cannon could be heard, was the firing of two alarm guns at regular intervals, which would bring help. But some spy had revealed this concerted signal, for the two guns had no sooner been heard, than a third was fired from the fleet, thus converting the signal of alarm into one of rejoicing. 'This stratagem had some influence in retarding the arrival of the militia. In the town, consternation and fright were suddenly let loose. No sooner were the terrible alarm-guns heard, than the startled citizens, leaping from their beds, made haste to send away their families, and their portable and most valuable goods. Throngs of women and children were dismissed into the fields and woods, some without food, and others with a piece of bread or a biscuit in their hands. Women laden with bags and pillow-cases, or driving a cow before them, with an infant in their arms, or perhaps on horseback with a bed under them, and various utensils dangling at the side; boys with stockings slung like wallets over their shoulders, containing the money, the papers, and other small valuables of the

¹ In Arnold's official report he says: 'At ten o'clock the troops, in two divisions and in four debarkations, were landed, one on each side of the harbor, about three miles from New London; that on the Groton side consisting of the 40th and 54th regiments, and the third battalion of New Jersey Volunteers, with a detachment of yagers and artillery were under the con-

mand of Lieutenant Col. Eyre. The division on the New London side consisted of the 38th regiment, the Loyal Americans, the American Legion, refugees, and a detachment of sixty yagers, who were immediately on their landing put in motion.'—*Hist. of New London*, by F. M. Caulkins, p. 546.

family ; carts laden with furniture ; dogs and other household animals looking strange and panic-struck ; pallid faces and trembling limbs—such were the scenes presented on all the roads leading into the country. Many of these groups wandered all day in the woods, and at night found shelter in the scattered farm-houses and barns.

‘Amid the bustle of these scenes, when each one was laden with what was nearest at hand, or dearest to his heart, one man was seen hastening along to the burial-ground, with a small coffin under his arm. His child had died the day before, and he could not leave it unburied. In haste and trepidation, he threw up the mold, and deposited his precious burden ; then covering it quickly, and setting up a stone to mark the place, he hurried away to secure other beloved ones from a more cruel spoiler.

‘Such was the confusion of the scene, that families, in many cases, were scattered upon different roads ; and children, eight or ten years of age, were sent off alone into the country, their parents lingering perhaps to bury or conceal some of their effects, yet no one was lost, no one was hurt. The farm-houses were full, and unbounded hospitality was shown by their occupants. At Gen. Miller’s, a little off from the Norwich road, orders were given to open the dairy and the larder, to prepare food constantly, and to feed everybody that came. When the house was overflowing, the servants carried out milk, cheese and bread, or porringers of corn-beans to the children, who sat under the trees and ate. This will serve as an example of the general hospitality. A number of families found shelter among friends and relatives in the North Parish. Groups of fugitives gathered on the high hills afar off, watching with intense interest the movements of the enemy, whose course might be traced by their gleaming arms and scarlet coats, until clouds of smoke hid them from view. Some sick persons were removed from town with great difficulty, and at the hazard of their lives ; others, who could not be removed, were guarded with solicitous care by wife, daughter, or mother, who resolved to remain with them, and depend on Providence to soften the heart of the foe, and protect them from danger.

‘Col. Ledyard, having visited the town and Fort Trumbull, and made the best disposition of what force he could find, and having dispatched expresses to Governor Trumbull at Lebanon, and to commanders of militia in the neighborhood, returned to Fort Griswold.

‘As he stepped into the boat to cross the ferry, he said to some friends, whose hands he pressed at parting, in a firm tone : “ If I must lose to-day honor or life, you who know me can tell which it will be.” ¹

¹ Miss Caulkins, from whose admirable *History of New London* the above passages have been cited,—p. 565, says : ‘About sunset they began to embark on both sides of the river ; a delay of two hours would probably have changed the evacuation into a flight, for the militia were gathering under their officers, and all the roads to the town were full of men and boys, with every kind of armor, from club and pitchfork to musket and spontoon, hurrying to the onset.’

A rear-guard was left at Groton fort, with orders, after all had decamped, to take the necessary measures to blow up the magazine, burn the barracks, and entirely destroy the works, from which all but the mourn-

ful heaps of dead had been removed. Gen. Arnold’s report states :

‘A very considerable magazine of powder, and barracks to contain 300 men, were found in Fort Griswold, which Capt. Demoiné, of the Royal Artillery, had my positive directions to destroy ; an attempt was made by him, but unfortunately failed. He had my orders to make the second attempt ; the reasons why it was not done Capt. Demoiné will have the honor to explain to your Excellency.’

‘It is supposed to have been late in the evening when Capt. Demoiné and his men, having laid a train of powder from the barracks to the magazine, kindled a

We need not dwell upon the crowning infamy of massacre after the surrender.

On this spot, now consecrated by so much patriotic blood, the people of New London County have ever since assembled to pay their tribute to the departed. On the 6th of September, 1826, the corner-stone of a monument was laid. It was completed in 1830. 'It is built of native rock, quarried not far from the place where it stands; is twenty-six feet square at the base, twelve at the top, and 127 in height. In the interior a circular flight of 168 steps leads to the platform, from whence a fine view is obtained, particularly toward the west and south, where lie New London and the river Thames, the Sound and its islands.'²

The Doom of the Traitor.—We will cast a single glance on the dark path of Arnold, after this dastard act. While the town where he used to play in his boyhood was burning, he stood in the belfry of a church of God and looked exultingly on the conflagration. This was the last exploit of this bad man in his native land. He could henceforth live only in the nation whose gold had paid him for his treason. He sailed for England. He entered London with a letter of introduction from Sir Henry Clinton to Lord Germain.

When the petition for a bill authorizing peace with America, was presented to the King by Parliament, the traitor was standing near the throne, 'apparently in high favor with his majesty.' Lord Lauderdale, on returning to the

fire in the barracks, and retreated to the ships. Without doubt, Arnold and his officers gazed intently on the fort, as they slowly sailed down the river, expecting every moment the fatal explosion, and were keenly disappointed at the result. No explosion followed, but the failure was not owing to remissness or want of skill in the royal artillery.

¹Under cover of the night a number of Americans had cautiously approached the fort, even before it was evacuated by the conquerors, and as soon as the rear-guard of the enemy had retreated down the hill, and the dip of their oars was heard in the water, they hastened to the gate of the fort. Major Peters, of Norwich, is understood to have first reached the spot. Perceiving the barracks on fire, and the train laid, without a moment's hesitation, he perilled life by entering the gate, and being well acquainted with the interior arrangements, rushed to the pump for water to extinguish the fire. Here he found nothing that would hold water but an old cartridge-box; the spout of the pump likewise had been removed; but notwithstanding these disadvantages, he succeeded in interrupting the communication between the burning barracks and the powder. The heroism of this act cannot be too highly applauded. Others were soon on the spot, and the fire was entirely subdued. These adventurous men supposed that the wounded as well as the dead had been left by the enemy to be blown into the air, and it was to preserve them from this awful fate that they had hazarded their lives by entering the fort. The fire being quenched, they hastened to examine the heaps of human forms that lay around, but found no lingering warmth, no sign to indicate that life yet hovered in the frame, and might be recalled to consciousness. Major Peters easily selected the lifeless remains of his friend Col. Ledyard. His strongly marked features, calm and serene in death, could not be mistaken.

²As soon as it was known that the British had re-embarked, all Groton was moved, inquiring for her sons. Women and children assembled before the morning dawn, with torches in their hands, examining the dead

and wounded, in search of their friends. They passed the light from face to face, but so bloody and mangled were they, their features so distorted with the energy of resistance or the convulsion of pain, that in many cases the wife could not identify her husband, or the mother her son. When a mournful recognition did take place, piteous were the groans and lamentations that succeeded. Forty widows had been made that day, all residing near the scene of action. A woman, searching for her husband among the slain, cleansed the gore from more than thirty faces before she found the remains she sought.—*Ibid.*, p. 566.

¹On the west side of the monument is engraved a list of the names of the victims, eighty-three in number, and on the south side is the following inscription:

"This monument was erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A.D. 1830, and in the 55th year of the Independence of the U. S. A., in memory of the patriots who fell in massacre at Fort Griswold, near this spot, on the 6th of September, A.D. 1781, when the British, under the command of the traitor, Benedict Arnold, burnt the towns of New London and Groton, and spread desolation and woe throughout this region."

"Zebulun and Naphtali were a people that jeopardied their lives unto death in the high places of the field."—*Judges* v. 8.

²Since the erection of the monument, the anniversary day has been usually noticed by gatherings on the spot of individuals, and sometimes by prayers and addresses, but not often by a public celebration. Mr. Jonathan Brooks, of New London, who died in 1848, took a special interest in this anniversary. For many years before his death, he resorted annually on this day to Groton Height, and whether his auditors were few or many, delivered an address, which was always rendered interesting by graphic pictures and reminiscences connected with the Revolution. On one occasion, when he found himself almost without an audience, he exclaimed with sudden fervor, '*Attention! universe!*'—Caulkins' *History of New London*, p. 572.

House, is reported to have declared 'that however gracious might be the language he had heard from the throne, his indignation could not but be highly excited at beholding His Majesty supported by a traitor.' But his lordship should have found no fault with this. It was a *tableau* befitting the occasion. Where else should a man who had betrayed the young Republic find shelter, if not under the sceptre of a king whose gold had paid him for his villain work? It was, in fact, the only spot on the earth where the wretch could find security, for everywhere the knowledge of his treason had gone round the world, and the human race elsewhere were not bad enough to give him a home.

On another occasion, when Lord Surrey rose to speak in Parliament, as his eye glanced round the gallery he saw Arnold. Pointing towards him the finger of scorn, he exclaimed: 'I will *not* speak while that man is in the house.'

The black mark was on the brow of the traitor, and he carried it to the grave. Wherever he went, men read it. In England, in St. Johns, in Guadeloupe—wherever he went, through his restless wanderings it followed him still. He saw the infant Republic he had betrayed, emerge from the gloom of her long struggle into wealth, power, and splendor: and left it advancing on to empire as he went darkling down to a traitor's grave. He died in 1801, somewhere in the wilderness of London. Where he was buried, nobody has told. He died full of crime, and his name is covered with infamy by the execrations of the nation he betrayed, and the nation which paid him for his villain work.

The Siege of Yorktown and Surrender of Cornwallis.—Washington was vigorously executing his plan against Cornwallis, and he had posted himself before Yorktown, having for the first time in the Revolution so large an effective force under his command. They amounted to sixteen thousand, seven thousand of whom were French. With wise precaution to prevent any question of military precedence from arising, the King had commissioned Washington as a Lieutenant-General of France, which made him commander-in-chief of the allied forces.¹ On the night of the 6th of October they began the construction of their works, and during the next seventeen days, the siege was vigorously pressed, while two redoubts had been simultaneously stormed by two detachments, one headed by Lafayette and Colonel Hamilton, and the other by De Voimesnil, with his French Grenadiers.

¹ *Enthusiasm in the French Army after their Union with the Americans.*—'In the allied camp all was joy. The love of freedom penetrated not the French officers only, but inflamed the soldiers. Every one of them was proud of being a defender of the young republic. The new principles entered into their souls, and became a part of their nature. On the fifth of September they encamped at Chester. Never had the French seen a man penetrated with a livelier or more manifest joy than Washington, when he there learned that on the last day but one in August, the Count de Grasse, with twenty-eight ships of the line, and nearly four thousand land troops, had entered the Chesapeake, where, without loss of time, he had moored most of the fleet in Lynnhaven Bay, blocks up York River, and, without being in the least

annoyed by Cornwallis, had disembarked at James Island three thousand men under the command of the Marquis de St. Simon. Here too prevailed unanimity. St. Simon, though older in military service, as well as in years, placed himself and his troops as auxiliaries under the orders of Lafayette, because he was a major-general in the service of the United States. The combined army in their encampment could be approached only by two passages, which were in themselves difficult, and were carefully guarded, so that Cornwallis could not act on the offensive, and found himself effectually blockaded by land and by sea.'—Bancroft, v. 1. x. pp. 513, 514.

² 'On that night, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'Victory twined double garlands around the banners of France and America.'

'Seeing that his position was becoming desperate, Cornwallis attempted to escape in the night. He had embarked his army in three divisions, one of which had crossed the river, and landed at Gloucester Point; one of which was on the river, while the third was just preparing to leave the shore. The air and the water were calm, and his hopes of escape were high. In a moment the sky was overcast, and a tempest arose. The very elements seemed armed against him, as if he was checked by an invisible power which watched over the American people. At dawn the besiegers opened a destructive fire upon him, and he was glad when the abating tempest allowed him to return to his almost dismantled fortifications. All hope was now cut off; and finding himself entirely at the mercy of the men he had scorned and defied as rebels, on the 17th he sent a flag of truce to Washington with the surrender of himself and all his army. The conditions of the surrender were exceedingly honorable to Washington.¹ He showed no disposition on this occasion, nor did he on any other, to trample upon the fallen foe, or press his advantages any further than the interests of independence absolutely required. Such persons as Cornwallis chose to select, he was allowed to put on board a sloop, and they were to pass without search or interruption to New York. The entire remaining British forces were surrendered to the allies—the land army with its munitions of war to the Americans, and the marines to the French.²

End of the Seven Years' Tragedy.—Exultation, and gratitude to the God of nations, broke forth from every heart wherever the news flew. Everywhere the entire population rushed to the temples of God, to offer up their thanksgivings for the deliverance of his people.³ The cause of Independence was now regarded as virtually won. The exhausted patriot soldiers, flushed with victory, had to stand to their arms only a short time longer,

¹ *The Capitulation.*—Of prisoners, there were seven thousand two hundred and forty-seven of regular troops, the flower of the British army in America, besides eight hundred and forty sailors. The British loss during the siege amounted to more than three hundred and fifty. A hundred and six guns were taken, of which seventy-five were brass. The land forces and stores were assigned to the Americans, the ships and mariners to the French. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the nineteenth, Cornwallis remaining in his tent, Major-General O'Hara marched the British army past the lines of the combined armies, and, not without signs of repugnance, made his surrender to Washington. His troops then stepped forward decently and piled their arms on the ground.

² Nor must impartial history fail to relate that the French provided for the siege of Yorktown thirty-seven ships of the line, and the Americans not one; that while the Americans supplied nine thousand troops, of whom fifty-five hundred were regulars, the contingent of the French consisted of seven thousand.

³ Among the prisoners were two battalions of Anspach, amounting to ten hundred and seventy-seven men; and two regiments of Hesse, amounting to eight hundred and thirty-three. On the way to their camp, they passed in front of the regiment of Deux Ponts. At the sight of their countrymen, they forgot that they had been in arms against each other, and embraced with tears in their eyes. The English soldiers affected to look at the allied army with scorn. Their officers, of more effect, conducted themselves with decorum,

yet could not but feel how decisive was their defeat.¹—Bancroft, vol. x. pp. 522, 523.

² Mrs. Emma Willard's admirable *History of the United States*.

³ A messenger, with a dispatch from Washington, reached Philadelphia at midnight. Soon the watchmen in the streets cried, 'Past twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken.' Before dawn the exulting people filled the streets; and at an early hour Secretary Thompson read that cheering letter to the assembled Congress. Then that august body went in procession to a temple of the living God—Oct. 24th, 1781—and there joined in public thanksgivings to the King of kings for the great victory. They also resolved that a marble column should be erected at Yorktown, to commemorate the event; and that two stands of colors should be presented to Washington, and two pieces of cannon to each of the French commanders, Rochambeau and De Grasse.—Lossing's *History of the United States*, p. 342.

When the letters of Washington, announcing the capitulation, reached Congress, that body, with the people streaming in their train, went in procession to the Dutch Lutheran Church, to return thanks to Almighty God. Every breast swelled with joy. In the evening Philadelphia was illuminated with greater splendor than at any time before. Congress voted honors to Washington, to Rochambeau, and to De Grasse, with special thanks to the officers and troops. A marble column was to be erected at Yorktown, with emblems of the alliance between the United States and his most Christian Majesty.¹—Bancroft, vol. x. p. 523.



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for the foe had been humbled. The right of man to self-government had been triumphantly asserted, and the battles of the American Revolution had all been fought.

Disbanding of the Continental Army.—Two events portending serious evils now occurred. The American army was, of course, to be disbanded. This had been found one of the most hazardous and difficult steps for a nation to take at any period. Officers long accustomed to command, and soldiers who generally become corrupt and vicious in the licentiousness of war, and the idleness of the camp, have a disinclination to return to the arts of peace and the pursuits of industry.

The arrears of the army had not yet been paid by Congress, and discontent from this cause was on the point of breaking out into sedition. The army was lying at Newburg, when it was discovered that a plot was on foot to march to the national Capitol, and demand justice from Congress, with arms in their hands. This plot would have been executed had not Washington discovered it in time, and offered such monitions to its leaders as no other man could give. He pledged himself to write to Congress on their behalf, if they would abandon their design, and he fulfilled his promise. Congress acted with promptness and efficiency. Half pay had been pledged, but it was commuted to full pay for five years. Everything was wisely and well done, and the American army was peacefully disbanded.

The Crown offered to Washington.—About the same time, a general of the army and some of his associates in the campaigns of the Revolution, after long and frequent conferences together, addressed a letter to Washington, persuading him to encourage the establishment of a monarchy, of which he was to be the head. There was no treason or treachery in this. Men's ideas at that time were by no means so democratic as they are now. Accustomed, as the colonists had been, to wild and rude forms of liberty, no considerable portion of the American people were fully prepared for the immediate adoption of such forms of government, or the enactment of such statutes as have since become inevitable wherever new American States have sprung into existence. It should never be forgotten that when the colonists first took up arms against the throne, they did not contemplate the sovereignty and independence of these States. They limited their purposes solely to resistance to aggression on their civil rights as British subjects. It was only after much American blood had been spilt by the soldiers of George III., that the country was prepared for severing all connection between the colonies and the crown; and now that the Revolution was over, and men began to turn their thoughts to the form of government which should be adopted, there were very few Americans whose ideas were matured enough to adopt a system of government like the one under which the Union was at last founded. Monarchical notions and prejudices still prevailed; and it may be somewhat doubtful whether a monarchical form might not have been adopted in substance, had Washington thrown his influence in that direction. History was full of pre-

cedents to justify him in such a course; for, from Cæsar to Cromwell, the leaders of nations, who had achieved great glory or independence, had almost invariably grasped at monarchical power, under the pretext of preserving what had been won, or of gratifying the feelings of their countrymen. I therefore think we should attach more importance than some have, to the fact that from the moment this suggestion was made to Washington, he not only refused his concurrence, but immediately replied that 'he viewed such ideas with abhorrence, and he must reprehend them with severity.'¹ From that moment the thought was no longer entertained by a human being; and although Europeans regarded this refusal of a throne as a most wonderful display of modesty and patriotism, yet no man who comprehends the character of Washington, supposes it ever could have been possible for him, even for a moment, to entertain the idea of accepting, much less usurping regal power.

SECTION SEVENTH.

PEACE.

How the News of the Surrender of Cornwallis was received in Europe.—

"The Duke de Lauzun, chosen to take the news across the Atlantic, arrived in twenty-two days at Brest, and reached Versailles on the nineteenth of November. The king, who had just been made happy by the birth of a dauphin, received the glad news in the queen's apartment. The very last sands of the life of Count de Maurepas were running out; but he could still recognize de Lauzun, and the tidings threw a halo round his death-bed. The joy at Court penetrated the whole people, and the name of Lafayette was pronounced with veneration. 'History,' said Vergennes, 'offers few examples of a success so complete.' 'All the world agree,' wrote Franklin to Washington, 'that no expedition was ever better planned, or better executed. It brightens the glory that must accompany your name to the latest posterity.'

"The first tidings of the surrender of Cornwallis reached England from France about noon on the twenty-fifth of November. 'It is all over,' said Lord North many times, under the deepest agitation and distress.² Fox—to whom, in reading history, the defeats of armies of invaders, from Xerxes' time downwards, gave the greatest satisfaction—heard of the capitulation of Yorktown with wild delight. He hoped that it might become the principle of all

¹ 'Sir,' said he, in reply to the officer through whom the communication was sent, with a mixture of surprise and astonishment, 'I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence, and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am at much loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not de-

ceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable.

'Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself or any one else a sentiment of the like nature.

'I am, Sir, &c.,

'GEORGE WASHINGTON.'

² Lord George Germain said that Lord North received the intelligence 'as he would have done a cannonball in his breast.' He paced the room, throwing his arms wildly about, and kept exclaiming, 'O God! it is all over, it is all over!'—*Lossing's Hist. U. S.*, p. 345.

mankind, that power resting on armed force is invidious, detestable, weak, and tottering. The official report from Sir Henry Clinton was received the same day at midnight. When on the following Tuesday, Parliament came together, the speech of the king was confused, the debates in the two houses argued an impending change in the opinion of Parliament, and the majority of the ministry was reduced to eighty-seven. A fortnight later the motion of Sir James Lowther, to give up 'all further attempts to reduce the revolted colonies,' was well received by the members from the country, and the majority of the ministry after a very long and animated debate, dwindled to forty-one. The city of London entreated the king to put an end to 'this unnatural and unfortunate war.' Such, too, was the wish of public meetings in Westminster, in Southwark, and in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey. The House of Commons employed the recess in grave reflection. The chimes of the Christmas bells had hardly died away when the king wrote, as stubbornly as ever: 'No difficulties can get me to consent to the getting of peace at the expense of a separation from America.'

"Yet Lord George Germain was compelled to retire ingloriously from the Cabinet. It was sought to palliate his disgrace with a peerage; but as he crossed the threshold of the House of Lords, he was met by the unsparing reprobation of his career of cowardice and blindly selfish incapacity."¹

Lord Shelbourne's Letter to Franklin, preliminary to Negotiations for Peace.—London, 6th April, 1782.—Dear Sir: I have been favored with your letter, and I am much obliged by your remembrance. I find myself returned nearly to the same situation which you remember me to have occupied nineteen years ago; and I should be very glad to talk to you as I did then, and afterwards in 1767, upon the means of promoting the happiness of mankind, a subject much more agreeable to my nature than the best concerted plans for spreading misery and devastation. I have had a high opinion of the compass of your mind, and of your foresight. I have often been beholden to both, and shall be glad to be so again, as far as is compatible with your situation. Your letter, discovering the same disposition, has made me send to you Mr. Oswald. I have had a longer acquaintance with him than even with you. I believe him an honorable man, and after consulting some of our common friends, I have thought him the fittest for the purpose. He is a pacifical man, and conversant in those negotiations which are most interesting to mankind. This has made me prefer him to any of our speculative friends, or to any person of high rank. He is fully apprised of my mind, and you may give full credit to anything he assures you of. At the same time, if any other channel occurs to you, I am ready to embrace it. I wish to retain the same simplicity and good faith which subsisted between us in transactions of less importance.

'SHELBOURNE.'

The Resolution for Peace in Parliament carried, February 27th, 1782.—'The day following Edmund Burke wrote to Franklin: 'I congratulate you as

¹ Bancroft, vol. x. p. 523-525.

the friend of America ; I trust not as the enemy of England ; I am sure as the friend of mankind ; the resolution of the House of Commons, carried in a very full house, was, I think, the opinion of the whole. I trust it will lead to a speedy peace between the two branches of the English nation.'

George the Third's Feelings.—"The king kept his sorrows as well as he could, pent up in his own breast, but his mind was 'truly torn to pieces' by the inflexible resolve of the House of Commons to stop the war in America. He blamed them for having lost the feelings of Englishmen. Moreover, he felt keenly 'the cruel usage of all the powers of Europe,' of whom every one adhered to the principles of the armed neutrality, and every great one but Spain, desired the perfect emancipation of the United States."¹

Preliminary Articles to a Treaty of Peace signed at Versailles, November 30, 1782.—With the expectation of soon receiving overtures, Congress clothed with powers of negotiation, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, John Jay, and Henry J. Laurens, who had already acted as the American agents in Europe. As the further prosecution of the war had been rendered impossible in consequence of the public feeling in Great Britain, the ministry signified their willingness to open negotiations for peace ;² and on the 30th of November, 1782, preliminary articles were signed at Versailles, on the basis of the final treaty, which was not executed until the following September, it being necessary for England to adjust her affairs with France, who had been a party to the war. During the preceding April, John Adams had procured from Holland the recognition of our independence. On the 8th of the following October he negotiated a treaty of amity and commerce, and rendered an immense service to his country by procuring, soon after, a considerable loan, which replenished the exhausted American treasury, and enabled the government to begin to recover from its deep financial prostration.

Proclamation of Peace.—On the 19th of April, just eight years after the battle of Lexington, which sounded the tocsin of the Revolution, peace was proclaimed by Washington, from the head-quarters of the American army. In the general orders cessation of hostilities was to be proclaimed at noon on the following day, and read in the evening at the head of every regiment and corps of the army, 'after which, the chaplains with the several brigades

¹ Bancroft, vol. x. p. 533.

² *The Treaty of Peace, November 30, 1782.*—"On the twenty-ninth, Strachey, Oswald, and Fitzherbert, on the one side, and Jay, Franklin, Adams, and, for the first time, Laurens, on the other, came together for their last word, at the apartments of Jay. The American commissioners agreed that there should be no future confiscations nor prosecutions of loyalists ; that all pending prosecutions should be discontinued ; and that Congress should recommend to the several States and their legislatures, on behalf of the refugees, amnesty, and the restitution of their confiscated property."

³ "On the thirtieth, the commissioners of both countries signed and sealed fair copies of the convention."

"Friends of Franklin gathered around him, and as the Duke of Rochefoucauld kissed him for joy, "My friend," said Franklin, "could I have hoped at such an age to have enjoyed so great happiness."

"For the United States the war, which began by an encounter with a few husbandmen embattled on Lexington Green, ended with their independence, and possession of all the country from the St. Croix to the southwestern Mississippi, from the Lake of the Woods to the St. Mary. In time past republics have been confined to cities and their dependencies, or to small cantons ; and the United States avowed themselves able to fill a continental territory with commonwealths."

Bancroft, vol. x. pp. 589-592.

will render thanks to Almighty God for all his mercies, particularly for his overruling the wrath of man to his own glory, and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations.' 'The generous task for which we first flew to arms being accomplished; the liberties of our country being fully acknowledged, and firmly secured, and the characters of those who have persevered through every extremity of hardship, suffering, and danger being immortalized by the illustrious appellation of *the patriot army*, nothing now remains, but for the actors of this mighty scene to preserve a perfect unvarying consistency of character through the very last act, to close the drama with applause, and to retire from the military theatre¹ with the same approbation of angels and men which has crowned all their former virtuous actions.'

The Foreign Invaders leave the Soil.—The British troops began their march from the interior, and clustered along the coast, preparatory to their embarkation for England. Finally, on the 25th of November, the British army evacuated New York. While they were going on board their ships which lay in the bay, the patriot troops entered the city amidst universal rejoicings.²

Washington's Parting with his Officers.—The time now came for Washington to perform a final act, which completed the sublime unity of his character, and the perfection of his fame. On the 4th of December he parted from his officers at New York amidst scenes of tenderness and grief which have seldom been witnessed, where subalterns have bid adieu to their military chieftain. In his *Life of Washington*, Irving thus speaks: "In the course of

¹ In a letter from Washington to Congress on the eve of his proclaiming peace to the army, we find the spirit of the true soldier in the affection he expressed for his comrades. 'One suggestion of his letter is expressive of his strong sympathy with the patriot soldier, and his knowledge of what formed a matter of pride with the poor fellows who had served and suffered under him. He urged that, in discharging those who had been engaged 'for the war,' the non-commissioned officers and soldiers should be allowed to take with them, as their own property, and as a gratuity, their arms and accoutrements. 'This act,' observes he, 'would raise pleasing sensations in the minds of these worthy and faithful men, who, from their early engaging in the war at moderate bounties, and from their patient continuance under innumerable distresses, have not only deserved nobly of their country, but have obtained an honorable distinction over those who, with shorter terms, have gained large pecuniary rewards. This, at a comparatively small expense, would be deemed an honorable testimonial from Congress of the regard they bear to these distinguished worthies, and the sense they have of their suffering, virtues, and services. . . .

² These constant companions of their toils, preserved with sacred attention, would be handed down from the present possessors to their children as honorary badges of bravery and military merit; and would probably be brought forth on some future occasion with pride and exultation, to be improved with the same military ardor and emulation in the hands of posterity, as they have been used by their forefathers in the present establishment and foundation of our national independence and glory.'—Irving's *Life of Washington*, pp. 421, 422.

³ Some notice should be taken of the founding SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI:—

⁴ A few months before the final disbanding of the army, many of the officers then at Newburg, on the Hudson, met (June 19, 1783), at the head-quarters of the Baron Steuben, situated about two miles from the

Fishkill Ferry, and there formed an association which they named the SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI. The chief objects of the society were to promote cordial friendship and indissoluble union among themselves; to commemorate by frequent reunions, the great struggle they had just passed through; to use their best endeavors for the promotion of human liberty; to cherish good feeling between the respective States; and to extend benevolent aid to those of the society whose circumstances might require it. They formed a General Society and elected Washington its first president. They also made provision for the formation of auxiliary State societies. To perpetuate the association, it was provided in the constitution, that the eldest male descendant of an original member should be entitled to bear the ORDER and enjoy the privileges of the society. The ORDER consists of a gold eagle, suspended upon a ribbon, on the breast of which is a medallion with a device representing Cincinnatus receiving the Roman senators.³—Lossing's *Hist. U. S.*, pp. 352, 353.

³ 'The British army evacuated the city of New York on the 25th of November, 1783. With their departure, went forever, the last instrument of royal power in these United States. On the morning of that day, a cold, frosty, but clear and brilliant morning—the American troops, under General Knox, who had come down from West Point and encamped at Harlem, marched to the Bowery Lane, and halted at the present junction of Third Avenue and the Bowery. Knox was accompanied by George Clinton, the governor of the State of New York, with all the principle officers. They there remained until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when the British left their posts in that vicinity and marched to Whitehall. The American troops followed, and before three o'clock General Knox took formal possession of Fort George, amid the acclamations of thousands of emancipated freemen, and the roar of artillery upon the battery.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 350, 351.

a few days, Washington prepared to depart for Annapolis, where Congress was assembling, with the intention of asking leave to resign his command. A barge was in waiting about noon on the 4th of December, at Whitehall ferry, to convey him across the Hudson to Paulus Hook. The principal officers of the army assembled at Frances' Tavern, in the neighborhood of the ferry, to take a final leave of him. On entering the room, and finding himself surrounded by his old companions in arms, who had shared with him so many scenes of hardship, difficulty, and danger, his agitated feelings overcame his usual self-command. Filling a glass of wine, and turning upon them his benignant but saddened countenance, 'With a heart full of love and gratitude,' said he, 'I now take leave of you, most devotedly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' Having drunk this farewell benediction, he added, with emotion, 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but I will be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, who was the nearest, was the first to advance. Washington, affected even to tears, grasped him by his hand, and gave him a brother's embrace. In the same affectionate manner he took leave severally of the rest. Not a word was spoken. The deep feeling and manly tenderness of these veterans in the parting moment, could not find utterance in words. Silent and solemn they followed their loved commander as he left the room, passed through a corps of light infantry, and proceeded on foot to Whitehall ferry. Having entered the barge he turned to them, took off his hat and waved a final adieu. They replied in the same manner, and having watched the barge until the intervening point of the Battery shut it from sight, returned still solemn and silent to the place where they had assembled."¹

Washington resigns his Commission, December 23, 1783.—Having made known his intention to resign his commission as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, Washington proceeded to Annapolis² where Congress was then in session. A day was set apart with every sign of respect for the solemn business to be transacted. The chamber was crowded with illustrious men from foreign countries, veterans of the Revolution, and distinguished citizens, who had flocked together from every quarter, to witness the simple but imposing ceremony. After the preliminary proceedings were over, the President announced to General Washington that Congress was prepared to receive from him any communication he deemed proper to make. The great man rose, and with that modesty which so eminently distinguished him, uttered the following words:

'MR. PRESIDENT: The great events on which my resignation depended,

¹ Vol. iv. p. 440.

² In speaking of this journey from New York to Annapolis, where he was to resign his commission, Irving says: 'In passing through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, the scenes of his anxious and precarious campaigns, Washington was everywhere hailed with enthusiasm by the people, and greeted by ad-

resses by legislative assemblies and learned and religious institutions. He accepted them all with the modesty inherent in his nature, little thinking that this present popularity was but the early outbreking of a fame that was to go on widening and deepening from generation to generation, and extending over the whole civilized world.'—Irving's *Ibid.*, p. 422.

having at length taken place, I now have the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

‘Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task; which however was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

‘The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

‘While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

‘I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them, to His holy keeping.

‘Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.’¹

He laid his commission upon the table, and handed his sword to the President. The deepest emotions shook every bosom, and when the chief-tain sat down, he was hailed as the CINCINNATUS OF THE NEW WORLD. He shortly after retired to his home on the banks of the Potomac, with an ampler and more enduring fame, than had ever followed a political deliverer to his retirement.

¹ Few tragedies ever drew so many tears from so many beautiful eyes as the moving manner in which his Excellency took his final leave of Congress.—Editor of *The Maryland Gazette*.

SECTION EIGHTH.

UNDER THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION.

HERE for a while we leave the Cincinnatus of the New World, on his way to Mount Vernon, his heart filled with irrepressible longings for the home he had visited but once during an eight-years' war, and then only when it lay directly on his way to Yorktown, with Count Rochambeau, who for a few hours became his guest.

We must glance very rapidly over the next six years, for they witnessed few stirring events. During this period, the States were held together, as they had been since 1777, by THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION, which, although they secured for the time all the objects they were intended to promote, could not promise for the future security, union, or repose. The time which elapsed from the peace of '83 to the adoption of the Federal Constitution in '89, was occupied by the nation chiefly in the patient work of recovering from the devastations and consequent embarrassments of a protracted war. In the life of our nation, this period resembles those days of listlessness and repose, which prevail in camps after great victories, rather than the activity and collisions which often attend the establishment of new forms of government.

The Colonies had achieved their independence, and for a while were satisfied with the liberty they had won. It was long before they clearly perceived, and profoundly felt, the necessity of consolidating institutions which would secure to them and their children the enjoyment of their great heritage. This is by no means to be regretted; for such institutions as they established never could have been the work of an hour. They were the fruit of vast political experience, and the maturest reflection. They have excited the astonishment of the world, and been studied and admired most profoundly by the greatest statesmen who have lived since. Charles James Fox¹ and Napoleon Bonaparte, regarded the American Constitution as the wisest system of civil government that had ever been established; nor are we

¹ Dealing, as we are, with the utmost brevity on nearly all subjects glanced at in this history, we should reluctantly omit to pay a passing tribute to the great services which Charles James Fox rendered to the cause of American liberty while the Revolution was in progress, and after it had reached its successful consummation. Fox was, beyond question, among the most enlightened and sagacious of British statesmen. In depth of heart, and apparent earnestness of conviction, he was so distinguished that he won the attention and confidence of the world. As a statesman, he was characterized by great forecast and comprehension, and was one of the first men to give permanent impulses to the popular tendencies and elements inherent in the British system of government: while by his ability and eloquence he contributed largely to the vindication of these tendencies and elements. He did more than any other man to neutralize the will of the king in matters of government, and establish the constitution of the empire on its true parliamentary basis. The constitution of Great Britain is historical. It is to be found in the records of England for a thousand years. Its great landmarks are in the Magna Charta, extorted from

King John, and a long succession of acts of Parliament. The principles of liberty have been brought out and asserted, from time to time, in the memorable proceedings of the Parliament. These transactions and enactments constitute the great lights which illuminate the history of civil liberty. The powerlessness of a British monarch has passed into a proverb—he is little more than a magnificent pageant in a great system. Fox developed perspicuously these ideas, and made them familiar to the public mind; although they seemed strange things on their first announcement.

Fox contended vigorously and consistently against the extreme views of the king and of the high Tory party; and in the great change in the regal part of the British Government, he certainly had a predominant agency. Even when he failed to get a majority on his side, he generally succeeded in establishing a precedent. Moreover, his mind is this day shaping the course of British statesmanship. Fox's views on the American question at last prevailed, and thus his opponents were compelled to acknowledge that he had been right all the time.—*Essay on the Statesmanship of Charles James Fox*, by C. Edwards Lester. 1850.

aware that any public man of eminence in any nation, has called that judgment in question. Of what other system can this be said?

The Articles of Confederation.—It is not necessary to reprint them. They were agreed to by the délegates of the thirteen original States, in Congress assembled, on the 15th of November, 1777. They were ratified by eight States on the 9th of July, 1778; and finally, by all the States on the 1st of March, 1781, according to the dates which are affixed against their names, as given below. The binding clause at the close of the articles was as follows:—

And Whereas, It hath pleased the Great Governor of the World to incline the hearts of the legislatures we respectfully represent in Congress, to approve of, and to authorize us to ratify the said articles of confederation and perpetual union: know ye that we, the undersigned delegates, by virtue of the power and authority to us given for that purpose, do by these presents, in the name, and in behalf of our respective constituents, fully and entirely ratify and confirm each and every of the said articles of confederation and perpetual union, and all and singular the matters and things therein contained. And we do further solemnly plight and engage the faith of our respective constituents, that they shall abide by the determination of the United States, in Congress assembled, on all questions which by the said confederation are submitted to them; and that the articles thereof shall be inviolably observed by the States we respectfully represent, and that the union shall be perpetual. In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands in Congress. Done at Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, the 9th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1778, and in the third year of the Independence of America.

Josiah Bartlett,	John Wentworth, jun., August 8th, 1778.	} On the part and behalf of the State of New Hampshire.
John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Elbridge Gerry,	Francis Dana, James Lowell, Samuel Holten,	} On the part and behalf of the State of Massachusetts Bay.
William Ellery, Henry Marchant,	John Collins,	} On the part and behalf of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.
Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, Oliver Wolcott,	Titus Hosmer, Andrew Adams,	} On the part and behalf of the State of Connecticut.
James Duane, Francis Lewis,	William Duer, Gouverneur Morris,	} On the part and behalf of the State of New York.
John Witherspoon,	Nathaniel Scudder,	} On the part and behalf of the State of New Jersey, No- vember 26th, 1772.
Robt. Morris, Daniel Roberdean, Jona. Bayard Smith,	William Clingan, Joseph Reed, 22d July, 1778.	} On the part and behalf of the State of Pennsylvania.
Tho. M'Kean, Feb. 12, 1779, John Dickenson, May 5, 1779.	Nicholas Van Dyke,	} On the part and behalf of the State of Delaware.

John Hanson, March 1st, 1781,	Daniel Carroll, March 1st, 1781.	} On the part and behalf of the } State of Maryland.
Richard Henry Lee, John Banister, Thomas Adams,	Jno. Harvie, Francis Lightfoot Lee,	} On the part and behalf of the } State of Virginia.
John Penn, July 21st, 1778,	Cornelius Harnett, Jno. Williams,	} On the part and behalf of the } State of North Carolina.
Henry Laurens, William Henry Drayton, John Matthews,	Richard Hutson, Thos. Heyward, jun.,	} On the part and behalf of the } State of South Carolina.
Jonas Walton, 24th July, 1778,	Edwd. Telfair, Edwd. Langworthy,	} On the part and behalf of the } State of Georgia.

‘The times that tried men’s souls are over,’ wrote the author of ‘Common Sense,’ and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew is gloriously and happily accomplished . . . That which . . . renders easy all inferior concerns is the Union of the States . . . I ever feel myself hurt when I hear the Union—that great palladium of our liberty and safety—the least irreverently spoken of. It is the most sacred thing in the Constitution of America, and that which every man should be the most proud and tender of. Our citizenship in the United States, is our national character. Our citizenship in any particular State, is only our local distinction. By the latter, we are known at home; by the former to the world. Our great title is Americans; our inferior one, varies with the place.’¹

“The times of trial were by no means over. To construct the Republican Government, represented by the press as easy, proved the hardest of work. On the return of peace, the need of it was more painfully felt than ever. The great Minister of Finance, Robert Morris, engaged in mighty labors, wrote: ‘The necessity of strengthening our confederacy, providing for our debts, and forming some Federal Constitution, begins to be most seriously felt. But unfortunately for America, the narrow and illiberal prejudices of some have taken such deep root, that it must be difficult, and may prove impracticable to remove them.’”²

The Evils of a mere Confederacy.—They at last became intolerable. The country was falling into inanition—bordering on anarchy. In the presence of a foreign enemy, the nation was willing to submit to the edicts of the Continental Congress. But now its recommendations were unheeded. The treasury was empty, and there was no national authority to impose taxation to replenish it. Our European debt, principal and interest, remained unpaid. We had indeed achieved our Independence, but we had established no government. The conviction became universal that a great work had still to be done. The nation woke up to achieve it.

¹ *The Last Crisis*, No. xiii.

² Frothingham’s *Rise of the Republic*, p. 383.

SECTION NINTH.

THE ADOPTION OF THE NATIONAL CONSTITUTION.

The Constitutional Convention.—Its delegates had been elected and summoned to meet at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, on the 14th of May, 1787; and on that day the Fathers of the Republic began to gather around the old national altar on which the fires of liberty were still burning.

Washington unanimously elected to preside over its Deliberations.—Only one other man could have been thought of: but Franklin had now grown old, and ‘he desired to see his friend, George Washington, Esquire, take the chair.’ It was declared to be the unanimous desire of the Assembly. Mr. Madison tells us that after being escorted to the seat, ‘he thanked the Convention in a very emphatic manner for the honor they had conferred on him; reminded them of the novelty of the scene of business in which he was to act; lamented his want of better qualifications, and claimed the indulgence of the house toward the involuntary errors which his inexperience might occasion.’ “A majority of the States not having been represented in the beginning, those present had adjourned from day to day until the twenty-fifth, when Washington was called on to preside. Sixty-five delegates had been chosen; ten, however, did not take their seats. The credentials, generally, were like those of Virginia, which named as the object, to devise ‘such further provisions as may be necessary to render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of the Union.’”

‘The members were identified with the heroic and wise counsels of the Revolution. The venerable Franklin had been in the Albany Convention, and now, at eighty-one, was the President of Pennsylvania. Johnson, of Connecticut, Rutledge, of South Carolina, and Dickinson were in the Stamp Act Congress. Seven of the delegates were in the Congress of 1774. Eight of them signed the Declaration of Independence, one of whom, James Wilson, was next to Madison in ability, culture, and preparation for the work before them. Eighteen were then members of Congress, and only twelve had not been members of that body. Among the great men who were elected, but declined, were Richard Caswell and Patrick Henry. The delegates most distinguished by revolutionary service, were Langdon, Gerry, Sherman, Livingston, Read, Mifflin, Morris, Clymer, Wilson, Mason, Wythe, Rutledge, Randolph, the two Pinckneys, Madison, Hamilton, Dickinson, Franklin, and Washington. Of those who were destined to be widely known, were Rufus King, Caleb Strong, Nathaniel Gorham, Oliver Ellsworth, Jared Ingersoll, and James McHenry. This roll of names marks the rank of this Assembly as to intellect, character, experience, and patriotism.’¹

¹ Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic*, pp. 589, 590.

It was proposed, at first, merely to amend the Articles of Confederation under which the national government had till that time been administered ; but after consultation and debate it was decided to throw aside the old system altogether, and proceed to the business of forming a Constitution. This Convention, which will forever be known as that of THE FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION, embraced almost every really great man in the nation who could be spared from our foreign service, or the administration of the local affairs of the States.

The Difficulties to Overcome.—Very few men of our times have any adequate conception, either how numerous or how great were the obstacles the Framers of the Constitution had to contend with. They were almost invincible, and they sometimes appeared quite so. In fact, at one time, the chances of Union were so small, that several members proposed a final adjournment. At this momentous crisis Dr. Franklin rose and said :—“ In this situation of the Assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark, to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us,—how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understandings ? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard,—and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle, must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace, on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend ? or do we imagine we do no longer need His assistance ? I have lived, Sir, a long time ; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth,—*that God governs in the affairs of men.* And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid ? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that ‘ except the Lord build the house ; they labor in vain that build it.’ I firmly believe this ; and I also believe that, without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel ; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests ; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And, what is worse,—mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, or leave it to chance, war, and conquest.”

The veteran Christian philosopher then moved that ‘ Henceforth prayers imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning, before we proceed to business.’ The resolution was adopted ; clergymen were invited to officiate ; greater harmony prevailed in the Convention ; and so visible was the guidance of illuminated wisdom from that hour, that the most skeptical were confounded, while

the hearts of the despairing began to beat to new inspirations of hope. The founders went straight forward to the glorious termination of their labors.¹

A New Creation of Statesmanship.—Wise and patriotic as these men were, they could not all see alike; and from diversity of education, habits, prejudices, and original endowments, wide differences in opinion about government might have been expected to prevail. But there was a still more efficient cause for difference. The members of that Convention were *creating a government of a new order among men*, and they derived less light or aid than is generally supposed from the free States of antiquity, or of modern times. The Confederations, so called, of the Greek States, the Italian Leagues, or the German States, offered few or no precedents to guide them. Theirs was a work of *creation*, and not of *imitation*. It seemed not only difficult, but impossible, to clothe a Federal Government with authority enough to embrace the attributes necessary to the administration of supreme power, without impairing the independence and sovereignty of the separate States. Strictly speaking, it was impossible. But the Constitution was framed upon principles of fair compromise and wise adjustment: and powers as definitely described, and as nicely and equitably adjusted as possible, were given to the Central Government; and they have been found, on a discreet and dispassionate construction of the Constitution, to allow the sovereignty of each State to remain entire for all practical purposes, while the National Government has been enabled to move on quietly in peace—irresistible in war.² Its founders intended to construct a government strong enough to protect itself, and secure the rights of all its citizens: and as Webster said, it made every provision for such modifications as experience might call for,—none whatever for its subversion.

‘The Convention was occupied for nearly four months—May 25 to Sept. 17—in its great labor. Its sessions were held with closed doors; secrecy was enjoined, no member being even allowed to copy from its journal; and little transpired of its proceedings until its adjournment. Its journal was intrusted to the keeping of Washington, who deposited it in the State Department. It was printed by direction of Congress in 1818. Robert Yates, one of the members from New York, made short notes of the debates in the earlier sessions, which were printed in 1821; and Madison took short-hand notes of each day’s doings, which he wrote out daily. They were printed in 1840. Luther Martin, in a remarkable letter addressed to the legislature of Mary-

¹ During this period Franklin made his well-known impressive speech, on introducing a motion that prayers be said in the Convention. In another characteristic speech on the wide diversity of opinion, he said that when a broad table is to be made, and the edges of planks do not fit, the artist takes a little from both and makes a good joint. In like manner, here both sides must part with some of their demands, in order that they may join in some accommodating proposition. The work of healing commenced when the compromise was agreed to, fixing the basis of representation by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to serve for a term of years, excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons, and

giving to each State one representative for every forty thousand inhabitants, and to each State an equal vote in the Senate.—Frothingham’s *Rise of the Republic*, pp. 592, 593.

² De Tocqueville, among foreigners, perhaps understood this matter best; while Marshall, Story, Webster, Kent, and Curtis have given those interpretations which have settled permanently the letter and spirit of our written Constitution. No reader will suspect me—least of all in a work of this kind—of attempting to enter into any disquisition on this subject. I only accept as final the teachings of the mighty jurists I have reverently named.

land, gave important information concerning the Convention. These and other authentic materials¹ furnish nearly a complete view of the process by which the Constitution for the United States was matured.²

The Three inevitable Parties among Men.—As might have been clearly foreseen, that great body embraced the three parties into which men will always be divided in free governments,—the same lines, in fact, which divide men in the whole system of social life : lines cut by nature, and never effaced by time. The *first*, those who advocated a very strong central government, invested with more power and authority than might consist with the exercise of the first attributes of independence in the States. They were called *Federalists*.³ Hamilton was their leader. The *second* party was made up of men who advocated somewhat extreme views of State sovereignty, and who were jealous of a strong central government. They were known as *Anti-Federalists* at the time ; but soon after, they called themselves the Republican Party. This party was headed by Jefferson, and sixteen years later it carried him to the presidency, and maintained him there with increasing influence for two presidential terms. A large number of the members of the Convention, however, held moderate opinions in regard to these matters ; and after protracted, profound, and learned discussions, they succeeded in moderating the views of the other two parties to such an extent, that there was great harmony in the adoption of the principles and policy which lie at the bottom of the Constitution.⁴ The Convention was aware that the colonial

¹ Elliott's Debates, ed. 1866, i. 121-123, contains an account of these materials. This work is an invaluable repository of the papers connected with the formation of the Constitution.

² Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic*, pp. 590, 591.

³ FEDERALISTS.—A political party in the United States who claimed to be the peculiar friends of the Constitution and of the Federal government. Their opponents, the Republicans, they called Anti-Federalists, and charged them to a certain extent with hostility to, or distrust of, the United States Constitution and the general government. The Republicans, however, strenuously denied the truth of these charges. The Federalist party was formed in 1788. Its most distinguished leaders were Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Jay, and Marshall ; and the leading Federalist States were Massachusetts and Connecticut, supported generally, though not uniformly, by the rest of New England ; while Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Burr, George Clinton, and Gallatin led the opposition. In the contests of the French revolution the Federalists leaned to the side of England, the Republicans to that of France. The former were defeated in the Presidential election of 1800, when the Republican candidates were elected—Jefferson, President, and Burr, Vice-President. Their opposition to the war of 1812, and, above all, the calling of the Hartford Convention, completed their destruction as a national party. In 1816, Monroe, the Republican candidate for President, received the electoral votes of all the States with the exception of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware, which gave 34 votes against him, while from the other States he received 183. At the next election, in 1820, the Federalist party was disbanded, Monroe receiving every electoral vote except one.—*American Cyclopædia*, vol. vii. p. 108. 1874.

⁴ The final remarks of Franklin in the Convention show the broad national spirit which actuated the whole body ; while they strikingly display the leading traits of Franklin's character,—his liberality, practical wisdom, and spirit of compromise :—

⁵ Sir, I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults, —if they are such—because I think a general Government necessary for us, and there is no form of Government but what may be a blessing to the People, if well administered ; and I believe further, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other. I doubt, too, whether any other convention we can obtain may be able to make a better Constitution. For, when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected ? It therefore astonishes me, sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does ; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear that our counsels are confounded, like those of the builders of Babel, and that our States are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting one another's throats.

⁶ Thus, I consent, sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that this is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us, in returning to his constituents, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavor to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favor among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficacy of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on opinion.—on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of

experience of the States had made them jealous of the power of a strong central government, and that they would be keenly sensitive on this subject.

*The First Slavery Trouble.*¹—But a more formidable difficulty perhaps existed in the adjustment of the slavery question. There were upwards of six hundred thousand slaves—chiefly in the Southern States—at the time the Constitution was framed. Thus early did this always-irritating question obtrude itself upon legislative attention; and then, as ever, its discussion was attended by frequent and deep irritation. Local prejudices and sectional feelings are the most dangerous and difficult obstructions to the union and prosperity of confederated commonwealths; and we may trace to them the dismemberment of many powerful empires. In the Northern States slavery existed in so mild a form, and the number of the slaves was so inconsiderable, that there was a jealousy among the northern members of the Convention against allowing the slave population to be taken into consideration as a basis for taxation or representation in the national government. At one time things went so far that the best friends of the Union despaired of the result; but, at length, a compromise was settled on, by which, in fixing the quota of taxation and representation, the entire body of slaves was allowed to come in, in the proportion of three-fifths for every constituency; so that in the national government five slaves were reckoned as three white citizens. There was, moreover, another clause—Section II. Article IV.—which pledged the public faith to the rendition of fugitive slaves. Without this clause it is not believed the South would have come into the Union. It was on this ground that Daniel Webster, the ablest exponent of the Constitution that has lived, gave his hearty assent to the reaffirmation of this clause when it became necessary to embrace it in the Compromise Measures of 1850. ‘I find it,’ said he, ‘in the Constitution of the United States, and I am prepared to abide by it.’

The great Work completed.—The framers of the Constitution had at last completed their great work,² and it was sent forth for the adoption of the

its governors. I hope, therefore, that, for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution, wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavors to the means of having it well administered.

¹ *Views of Jefferson and Washington on Negro Slavery, in 1782.*—In May, 1782, just thirteen years after Jefferson had brought in a bill giving power of unconditional emancipation to the masters of slaves, the measure was adopted by the Legislature of Virginia. Under this act more slaves received their freedom than were liberated in Pennsylvania or in Massachusetts. Even had light broken in on Jefferson's mind through the gloom in which the subject was involved for him, Virginia would not have accepted from him a plan for making Virginia a free commonwealth; but there is no evidence that he ever reconciled himself to the idea of emancipated black men living side by side with white men as equal sharers in political rights and duties and powers. The result of his efforts and reflections he uttered in these ominous forebodings: ‘Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government.’

In bondage to these views, Jefferson was not com-

petent to solve the problem; and so early as 1782, in the helplessness of despair, he dismissed it from his thoughts as a practical question, with these words: ‘I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, that his justice cannot sleep forever. The way, I hope, is preparing, under the auspices of Heaven, for a total emancipation.’

At that time Washington was a kind and considerate master of slaves, without as yet a title to the character of abolitionist. By slow degrees the sentiment grew up in his mind that to hold men in bondage was a wrong; that Virginia should proceed to emancipation by general statute of the State; that if she refused to do so, each individual should act for his own household.—Bancroft, vol. x. pp. 356, 357.

Methodists on Slavery.—It remains to be related, that in the year 1780, the Methodists of the United States, at their general meeting, voted ‘slave-keeping contrary to the laws of God, man, and nature.’—*Ibid.*, vol. x. p. 370.

² All the members signed the Constitution, excepting Edmund Randolph and George Mason, of Virginia, and Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts. Whilst the last members were signing, Franklin, the Nestor of the Assembly, looking towards the President's chair, at the back of which a rising sun happened to be painted, observed to a few members near him, that painters had

States. By some it was adopted without any delay. By others it was long and thoroughly discussed; and although it finally received the concurrence of all, yet it is not to be denied that there was a great lack of unanimity among the citizens of all the States in giving their adhesion to an untried system. There was apprehension lest in its workings, some evils might be discovered which had eluded the eyes of its framers; but the provision which was made in the Constitution itself for subsequent amendments, obviated, in the main, these objections.¹—The Constitution went into effect; all its results have been beneficent. To it we owe all we have of tranquillity at home, and respect and influence abroad. Time has vindicated the political wisdom of its framers, and inspired for them, in the heart of every American, the deepest and most enduring veneration.²

found it difficult to distinguish in their art a rising from a setting sun. 'I have,' said he, 'often and often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the President, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now, at length, I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun.' The instrument was attested in the form submitted by him: 'Done in Convention, by the unanimous consent of the States present, the 17th day of September, in the year of our Lord 1787, and of the Independence of the United States of America the twelfth.'—Frothingham's *Rise of the Republic*, p. 596.

¹ The local legislatures followed the example of Congress. Without expressing any opinion on the Constitution, they called upon the people to choose delegates in the manner in which they chose representatives to meet in Convention and take it into consideration, and report the result to the Congress of the United States. These conventions accordingly were held, and the Constitution and accompanying papers were laid before them. After long debates they voted to ratify the Constitution.—*Ibid.*, p. 599.

More than a year elapsed before the requisite number of States had ratified it. It was done in the following order:—

1787.

DELAWARE, December 7. PENNSYLVANIA, December 12. NEW JERSEY, December 18.

1788.

GEORGIA, January 2. CONNECTICUT, January 9. MASSACHUSETTS, February 6. MARYLAND, April 28. SOUTH CAROLINA, May 23. NEW HAMPSHIRE, June 21. VIRGINIA, June 26. NEW YORK, July 26. NORTH CAROLINA, November 21.

1790.

RHODE ISLAND, May 29.

² The founders of the Republic left it as their dying injunction to cherish the Union. Washington embodied their spirit in his farewell address, in which he presents it as the palladium of political safety and prosperity. Andrew Jackson gave expression to the determined will of the nation in the terse sentiment spoken at the right time, 'The Federal Union, it must be preserved.' Abraham Lincoln the martyr-president, said that the thousands who died for their country on the late battle-fields gave their lives 'that the nation might live,' and 'that governments of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth.'

In the language of one of these Presidents: "It is not in a splendid government supported by aristocratic establishments that the people will find happiness or their liberties protection; but in a plain system, void of pomp—protecting all and granting favors to none,—dispensing its blessings like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt save in the freshness and beauty they

contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires,—such a one only under which our States may remain for ages to come, united, prosperous, and free."—*Ibid.*, p. 610.

² Thus was the work of the Revolution at length accomplished by the embodiment of the ideas of local self-government and of national union in the Constitution as the organic law, and the establishment of a republican government that met the wants of the nation.

This result was hailed with joy by men of liberal views all over the world. The feeling of this school was expressed by Mackintosh as he wrote: "America has emerged from her struggle into tranquillity and freedom, into affluence and credit: and the authors of her Constitution have constructed a great permanent experimental answer to the sophisms and declarations of the detractors of liberty." Lord Brougham wrote, in 1853, of the effects of the Revolution, with the establishment of this government: "It animated freedom all over the world to resist oppression. It gave an example of a great people not only emancipating themselves, but governing themselves without even a monarch to control or an aristocracy to restrain them; and it demonstrated, for the first time in the history of the world, contrary to all the predictions of statesmen and theories of speculative inquirers, that a great nation, when duly prepared for the task, is capable of self-government; or, in other words, that a purely republican form of government can be formed and maintained in a country of vast extent, peopled by millions of inhabitants."—*Ibid.*, pp. 601–606.

On the 2d of July, 1788, the President of Congress informed that body that he had laid before Congress the ratifications of the Constitution by the conventions of nine States. On that day a committee was appointed to report an act 'for putting the said Constitution into operation.' It was not, however, until the 13th of September that Congress agreed on a plan. The first Wednesday in January was fixed for the appointment of electors; the first Wednesday in February for their meeting to vote for a President; and the first Wednesday in March as the time, and New York as the place, for commencing proceedings under the Constitution.

Accordingly the representatives and senators elect assembled in New York; but it was not until a month after the time appointed that there was a quorum to transact any business.—*Ibid.*, p. 603.

SECTION TENTH.

ADMINISTRATION OF WASHINGTON.

On the 14th of April, 1789, a messenger from the President of the National Congress arrived at Mount Vernon, to announce to General Washington that he had been unanimously chosen the first President of the United States. While he is preparing to resign once more the quiet of a home which had more charms for him than all the blandishments of power or station, let us turn our eyes on the picture which the Potomac farmer draws of the life he had been leading since he retired from the tumults of war. He is writing to Lafayette :—

Life at Mount Vernon.—‘Free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame; the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries—as if this globe was insufficient for us all—and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers.’

In another to the Marchioness, inviting her to America to see the country, young, rude, and uncultivated as it is, for the liberties of which her husband had fought, bled, and acquired much glory, and where everybody admired and loved him, he adds: ‘I am now enjoying domestic ease under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, in a small villa, with the implements of husbandry and lambkins about me. . . . Come, then, let me entreat you, and call my cottage your own; for your doors do not open to you with more readiness than mine would. You will see the plain manner in which we live, and meet with rustic civility; and you shall taste the simplicity of rural life. It will diversify the scene, and may give you a higher relish for the gayeties of the court when you return to Versailles.’

Of the Farmer-life he was leading.—‘The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs,’ he says, in a letter to a friend in England, ‘the better I am pleased with them; insomuch that I can nowhere find so much satisfaction as in these innocent and useful pursuits. While indulging these feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind, is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vainglory that can be

acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquest. How pitiful, in the age of reason and religion, is that false ambition which desolates the world with fire and sword for the purpose of conquest and fame, compared to the milder virtues of making our neighbors and our fellow-men as happy as their frail convictions and perishable natures will permit them to be.'

Irving thus describes the farmer-life of Washington:—'The ornamental cultivation of which we have spoken, was confined to the grounds appertaining to what was called the mansion-house farm; but his estate included four other farms, all lying contiguous, and containing three thousand two hundred and sixty acres; each farm having its bailiff or overseer, with a house for his accommodation, barns and out-house for the produce, and cabins for the negroes. On a general map of the estate, drawn out by Washington himself, these farms were all laid down accurately, and their several fields numbered; he knew the soil and local qualities of each, and regulated the culture of them accordingly.

'In addition to these fine farms there were several hundred acres of fine woodland, so that the estate presented a beautiful diversity of land and water. In the stables, near the mansion-house, were the carriage and saddle-horses, of which he was very choice; on the four farms there were 54 draught-horses, 12 mules, 317 head of black cattle, 360 sheep, and a great number of swine, which ran at large in the wood.

'He now read much on husbandry and gardening, and copied out treatises on those subjects. He corresponded also with the celebrated Arthur Young, from whom he obtained seeds of all kinds, improved plows, plans for laying out farm-yards, and advice on various parts of rural economy.'

'Agriculture,' writes he to him, 'has ever been among the most favored of my amusements. Though I have never possessed much skill in the art, and nine years' total inattention to it has added nothing to a knowledge, which is best understood from practice; but with the means you have been so obliging as to furnish me, I shall return to it, though rather late in the day, with more alacrity than ever.'

In anticipation that he would be called once more from his retirement to preside over the nation, Irving says: "Before the official forms of an election could be carried into operation, a unanimous sentiment throughout the Union pronounced him the nation's choice to fill the presidential chair. He looked forward to the possibility of his election with characteristic modesty and unfeigned reluctance, as his letters to his confidential friends bear witness: 'It has no fascinating allurements for me,' he again writes to Lafayette. 'At my time of life, and under my circumstances, the increasing infirmities of nature, and the growing love of retirement do not permit me to entertain a wish beyond that of living and dying an honest man on my own farm. Let those follow the pursuits of ambition and fame who have a keener relish for them, or who may have more years in store for the enjoyment.'"

Washington's Feelings on leaving Home to enter on the Presidency.—They are best known from an entry in his journal on the evening of the 16th of April, 1789. 'About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, in company with Mr. Thompson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations.'¹

Washington's last Visit to his Mother.—'Toward evening Washington left Mount Vernon on horseback, and rode rapidly towards Fredericksburg, where his aged and invalid mother resided. He went to embrace her, and bid her farewell, before leaving for the distant seat of government. She was suffering from an acute disease, and the weight of more than fourscore years was upon her. The interview between the matron and her illustrious son was full of the most touching sublimity.' 'The people, madam,' said Washington, 'have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States; but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—' Here she interrupted him saying, 'You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is rapidly approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George! fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to

¹ 'He had won laurels in the field; would they continue to flourish in the cabinet? His position was surrounded by difficulties. Inexperienced in the duties of civil administration, he was to inaugurate a new and untried system of government, composed of States and people, as yet a mere experiment, to which some looked forward with buoyant confidence,—many with doubt and apprehension.

'He had, moreover, a high-spirited people to manage, in whom a jealous passion for freedom and independence had been strengthened by war, and who might bear with impatience even the restraints of self-imposed government. The Constitution which he was to inaugurate had met with vehement opposition, when under discussion in the General and State governments. Only three States—New Jersey, Delaware, and Georgia—had accepted it unanimously. Several of the most important States had adopted it by a mere majority; five of them under an expressed expectation of specified amendments or modifications; while two States—Rhode Island and North Carolina—still stood aloof. . . .

'The very extent of the country he was called upon to govern, ten times larger than that of any previous republic, must have pressed with weight upon Washington's mind. It presented to the Atlantic a front of fifteen hundred miles, divided into individual States, differing in the forms of their local governments, differing from each other in interests, in territorial magni-

tudes, in amount of population, in manners, soils, climates, and productions, and the characteristics of their several peoples.

'Beyond the Alleghanies extended regions almost boundless, as yet for the most part wild and uncultivated, the asylum of roving Indians and restless discontented white men. Vast tracts, however, were rapidly being peopled, and would soon be portioned into sections requiring local governments. The great natural outlet for the exportation of the products of this region of inexhaustible fertility, was the Mississippi; but Spain opposed a barrier to the free navigation of this river. Here was peculiar cause of solicitude. Before leaving Mount Vernon, Washington had heard that the hardy yeomanry of the far West were becoming impatient of this barrier, and indignant at the apparent indifference of Congress to their prayers for its removal. He had heard, moreover, that British emissaries were fostering these discontents, sowing the seeds of disaffection, and offering assistance to the Western people to seize on the city of New Orleans, and fortify the mouth of the Mississippi; while, on the other hand, the Spanish authorities at New Orleans were represented as intriguing to effect a separation of the Western territory from the Union, with a view or hope of attaching it to the dominion of Spain.'—*Irving's Life of Washington*, vol. v. pp. 1, 2, and 3.

assign you ; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always.'

'The mother and son embraced for the last time ; for before he could return to Virginia, she was laid in the grave.'¹

His Reception at Trenton.—'We question whether any of these testimonials of a nation's gratitude affected Washington more sensibly than those he received at Trenton. It was a sunny afternoon when he arrived on the banks of the Delaware, where, twelve years before, he had crossed in darkness and storm, through clouds of snow and drifts of floating ice, on his daring attempt to strike a blow at a triumphant enemy.

'Here at present, all was peace and sunshine ; the broad river flowed placidly along, and crowds awaited him on the opposite bank, to hail him with love and transport.

'We will not dwell on the joyous ceremonials with which he was welcomed ; but there was one too peculiar to be omitted. The reader may remember Washington's gloomy night on the banks of the Assunpink, which flows through Trenton ; the camp fires of Cornwallis in front of him ; the Delaware full of floating ice in the rear ; and his sudden resolve on that midnight retreat which turned the fortunes of his campaign. On the bridge crossing that eventful stream, the ladies of Trenton had caused a triumphal arch to be erected. It was entwined with evergreens and laurels, and bore the inscription,—The defender of the mothers will be the protector of the daughters.—At this bridge the matrons of the city were assembled to pay him reverence ; and as he passed under the arch, a number of young girls, dressed in white and crowned with garlands, strewed flowers before him, singing an ode expressive of their love and gratitude. Never was ovation more graceful, touching, and sincere ; and Washington, tenderly affected, declared that the impression of it on his heart could never be effaced.'²

Washington's Inauguration, April 30th, 1789.—The day at last came for the new government of the United States to be solemnly inaugurated, and for the old Confederation to die. The salute of heavy artillery proclaiming the birth of a Republic with a written Constitution, seemed to accord less with the solemnity of the occasion, than the call of the church bells to the temples of prayer ; for from all quarters the population went streaming up to their accustomed places of worship, to offer thanksgiving and praise for the deliverance of a long-suffering people from the oppressions of a foreign foe, and the late apprehensions of civil anarchy, as well as to invoke the divine benediction upon the beloved chieftain who had led them through the wilderness, and who was now to put them in possession of the promised land. Their victorious general was to crown the arch of civil liberty.

'At twelve o'clock the city troops paraded before Washington's door ; and soon after the committee of Congress and heads of departments, moved

¹ Lossing's *Home of Washington*, p. 208.

² Irving's *Life of Washington*, vol. iv. pp. 508, 509.

forward, preceded by the troops; next came the committees and heads of the departments in their carriages; then Washington in a coach of state, his aide-camp, Colonel Humphreys, and his secretary, Mr. Lear, in his own carriage. The foreign ministers and a long train of citizens brought up the rear. About two hundred yards before reaching the Hall—the City Hall then standing at the head of Broad Street—Washington and his suite alighted from their carriages, and passed through the troops, who were drawn up on each side, into the hall and senate chamber, where the Vice-President, the Senate, and House of Representatives were assembled. The Vice-President, John Adams, recently inaugurated, advanced and conducted Washington to a chair of state at the upper end of the room. A solemn silence prevailed; when the Vice-President rose and informed him that all things were prepared for him to take the oath of office required by the Constitution.

‘The oath was administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York in a balcony in front of the Senate Chamber, and in view of an immense multitude occupying the street, the windows, and even the roofs of the adjacent houses. The balcony formed a kind of open recess, with lofty columns supporting the roof. In the centre was a table with a covering of crimson velvet, upon which lay a superbly bound Bible on a crimson velvet cushion. This was all the paraphernalia for the august scene. All eyes were fixed upon the balcony, when, at the appointed hour, Washington made his appearance, accompanied by various public functionaries and members of the Senate and House of Representatives. He was clad in a full suit of dark-brown cloth, of American manufacture, with a steel-hilted dress sword, white silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day, and worn in a bag and solitaire.

‘His entrance on the balcony was hailed by universal shouts. He was evidently moved by this demonstration of public affection. Advancing to the front of the balcony, he laid his hand upon his heart, bowed several times, and then retreated to an arm-chair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him; and were hushed at once into profound silence. After a few moments Washington rose and again came forward. John Adams, the Vice-President, stood at his right; on his left the Chancellor of the State, Robert R. Livingston;¹ somewhat in the rear were Roger Sherman, Alexander Hamilton, Generals Knox, St. Clair, the Baron Steuben,² and others.

¹ In his Speech at the City Hall, New York, March 10, 1831, while enumerating the revolutionary worthies of that State, Daniel Webster said:—‘In the Revolutionary history of the country, the name of CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON became early prominent. He was a member of that Congress which declared Independence; and a member, too, of the committee which drew and reported the immortal Declaration.

‘At the period of the adoption of the Constitution, he was its firm friend and able advocate. He was a member of the State Convention, being one of that list of distinguished and gifted men who represented this

city in that body; and he threw the whole weight of his talents and influence into the doubtful scale of the Constitution.’

² *Major-General Steuben*.—‘Of the strictest integrity and honor himself, he scorned meanness or treachery in others, and hence never could hear Arnold mentioned without an expression of indignation. Once in reviewing a regiment, he heard the name of Benedict Arnold called on the muster-roll. He immediately ordered the private bearing this detested cognomen to advance out of the line. He was a fine-looking fellow—every inch a soldier—and the Baron, after surveying him a moment, said, “Change your name, brother soldier; you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor.” “What name shall I take, general?” inquired

'The Chancellor advanced to administer the oath prescribed by the Constitution, and Mr. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, held up the Bible on its crimson cushion.² The oath was read slowly and distinctly; Washington at the same time laying his hand on the open Bible. When it was concluded, he replied solemnly, I SWEAR—SO HELP ME, GOD! Mr. Otis would have raised the Bible to his lips, but he bowed down reverently and kissed it. The Chancellor now stepped forward, waved his hand and exclaimed, 'Long live George Washington, President of the United States!' At this moment a flag was displayed on the cupola of the hall; on which signal there was a general discharge of artillery on the Battery. All the bells in the city rang out a joyful peal, and the multitude rent the air with acclamations.'"³

Returning to the Senate Chamber, the President delivered in person, to both houses of Congress, his Inaugural Address, after which the whole assembly proceeded on foot to St. Paul's Church, where they bowed in reverent thanksgiving and supplication for the blessing of the Almighty on the new Republic. Thus closed the simple ceremonies of the Inauguration. The day was filled with rejoicing, and the night with festivities, fire-works, and illuminations.

It was an affecting and inspiring scene to witness these heroes of the Revolution, who had, thirteen years before, entered through the gateway of the Declaration of Independence into all the perils and terrors of a dreadful war, now lay aside their armor, and address themselves to the great work of consolidating free institutions. Their chivalry in war was equalled only by the serene wisdom with which they undertook the mighty task of launching of a new republic upon the sea of empire.

The New Government gets under way.—It is probable that Washington never felt any responsibility press upon him more heavily than when he first undertook the administration of the presidential office. In writing to his

the young man. "Take any other; mine is at your service." He accepted it, and immediately had his name enrolled Frederick William Steuben. The Baron settled upon him in return a pension of five dollars a month, and afterwards gave him a tract of land.' . . .

Steuben was a firm believer in the Christian religion, and a constant attendant on divine worship, when in the city. He sleeps well beneath the soil of the land he helped to free; and though the nation refuses to erect a monument to his worth, when we cease to remember his deeds we shall be unworthy of the heritage he left us.—J. T. Headley's *Washington and his Generals*, pp. 310 and 313.

¹ *History of the Bible used at the Inauguration of Washington.*—That Bible belonged to, and is still in the possession of St. John's Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons—the venerable mother lodge of New York, which numbered among its members so many illustrious and patriotic men of this great State. Upon each cover is a record, in gilt letters, concerning the Lodge, and on the inside, beautifully written upon parchment, in ornamental style, by G. Thresher, surmounted by a portrait of Washington engraved by Leney, of New York, is the following statement:

"On this Sacred Volume, on the 30th day of April, 1789, in the city of New York, was administered to GEORGE WASHINGTON, the first President of the United States of America, the oath to support the Constitution of the United States. This important ceremony was performed by the Most Worshipful Grand Master

of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, the Honorable ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, Chancellor of the State."

'Fame stretched her wings, and with her trumpet blew, 'Great Washington is near, what praise is due? 'What title shall he have?' She paused and said, 'Not one—his name alone strikes every title dead.'

Masonic Apron wrought by Madame the Marchioness Lafayette.—There was a bond of union of peculiar strength between Washington and Lafayette other than that of mere personal friendship. They were members of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, and both loved the mystic brotherhood sincerely. Madame Lafayette was deeply interested in everything that engaged the attention of her husband; and she had learned to reverence Washington with a feeling closely allied to that of devotion. She had corresponded with him, and received from him cordial invitations to the simple delights of rural life at Mount Vernon. She had, no doubt, earnestly desired to present some visible testimonial of her regard to the great patriot of the New World; and when her husband resolved to visit him in his retirement at Mount Vernon, she prepared with her own hands an apron of white satin, upon which she wrought, in needlework, the various emblems of the Masonic order. This apron Lafayette brought with him, and presented to his distinguished brother at Mount Vernon.—*Ibid.*, pp. 166, 167.

² Irving's *Life of Washington*, vol. iv. pp. 512-514.

friend, Edward Rutledge, he^e says : 'I walk as it were on untrodden ground : so many new and untoward circumstances may intervene in such a new and critical situation, that I shall feel an insuperable diffidence in my own abilities. I feel in the execution of my arduous office how much I shall stand in need of the countenance and aid of every friend to myself, of every friend to the Revolution, and of every lover of good government.' Before the departments were organized, he stood officially alone—he had no constitutional advisers. 'He could turn with confidence, however,' says Irving, 'for counsel in an emergency, to John Jay, who still remained at the head of affairs where he had been placed in 1784. He was sure of sympathy also in his old comrade, John Knox, who continued to officiate as secretary of war ; while the affairs of the treasury were managed by a board consisting of Samuel Osgood, Walter Livingston, and Arthur Lee.'

'Among the personal friends not in office, to whom Washington felt that he could safely have recourse for aid in initiating the new government, was Alexander Hamilton. It is true, many had their doubts of his sincere adhesion to it. In the convention in Philadelphia, he had held up the British constitution as a model to be approached as nearly as possible, by blending some of the advantages of monarchy with the republican form.' The form finally adopted was too low-toned for him ; he feared it might prove feeble and insufficient ; but he voted for it as the best attainable, advocated it in the State convention in New York, and in a series of essays, collectively known as the *Federalist*, written conjunctively with Madison and Jay ; and it was mainly through his efforts as a speaker and a writer that the constitution was ultimately accepted. Still many considered him at heart a monarchist, and suspected him of being secretly bent upon bringing the existing government to the monarchical form. In this they did him injustice. He still continued, it is true, to doubt whether the republican theory would admit of a vigorous execution of the laws, but was clear that it ought to be adhered to as long as there was any chance for its success.'

'Washington, who knew and appreciated Hamilton's character, had implicit confidence in his sincerity, and felt assured that he would loyally aid in carrying into effect the Constitution as adopted.

"It was a great satisfaction to Washington, on looking round for reliable advisers at this moment, to see James Madison among the members of Congress : Madison, who had been with him in the convention, who had labored in the *Federalist*, and whose talents as a speaker, and calm, dispassionate reasoner ; whose extensive information and legislative experience destined him to be a leader in the House. Highly appreciating his intellectual and moral worth, Washington would often turn to him for counsel, 'I am troublesome,' he would say, 'but you must excuse me ; ascribe it to friendship and confidence.'"

'Knóx, of whose sure sympathies we have spoken, was in strong contrast with the cool statesman just mentioned. His mind was ardent and active, his imagination vivid, as was his language. He had abandoned the military

garb, but still maintained his soldier-like air. He was large in person, above the middle stature, with a full face, radiant and benignant, bespeaking his open, buoyant, generous nature. He had a sonorous voice, and sometimes talked rather grandly, flourishing his cane to give effect to his periods. He was cordially appreciated by Washington, who had experienced his prompt and efficient talent in time of war, had considered him one of the ablest officers of the Revolution, and now looked to him as an energetic man of business, capable of giving practical advice in time of peace, and cherished for him that strong feeling of ancient companionship in toil and danger, which bound the veterans of the Revolution firmly to each other.'¹

First Steps to be taken.—There was everything to be done. The most urgent subject which pressed upon the attention of Congress, was a revenue; for the country had no means, either for carrying on the government, or discharging the public debt. One of its first acts was to create a tariff of duties on the importation of foreign goods, and on the tonnage of vessels—direct taxation being considered unwise in policy, and odious in practice. Another measure of pressing necessity, was the organization of Public Departments to aid the President in carrying on the business of the government. By the Constitution, the number of executive departments of the government was not limited. It was consequently necessary, on the recommendation of the President, that Congress should make provision for the details of the administration; and departments were organized for State, Treasury, and War. For his first secretaries, Washington chose Thomas Jefferson for the Department of State, Alexander Hamilton for the Department of the Treasury, and John Knox for the Department of War. The last-named secretary had also control of the navy.

Alexander Hamilton establishes the Financial Policy of the Republic.—With some slight modifications, that policy has prevailed till the present day.² This man, so munificently gifted, was justly regarded in his times, as he has been ever since, as endowed with pre-eminent ability in financial affairs. His reports from the Treasury Department were luminous and convincing, and his Essays on Public Credit are among the best that have ever

¹ Irving's *Life of Washington*, vol. v. pp. 5, 6, 7.

² Probably no other man ever lived of whose financial ability Daniel Webster would have used such words as the following:—

Mr. Hamilton was elected one of the distinguished delegation from the city to the State Convention at Poughkeepsie, called to ratify the new Constitution. Its debates are published. Mr. Hamilton appears to have exerted on this occasion, to the utmost, every power and faculty of his mind.

The whole question was likely to depend on the decision of New York. He felt the full importance of the crisis, and the reports of his speeches, imperfect as they probably are, are yet lasting monuments to his genius and patriotism. He saw at last his hopes fulfilled; he saw the Constitution adopted, and the government

under it established and organized. The discerning eye of Washington immediately called him to that post, which was far the most important in the administration of the new system. He was made Secretary of the Treasury; and how he fulfilled the duties of such a place at such a time the whole country perceived with delight, and the whole world saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove, was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the conceptions of ALEXANDER HAMILTON.—*Webster's Speech at the City Hall, New York, March 10th, 1831.*

been written. He proposed the plan of funding the public debt, in which he embraced not only the fifty millions contracted by Congress, but the twenty-five millions owed by the States ; providing for the payment of the interest, and the extinction of the principal, from a revenue of customs duties levied chiefly on articles of *luxury* imported from abroad, and distilled spirits made at home. The warmest personal and sectional feelings were aroused by this plan, and the debates which attended it reached dangerous intensity. The lines of political parties were sure soon to be definitively drawn after so unrelenting a war of ideas. The time was near when every man would range himself under one or the other of the two contending parties—the Federalists, headed by Hamilton as their chief champion, and the Republicans, whose recognized leader was Thomas Jefferson. The financial policy of Hamilton prevailed, and from that time it commanded the unlimited confidence of a large portion of the American people. It succeeded in giving us, at all times, an adequate revenue ; in maintaining the credit of our government unimpaired ; and it ended in the entire extinction of the national debt, which exceeded seventy-five million dollars.

Establishment of the Judiciary of the United States.—It was one of the most important events connected with the organization of the government and the administration of justice. The great Judiciary Act of the 24th of September, 1789, occupies, in fact, a position to the fundamental elements of our government, second only to the constitution itself. It organized the whole system of our national judiciary, which has reflected so much lustre upon the nation ; and it remains to this day substantially as it was first passed. Oliver Ellsworth,¹ of Connecticut, was the author of the Bill, and became the second Chief-Justice on the 4th of March, 1796, succeeding John Jay,² who resigned the office to accept the mission to England.

The First National Bank.—Other most important measures were passed by the First Congress which followed the adoption of the Constitution. A

¹ ELLSWORTH, OLIVER, an American statesman and jurist, born in Windsor, Conn., April 29, 1745, died Nov. 26, 1807. He graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1766, and soon after commenced the practice of law. In 1777 he was chosen a delegate to the continental congress, and he was a member of the council of Connecticut from 1780 to 1784, when he was appointed a judge of the Superior Court. In 1787 he was elected to the convention which framed the federal constitution, and was afterward a member of the State convention which ratified that instrument. He was a Senator of the United States from 1789 to 1796, when he was nominated by Washington Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, over which he presided with great distinction, his opinions being marked by sound legal and ethical principles, in clear felicitous language. In 1799 he was appointed by President Adams envoy extraordinary to Paris, and with his associates, Davie and Murray, he successfully negotiated a treaty with the French. This accomplished, and his health beginning to fail, he visited England for the benefit of its mineral waters ; but his infirmities increasing, he resigned his office of Chief-Justice in 1800. Returning to Connecticut, he was again elected a member of the council ; and in 1807 he was appointed Chief-Justice of the State, which office he de-

clined on account of his health.—Appletons' *American Cyclopædia*.

² 'In point of revolutionary services,' says Hil-dreth, 'only the President himself stood upon higher ground ; nor could any person except the Vice-President, Adams, pretend to a place upon the same level. In lofty disinterestedness, in unyielding integrity, in superiority to the illusions of passions, no one of the great men of the revolution approached so near to Washington. Profound knowledge of the law, inflexible sense of justice, and solidity of judgment, had especially marked him out for the office which he held. Having played a very active part in a State, the seat of hostilities during the whole struggle of the revolution, he knew what war was, and dreaded it accordingly. One of the ministers who negotiated the treaty of peace, and afterward secretary of foreign affairs, he was perfectly familiar with all the grounds of controversy between the two nations. Though on questions of principle perfectly unyielding, in matters of interest and expediency he knew the wisdom of giving up a part rather than to risk the loss of the whole. The only serious objection to his appointment was his judicial station ; but even that gave an additional dignity to the mission, and in a crisis so important the objection lost much of its weight.'—Appletons' *American Cyclopædia*.

National Bank was organized, after the most violent and determined opposition from the Republican party; and it will not be denied that within the limits of its first charter, it highly subserved the purposes of the government, regulated the currency, and answered the wants of the people. It met with the deliberate approbation of Washington, and went into operation in Philadelphia, with a capital of ten million dollars. Kentucky was separated from Virginia, and erected into an independent government. Vermont was admitted as a new State into the Union;¹ and the first census of the United States was taken. It gave us a population of very nearly four millions with about seven hundred thousand slaves. Thus the Republic came into being with the Atlantic weight of African slavery, and it carried the embarrassing and disgraceful burden, till it was thrown off in the convulsions of a Civil War. The

¹ *Vermont.*—The name of this State, borrowed from its evergreen mountains, stirs the imagination of every reader who is familiar with its history, and recalls images of grandeur and beauty to every traveller who has passed through those enchanting regions. From the crowned summit of Hay Stack mountain, which stands out bold and clear on the skies of South-western Vermont, the eye sweeps over an extended range of country which may be fairly termed the most picturesque historic ground of North America. On the east, beyond the intervening hills, the Green Mountains lift their never-fading ramparts. Far away in the blue distance, rise the snow-tops of the Adirondacks, sheltering the deep forest valleys which stretch out from their base: to the west beyond, the crystal waters of Champlain and Lake George—where the chivalry of France so long held the *fleur-de-lis* against the veterans of Marlborough—stand the encircling mountains, those unwasting fountains of the Hudson;—while to the south lie the battlefields of Bennington and Saratoga, where England was forced to let go her grasp of that beautiful domain which had cost her so much blood and treasure to win from her French rival.

Besides the innumerable conflicts between Indian tribes, which had raged long before the historic period, these classic scenes have witnessed three wars. The first saw the French and American colonists through the changing panorama of a seven years' conflict. The second saw a stranger sight, where those same American and French soldiers met again, but as allies, to fight the same common foe; and still again in the war of 1812, which raged along our borders, when the sons of an independent and now powerful republic, were once more in arms against their ancient enemy.

A striking anecdote, which is not generally known, illustrates that spirit of love of liberty which has always had a home in that romantic region. When Burgoyne came up from Canada sweeping all before him—1777—Colonel Herrick organized in the township of Pawlet, in Western Vermont, his famous regiment of rangers, who were the prototypes of the whole family of rangers that figured so largely in our early national history. They were the terror of all the country round—Tory, British, and Hessians. In one of his despatches, Burgoyne complained that 'they hung like a gathering cloud on his flank'

Vermont was then governed by a Council of Safety, with headquarters at Bennington. The following paper, which was extracted with supreme care by Mr. Heil Hollister, from the records of Bennington, shows the sentiment of the founders of that State, which was the only one that had then been established in America south of the St. Lawrence, whose soil was never trod by a slave. Though somewhat crude and inelegant for a State Paper, it might have served in spirit, and almost in form, as a miniature model for Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation of eighty-six years later:

'Headquarters, Pawlet, 28 Nov., 1777.

'To whom it may concern:—Know ye that whereas Dinah Mattis a negro woman with Nancy her Child of two months old was taken Prissnor on Lake Champlain with the British troops Somewhere near Col. Gilliner's Patten the twelfth day of Instant November by a scout under my command, and according to a Resolve passed by the Honorable Continental Congress that all Prisses belong to the Captivators therefore I being conscientious that it is not right in the sight of God to keep Slaves I therefore obtaining leave of the Detachment under my Command to give her & her child their freedom I do therefore give the said Dinah Mattis & Nancy her child there freedom to pass & repass any where through the United States of America with her behaving as bocometh & to Trade & Traffic for her Self & Child as though she was born free, without being Molested by any Person or Persons. In witness whereunto I have hereunto set my hand or subscribed my name (signed) EBENEZER ALLEN CAPT.'

After the war was over, seventy revolutionary soldiers settled in Pawlet. Their longevity shows them to have been men of the highest physical and moral stamina. They, as a class, were distinguished for industry, thrift and enterprise, and though the fires of the revolution consumed their substance, 'and tried their souls,' nearly all of them succeeded in establishing a home, and acquiring a competence. One (George Rush), lived to the age of 110; another (Nathan M. Lounsbury), 100; and the aggregate of the lives of the 54 ascertained, was 4,247 years, or an average of 78 years and 8 months. These interesting facts I have gathered from Mr. Heil Hollister's *History of the Town of Pawlet*.

revenue amounted to five millions, while the imports and exports were nearly balanced at twenty millions *per annum*. The ratio of representation in Congress was fixed at one representative for every thirty-three thousand inhabitants.

Our Foreign Relations.—The government was now in full working order, and a long period of peace and prosperity seemed to be spread out before it. The influence of Washington was so great and so benign, and he had been placed at the head of public affairs with such unanimity, that it was found to be no difficult task to institute advantageous and friendly relations with foreign States. The name of the political Father of the American Republic had already become known and venerated throughout the world. He was regarded as the noblest illustration of patriotism and incorruptible virtue among the living,—perhaps even among the dead. The moral influence which began to be put forth by the Republic was by no means limited to its absolute power, and in no respect could it be measured by the years of its existence. The earth was dotted with nations hoary with antiquity, few of whom commanded such entire confidence, and none of whom elicited so much praise. Ministers Plenipotentiary were appointed by Washington to represent us near the chief governments of the world, and they were received with every mark of respect. Courtesy was extended to our travellers; protection was given to our citizens. Our commerce, which had lived even in defiance of the all-sweeping and all-desolating fleets of the British navy, now sprang into a sudden expansion.

Washington elected for a Second Term.—A history of Washington's administration would stretch far beyond the limits assigned to this work. I have been able to spare space enough only to enumerate the most important events which occurred during his first administration. Before it had expired, the Constitution demanded that another Presidential election should take place. The country again turned its eyes to Washington, for the confidence reposed in him had grown, if possible, still stronger every year; and with the exception of a few men, who either entertained different views in regard to government, or who were prompted by a selfish ambition, there was the same feeling of unanimity that had been displayed when he was first placed in the presidential chair. He was accordingly re-elected, and his second inauguration took place in March, 1793. The great abilities of Thomas Jefferson were not called in question; but John Adams was elected Vice-President over his rival. This is less to be attributed to a lack of appreciation of Jefferson's character and public services, than to the fact that Jefferson was now known to hold different views in regard to the scope and the policy of the government, from those of Washington. A more sincere republican than Washington did not exist in the whole country; but Jefferson held opinions more radically democratic. His views on most great public questions, more closely resembled those of the statesmen of the pres-

ent day. It is asserted with much plausibility, that Jefferson felt keenly jealous also of the great influence which Alexander Hamilton had over Washington's mind. Nothing would be further from the truth than to represent any individual as holding a controlling influence over Washington's mind or opinions; but, probably, among all the great men that were clustered around him, he felt more confidence in the political judgment, the financial ability, and the classic completeness of Hamilton's mind—he doubtless regarded him, 'take him all for all,' as the ablest man for this station. Washington had a keen perception of character, and he was very rarely mistaken in his judgment. He fully appreciated the abilities and the services of Jefferson, and he chose, during his first term, to have him act as his Secretary of State. He had no favorites—we cannot say he had no partialities—but in his public life, we can certainly trace none which grew out of selfish or private feelings. But Washington's mind was more conservative than Jefferson's. Washington surpassed almost all men in that rarest quality—a genius for crystallizing all the chaotic elements of power into the enduring structure of a well-organized civil administration. Washington had a native economy of mind, which in war or in cabinet councils, made the most out of everything. There was no variableness in his character—no incompleteness in his estimates—his perception reached to every detail, and he perfectly comprehended all aggregates. Jefferson was as bold and daring in statesmanship, as Decatur was in a sea-fight; but he sometimes made mistakes—Washington never. No man but Jefferson could have written the Declaration of Independence so well; but the massive and colossal mind of John Adams was more compact and commanding. John Adams was a primitive man. We think we here discern the reasons why the country preferred to have John Adams lead the way as Washington's successor; nor is it probable that any enlightened American statesman or citizen now regrets, that in the early period of our Republic, the policy of the nation was decided so entirely by Washington, Adams, and Hamilton. They were the men to found a Republic—Jefferson and Jackson were the men to expand it into ampler proportions.

Development of the two great Political Parties.—Washington had not got on far in his second term, before party spirit began to run very high; and Jefferson unmasked his hostility to the entire Federal policy. He opposed it with the utmost vehemence of his nature, and with all the caustic severity of his pen. But in logical argument he was no match for Hamilton. Wherever he came in collision with him, he found his master. Jefferson was great in many directions—Hamilton in all.

Apprehended Troubles with France.—In the mean time the French Revolution had occurred. The head of Louis XVI. had rolled from the guillotine. The triumph of Democracy had been proclaimed in Paris, bringing with it a reign of blood. France had also declared war against Great Britain and Holland; and the men who controlled the French Councils at the time

made a serious attempt to embroil our government in the quarrels of their country. M. Genet was appointed minister of France to the United States. The chief object of his mission was to induce America to take sides with France; and the whole scheme was laid before the Secretary of State. But Washington gave it no encouragement, for he was determined that we should be involved in no European contests. Each member of the cabinet was consulted on the matter, and they unanimously recommended the President to issue a Proclamation of Neutrality. It was immediately done. The maxim then adopted for our government, was 'Friendship with all—entangling alliances with none.' We owe much of our prosperity as a nation to the adoption of this policy.¹ It has prevailed till the present time, and fatal will be the day when it is abandoned. But M. Genet had already reached Charleston on his way to the Capitol, and he was received with open arms everywhere by the Republican party. This excited high hopes for the success of his scheme, and he had the audacity to attempt to persuade the American people to embark actively in the great war then raging in Europe. He even arranged for fitting out privateers, in the port of Charleston, against British commerce, and in all his acts reduced himself from the high position of an ambassador, to that of an incendiary and a spy. At last Washington requested the French government to recall him, and appoint a more discreet man in his place. It was done. Congress applauded Washington's course, and it was approved by the nation. But a new spirit of animosity between the Republicans and Federalists was stirred up; and debates, correspondence, and newspapers were conducted with more asperity and venom at that period, than has ever since been witnessed.

Bitter Party Conflicts.—The Republicans accused the Federalists of monarchical tendencies—of a desire to form an alliance with England, our old enemy—of hostility to the progress of liberal principles and free government in Europe; and by some of Jefferson's organs the grossest attacks were made upon Washington himself. Even his personal character did not escape the worst insinuations, while his motives were assailed, and the most offensive, unjust, and malignant satires were launched against his policy. On the other hand, the Federalists, who were none the less bitter, charged the Republicans as being the abettors of Robespierre, and the ferocious leaders who were

¹ January 9, 1852.—Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian chief, called, with Gen. Lewis Cass, upon Henry Clay, while the latter lay sick in his room at Washington city. Mr. Clay listened patiently to his comments on the condition of Hungary and the situation of France, which Kossuth believed would provoke civil war, and perhaps a general revolution; and to avoid which, or control it for the greatest good, he hoped for the intervention of the United States in the affairs of Europe. Mr. Clay replied that no greater calamity could befall this government than this doctrine of intervention. The vital principle of this country, he said, rested upon its republican character, as seen in the capacity of its people for self-government, and in its practice of confin-

ing its action to its own duties. Our example was one of Christian progress; and the United States, as the only living Republic, and example of man's capability for self-government, was bound to encourage progress and prosperity on this continent. All this would be endangered and destroyed by foreign wars, and with them all hopes of free institutions. Warming with the importance of his subject, as he proceeded, he stood erect, and with much emotion and touching emphasis, said: 'As a dying man, I oppose your doctrine of intervention.' Grasping his hand, as he bade him farewell, he said, 'God bless you and your family! God bless your country! May she yet be free!'—Col-lins' *Hist. of Kentucky*, vol. i. pp. 63, 64.

drenching France in blood during her Reign of Terror—of entertaining and promulgating the most licentious views and principles of government, and even of a desiré to upheave the foundations of the State, and shatter the whole structure of society.

None of these accusations were just on either side ; and now that we are removed far enough from the disturbing influences of those times, we contemplate with regret the degradation to which great men and patriotic statesmen can descend, when their passions are lashed into fury by the excitements of the hour.

Insurgent Movements against Federal Authority suppressed.—From another quarter the stability of the government was seriously menaced. Americans abhorred taxation, and were not always willing to submit to it, even when levied by their own representatives to raise means to carry on their own government. In the district of Pittsburg, some seven thousand insurgents had collected to resist the law. The United States Marshal was seized, and other public officers maltreated. Washington dealt with these insurgents in a summary manner. He made requisitions upon Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, and even Pennsylvania herself, for fifteen thousand militia. They were put under the command of Governor Lee, who marched to the revolted district, dispersed the insurgents, and asserted the supremacy of the law.

A Second War with England threatened.—Having overcome all these difficulties, Washington had still a more serious work before him. He found himself on the verge of a second war with England. It would have been strange indeed if, after the painful experiences of the late Revolution, the Americans could at once forget how many sacrifices the war of Independence had cost them, or bury in oblivion the barbarities which had characterized the course of their enemies during the struggle. Nor is it rational to suppose that a haughty empire could at once recover from the deep humiliation it had suffered in its defeat. Wise and good men, however, on both sides of the Atlantic, had done their best to soften these asperities, and inspire better feelings. But they found,—what has been found, and will in every age,—that one bad man can do more mischief in a moment than a hundred good men can ever repair—that one unscrupulous writer can stir up more passions in an hour, than can be allayed in a generation. The newspapers in both countries, teemed with irritating articles and correspondence. The Americans were accused of defrauding the loyalists of the Revolution out of their property and estates, and preventing British subjects from recovering debts contracted before the Revolution. There was a show of justice in these accusations ; but our public integrity was not seriously called in question ; and in almost every instance the loyalists brought in extravagant claims, and prosecuted them in an offensive spirit. But the Americans also had just and well-founded causes of complaint, not so much on individual, as on public account. One source of deep irritation consisted in the refusal of Great Britain to sur-

render military posts along our northern frontier, and in the wilderness of the West. Nor did she ever, in all her dealings with us, from the foundation of the colonies, act more unwisely than in refusing promptly to comply with all the obligations she had assumed. From the Treaty of Peace, up to the time now spoken of, our frontier had been desolated by the Indian tribes of the North-west; and it was not denied, that after the perpetration of the bloodiest massacres, and the most atrocious cruelties upon our helpless frontiersmen, these savages had found safe and ready shelter from justice, when ever they returned from their incursions, to those same forts which belonged to us by virtue of the Treaty of 1783.

English Arrogance on the Ocean.—Another cause of complaint existed in the *arrogant pretensions of Great Britain to the entire dominion of the sea*. She was just reaching the period—so marked in her history—when the Commercial Policy, instead of the acquisition of territory, was to become the chief inspiration of her statesmanship; and to consummate her scheme she must become mistress of the ocean, even if it should end—as it ultimately did—in rousing the enmity of the world against her. This policy, involving the impressment of seamen, with the right to search our vessels, could not be conceded by our government; and it was the source of protracted and irritating debates, discussions, and diplomatic correspondence. Down to 1842, when Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton made the celebrated Treaty of Washington, this question obtruded itself on every discussion. It blocked up the way to friendly and advantageous negotiations; and, like the sword of Damocles, it had hung menacingly over the head of English and American statesmen, whenever they met to talk about international affairs. England was ready to sacrifice almost anything to win the sovereignty of the seas, and she was now sweeping the great fleets of France from the ocean. The little navy of the United States was, in the aggregate, smaller than almost any one of England's twenty squadrons; and conscious of her relative strength, Britain presumed upon her superiority to assert principles which she has never been able to enforce towards this country, and which hereafter she will probably never attempt.

Firmness of Washington.—Our ministers pressed these considerations home upon the British government with great earnestness and power—but with no effect. Washington saw the necessity of adopting sterner measures, and, at his recommendation, Congress passed bills laying an embargo for thirty days—erecting forts and fortifications—raising an army, and organizing the militia in all the States. But while these vigorous measures were in progress, Mr. Jay was sent to London, April, 1794, to attempt to negotiate a treaty, which might avert, if possible, the horrors of a Second War with England. We have an authenticated account of the last conversation between Jay and Washington, before the minister left for his post. 'I have every confidence,' said the President, 'in your abilities for negotiation, and I have great confidence in the justice of our demands. You will, therefore, cause the British gov-

ernment most distinctly to understand that, much as we deprecate another collision with England, and enfeebled as we still are by the Revolutionary struggle, we can by no means submit to injustice ; and if we are compelled to fight England the second time, we shall take good care to see that it shall not be a war of seven years.'

Mr. Jay was a skilful negotiator, and an accomplished man.¹ He inspired the greatest respect, and he was received by the British government with unexpected cordiality. He negotiated a Treaty by which England was to give up the posts she had unjustly retained, and indemnify all parties concerned for illegal captures ; while the United States were to hold three million dollars in trust for British subjects, to whom Americans were indebted. Mr. Jay also made every exertion to get England to abandon her claim to the right of searching American merchant vessels. But again, with the same shortsightedness of which we have accused the British ministers of a previous time, they refused to acknowledge what they were afterward compelled to assent to ; and it was a source of deep regret ; for the refusal in this case caused her war with the United States. But in the meantime, something had been gained, and it was perfectly certain that it would not be given up. In this respect our Government, under all administrations, has held to the policy never to take one step backward.

The Jay Treaty.—When Mr. Jay returned with the Treaty in 1795, it was immediately laid before the Senate, where it was the subject of protracted discussion in secret session. Through inadvertency or bad faith, an incorrectly printed copy got into circulation. The whole Treaty at once became the object of the deepest odium. Numerous petitions were presented against it ; and on all sides Washington was prayed to withhold his signature. In this case, as in all others, he received every expression of the opinions of his fellow-citizens with perfect respect, and gave to them his impartial consideration.² But he knew how much the young Republic needed repose, and this

¹ Said Daniel Webster, in a speech at the City Hall, New York, March 10, 1831 :—'Another great man we number with the dead. I mean the pure, the disinterested patriot, John Jay. His character is a brilliant jewel in the sacred treasures of national reputation. Leaving his profession at an early period, yet not before he had singularly distinguished himself in it, his whole life, from the commencement of the Revolution until his final retirement, was a life of public service. The general learning and ability, and especially the prudence, the mildness, and the firmness of his character, eminently fitted Mr. Jay to be the head of such a court. When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay, it touched nothing less spotless than itself.'

² Fisher Ames.—The debates on that occasion—the confirmation of the Jay Treaty—developed talent of the highest order, and present a memorable epoch in the history of American politics and statesmanship. Albert Gallatin then established his title to the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Representatives ; while Fisher Ames, in a speech of wonderful

power in favor of the Treaty and Administration, won for himself the laurels of an unrivalled orator. He was then in feeble health ; and when he rose to speak, thin and pale, he could hardly support himself on his feet, and his voice was feeble. Strength seemed to come as he warmed with the subject, and his eloquence and wisdom poured forth as from a mighty and inexhaustible fountain. So powerful was his speech, that a member opposed to him moved that the question on which he had spoken be postponed until the next day, 'that they should not act under the influence of an excitement of which their calm judgment might not approve.' In allusion to this speech, John Adams bluntly said : 'There wasn't a dry eye in the House, except some of the jackasses that occasioned the necessity of the oratory.' Fisher Ames was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, in April, 1756. His health was delicate from infancy. He was so precocious that he commenced the study of Latin when six years of age, and was admitted to Harvard College at the age of twelve. He chose the law for a profession, and soon stood at the head of the bar in his native district. He was a warm advocate of the Federal Constitution. He was the first representative of his district in the National Congress. He died on 4th of July, 1808, at the age of forty-eight years.—Lossing's *Hist. U. S.*, p. 380:

man, who was 'first in peace,' believing this Treaty to be the best we could get at the time, and that, on the whole, it gave us some advantages, he wrote his name to it in defiance of public clamor. Among its beneficial results were the allaying of hostile feelings between the two countries; increased facilities for negotiating treaties of peace with the western Indians, who could no longer take shelter in British fortifications; and the new impulse given to our commerce, by inspiring confidence in adventure.

Troubles with France.—The public affairs of France were still in confusion, for Napoleon Bonaparte had not yet laid his steadying hand upon the helm. Unwise counsels prevailed in the foreign, as well as in the domestic affairs of France. Irritated because she could not sway us from our policy of neutrality and non-intervention, her vessels commenced a series of depredations upon American commerce. Wherever her cruisers encountered our ships, they were overhauled or captured; and causes were in operation which seemed to threaten a war with our only Revolutionary ally. Both countries were ultimately saved from its curses by the wisdom of Napoleon.

Washington Retires from Public Life.—The time was now approaching for another Presidential election. The Constitution did not preclude the same man from repeated re-elections; yet Washington had resolutely determined to retire to private life, and leave the entire administration of national affairs in the hands of his successors—thus setting an example that established a precedent, which with all his successors has been as scrupulously respected as though it had been incorporated into the Constitution. He accordingly, with the aid of Alexander Hamilton, whom he always consulted on public affairs, sent forth to the people of the United States his immortal Farewell Address, which has ever been a law to the American people. Its closing words sunk deep into the heart of the nation:—

'Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

'Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government—the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward and trust of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.'

John Adams elected Washington's Successor.—Washington's Farewell Address produced a deep sensation throughout the country. It went to every house and every heart. After its publication, the two great political parties of the country began to range themselves definitively under the leadership of John Adams, on one side, and Thomas Jefferson¹ on the other, both of whom were candidates as Washington's successor. The struggle ended in the election of Adams, who was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1797. Jefferson at the same time became Vice-President.²

Insults of the French Directory.—One of the most important events that occurred under the administration of Adams, was the insult which was offered to our government by the French Directory. It was without provocation on the part of the United States. The President was requested by France to recall our Minister at Paris, and the request was made in the most offensive language. According to the long established usages of nations, this insult would have been considered a sufficient justification for suspending all intercourse between the two Powers; but Mr. Adams being deeply imbued with the sentiments of Washington, leaned to the side of peace, and he appointed

¹ Washington had been especially sensible of the talents and integrity displayed by Jefferson during the closing year of his secretaryship, and particularly throughout this French perplexity, and had recently made a last attempt, but an unsuccessful one, to persuade him to remain in the cabinet. On the same day with his letter to Genet, Jefferson addressed one to Washington, reminding him of his having postponed his retirement from office until the end of the annual year. 'That term being now arrived,' writes he, 'and my propensities to retirement becoming daily more and more irresistible, I now take the liberty of resigning the office into your hands. Be pleased to accept with it my sincere thanks for all the indulgences you have been so good as to exercise towards me in the discharge of its duties. Conscious that my need of them has been great, I have still even found them greater, without any other claim on my part than a firm pursuit of what has appeared to me to be right, and a thorough disdain of all means which were not as open and honorable as their object was pure. I carry into my retirement a lively sense of your goodness, and shall continue gratefully to remember it.'

The following was Washington's reply: 'Since it has been impossible to prevent you to forego any longer the indulgence of your desire for private life, the event, however anxious I am to avert it, must be submitted to. But I cannot suffer you to leave your station without assuring you that the opinion which I had formed of your integrity and talents, and which dictated your original nomination, has been confirmed by the fullest experience, and that both have been eminently displayed in the discharge of your duty.'

No one seemed to throw off the toils of office with more delight than Jefferson; or to betake himself with more devotion to the simple occupations of rural life. It was his boast, in a letter to a friend written some time after his return to Monticello, that he had seen no newspaper since he had left Philadelphia, and he believed he should never take a newspaper of any other sort. 'I think it is Montaigne,' writes he, 'who had said, that ignorance is the softest pillow on which a man can rest his head. I am sure it is true as to everything political, and shall endeavor to estrange myself to everything of that character.' Yet the very next sentence shows that lurking of the old party feud. 'I indulge myself in one political topic only—that is, in declaring to my countrymen the shameless corruption of the representatives of the first and second Congresses, and their implicit devotion to the treasury.'

— We subjoin his comprehensive character of Wash-

ington, the result of long observation and cabinet experience, and written in after years, when there was no temptation to insincere eulogy:

'His integrity was most pure; his justice the most inflexible I have ever known: no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man.'—Irving's *Life of Washington*, vol. v. pp. 194-196.

² On the 4th of March, an immense crowd gathered about Congress Hall. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Jefferson took the oath as Vice-President in the presence of the Senate, and proceeded with that body to the Chamber of the House of Representatives, which was densely crowded, many ladies occupying chairs ceded to them by members.

After a time, Washington entered amidst enthusiastic cheers and acclamations, and the waving of handkerchiefs. Mr. Adams soon followed, and was likewise well received, but not with like enthusiasm. Having taken the oath of office, Mr. Adams, in his inaugural address, spoke of his predecessor as one 'who by a long course of great actions, regulated by prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, had merited the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, commanded the highest praises of foreign nations, and secured immortal glory with posterity.'

At the close of the ceremony, as Washington moved toward the door to retire, there was a rush from the gallery to the corridor, that threatened the loss of life or limb, so eager were the throng to catch a last look of one who had so long been the object of public veneration. When Washington was in the street, he waved his hat in return for the cheers of the multitude, his countenance radiant with benignity, his gray hairs streaming in the wind. The crowd followed him to his door; there, turning round, his countenance assumed a grave and almost melancholy expression, his eyes were bathed in tears, his emotions were too great for utterance, and only by gestures could he indicate his thanks, and convey his farewell blessing.

In the evening a splendid banquet was given to him by the principal inhabitants of Philadelphia in the amphitheatre, which was decorated with emblematical paintings. All the heads of departments, the foreign ministers, several officers of the army, and various persons of note were present. Among the paintings, one represented the home of his heart, the home to which he was about to hasten—Mount Vernon.—Irving's *Life of Washington*, vol. v. pp. 270, 271.

three envoys extraordinary to the French Republic. But they were subjected to mortification and insult on their arrival, and there seemed to be no alternative but war. Congress made provisions for raising an army, and for sending a navy to sea; and Gen. Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, and he accepted the trust. The American government had taken its position, and orders were sent to all its officers and representatives in every department, to act with vigor in any emergency.¹

Victory of the Frigate Constellation.—Captain Truxton, in command of the United States frigate *Constellation*, fell in with a French frigate *L'Insurgente*, and, after a close engagement, captured her. Perceiving a determined disposition on the part of the American people to sustain the government in its course, intimations were made to the effect that the French government would be glad to renew its friendly relations with the United States. Mr. Adams responded at once to the proffer, and new ministers were dispatched to France.

¹ This was the occasion which gave birth to the National Lyric, which will live in our history long after many a classic Ode and Epic of far higher intellectual and scholarly graces shall be forgotten. Even the most rustic tributes laid by the patriotic heart upon the altar of patriotism, are destined to immortality.

His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, etc.

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you,
When Hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,

The late excellent Judge Hopkinson, a few months before his death, addressed to me a letter, from which I quote the following account of the circumstances attending the composition of 'Hail, Columbia.'

'It was written in the summer of 1798, when war was thought inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of Republican France, as she was called; while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINGTON, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance he called on me one Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded, I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them; or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us; of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans; at least neither could disavow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it has beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit.'—Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America*, p. 468.

They found the government in the hands of Napoleon, then First Consul, who saw through the whole affair at a glance, and, with keen discrimination, liberal spirit, and wise policy, he met the American Envoys, and on the 30th of September, 1800, a satisfactory Treaty was concluded. From that day our intercourse with France has, with a single transient and unimportant interruption, been one of entire harmony and complete mutual confidence, in the midst of all the changes of that chameleon government.

Death of Washington, December 14, 1799.—But an event had already occurred in America which had thrown the nation into mourning, and spread a feeling of sadness through the civilized world. Washington was dead! The constantly lessening number of men now living, who remember with great distinctness the painful occurrence, tell us that we can form no conception of the emotions with which the intelligence was received by a redeemed but be-reaved people. Every patriotic man felt a consciousness of insecurity when the mighty arm of Washington, which had been thrown around the Constitution of the Union and the glory of these States, was struck by the paralysis of death. In the remotest settlements, and in the most populous cities, neighbors grasped each other's hands in unbidden tears and said, 'Now that Washington is gone, we must be better men.' The hour of his death was pre-eminently the period of his triumph. Of most men it may be said,

'The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;'

but of Washington this can never be said. Although he had lived the noblest life that had been lived on earth, yet we may truthfully say that the sceptre of his influence never became supreme until he was laid in the grave. Death is the only test of man. The world can then form an opinion without passion or prejudice, for in the calm deliberations of the judgment, the disturbing passions of former scenes hold feeble sway. In the consciousness of their loss, the American people, like a single body of men, bent in solemn reverence and submission to the will of heaven, and scarcely any one could tell whether gratitude for the great services of Washington, or grief for his loss, struggled strongest in his bosom.

In riding out, as was his daily habit, to superintend the affairs of his plantation, he was overtaken by a storm, and returned home with a chill. The inflammation settled in his throat, and in defiance of medical skill, in the presence of his family, after only two days of suffering, he tranquilly died.¹ His

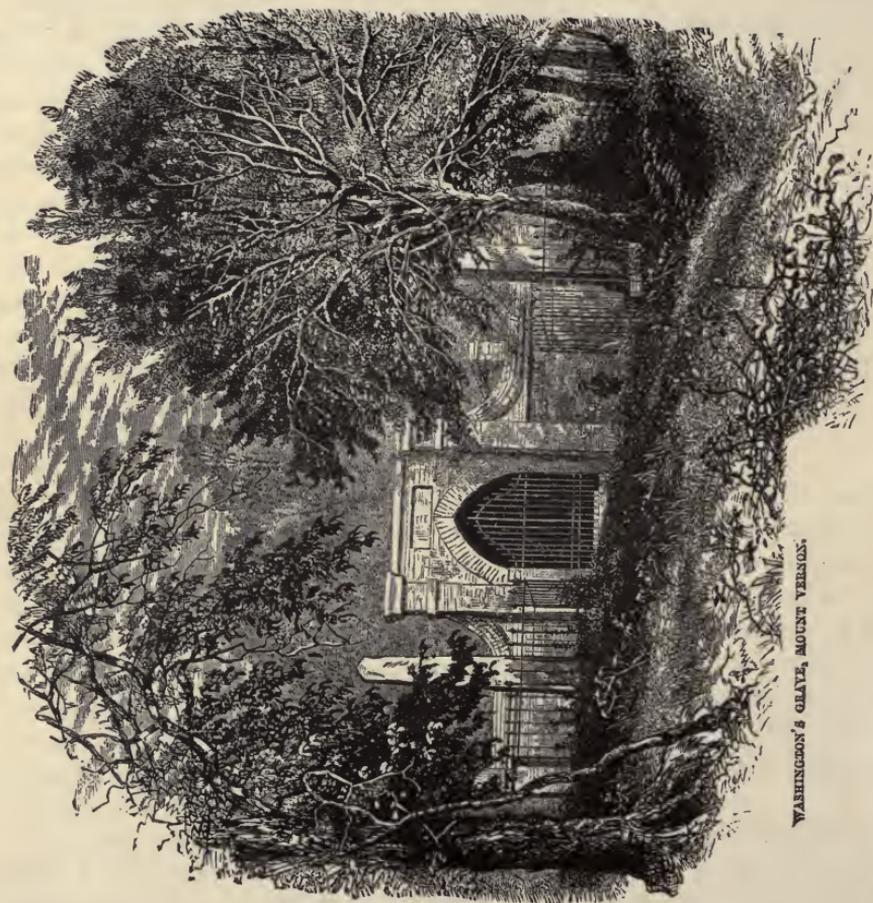
¹ At about ten o'clock Washington attempted to speak to Mr. Lear, but failed several times. At length he murmured: 'I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' Mr. Lear could not speak, but bowed his assent. Washington whispered: 'Do you understand?' Lear replied, 'Yes.' 'Tis well,' he said; and these were the last words he ever spoke.—'*Tis well!*'

'About ten minutes before he expired,' says Mr. Lear—'which was between ten and eleven o'clock—his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik,

who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

'While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?" I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. "'Tis well," said she, in the same voice; "all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

'It may be asked,' says Mr. Custis, 'why was the ministry of religion wanting to shed its peaceful and



WASHINGTON'S GRAVE, MOUNT VERNON.

death was as great and serene as his life had been. He was mourned by distant nations. When Napoleon received the intelligence, he exclaimed, 'The great light of the world has gone out : ' and taking the pen, in the following Order of the Day, he thus announced the decease of the great patriot to the Consular Guard and the armies of France : 'Soldiers : Washington is dead. This great man fought against tyranny ; he established the liberty of his country. His memory must always be dear to the French people, as well as to all the people of both worlds, and especially to the French soldiers, who like him and his American troops fight for the defence of liberty and equality —therefore the First Consul has ordered that for the space of ten days, crape shall be hung on all the colors and standards of the Republic.'

This tribute from the greatest man in Europe, to the greatest man of America, can never be read without emotion. Nor can we quite forget the contrast it offers to the course of the British Government. Sprung from Anglo-Saxon stock, descended from honorable English ancestors, the founder of a *New England* on this side of the Atlantic, that is to perpetuate the language, laws, religion, arts, and civilization of Old England, to distant ages and races of men, it was regretted then, and is regretted still, that Pitt, who held the fortunes of the British Empire in his hands, did not outrival Napoleon by some act of veneration to the memory of Washington. For what nation could ever afford to be so magnanimous as England ?

The stream of Time, which bears almost everything human to oblivion, passes without injury by the everlasting column of Washington's fame. Those convulsions which have threatened the permanence of our union, and sickened us with the strifes, the struggles and corruptions of parties, only render more and more dear the name of the Father of the American Republic. Wherever the all-glowing sun lights up the homes of earth's children ; through all the continents and islands ; along all the shores and river-banks ; on every green mountain-side, and down every blushing valley, the old tell his story to the young, and all nations rise up and call him blessed. All that belonged to him has become dear to mankind ; the ground his feet pressed is sacred. The trees he planted with his own hand, the groves through which he walked at evening, still seem to breathe his name as they rustle their zephyr music. Even the sparkling ripples of that majestic stream which flows on by Mount Vernon, seem to utter intelligible words to the ear of the pilgrim who, from the green lawn in front of the dwelling, looks through the bending boughs by moonlight on the glistening waters.¹

benign lustre upon the last hours of Washington? Why was he, to whom the observances of sacred things were ever primary duties through life, without their consolations in his last moments? We answer, circumstances did not permit. It was but for a little while that the disease assumed so threatening a character as to forbid the encouragement of hope ; yet, to stay that summons which none may refuse, to give still farther length of days to him whose time-honored life was so dear to mankind, prayers were not wanting to the throne of grace. Close to the couch of the sufferer, resting her head upon that ancient book, with which she had been wont to hold pious communion a

portion of every day for more than half a century, was the venerable consort, absorbed in silent prayer, and from which she only arose when the mourning group prepared to lead her from the chamber of the dead.—*Lossing's Home of Washington*, pp. 335, 336.

¹ *A Pilgrimage to Mount Vernon*.—On a beautiful spring morning, many years ago, we set out from the Capitol, to visit for the first time this holy shrine of Liberty. The balmy air wafted through the carriage windows the fragrance of early flowers, just peep-

The National Capital Established at Washington.—In 1790, Congress had made provision for founding a Federal Capital, and ten years later—Nov., 1800—the seat of the national government was transferred to Washington, where a territory of ten miles square had been ceded by the States of Mary

ing from the warm banks of the Potomac. The sun came calmly up over the dome of the Capitol, and the mist rose from the river to meet him, and then floated far away, as spirits go when they leave us for the Better Land. We could not say there was a gay heart among us, although it was our first reunion after many years' wanderings in distant lands. But we were approaching the spot where the greatest and purest of men rested from his labors, and we felt that mirth had no place in our feelings, and into that day levity could not enter.

Passing the porter's lodge we rode on slowly a great distance, threading our way sometimes through deep ravines, from which only the upper sky was visible, and then emerging on eminences from which we hoped to get a glimpse of the mansion; but holy feelings filled up the intervals. We were on ground new to us, where, warm and radiant with beneficence, the form of the hero had so often passed. Even the air seemed haunted by his presence. Every step we took was an epic.

One of our companions, a gifted man, and a great artist now, traced the outlines of the historical picture. Passing the same rugged avenue, first, the *Youth*, George Washington, with his surveying instruments, to measure the vast wilderness of the west, which he was afterwards to offer his brothers made free—*Major* Washington, setting out to the war, to prepare them to achieve their independence—*Colonel* Washington, on his departure to repel foreign and savage invaders—the *Representative* going to and from the congress of the rebels—the *General*, starting forth again to the struggles of the Revolution—the *Farmer*, going and returning from his fields of culture—the *President*, on his way to administer the government of a people he had led to freedom; and last of all, the *Citizen* Washington, who had scorned a crown as too base a reward for his long services—returning by the same road we were travelling, his great heart filled with longings for home.

We passed the gateway to the mansion; a ruin it seemed to us, for it had long been uncared for; and yet it was clothed with glory. It was not a feudal castle, on many of which we had so recently gazed in Europe, with a deep trench once filled with water: nor was there a drawbridge, over which once clattered the hoofs of warriors' steeds; nor massive arches, under which bent plumes of knights; nor spacious court-yard, on which the spears of a heroic band flashed in the

moonlight; there was no vast banquetting-hall that once rang to the clamor of crusaders; nor the merry shout of victorious warriors who had come from measuring lances with the infidel, to tell their tales of heroism in the startled ears of Europe. There was no watchword, no vesper-chime stealing softly on the evening air, no holy chant or monkish prayer in gloomy castle; no solemn moonlight watch on overlooking tower—no one of all these: but there was something grander, better, dearer than all this heroic legend. It was the home of the father of a great and free nation, whose eagle's wings now sweep from the turbulent Atlantic, far away over rich valleys, dotted with happy habitations, and walled by rugged mountain ranges, and wide rivers, and broad prairies, to the far-off peaceful ocean where empire looks towards the purple east, and has made the circuit of the globe. But it was a ruin! The master of the house had long since gone 'to another country, and time had left the mansion, like some banquet-hall, deserted.' The master would never return.

The servants told us that the *present* master would *next year* repair the dwelling. 'Oh, no;' we said, 'leave it as he left it; you cannot make good his place. Eternity is his dwelling now. Let time spread his never-scar kindly over the mansion, so that the winds blow not too harshly against it; for the great master is gone, and will return no more.'

They showed us all the apartments which were at that time open to visitors. We had letters, but we would accept no privileges there which were not granted to all. We saw the hall, the drawing-room, the parlor, and the dining-room, with its richly sculptured mantelpiece which Lafayette sent to him; and in passing out under the open sky, they pointed out to us the chamber where Washington died. They showed us the lemon-tree he planted. It was old, but green still. Many plants in the conservatory, with long, box alleys, and large squares, and page bushes, all planned and planted by his hand. Down the green slope towards the river, not far from the bank, we slowly and reverently gathered and bowed before Washington's tomb, in gratitude, silence, and tears.

As the sun was going down, flooding the clouds with purple and gold, we entered the boat, and sailed slowly by, under the lengthening shadows of the sacred groves which cluster their foliage around Mount Vernon.

land and Virginia, and suitable edifices prepared. The territory was named the District of Columbia, and the Capital called after the Father of the Republic. In the feebleness of our infant State, the buildings for the public offices, and even the Capitol itself, were raised without great expense, and with no architectural pretensions. It was well ; for, a few years later, during the second war with England, they were barbarously burned. But they have risen from their ruins in colossal magnificence.

Election of Thomas Jefferson.—The fourth Presidential Election was approaching. In consequence chiefly of the Alien Law, which was a favorite measure of John Adams, and which authorized the President to exile any foreigner from the country, if, in his judgment, he became dangerous to the peace and liberty of the United States ; and of the Sedition Law, which levied fines and imprisonments upon all who should write, print, utter or publish anything that was false, malicious, or scandalous against the government, the President, etc., John Adams had excited against him so much public odium, that he had no chance whatever of re-election. By the original provisions of the Constitution, the voters of every congressional district chose an elector, who cast his vote for the two men of his choice, without naming which should be President ; but the one who had a majority of the votes was made President, while the second became Vice-President. In this election, the Republicans had a large majority over the Federalists, and they threw all their votes for Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. Burr had distinguished himself, in the early period of the Revolution, as one of the most gallant young officers in the service. He had subsequently achieved great eminence at the bar, and in political life. He was now on the point of reaching the Presidency ; and when, in consequence of his having the same number of electoral votes as Jefferson, the election devolved upon the House of Representatives, a strong and protracted struggle took place, in which thirty-five unsuccessful attempts were made by the popular branch of the National Congress before the result was decided. It had, in fact, been delayed so long, that it was necessary to make some choice, or there would be no President of the United States. Finally, Jefferson, by adroit management, gained a majority of one, and was elected. Colonel Burr became Vice-President. A weak spot had been found in the Constitution ; but this danger was never again encountered, for the necessary amendment to our organic statutes was made.

Jefferson's Administration.—Jefferson, was now President, and for a long period he powerfully influenced the fortunes of our government and people. Removed from those times, and exempt from their party influences, we contemplate his administration with calmness and impartiality ; and it is only just to that great man, to say, that he devoted all his energies, in an enlightened spirit, to the prosperity of the United States. Longsightedness and political prudence have been denied him ; but only by those who neither comprehended his character, the nature of our institutions, nor the spirit of the

times. Soon after his inauguration, an event happened which tested his qualities as a statesman ; and time has put upon his action a final seal of approbation.

The Purchase of the Territory of Louisiana.—Spain, once the mistress of the Western Continent, which had been discovered and colonized under her agency and auspices, had suddenly erected a vast empire in the Western World ; but for a century and a half she had been declining, until she had grown so weak that she had ceded to France the territory of Louisiana. When that act went into effect, the executive agents of the Spanish government publicly proclaimed that the Port of New Orleans was closed against the commerce of the United States. This cut off our Western States and Territories from all access to the ocean. It was evident that western commerce had nothing but ruin to contemplate, for at this time there was no practicable way of reaching the ocean, except over the broad bosom of the Mississippi River. Alarm spread through the whole western country. Jefferson, with eagle eye, saw only one recourse left. He consequently instructed the American Minister to France, to propose the purchase of the Territory of Louisiana. Napoleon entertained the idea, and a treaty was soon made, by which this enormous acquisition fell into our hands for the trivial consideration of sixteen millions. The area of the Union was multiplied almost two to one—the broad and magnificent valley of the Mississippi on the West was joined to the Republic, and it now stretched to the Pacific. Since the death of Washington, no event of equal importance had occurred. It was, as subsequent years have so signally shown, a far-reaching stroke of statesmanship.

War Proclaimed against the Barbary Powers.—Hitherto our European relations had been limited chiefly to Great Britain, France, and Holland ; but circumstances occurred which brought us into collision, unexpectedly, with the Barbary Powers on the northern coast of Africa. Since the close of the Revolution, which unfettered our shipping, American commerce had begun to whiten every sea. It already held the monopoly of dried fish and whale oil in the Mediterranean, with a most profitable carrying trade in the products of the East and West Indies. For a long time the inhabitants of the Barbary States had been known chiefly as the pirates of the Mediterranean. They ventured off from their coasts to commit depredations upon the commerce of every power which did not pay them an annual tribute. The governments of Europe had, in a cowardly spirit, submitted to this indignity, and even the United States, for a while, consented, like other commercial nations, to pay a certain sum every year for the privilege of cutting the waters of the Mediterranean with the prows of their vessels. But the insult—when the nation turned its attention to it—could no longer be borne. War was declared against Tripoli. This was a great and important step for our government to take. The war itself was neither signal nor protracted. It was

attended by few startling incidents, but it had immense results upon the naval character and discipline of the Americans, and gave a new impetus to our growing trade with the Mediterranean.

Decatur and Eaton at Tripoli.—Commodore Preble was sent to the Mediterranean, in 1803, to prosecute the war. The frigate *Philadelphia*, one of his principal ships, had grounded in the harbor of Tripoli, and her officers and men were reduced to Mohammedan slavery. The whole affair was managed with discretion, diplomatically, and with great daring and intrepidity, by the American officers. Stephen Decatur, a lieutenant under the flag, boarded the *Philadelphia*, where she lay stranded in those tideless waters, under the guns of Tripoli, set her on fire, and escaped. The American commander had authority to make common cause with an expelled rival of the Bashaw, to aid him in recovering his authority, with the understanding that our countrymen were to be released. General William Eaton, then consul at Alexandria, with a small American force, headed the exiled Bashaw's Arab army, marched a thousand miles—part of the route across the Barcan desert—to the territory of Tripoli, and defeated the Tripolitans in two engagements,—1805, which enabled the Americans to negotiate a treaty by which their captive brethren were set at liberty. This achievement resounded through Europe. It was a brilliant example of heroism and wise policy offered to the governments of the Old World; and the chastisement, as a *matter of principle*, of a Barbary Power that attempted to make might right, was applauded by all civilized nations.

The Duel between Hamilton and Burr.—We now reach a painful incident in our national history—the death of Alexander Hamilton, who was shot by Aaron Burr, in 1804. Burr was then Vice-President. He had never liked Hamilton, nor had Hamilton ever liked him. Gifted with great ability as a commander; no more ambitious, perhaps, than Hamilton himself, but ambitious in another direction; fixing his eye at an early period upon the Presidency; adequate to the discharge of its duties and honorable enough to fulfil all the obligations he would assume; entertaining, too, political principles and views far more democratic than those of Hamilton—irritated by a long series of insulting articles, arguments, and diatribes in the newspapers which favored Hamilton—Burr at last grew so indignant that he no longer attempted to restrain his indignation and contempt, and he challenged Hamilton to mortal combat. Hamilton was a great and courageous man; but he was not great and courageous enough to hurl back the challenge, or disclaim the ignominious charges he had openly made against his hated rival; nor had he the daring to defy the poisoned shafts of malice, and let them break against the shield of his honor. He met Burr on the bank of the Hudson, a short distance above Hoboken, opposite New York; and, as was alleged by his friends at the time, without attempting to kill his foe, opened his breast to the deadly and fatal aim of his antagonist. Hamilton died, and the nation

sustained an irreparable loss. Burr lived to an advanced age, but the shadow of the great disaster followed him to his grave. He never attempted to remove the stigma. Those who knew him best esteemed him most; nor least of all, perhaps, for the proud disdain with which he looked down upon the cabal who had first plotted his death, and whose foiled malice followed him to his tomb with unrelenting bitterness. The first justice ever done to him by the pen of history was by James Parton.

Burr's True Character.—The stars fought against Aaron Burr, or he would have laid the capstone to the summit of his ambition. From the time that he was achieving his brilliant feats of chivalry in the expedition to Canada, his eye was fixed upon nothing less than the acquisition of the highest fame. He rose gradually from point to point, until he remained almost without a rival; and had there been one single element more in his composition with which Jefferson was so munificently supplied—appearance of sympathy for the masses—every obstacle would have given way before him, and he would have triumphantly reached the Presidency. No man has flourished under the American Republic who was gifted with such rare and commanding abilities. His immense faculty of analysis; his keenness of satire; his all but incredible self-control; his power of comprehension, generalization, and crystallization of thought and principle; his wealth of illustration; the fervid power of his fancy; the artistic delineations of his nomenclature; his arrangement of words; his construction of sentences; the darting fierceness with which he shot his bolts of fire; and the imposing awe which his satire inspired in the forum,—were but a few of his more common attributes. But the secret of his real power has never been understood, and never will be, except by those who comprehend the subtle elements that enter into the constitution of genius.

Aaron Burr had the keenest and most sensitive appreciation of woman. There is little doubt that his vices have been exaggerated, for contemporaneous history has always been characterized by superfluous tintings of every quality which the mass of mankind could understand, because they belong to their own sympathies and feelings. Burr was doubtless a man of great gallantry; he swayed an almost omnipotent sceptre over the passions of woman. He was an eminently handsome man; his manners were more courtly than those that are ever contracted in scenes of nobility, royalty, and imperial splendor. He had around him the atmosphere that emanates from the most gifted and brilliant genius. High-born and graceful women are proud to be loved by those who draw forth all their admiration, and inflame all the fire of their fancy. Take him all for all, Aaron Burr was the most gifted, brilliant, and chivalrous man that has flourished in this country. He was mixed up with all the heated passions of his age; his reputation was dragged through the streets as the body of Hector was dragged around the walls of Troy. His collision with Hamilton, ending in the death of the champion of the Federalists, the intimate friend, secretary and minister of Washington, rolled upon him the odium of a great political party. He en-

countered it wherever he went. At that time the press of the country was in the hands of Burr's enemies, and it rang out in broad, clear, high-sounding notes the infamy of 'the murderer of Alexander Hamilton.' This latter epithet should in any event have been spared, since Hamilton and his friends held as firmly to the 'Code of Honor' as Burr and his partisans. But now, when the mists of contemporaneous passion have passed away, and we look calmly upon the men and the events of those times, we are disposed to pay a slight tribute of justice to a man who, till recently, had found no vindicator.¹

¹ The following estimate of the Hamilton-Burr case was made up many years ago by a gentleman perhaps as thoroughly informed as almost any man, of the circumstances, and signally qualified to pass a judgment on the characters of these two extraordinary personages. He was the only man I ever knew who always seemed to speak without prejudice against either, his admiration for both being diminished only by his thorough contempt for the duellist's code. As it differs very widely from the judgments passed by most of the contemporaries of Hamilton and Burr, I have thought it might be read with some interest. I prepared it with great care from verbatim notes of many conversations, stretching through a period of over twenty-five years.

'The merits of the case as between Hamilton and Burr are very readily summed up. They began as rivals; and well they might be, for each had a foeman worthy of his steel. They were the two most gifted and brilliant men in America. All that nature could do for them had been done. Profusely endowed with her priceless gifts and graces, and petted and spoiled as both of them were by the maddening applause of the world; both fairly entitled to it by deeds of valor in the field, by eloquence in the forum and the Senate, but in all other things as wide asunder as earth and heaven, they could not meet on equal terms, any more than two suns can shine in one hemisphere. It was plain enough that one of them must give way. Backed by two parties which constituted the whole nation, in which not a man or woman stood indifferent; beloved and admired alike by their partisans who were nearly matched in numbers, the entire country was lashed into passion, and it raged wilder among the people than it did in the breasts of those rivals themselves, each of whom was absolutely master of himself, except in this: The one was brought up in the school of Washington, under restraints as severe, and a discipline as merciless as the master-spirit and founder of the Company of Jesus ever devised or enforced; he had, unconsciously to himself perhaps, learned to have no absolute will of his own; while Burr never had learned, and never could learn how to have a master. He was born not to obey, but to command. He *made* public opinion; Hamilton *borned* to it. The one spent his whole political life in a cage—an eagle, if you will; the other never knew what such fetters were. He breathed the atmosphere of the wildest liberty; the freedom of the primeval woods themselves was not freer than the world where Aaron Burr lived, and moved, and had his being.

Besides, Hamilton had erected propriety, rather than virtue, into a divinity. Burr had a keener sense of

beauty; his whole nature was suffused with the glow of passion; and yet he was more completely master of himself than Hamilton ever learned how to be. Duelling was becoming disreputable; but not in the school of chivalry where Burr belonged, nor in the school of chivalry where Hamilton had been trained; but still, as Hamilton's friends had always put him forward as the champion of virtue and propriety, and Burr as exactly the opposite, the virtues of the one being as shamelessly exaggerated as the vices of the other, Hamilton did not dare disobey the behest of public opinion which required the challenged man to go out.

'It was all the work of their adherents and partisans.'—There is no doubt that either wished the other one out of the way. But Burr was well enough satisfied in measuring his lance with his antagonist in the Senate, or before the bar of supreme tribunals. Burr's faith in his own superiority was so much stronger than Hamilton's, that the latter felt there was no resource left for his reputation for courage, except to take the field.

'But the press of the country, then limited in numbers and circulation, but unscrupulous to the last degree of decency, honor, or truth, was under the supreme control of Hamilton and his friends. They had provoked hostilities; they had maligned and assailed Burr in every relation of life; they had goaded his friends to desperation by their meanness and atrocious assaults; nothing was sacred from the pens of the writers of these journals; not a single issue of their sheets would to-day be read aloud, or admitted to any decent family in America. Libel was no name for these assaults. And all this was done under the garb of superior sanctity, that was claimed for Alexander Hamilton; a man whose personal deeds became by his own voluntary consent, the property of mankind, and an honest recital of which would bring a blush to the face of any decent woman in America.

'That press which had provoked the quarrel, and which was supposed to have expended its last drop of venom upon the personal character of Aaron Burr, was now fired by the spirit of a deeper malignity—intensified by the bitterness of baffled hopes. Their hero was dead; his antagonist was living. And when they could no longer plot for his blood, they determined to pursue him with unrelenting malignity, and they did. They made him an outcast, an exile; the leader of their party, from the Presidential office, was made the tool of their passions; and from that seat he sent malign orders to our representatives in Europe, and even asked as a favor from the rotten thrones of the Old World that Burr should there find no city of refuge.

'But time at last makes all things even. Burr

Another War Cloud Rising.—This country seemed again upon the eve of hostilities with France and England. Both, in their collisions with each other, had carelessly and wrongfully entrenched upon the field of our legitimate commerce. England had swept the ocean—the victories of the Nile

waited long for justice; it was meted out to him in some measure, at last, and in a candid and manly spirit, by James Parton, in his exhaustive and captivating *Life and Times of Aaron Burr.*—Two vols. Osgood & Co., Boston.

This same gentleman used to listen with a smile of peculiar derision to the slurs cast upon Burr's patriotism, by those who had not the merit of knowing even in what the crime—if it were one—for which he was indicted, had consisted.

'But for the same motives of political ambition and personal animosity,' said he, 'no prosecution for treason would ever have been brought against Aaron Burr. Nobody who knew anything about the case at the time, had any belief that Burr meditated any scheme hostile to the Union of the United States; while those most in his confidence were satisfied of exactly the contrary. They doubtless understood that his real intentions were, if, after surveying the ground, he should find that the scheme was practicable to revolutionize the political condition of the Spanish possessions north of the Isthmus, and organize them into a new and powerful political confederation—to drive out the Spanish power from North America, and from the whole West Indian Archipelago, and bring those vast dominions and their degraded population into the light of civil and religious freedom. So far as purity of political motives went, I know not why he was not to be credited with as high an inspiration in behalf of liberty as was Lafayette; nor have I ever had any doubt that if he had not been interfered with by that silly trial in the District Court of the United States, he would have carried his great purpose into effect. He was a man of infinitely grander political conceptions than Lafayette, or even Jefferson. In fact, there was no American of his time, nor has there ever been one since, who had so vast an idea of what might have been accomplished by a few bold and gallant spirits to lead the way in rescuing those mighty regions from the control of so degrading and besotted a power as Spain. As for any shallow notions of the establishment of an *empire* on this side of the Atlantic, Burr was a man of too much learning and political sagacity to entertain any such cloudy dream. He was a man of sharp perceptions; he entertained no fancies when business was on hand. He was most merciless in his analysis of facts; he had least faith in moonshine; he had no confidence in the strength of the monarchical principle in the future. He believed in the supremacy of mind; and so far as that sway went, he was born to control in a higher sense than Jackson, or Jefferson, and had always accomplished whatever he had undertaken, with more ease, with less machinery, and with more directness, than any of the successful leaders of our Revolution, or of our politics after we had established a government.

'Burr had infinite faith in the ultimate triumph of democracy. He was a better and a stronger democrat than even Jackson himself. He never, at any moment of his life, had any doubt about the success of our

arms in the Revolution, or of our political polity. He saw the result clearly from the beginning. He was a born soldier, but he cared more for what the sword could achieve as the pioneer of statesmanship, than for all other reasons. Filled with a spirit of chivalry and lofty pride in his ideal of manhood, with its graces, its accomplishments, and its gallantry, he deemed that the complete gentleman should be a complete soldier.

'But all this was the gloss on the mere surface of his nature; below all these shining qualities lay the depths of a broad and profound statesmanship; too broad and too deep to be comprehended by many of the men around him. In fact, it is doubtful whether he did not make a mistake in withholding from his friends a fuller explanation of his designs. He left them, perhaps, too much shrouded in mystery—he was too reticent. He had a thorough contempt for Spain, Spanish politics, and Spanish politicians; and he had unbounded faith in the ability of a few leading Americans, if guided by wise counsels, to advance from New Orleans,—as the base of operations,—into Mexico and Central America, and ultimately into Cuba and the circumjacent islands, and make a confederation of states that, if carried out, would either have given an early and tremendous impetus to our young Republic, or else have reared another friendly state engaged in the same great business of founding free institutions on a broad scale. But nobody who knew anything on the subject, ever believed he had a shadow of a purpose of diverting a single state from its allegiance. At most he would only have been a *filibuster*, which only meant a prophet.

'The whole West being thrown into a spasm of terror lest some great and treasonable scheme for dividing the American Union should be carried into effect, on the 25th of November, 1806, Jefferson issued his proclamation denouncing the alleged enterprise, and warning the West against it. Burr was indicted and brought to trial for treason. The indictment would have been sustained had there been any grounds for it, for the prosecution was conducted by the ablest talent of the American bar. Henry Clay was not a man easily deceived, and that a single unpatriotic hair ever lay over his glorious head no man has ever been base enough to assert. He was a man of honor himself, and he had absolute faith in the chivalric honor of Aaron Burr. Before he undertook his case, he asked him, in confidence, to make to him a statement that would fully justify him before the world, in reposing in him that confidence which he should repose, if such a pledge were made. This pledge was promptly given by Burr, in language the most broad, comprehensive, and particular. "He had no design," he said, "to intermeddle with or disturb the tranquillity of the United States, nor its territories, nor any part of them. He has neither issued, nor signed, nor promised, a commission to any person for any purpose. He did not own a single musket, nor bayonet, nor any single article of military stores, nor did any other person for him, by his authority or knowledge. His views

and Trafalgar had already been proclaimed. She assumed the right of excluding all neutral vessels from the ports of France; and the emperor had published his decrees—retaliatory decrees—of the same character, against Great Britain. Both powers were guilty of the grossest violation of the same recognized principles of international law. Two powerful sovereigns were fighting against each other; but they had no right to interfere with neutral and friendly nations. Both, however, seized, and condemned as prizes, every American vessel they could capture, that did not respect their arbitrary and unjust orders and decrees.¹ Jefferson recommended and enforced an

had been explained to several distinguished members of the administration, were well understood and approved by the government. They were such as every man of honor and every good citizen must approve. He considered this declaration proper as well to counteract the chimerical tales circulated by the malevolence of his enemies, as to satisfy Mr. Clay that he did not become the counsel of a man in any way unfriendly to the laws, the government, or the well-being of his country."

Of course the whole thing ended in smoke, but leaving an additional shadow hanging over Burr, who seemed to be destined to find no escape from political persecution until he found peace in the grave.

'As for myself, I have always regarded it as one of the greatest calamities that ever happened to this nation, that Burr's great scheme was nipped in the bud. It may, possibly, not have been as well for us in the long run, to have had the Spanish power blotted out at so early a period along our border; but I am convinced that it delayed for a long time the emancipation of the Spanish colonies, and postponed indefinitely their advance to civilization.'

This gentleman from whom I am quoting so much *in extenso*, knew all about the domestic relations of Colonel Burr, and the private affairs of his household. He said that he had never known nor read of an instance of such pride and affection in a father, as he displayed to the day of his death for his charming daughter Theodocia. In tenderness of affection, in the assiduity and care he displayed in her education, in the aspirations he breathed into her beautiful soul for that wonderful intellectual supremacy which she reached, and for the completeness and symmetry with which she ripened into womanhood; and the earnest, truthful, and almost idolatrous love with which that daughter returned all this affection, constituted, he often used to say, the most beautiful sight he ever witnessed in domestic life. 'No man,' he once exclaimed with uncontrolled enthusiasm, 'could pass an evening in Burr's house, when young Theodocia, scarcely yet come to womanhood, presided over its hospitalities with the grace of a queen, and witness the tenderness and exquisite beauty of those relations between the father and child, and watch the appreciation of his great qualities, as adoration for them beamed forth from the illuminated face of Theodocia, and ever afterwards doubt that there was a fountain of parental affection, and manly honor, and purity in his great soul, which would at once silence all the clamor that was raised against his personal character. Whatever may be the views people now take of those matters, society

is its own mistress—it will dictate its own laws, and prescribe its own maxims and modes. Certain it is that in those days gallantry, while not classed among the necessary virtues of society, was not considered, as it now is, the total demoralizer of the heart, the debaucher of honor, and the underminer of integrity. I have known most of the shining men and women of the early times of our country, but I have never known a man whom I regarded so pre-eminently qualified to bring up a pure and brilliant child like Theodocia; nor in the highest sense in which the word honor is known among men, do I believe that any man of his time stood higher in the estimate of those who knew him best, than Aaron Burr.'

¹To the embittering grievance of impressment was added in 1806 and 1807, a series of paper blockades, by means of which, not only American seamen, but American merchandise afloat, became subject to seizure and confiscation upon the high seas, under circumstances which left the American government no choice but to abandon the ocean entirely, or submit to a wholesale plunder upon the seas, destructive to their prosperity, and intolerable to national pride. By these Orders in Council the whole French empire, with its allies and dependencies, then embracing nearly all of Europe, were declared to be in a state of blockade. Any American vessel bound to or returning from any port in any of these countries, without first stopping at an English port and obtaining a license to prosecute the voyage, was declared a lawful prize. This was in retaliation of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, wherein he had declared the British islands, their dependencies and allies in a state of blockade, and had rendered every vessel liable to confiscation, which either touched at a British port, or was laden, in whole or in part, with British produce. This decree, however, was in retaliation of a previous decree, passed by the English government in 1806, whereby the whole imperial coast, from Brest to the Elbe, was declared in a state of blockade.

All these decrees were haughty and high-handed violations of national law, which allows of no mere paper blockades, and requires the presence of a sufficient force to render them legal. Between these haughty belligerents, no American vessel could be free from liability to confiscation. If they were bound on a voyage to any European port, they must touch at an English port and obtain a license, or become a lawful prize to some one of the thousand British cruisers which vexed the ocean. If they touched at an English port, or were laden, in whole or in part, with British merchandise, they were confiscated by the imperial edicts as soon as they reached a continental port. Both decrees were equally hostile to American commerce; but the English had set the first example, and the practical operations of their Orders in Council was far more destructive than Napoleon's decree. One thousand American vessels, richly laden, became the prize of the British cruisers; irritating cases of impressment were constantly occurring; the language of American diplomacy became daily more angry and impatient, that of England daily more cold and haughty, and in June, 1812, the American Congress declared war.—*Collins' History of Kentucky*, vol. i. pp. 296, 297.

embargo, which Congress enacted. The question was ultimately adjusted with France without much difficulty; but there were more deeply-seated causes for complaint against Great Britain. Here we encounter again the question of the Right of Search.¹ Instances were constantly occurring, in which our unprotected merchant vessels were overhauled and searched, and numbers of their crews seized and carried on board the armed ships of Great Britain. Things went on so far that the American ship-of-war *Chesapeake* was attacked by the British vessel *Leopard*, and four men were taken from her crew. This outrage inflamed feelings which finally found vent only in the war which occurred five years afterwards.

Madison Elected Jefferson's Successor.—Another presidential election was drawing near; and Jefferson, who had served eight years, was regarded as out of the question. Washington's example had established a precedent; and had he not, Jefferson was known to look unfavorably even upon a second term, while a third term nowhere found an advocate. Mr. Madison, 1809, one of the illustrious men of the times, and the one to whom we are perhaps more indebted than to any other for his great agency in framing the Constitution, was chosen to succeed Jefferson, while George Clinton, of New York, was re-elected Vice-President. One of the early acts of the Madison administration was to repeal the embargo which had been laid by Congress during Jefferson's term. It was regarded, and justly too, as unnecessarily severe—embarrassing friends as well as foes. A wiser measure was proposed as a substitute. In repealing the Embargo Act, a law was enacted prohibiting all intercourse with Great Britain and France; with a provision that this system of non-intercourse should cease in respect to either of those nations, when they should annul their odious and unjust decrees. This course seemed, for the time, to be effectual on England; for in April, 1809, assurances were given by Lord Erskine to the American Secretary of State, pledging the repeal of all British Orders in Council affecting the United States. In the meantime the British ministry had changed their policy with their varying fortunes in the European struggle with Napoleon. That ministry alleged that Erskine had exceeded his powers, and he was recalled. His successor—a Mr. Jackson—imprudently accused the Secretary of State of being cognizant to the alleged fact. It was honorably and frankly

¹ Being the second maritime power in the world, the United States became the carrier on the ocean of a large portion of the commerce of Europe. Many English seamen, tempted by the high wages given by American merchants, were employed in our commercial marine; and England claimed and exercised the right of impressing her own seamen wherever they might be found. The enormous navy which she maintained required to be supported by constant impressment; and under color of seizing her own citizens, she was constantly in the habit of stopping American merchantmen, and selecting from the crew such men as her subordinate officers chose to consider English, Irish, or Scotch, and who were frequently native American citizens. Redress could seldom be obtained, and never, except after interminable delay and vexation. All Americans upon the ocean thus became liable to be

seized at the discretion of any British officer, and forced, under the discipline of the lash, to waste their lives in the most unhealthy climates, and in the most degraded stations. This grievance was the subject of protracted and bitter remonstrance, from the administration of Washington to the opening of the war; but Great Britain constantly refused to abandon the right, or rather the exercise of the power. In truth, her extraordinary efforts by land and sea called for all the resources of men and money which could be made available in any part of the world; and the sixty thousand splendid and unequalled seamen, which manned the American marine, totally unprotected, save by diplomatic remonstrances, afforded too rich a resource to be abandoned.—Collins' *History of Kentucky*, vol. i. p. 296.

disclaimed; but Mr. Jackson repeated his accusation, when the President very properly declined any further intercourse with the gentleman.

In 1810, Napoleon repealed his decrees that had so seriously embarrassed our commerce; and on the 2d of November following, Mr. Madison published a proclamation which opened all our relations of commerce and amity with the French empire.

Aggressions of Great Britain.—England seemed indisposed to cultivate peaceful relations with this country, and international animosities went so far that the *Little Belt*, a British war vessel, under Captain Bingham, attacked—May 16th, 1811—the American frigate *President*, off Cape Charles. The insult was repelled, and the British flag was lowered in surrender. Still more violent animosities were inflamed on both sides by this encounter; and it is now placed beyond the reach of cavil or dispute, that the British ministry entertained, at that time, not only a desire, but a determination to have one more struggle with this country, under the shallow belief that these States might be reduced to their ancient subjection to the British Crown; or, at all events, that a rival commercial power growing up in the trans-Atlantic world could be effectually humbled.

The first unmistakable sign of British feeling on this subject, was manifested by a hostile confederation that had, through English connivance, been formed by the Indian tribes on our western frontier. This confederacy was headed by Tecumseh, an Indian chief of great ability and influence, who flew from tribe to tribe to inflame the most deadly passions of the Indian races against the United States. King Philip had, in undertaking his wars, believed it possible to exterminate the pale-faces from the North American continent. Tecumseh only hoped to reduce them within the limits of that narrow belt, which, before his time, had restricted the advances of the British colonies.

The command of this new war of defence against Indian atrocities was committed to Governor Harrison, of the Territory of Indiana, and who was subsequently elected President. He soon turned it into a war of aggression and conquest. On the 7th of November, 1811, after an agreement with the messengers of Tecumseh to suspend hostilities till the following day, the war-whoop rang through his camp that night. But the savages were repulsed with a bloody slaughter.

Hostilities with Great Britain inevitable.—Events were now fast hurrying onwards to a hostile issue with Great Britain. During eight years, her deprivations upon our commerce had extended so far that nine hundred laden American vessels had been taken as British prizes. The President and his constitutional advisers saw that some vigorous steps must be taken. Congress felt the same necessity, and the people of the country were clamorous for decided action. Statutes were immediately enacted to enlarge the navy,

and increase the army to thirty-five thousand men. The duties upon foreign importations were doubled, and the President was empowered to borrow eleven million dollars to carry on a new war with the empire that had attempted to render our independence impossible, and that now wished to strangle us in our infancy. A deep sensation was made by some documentary proofs laid before Congress by Mr. Madison, which showed that, in 1809, the Governor of Canada had sent an emissary into this country, with money and instructions to break up the National Union. The chief scope of his mission consisted in the attempt to draw off New England, with one or more of the Northern States, into a confederation which should be under the special protection of Great Britain, and, in fact, become one of her dependencies. The scene of his efforts was limited to this district, and to the Federalists as a party—for, from the foundation of the government, the Republican or Democratic party has never entertained any cordial feelings towards our ancient oppressor. This emissary of the British government was a certain Mr. John Henry. He did his best; but the humiliating failure he experienced, furnishes only another illustration of the profound ignorance of the character and spirit of the American people, which has always distinguished the British Cabinet.

SECTION ELEVENTH.

THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.

Causes which led to our Second War for Independence.—Nearly thirty years had now elapsed since the close of the American Revolution. With the exception of our border wars, and some slight collisions of no great importance with France and England, and brief hostilities carried on against Tripoli, the Republic had been at peace with all nations, and, outside of England, we had not an enemy in the civilized world. Another generation had come upon the scene. Some of the veterans of the Revolution were left; and they were ready enough to gird on the sword. They were also competent to the business of leading armies. But the military ardor of the country had cooled, and habits of war were no longer familiar to the American people.

But events had occurred, and public feeling had been excited to such a point, that a Second War with England had become inevitable. That haughty power abated few of her pretensions, and America was determined to abate them. On the 18th of June, 1812, a Proclamation of War against Great Britain was passed by a large majority in Congress. The nation was unprepared for the enterprise; but there was a spirit of confidence, daring, and independence in the hearts of our people, which would submit to dictation, aggression, and depredation no longer. The country felt that a Second War was as necessary to complete our Independence, as the first had been to defend its Declaration.

Hull's cowardly Surrender.—Gen. Dearborn, who had gone through the Revolution, was chosen major-general and commander-in-chief of the army. It was decided at Washington to begin hostilities by invading Canada. Three regiments of volunteers, with three hundred regular troops, all under the command of Gen. Hull, gathered on the frontier, and the invasion took place on the 12th of July. A more unfortunate choice could not have been made in the appointment of the commander of this expedition; for Gen. Hull was destitute of every great military quality. He was timid by nature, and he covered our arms with dishonor. Meeting the enemy with a fair chance of a general and decisive engagement, his army drawn up, and his men impatient for battle, he gave orders for a retreat. The indignation of the army knew no bounds. They threw their arms on the ground, and strong and brave men wept like women, at their humiliation; 'while women,' as Mrs. Willard nobly says, 'were angry at such apparent cowardice.' Impatient, to all appearance, to consummate his disgrace, he hung out a white flag from the walls of his fort, and, without consulting his officers, and by no means disabled or reduced to the necessity of yielding, and with a fair prospect of a glorious campaign before him, he precipitately and unqualifiedly surrendered. He was subsequently exchanged, tried by a court-martial of his countrymen, and sentenced to death. Contrary to the public wish, and in defiance of the public judgment, he was pardoned by the President.

American Naval Victories.—But this foul disgrace was somewhat obliterated by naval successes which soon followed. Only three days after Hull's surrender of Detroit, Capt. Hull, in command of the American frigate *Constitution*, fell in with the British frigate *Guerriere*, commanded by Capt. Dacres, and as the British commander had challenged any vessel in the American navy of his own class, and professed especial contempt for the Yankees, Hull determined to chastise him on the first opportunity. When they came in sight of each other, Hull cleared his decks for action. The engagement began, and in thirty minutes the *Guerriere* struck her colors. A few days later, Capt. Porter, of the *Essex*, overhauled another British armed vessel, the *Alert*. She struck her flag in eight minutes.

General Harrison Commands the Western Troops.—The disgraceful conduct of General Hull aroused a feeling of indignation in the West, which made every man's cheek burn with shame; and in a few days ten thousand men had sprung to arms, and, marching to the frontier, clamored for a sight of the foe. Gen. Harrison was put at the head of those forces, and the British found in him a different man to deal with.

In command of the little sloop-of-war, the *Wasp*, Capt. Jones—Oct. 18th—fell in with the *Frolic*, which he captured after a desperate fight, in which five-sixths of the British crew fell. Flushed with victory, Jones saw a British line-of-battle ship, mounting seventy-four guns, bearing down upon him. The *Wasp* was in too shattered a condition to hope to escape; and Jones, with his prize, fell into the enemy's hands.

On the 25th of the same month, Commodore Decatur, on the frigate *United States*, covered himself with glory by the capture of the frigate *Macedonian*. On the 28th of December following, Commodore Bainbridge took the British frigate *Java*, off the coast of Brazil. In the meantime, our privateers were sweeping the ocean; they had already taken two hundred and fifty British vessels, and brought home upwards of three thousand prisoners.

Re-Election of Madison.—Mr. Madison was re-elected, and inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1813, when Elbridge Gerry became Vice-President. The Federal party had now grown into general disfavor, and the Republicans—who should hereafter be called the Democrats—had everything their own way. The Federalists, as a party, had opposed the war, which robbed them of most of their influence. The United States have prosecuted but a few wars; they have, however, all been popular with the people, as wars almost invariably are when carried on by Republics. Those public men who opposed the Second War with England, never became the favorites of the masses; and the term Federalist, when applied to a statesman in after times, inflamed against him the most unconquerable odium.

Repetition of former British Atrocities.—It is with regret that we are obliged, in this war, as we did in that of the Revolution, to recount so many instances of violation of faith, and such frequent resorts to atrocities and massacres. The English employed and paid the Indian savages for perpetrating these shocking barbarities. During the engagement of a detachment of the American army, under General Winchester, with the main body of the British army, under Col. Proctor, the American commander was taken; but his soldiers were doing their duty on the field, and had a fair chance of winning the battle. Partly terrified by a threat of Col. Proctor, of letting loose the savages for another general massacre of our helpless frontier population, and influenced partly by the promise that Proctor had made, that if the Americans would surrender, the frontier population should be protected, they laid down their arms as soon as they received this assurance, with the order of their captive commander, to surrender. The dastard liar, who professed to represent the chivalry and honor of England, turned them out for butchery, unarmed. The war-whoop rang on the night air, and five hundred Americans were brained by the tomahawk. Most of them were young men from the best families in Kentucky. That foul treachery has neither been forgotten nor forgiven, and it never will be by Western men.

Heroism of Major Croghan.—Gen. Harrison had removed his army to Fort Meigs, where he was besieged by Proctor; but the Englishman was obliged to raise the siege, and was defeated in a fiercely contested battle. He then, with a superior force, attacked Fort Stevenson, on the Sandusky river. That little fortification was held by the brave Major Croghan, an almost beardless boy, and one hundred and sixty heroic soldiers. Proctor was forced

to draw off, leaving more dead men on the ground than Crogan had men when the battle began.

Commodore Chauncey's Gallant Conduct.—Commodore Chauncey had hastily made ready a flotilla on Lake Ontario, with which he transported Gen. Dearborn's army to York, the capital of Upper Canada. They took the town, killed ninety of the British troops, wounded two hundred, and took eight hundred prisoners. On the 27th of May, Gen. Dearborn attacked Fort George. Col. St. Vincent, the British commander, was obliged to give way, and, spiking his guns, abandoned the fort. Something had been done to atone for Hull's disgrace.

Commodore Perry on Lake Erie.—In the meantime Commodore Perry had a little fleet under his command on Lake Erie—consisting of the *Lawrence* and *Niagara*, each mounting twenty-five guns, and several smaller vessels carrying two apiece. The veteran Commodore Barclay, with about the same number of vessels, guns, and men, was on the same waters, and the country was waiting to hear of an engagement.

At noon, September 10th, 1813, Perry began the fight. Early in the engagement his flag-ship was disabled, and the British thought they had won the day. But at this moment, Perry, who had no such idea, seized his flag, and sprang into an open boat; and while a shower of bullets rained all around him, he pulled for his next best ship, leaped upon her deck, ran up his ensign, gave his signals, and bore down upon the foe. The battle lasted four hours, and the decks of all the vessels were covered with blood. Perry's men fought not only with the courage which manliness and patriotism inspire, but with the desperation he had kindled in their breasts by shouting to them during the battle, 'Now, boys, wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender.' At four o'clock the British commander struck his riddled ensigns, and the whole squadron surrendered.'

¹ 'The action began between eleven and twelve o'clock, with scarcely a breath of air to stir the bosom of the lake. Perry, in the *Lawrence*, accompanied by two of the small vessels, bore down upon the enemy, but was not closely followed by Lieutenant Elliot, in the *Niagara*, and the rest of the small vessels. For two hours Perry remained exposed to the fire of the whole British fleet, by which his vessel was cut to pieces, and three-fourths of his crew killed and wounded. Elliot, during this time was never within less than half a mile of the enemy, and the residue of the fleet was not nearer than a mile and a half, save the two small vessels which accompanied him. By two o'clock Perry's vessel was totally disabled, but the rest of his fleet was but little injured. The lake was so smooth, that the distant gun-boats, from their long twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, threw their shot with great precision, and made themselves felt in the action, but Elliot's brig, which formed so essential a part of the force, and which was armed almost exclusively with carronades, had as yet annoyed the enemy but little, and had fought principally with two twelve-pounders, the only long guns she had. At two o'clock, Perry left the *Lawrence* under command of her lieutenant, and in an open boat, rowed to the *Niagara*. Upon Perry's expressing dissatisfaction at the manner in which the gun-boats were managed, Elliot volunteered to bring them up. He left the *Niagara* in a boat for that purpose, and pass-

ed swiftly down the line, ordering them to cease firing, and, by the combined use of their sweeps and sails, to press forward into close action.

'Instantly a new impulse was given to the whole line. The well-known signal for close action was now seen flying from the *Niagara*, and after a delay of fifteen minutes, to enable the gun-boats to come up, Perry bore down upon the British line, passed through it, and delivered a raking fire of grape and canister, from both broadsides, at half pistol-shot distance. The dreadful cries from the *Queen Charlotte* and *Lady Prevost*, which followed this close and murderous discharge, announced the fatal accuracy with which it had been delivered. The gun-boats were now within pistol-shot, and a tremendous cannonade, accompanied by the shrill clear notes of many bugles from the English vessels, announced that they expected to be boarded, and were summoning their boarders to repel the anticipated assault. No boarding, however, was attempted. The superior weight of the American mettle was now telling, in close fight, when the full power of their carronades was felt, and in fifteen minutes the enemy surrendered, with the exception of two of their smallest vessels, which attempted to escape. The attempt proved fruitless, and the whole fleet of the enemy became the prize of the captors. When the smoke cleared away, so that the hostile fleets could be distinctly seen, they were found intermingled, within half pistol-shot. The

Tecumseh overthrown.—This brilliant action filled the country with enthusiasm, and covered Perry with unfading laurels. A passage was thus opened to the territory which Hull had abandoned, and Gen. Harrison pressed on to occupy it. The British army retreated before him, and the Americans entered Detroit. On the 5th of October, a battle took place between the two commanders-in-chief of the hostile armies, with all their forces. Nearly one-half of the British side were Indians, and the Americans had long known what that word meant. The English had the advantage in the ground; but Harrison's evolutions were so skilful, and his men fought so true and so brave that victory began to light upon their banners. The fortunes of the day were decided by the charge of Col. Johnson, at the head of his mounted Kentucky riflemen. Harrison knew that the great chief Tecumseh, who had been made a general in the British army, and who had killed his thousands of men, was fighting on the British side, with a desperation that admitted no thought, either of losing a victory, or falling into the hands of the Americans. As the battle rolled on, Johnson launched his corps against the centre of Tecumseh's murderous band, when the death-struggle came. At last, dashing through friend and foe, as he caught sight of the murderous glare of Tecumseh, Johnson reached him, and laid him dead on the field. The last reliance of the cowardly Proctor was gone. He knew that his men were no match for the army under General Harrison, without the brutal aid of the savages. The victory was decisive. It reflected honor upon the American arms, and our frontiersmen breathed freer in their log-cabins, scattered along for a thousand miles, when they heard that Tecumseh was dead. This battle is known as the Victory of the Thames.

The alliance of the various western tribes, under the leadership of Tecumseh, was now broken; and the rest of the fighting which the British commanders were to do in that war had to be done by white men.

Barbarities of Admiral Cockburn.—In the previous spring, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays were proclaimed, by the British government, to be in a state of blockade; and three British admirals were sent over with fleets to enforce it. Having taken possession of several islands in the Chesapeake, Admiral Cockburn disgraced his name and the arms of his country, by barbarous and brutal pillages, deprivations, murders, and scenes of blood, which outstripped even the worst savage deeds we have recounted. He became ferocious, murderous, and cruel, just in proportion as he could be with impunity. He had a cowardly and bloody nature; and history has done him justice.

'*Don't give up the Ship.*'—Still other successes crowned our arms at sea. On the 23d of February, Captain Lawrence, on the *Hornet*, took the British

signal for close action was still flying from the mast-head of the American commodore, and the small vessels were still sternly wearing their answering flag of intelligence and obedience. The loss on both sides, owing to the dreadful slaughter on board the *Lawrence*,

was nearly equal. The American loss was twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded, considerably more than half of which was sustained by the crew of the *Lawrence.*'—Collins' *History of Kentucky*, vol. i. pp. 306, 307.

sloop-of-war Peacock, after an action of only a quarter of an hour. He was then promoted to the command of the frigate Chesapeake, which lay disabled in Boston. Her incomplete crew were almost in a state of mutiny, from not having received their pay; and Captain Brooke, who had command of the fine frigate Shannon, with a picked complement of officers and men, sent an insulting challenge to Lawrence, which he ought not to have accepted; for the odds were too great. He met him, however, and in less than twenty minutes from the time the first gun was fired, every officer and half the men on board the Chesapeake were either killed or wounded. The brave Lawrence fell upon his own deck; but he shouted to his men with his last breath, 'Don't give up the ship.' The English boarded her, and overpowering her few remaining combatants, the shattered frigate became the enemy's prize. But she gave no token of surrender; her crew were cut to pieces, and the English commander was obliged to lower the American standard with his own hand.

Commissioners appointed with a View to meet expected Proposals for Peace.—At different times during this Second War with England, various proposals had been made for peace. England was deriving from it no advantage whatever; while, although we met with reverses, and the government was seriously embarrassed in its finances, the United States were growing stronger every hour the war lasted, and officers were coming forward in a school of discipline and valor, to lead our armies in after-days. The military fruits of that war were not fully reaped until the officers who were trained in it came to lead our battalions across the plains of Mexico.

John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, and James A. Bayard, were appointed commissioners of the United States, to meet British commissioners at the city of Ghent. They sailed for their destination in the month of August, and were soon followed by Henry Clay and Jonathan Russell, who were added to the commission. But the government relaxed none of its exertions. An extra session of Congress was called, and with a bold and strong hand they laid heavy taxes upon the people to raise money to carry on the war. Everybody who was taxed raised a clamor; but the men they had sent to represent them let them clamor on. That Congress of 1813-14 was one of the noblest that had assembled since the beginning of the Revolution.

Wellington's Veterans embarked for Canada.—Neither had the British government relaxed any of its exertions, and it was now better prepared than ever to prosecute the war. The great Napoleon had fallen, and was on his way to Elba. Embarrassed with a veteran army of fourteen thousand men, for whom she had no other work, England embarked them from Bordeaux for Canada. They had followed the standard of Wellington in his wonderful campaigns. New fleets also sailed for our shores, with orders to lay waste the coast from Maine to Georgia.

The Campaign of 1814 Opens on the Northern Frontier.—The campaign

of 1814 opened, and all the forces at the disposal of the government were despatched to the northern frontier. Here Scott won his imperishable name. The battles of Niagara, Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane are too familiar to every American ear to need any rehearsal. In nearly all the skirmishes and battles of that brilliant campaign, the Americans fought to the greatest disadvantage, but something was gained by skilful generalship. They were contending, too, with the best troops of the British empire—then beyond all question the finest in the world.

Admiral Cockburn had arrived in the Chesapeake with a new fleet, which brought a large land force, under the veteran commander, Gen. Ross. On the 19th of August, he landed five thousand men at Benedict, twenty-five miles above the mouth of the Patuxent, and commenced his march, with the intention of burning down the United States Capitol. At eight o'clock on the evening of the third day, he marched into Washington with five thousand men, and began his Vandal work. The Capitol was not finished, but the British commander burned it to the ground—he burned its extensive and valuable library, and all its collections, which had been gathered from distant quarters of the world, for the promotion of the arts of peace and the progress of letters—he burned the public offices of the various departments of the government—he burned the President's house, and drove Mrs. Madison, the President's wife, away from her dwelling. Almost in the presence of Mrs. Madison herself these unnecessary, unprovoked, and unjustifiable outrages were perpetrated.¹ Private dwellings were pillaged, sacked, and burnt to

¹ 'When the British marched slowly into the wilderness city, by the lurid light that shot up from the blazing Capitol, the population had dwindled down to a few stragglers, and the slaves of the absent residents. The houses, scattered over a large space, were shut, and no sign of life was visible. The President had crossed the Potomac early in the afternoon, and Mrs. Madison had followed in another direction. The bayonets of the British guard gleamed as they filed down the avenue, and the fulminations from the navy-yard saluted them as they passed. Nothing but the prayers and entreaties of the ladies, and the expostulations of the nearest residents, deterred the British General Ross from blowing up the Capitol; but he ordered it to be fired at every point, and many houses near it were consumed. A house hard by, owned by General Washington, was destroyed, which, in justice to human nature be it said, the General regretted. Not so the Admiral, who ordered the troops to fire a volley into the windows of the Capitol, and then entered to plunder.'

'I have, indeed, to this hour' (said Mr. Richard Rush, in 1855), 'the vivid impression upon my eye of columns of flame and smoke ascending throughout the night of the 24th of August from the Capitol, President's house, and other public edifices; as the whole were on fire, some burning slowly, others with bursts of flame, and sparks mounting high up in the dark horizon. This never can be forgotten by me, as I accompanied out of the city, on that memorable night in 1814, President Madison, Mr. Jones, then Secretary of the Navy, General Mason, of Anacostia Island, Mr. Charles Carroll, of Bellevue, and Mr. Tench Ringgold. If at intervals the dismal sight was lost to our view, we got it again from some hill-top or eminence where we paused to look at it.'

A letter written by Mrs. Madison to her sister at Mount Vernon, gives us an insight into her feelings:

'TUESDAY, August 23d, 1814.

'DEAR SISTER:—My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anx-

iously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him and the success of my army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two despatches from him written with a pencil; the last is alarming, because he desires that I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city: that the enemy seemed stronger than had been reported, and that it might happen that they would reach the city with intention to destroy it. . . . I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself, until I see Mr. Madison safe, and he can accompany me, as I hear much hostility towards him. . . . Disaffection stalks around us. . . . My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C., with his hundred men, who were stationed as a guard in this enclosure. . . . French John (a faithful domestic) with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder which would blow up the British should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able, however, to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

'WEDNESDAY MORNING, TWELVE O'CLOCK.

'Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I can descry only groups of military, wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirits, to fight for their own firesides.

'Three o'clock.—Will you believe it, my sister, we have had a battle or skirmish near Bladensburg, and I am still here within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not; may God protect him! Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly; but I wait for him. . . . At this late hour a wagon has been

ashes. The British commander then hastened on to Baltimore, to sack and burn that city; but he was repulsed by the Maryland militia, under Gen. Smith; and killed in battle before he laid another large town in ruins. To save the British army, its commanding general ordered a retreat to the British ships lying off the coast.¹

procured; I have had it filled with the plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house; whether it will reach its destination, the Bank of Maryland, or fall into the hands of the British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken and the canvas taken out; it is done—and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York for safe keeping. And now, my dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it, by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell.²

On the removal of the seat of government to Washington, in 1800, a magnificent portrait of General Washington, painted by Stewart partly, and completed by Winstanley, to whom President John Adams' son-in-law, Colonel Smith, stood for the unfinished limbs and body, hung in the state dining-room. Colonel W. P. Custis, of Arlington, a grandson of Mrs. Washington, called at the President's to save this picture of his illustrious grandfather, in whose house he was reared. Then, as now, it was one of the very few ornaments which adorned the White House, and at the risk of capture Mrs. Madison determined to save it. The servants of the house broke with an axe the heavy gilt frame which protected the inner one of wood upon which the canvas was stretched, and removed, uninjured, the painting, leaving the broken fragments screwed to the wall which had held distended the valued relic. Mrs. Madison then left the house, and the portrait was taken, while in the inner frame, by Mr. Baker, beyond Georgetown, and placed in a secure position.

The Presidential household-god, the image of the Father of his Country—by whom its chief city was fixed near his home, and by whose name it was called—was thus snatched from the clutch or torch of the barbarian captors. Half a century later, when the White House was undergoing a renovation, this portrait was sent, with many others subsequently added to this solitary collection, to be cleaned and the frame burnished. The artist found, on examination, that the canvas had never been cut, since the rusted tacks, time-worn frame, and the size compared with the original picture, was the most conclusive evidence that Mrs. Madison did not cut it out with a carving-knife, as many traditions have industriously circulated.—*The Ladies of the White House*, by Laura Carter Halloway, pp. 193-196. United States Publishing Company, New York.

¹ It was during this attack on Baltimore that an incident occurred which will always be related with interest, since it gave origin to the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, our most popular national lyric. Mr. Francis S. Key, of Georgetown, had, with another gentleman, gone with a flag of truce to attempt the release of a friend on board the British fleet. They were temporarily detained, lest they should disclose the intended attack on the city. From one of the vessels of the British squadron they saw the bombardment of Fort McHenry. During the whole day they watched the flag over the fort with the deepest anxiety, till night hid it from view. The bombardment continued. With the earliest daylight they were again on deck, straining

their eyes through the dawn, when, to their unexpressible joy, they saw the Star-Spangled Banner still waving over the ramparts. Under this inspiration that immortal lyric was begun, and chiefly written before the patriotic author was allowed to leave his unwilling prison.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory, reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

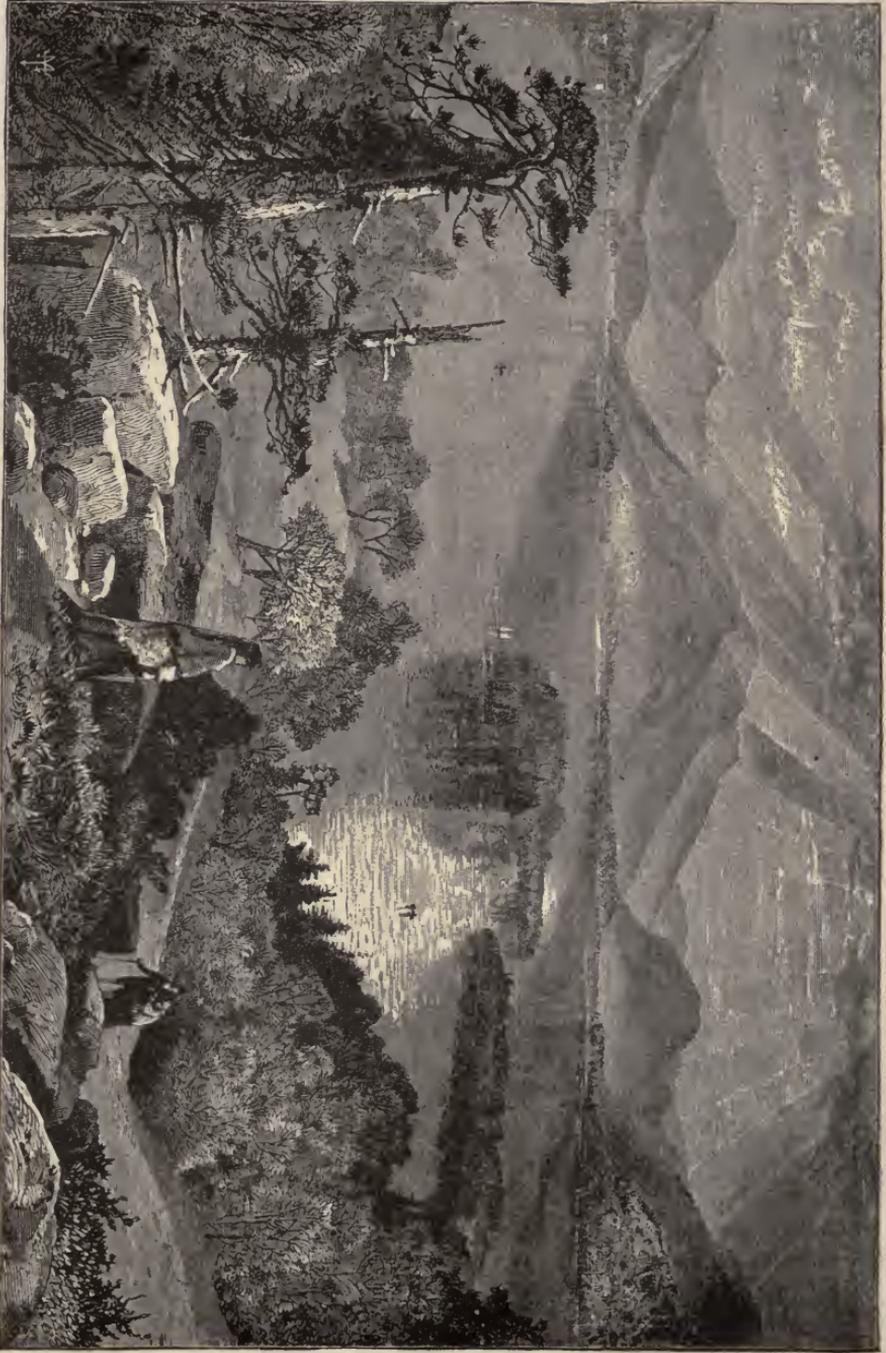
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

During this present year, 1874, Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, who, with a munificence that seems to correspond with the grandeur which nature has breathed over her mighty scenes on the Golden Coast, among other lavish provisions for science, art, and society, has given \$150,000 for a monument, in San Francisco, to the author of The Star-Spangled Banner

Popular Feeling awakened by these Atrocities.—There are even now living many who remember the feeling that went through the country when the news of these barbarities reached the people. There was no longer any opposition to the war, on the part even of the Federalists themselves. Daniel Webster had already given to it all the weight and earnestness of his nature—so had all the other great men of the times. With such a feeling, victory everywhere might be expected. And victory came.

Invasion of Fourteen Thousand British Troops from Canada.—Fresh reinforcements of Wellington's veteran troops landed in Canada, and joined the army of Sir George Prevost, who now led fourteen thousand men. He marched to Lake Champlain, where he issued a proclamation that his arms would be directed only against the government and its supporters; and he promised protection and immunity to everybody else. The whole mass of people burned with the fiercest indignation, at the depth and effrontery of this insult. An English nobleman, at the head of an all but invincible army, invading a peaceful district, with power to destroy its inhabitants and burn their dwellings, offered only the bribe of exemption from slaughter, as a reward to a vast community for turning traitors to their country. All party distinctions and local differences were forgotten,—the patriotic fire and indignation of the people broke forth; and *all passions*, and *all feelings*, drifted into a blended current of indignation. Men came rushing in from every quarter. In the northern part of New York, the dauntless Green Mountain boys crossed the barrier that divided their homes from the invader, impatient for the hour of struggle. Commodore Dwinie was co-operating with the British commander, and he had under his command, on Lake Champlain, a squadron mounting ninety-five guns, with a thousand men. Commodore MacDonough had also a naval force of eighty-six guns, and eight hundred men; and he was preparing to meet him.

Commodore MacDonough's Victory on Lake Champlain.—At nine o'clock, September 11th, 1814, the British Commodore, who had chosen his position, commenced the attack. The shores of the lake were dotted for miles with anxious groups of Americans, who had flocked to witness the fortunes of the day, and either see with their own eyes, the defeat of the foe, or go to their homes and prepare for scenes of desolation. Sir George Prevost, with his trained battalions, was posted in a convenient place, to strike the final blow, when Commodore MacDonough should strike his colors. It was an arduous, a grand, and a glorious struggle. There are oceans that belt the globe, that never sustained braver men, or drank up braver blood; and so the battle went on, shaking the hills that begirt that beautiful lake, which nature has made one of the wildest and most picturesque of her everlasting temples. Finally the British colors came down, and MacDonough had won the day. Sir George Prevost had not expected it, and consequently it became necessary to change his plan. It consisted in retreating with his great



LONG ISLAND, LATE GEORGE.



army in so much haste, that the American commander of the shattered little fleet was left not only master of the water, but of the land. Large quantities of stores and ammunition, abandoned by the flying battalions of Prevost, fell into our hands. The Green Mountain Boys hung upon the rear of Wellington's veterans, and the wearied army left its blood and corpses at every step.

Commodore Porter on the Pacific.—While these events were transpiring at home, with a daring, which now seems to resemble temerity, Commodore Porter was cruising with the frigate *Essex* in the Pacific ocean. He had captured twelve armed whale ships, whose aggregate force consisted of one hundred and seven guns, and three hundred men. One of the prizes was equipped, and receiving the name of the *Essex junior*, was given to the command of Lieutenant Downes. The British government, when this news arrived from the Pacific, sent out a squadron which attacked the *Essex*, while she was disabled by a storm, in the harbor of Valparaiso. Commodore Porter fought until all his officers but one, and three-quarters of his crew, were killed or wounded. He then gave up the ship to the enemy.

Other naval engagements, of less importance than these, were constantly occurring; but on the whole, with all the disparity of the contending forces, the advantages were chiefly on the American side.

The Approach of the Final Struggle.—Andrew Jackson, who had already displayed those rare qualities which made him one of the greatest men of his times, was now, with the rank of major-general of the United States army, in command of our forces at the South. He learned that the fleets of England were preparing to land an army of ten thousand men at New Orleans, to sweep up to the heart of the country. Jackson took his decision and executed it at once. A bloody skirmish occurred on the 23d of December, in the neighborhood of New Orleans, without decisive results; but the American commander had chosen a strong position, which he fortified by splendidly constructed breastworks, which were to prove absolutely impenetrable to the shots of the enemy. He had a protection for one wing of his army on the river, and a thick wood for the other. Here, with an inferior force, he lay strongly entrenched, waiting for the attack of Sir Edward Pakenham, the commander-in-chief of the British forces. The assault was made, and with great perseverance continued for seven hours, when he retired with considerable loss. On the first day of January, 1815, powerful reinforcements had swelled the British army to that favorite number—fourteen thousand able-bodied, perfectly equipped, veteran men. Jackson's entire force did not exceed six thousand, and many of them had never seen a fight. But the superior generalship of the commander was to more than atone for inferiority of numbers: while the ill-advised delay of Pakenham was to place victory beyond his reach.

Jackson's Victory at New Orleans.—Finally, on the 8th of January, the

grand assault was made by the British army in all its strength. They were repulsed; but their wavering columns grew steady under the command of their veteran leaders, and again they advanced in solid phalanx on the American breastworks. Once more, under the well-directed fire of the Americans, they fell back, and the third time their staggering and decimated battalions closed in, and went bravely up to the desperate work. Platoons, companies, regiments, columns, melted into the earth. At last, the brave Pakenham fell dead from his horse; his two chief generals were disabled by their wounds, and the staggering British army retreated for the third and last time, from the impregnable ramparts. They had lost two thousand six hundred men in that terrific battle; while General Jackson had lost but seven soldiers. The disparity seemed incredible.¹

Peace Conquered.—This great victory did for the Second War with England, what the battle of Yorktown had done for the First. It defeated and disheartened the British army, and put an end to the war. It would have been well for England, and humanity might have rejoiced in it, if that battle had never been fought; for not long after it, news arrived from Europe, that in the previous month of December, a treaty of peace had been negotiated at Ghent.

Brief Resumé of the Work of our First Fifty Years.—There had been

¹ 'Two rockets thrown into the air were the signals to move forward, and in three columns, the veterans of six glorious campaigns, covered with renown as with a garment, and hitherto victorious in every field, rushed against an earthen breastwork, defended by men who had hurried from the plough and the workshop, to meet the invaders of their country. The fog lay thick and heavy upon the ground, but the measured step of the centre column was heard long before it became visible, and the artillery opened upon them, directed by the sound of the mighty host, which bore forward as one man to the assault. At the first burst of artillery, the fog slowly lifted, and disclosed the centre column advancing in deep silence, but with a swift and steady pace.'

'The field was as level as the surface of the calmest lake, and the artillery ploughed through the column from front to rear, without for a moment slacking its pace or disordering the beautiful precision of its formation. Its head was pointed against the centre of the Kentucky and Tennessee line, where ten ranks of musketry stood ready to fire as soon as it came within one hundred and fifty yards; the musketry opened along a front of four hundred yards, and converged upon the head of the column with destructive effect. There was not a moment's pause in the fire. The artillery along the whole line discharged showers of grape, the roll of musketry was in one deep uninterrupted thunder, like the roar of an hundred water-falls, and the central breastwork, for four hundred yards, was in a bright and long-continued blaze, which dazzled the eye. Yet still the heroic column bore forward, into the very jaws of death, but it no longer maintained the beautiful accuracy of its formation. The head of the column actually reached the ditch, and were there killed or taken. The residue paused and seemed bewildered for a moment, and then retired in disorder under the same exterminating torrent of fire which had greeted their advance. Their commander, Pakenham, had perished; Generals Gibbs and Keam, the next in command, had also fallen. A host of inferior officers had shared the same fate, and their organization for the time was destroyed.'

'General Lambert now succeeded to the command, and rallied the column for a second effort. The officers

who had survived the terrible burst of fire from the lines, were seen busily reforming the ranks and encouraging the men. In a few minutes all traces of disorder disappeared, and again the column moved forward, with as rapid a step, and proud a front as at first. Again the artillery tore its ranks with grape-shot, until it came within range of small arms, when the same uninterrupted thunder of musketry ensued. The column did not again persevere in advance with the heroic fortitude which marked the first effort. They broke and fled in confusion, before arriving within one hundred yards of the lines, and no efforts of their officers could induce them again to advance.'

'The river column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Renne, advanced against the redoubt with a resolution which nothing but death could control. The same fatal fire of artillery and musketry enveloped its ranks. But through all it persevered in advance, and mounted the walls of the redoubt with loud cheers, compelling its defenders to retire to the breastwork. The redoubt was commanded by the breastwork, and the British troops were exposed to a destructive fire, which proved fatal to their gallant commander and most of the inferior officers. They maintained their ground at an enormous loss, until the central column was discomfited, when they gave way and retired in confusion.'

'The column under Colonel Jones had no better success. They found the left flank greatly strengthened since the 28th, and extending so far into the swamp that it could not be turned. They were greeted with the same deadly fire from Coffee's brigade, which had proved fatal to the other columns, and were withdrawn to the shelter of the wood, about the time that Pakenham's division was repulsed. The battle was over upon the left bank, and deep silence succeeded the intolerable roar, which had just tortured the senses. Enormous masses of smoke hovered a few feet above the breastwork, and slowly drifted over the blood-stained field. Horrid piles of carcasses marked the route of the centre column, which thickened as it approached the lines. The hostile ranks were covering behind a ditch, within half range of the artillery, unwilling to advance or retreat. Upon the right bank the battle was still going on.'—Collins' *History of Kentucky*, vol. i. p. 314-316.

brave and notable things done by the American people besides fighting Englishmen and Indians during the fifty years now closing, from the skirmish on the village green of Lexington to this bloody swamp battle near the mouth of the Mississippi.

Free Government.—The first, and greatest of all, and that for which all other things were done—that which alone gave any value to all other achievements, was the establishment of FREE GOVERNMENT on a new, broader, more just, equal, and lasting basis, than had ever before been attempted on a large scale by any community. It was not the rearing of a structure of political power merely; for, within a section of less than half the number of years we speak of, a score of governments called republican, kingly, imperial even, had risen—notably the mightiest military empire for the time that ever overshadowed the world—an empire which had dictated law to every civilized state except one in the Old World; whose invincible legions had trampled the soil of so many countries; whose imperial eagle had flown with the banner of its chief from the gulf of the Adriatic, to the pillars of Hercules, and from the snows of Russia to the sands of the Pyramids; but that mighty structure had dissolved 'like a vision of the night when one awaketh.' Here all that had been attempted in battle had been gained; all that had been gained had been saved. In this new world, war had been carried on for the primary purpose of achieving independence and sovereignty for a single people, and this, too, for the further sole purpose of giving that people a chance to construct an edifice of social life, such an one as they thought best adapted to secure their own happiness. Indeed the work of State building had gone on even in the heat of doubtful military conflicts; this new sight was first witnessed here, for it was during the throes of Revolution that thirteen Commonwealths forged out their own political institutions, and they went into complete operation as soon as the disturbances of war ceased.

Agriculture.—So, too, in the chiefest economy of life, AGRICULTURE—the subduing of the soil; the bringing of a large domain under the control of culture; of giving the earth a chance to yield her increase for the food of man; of rooting out the briars and thistles, and poisonous weeds, plants and grasses; of draining swampy and overflowed lands; of opening the forest to the shining sun, and letting the earth breathe and rejoice in heaven's light; for devising improved implements of tillage; for the importation and improvement of fruits and seeds, and better races of cattle and domestic animals.

Architecture.—Domestic and public; but chiefly for the home, the household, the family, the roof-tree—the beginning of all other institutions; that first and best, and dearest of all other social creations which, in its sacred germs, holds the guarantees of safety and strength for the whole community; the parent school where all the virtues that ever adorn or strengthen the State, are taught; the home-nest where all the young eagles are hatched and

fed, and grown to fledging, and flying, and conquest; that first altar from which rises incense that brings down celestial benedictions upon nations. Into all American homes were introduced the implements and the elements of comfort, of health, of enjoyment.

Domestic Commerce.—Out from these first startings came DOMESTIC COMMERCE, which has always preponderated as ten to one over foreign. Neighbor exchanged with neighbor his surplus to supply his lack; community with community, and State with State; for, from the beginning, freedom of domestic commerce was American law. Neither the traveller, the merchant, nor the vendor cared to ask, nor did he mind the knowing when he passed the frontier of a State; the national constitution had guaranteed the same rights to all citizens in all the States, for it was intended to be *one country for one people*. The flat boatman, who had loaded his craft in the upper waters of the Ohio, would have no questions asked him till his rude boat, borne on the bosom of an expanding river, had made a voyage of two thousand miles before it reached its market. There was freedom of port entry from the farthest village of Maine, along all the coast round to the mouth of the Mississippi. The explorer along the waters of the northern frontier found entry at every harbor, through distant Mackinaw, and our inland adventurers, following the roads opened by Boone to the Mississippi, and Lewis and Clark to distant Oregon, were all free to roam and rove where they liked—all under the protection of a flag which, although it was sustained by a people hardly so numerous as one of the provinces of ancient Rome, swayed a country vaster than that of the Cæsars:—a territory, too, of virgin and not exhausted soil; of fresh and not of degenerated and subjugated races.

Education of the whole People.—Beyond all this, next to personal liberty, with the sacredness of its guarantees, EDUCATION was held to be the first great duty of the state, and hence provision was made on a broader scale than ever was known before for the intellectual illumination of the great body of the people.

The State to Educate all its People.—The grandest feature in the structure of social life in America, was the point from which the founders of our institutions started, viz., the duty of the state to educate all its people. When they proclaimed this idea, it had all the freshness, and culminated in all the splendor of a new Evangel to the neglected multitude. No nation had ever before thought of elevating the whole mass of its people into an intellectual life. They were not supposed to participate in any of the duties of citizenship, except to obey the law, and contribute by their services, and, if need be, by their lives, to sustaining the state. They were not partners in the business of carrying on civil government, and no thought was bestowed upon qualifying them for duties they never would assume. The nearest approach to a plan of universal education had been with the Jews, who were required by the Mosaic law to instruct their children in the institutes of their fathers; but

that instruction was limited to a formal repetition of the maxims of the Levitical code, beyond whose range there was no inculcation of freedom of thought or action. The more completely they were indoctrinated into that system, the more exclusive and narrow they became. But with us, in laying the foundations of broad and great institutions, the cardinal maxim of the general education of the whole people was a new and vital proclamation. Provision was made by every community in the establishment of every colony, and in the organization of every state. This system was not indeed completely carried out in all cases, but it lay at the basis of all civil institutions: and they, more or less completely, accomplished the objects intended. It has been handed down to us, growing more and more sacred as an obligation as time went by, and it has expanded as we have advanced into new magnitude and beneficence. If it did not rear for us such institutions of learning as could rival the old universities of Europe, it was a matter of no regard, since popular education was of infinitely more consequence to vast communities than excellence of attainment among the favored few. Time has vindicated the wisdom of this system; for with the exception of some of the higher departments of learning, and the more abstruse and recondite fields of investigation, some of our colleges have proved themselves equal to as thorough scholarship as the older institutions of Europe; while a vastly larger proportion of our people have risen to a commendable grade of learning than can be found in any other country. British ignorance, which characterizes most of the nations of Europe, which have prided themselves on their institutions of high learning, has been utterly unknown in this country; and as a consequence we have been exempt from that social degradation which has characterized such large classes of the European populations.

The glory of this practical philosophy of general education has not only been displayed in the familiarity of the masses with the elementary principles of knowledge, but by the establishment of colleges and higher schools, which have ripened during late years into ample ranges of science. Classical education has never been neglected in American schools; but within our immediate time there has been displayed a growing appreciation of science, and the establishments which have recently been founded for such specific purposes, have already brought a much larger body of young men into the study of the natural sciences than could be found in any other land; while the higher education of females is entirely an American idea. This will appear when we come to speak of those new aspects of education which will so soon command our attention.

It is therefore chiefly, as we remarked in the Opening, in the elevation of men, in giving a new value to human life for the masses of the people, that we have achieved our best work, since if we had solved no higher problems than in the pure mechanics of life, in which we have outstripped the world, we should have lived in vain. If man had gained no new worth on this continent, it might just as well have been left unawakened from its dreamless sleep of ages.

It is, therefore, by a higher standard than the mere accumulation of wealth, and the bettering of the physical condition of men, that we should be judged in the progress of this history. I think I shall be able to show that our greatest achievements have been in those fields of social, intellectual, and moral culture which had hitherto commanded so little attention among the statesmen and philosophers of the world.

One Language for a great People.—Coincident with the application of this philosophy of civil life, came another thing, which was to secure a progress almost unknown in this Babel world of confused tongues—this continent was to have one language. The man had long been born whom Providence had chosen for the task. Just at the close of the Revolution, Noah Webster published an ‘elementary book for facilitating the acquisition of our vernacular tongue, and for correcting a vicious pronunciation which prevailed extensively among the common people of this country.’ These are his words: ‘Soon after the publication of that work—I believe in the following year—that learned and respectable scholar, the Rev. Dr. Goodrich of Durham, one of the trustees of Yale College, suggested to me the propriety and expediency of my compiling a Dictionary which should complete a system for the instruction of the citizens of this country in the language. At that time I could not indulge the thought, much less the hope of undertaking such a work, as I was neither qualified by research, nor had I the means of support during the execution of a work, had I been disposed to undertake it. For many years therefore, though I considered such a work very desirable, yet it appeared to me impracticable, as I was under the necessity of devoting my time to other occupations for obtaining subsistence.’

But that work was begun before the close of Washington’s first administration, and in 1806, a *Compendious* Dictionary was published. I have often thought that the importance of this event could not only never be exaggerated, but that it was impossible even for the men of our times, living three-quarters of a century later, to comprehend the greatness of that event. It seems worth the while to stop a few moments here at the fountain-head of this stream of intellectual life which has poured its inspirations down through the century, and whose life-giving waters are to bathe all the lands of the earth. I need not use the language of the future—this is being done already. I need not conceal here what I think. I shall be able, chiefly through the aid of my learned friend John A. Weisse, M.D., of New York, who is about bringing before the world the fruit of life-long investigations, to show with almost the certainty of a mathematical demonstration, that the English language, condensed and adjusted by philosophical phonetic law, is to be the language of the human race.¹

¹ The English Language and Literature. Analyzed by a new Method. English, the Youngest, most Elastic, and grammatically the Simplest Language. Its Origin and Progress philologically, historically, and numerically proved. Its Influence and Importance as a Means of Civilization. Its Extent and Destiny. By John A. Weisse, M.D.

Extent, influence, and importance of the English language as a means of civilization: Statistics showing the political, social, intellectual, moral, and religious status of the populations governed by the English language.

Noah Webster—*The Schoolmaster of our Republic.*—It seems to be one of the laws of Providence, that the founders of States shall never divide their glory with those who come after them. Moses, Solon, and Lycurgus; Romulus, Alfred, and Washington have left none to dispute their fame. So is it with the Fathers of Learning. The name of Cadmus inspires to-day the same veneration that was felt for him by Plato. No dramatic Poet will dream of usurping the throne of Shakespeare—no future Astronomer will lay

The English-speaking populations understand the science of Government better than any other nation, as may be realized by the following table :

ITEMS.		EARTH'S STATISTICS.	SHARE OF THE POPULATION RULED BY THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.
Earth's Dry Land,	1873	51,590,000 square miles.	12,125,948 square miles ($\frac{1}{4}$).
" Population,	"	1,377,000,000 souls.	273,617,832 souls ($\frac{1}{5}$).
		(26 souls per square mile).	(22 souls per square mile).
" Dwellings,	"	(?)	51,185,485 dwellings.
" Commercial Navy,	"	205,469 vessels.	67,282 vessels (over $\frac{1}{3}$).
" War Navy,	"	4,005 ships.	808 ships ($\frac{1}{8}$).
" Tonnage,	"	15,724,522 tons.	9,943,727 tons (nearly $\frac{2}{3}$).
" Railroads,	"	145,825 miles.	85,660 miles (over $\frac{1}{2}$).
" Telegraphs,	"	304,500 miles.	146,353 miles (nearly $\frac{1}{2}$).
" Submarine Cables,	"	52,000 miles.	} Almost entirely controlled by the English-speaking populations.
" Annual Expenditure for Governments,	"	4,011,670,000 dollars.	
" Standing Armies on a Peace Footing,	"	5,357,133 soldiers.	418,640 soldiers (only $\frac{1}{13}$).
		(1 soldier per 257 souls.)	(1 soldier per 650 souls.)
" Imports,	"	6,563,620,000 dollars.	2,711,620,000 dollars (over $\frac{1}{2}$).
" Exports,	"	5,228,720,000 dollars.	2,466,647,000 dollars (nearly $\frac{1}{2}$).
" Postal Service from 1868 to 1871 inclusive,	"	3,468,227,000 letters.	1,761,875,000 letters (over $\frac{1}{2}$).
		(2 letters per soul.)	(6 letters per soul.)
Bibles and Testaments distributed by 84 Bible Societies, from 1804 to 1874.	"	117,000,000 Bibles and Testaments.	84,918,215 Bibles and Testaments (over $\frac{1}{2}$).

Thus earth's area is 51,590,000 square miles, and its population 1,377,000,000. Of this total population the English language rules 273,617,832 souls (*about one-fifth*), and 12,125,948 square miles (*one-quarter*) of earth's land. This land and its dwellers are scattered from the North Pole to the Equator, and thence to the South Pole. It abounds in the most multifarious mineral and agricultural resources from gold and diamond to iron and coal, from wheat to millet, from the sturdy oak to the fragrant cinnamon tree. Its occupants cultivate and manufacture the most varied articles, which they ship, carry, sell, and exchange all over the globe. The English language controls the highways and by-ways of trade. It is spoken by all races from the Esquimaux, Caucasian, Malayan, Hindoo, and American Indian to the Hottentot. It commands most of the world's mechanical skill, consequently most of its manufactures and commerce, and most of its political, intellectual, social, moral, and religious influence. The sun sets daily on other leading languages, but it never sets on the English-speaking populations. While the speakers of other leading languages are plunged in darkness and sleep, speakers of English are wide awake and busily at work in another hemisphere. In every country of the globe are English-speaking missionaries, trying to advance Christianity, and with it their lan-

guage, civilization, and progress. To govern, guard, and protect this vast domain every soul ruled by the English language paid but \$4.25 per annual tax, and the total population furnished only one soldier per 650 souls in 1873; whereas every soul ruled by the Russian language paid \$4.50, and the total population furnished one soldier in 107 souls; every soul in the Fatherland paid \$6.30, and the total population furnished one soldier per 102 souls; every soul in Italy paid \$11, and the total population furnished one soldier per 80 souls; every soul in the United States paid \$10, and the total population furnished but one soldier in 1,199 souls; every soul in Japan paid \$4.50, and the total population furnished one soldier per 289 souls. Hence even government is less onerous under English-speaking than any other rule.

In the imports of 1873 the share of the English-speaking populations was about one-third, while their share of the exports was nearly one-half. This conclusively shows that they command nearly one-half of the world's gold and silver; yet their population is but one-fifth of earth's inhabitants, and their area but one-quarter of earth's land.

Of the 273 millions ruled by the English idiom only about 80 millions speak English. As far as can be surmised from prehistoric indications and historic data,

a profane hand on the crown of Copernicus. The world looks for no other Iliad—there will be no second Dante. Daniel Webster, has interpreted the Constitution, and Noah Webster left us a Standard of the English Language which will guide all successive ages.

The pen is the only sceptre which is never broken. The only real master is he who controls the thoughts of men. The Maker of Words is master of the thinker, who only uses them. In this domain he has no rival.

no language has ever been so widely diffused. Who then can, who will doubt, that a language with such a choice vocabulary, such vast resources, and such an enterprising population, is destined to become, at no distant period, the universal language on earth? Circumnavigate the globe, go from pole to pole, and the English tongue will hail you on every ocean and sea, greet you on every island, welcome you in every haven, accompany you along Morse's wires above and under water with lightning speed. Even around the sources of the White Nile and among the jungles of Central Africa, it echoes from the lips of Baker and Livingstone. On this tour you meet the ancient Ophir, the famous El Dorado, and a southern continent as large as Europe, governed by the English idiom.

The English-speaking populations had their Numa and Egeria in Ethelbert and Bertha, A.D. 570; their Solon in Alfred the Great; their Junius Brutus in Cromwell; their Cincinnatus in Washington; their Homer and Hesiod in Chaucer and Milton; their Sophocles in Shakespeare; their Aristotle in Bacon and Newton; their Herodotus, etc., in Hume, Prescott, Gibbon, etc.; their Hippocrates and Galen in Sydenham and Harvey; their Archimedes in Watt, Franklin, Faraday, and Morse; their Demosthenes and Cicero in Pitt and Webster; their Hanno and Nearchus in Cook, Drake, and Anson; their Pytheas in Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane; their Sappho and Corinna in Aphra Behn, Lady Montagu, Mrs. Browning; their Marco Polo in Sir John Mandeville; their Hipparchus in Herschel; their Virgil, etc., in Dryden, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, etc.; their Semiramis in Elizabeth, and now their Dido in the gentle, but firm *Victoria*, who rules over 234,762,593 souls, dwelling in 44,142,651 houses. Let us not forget that, where Greek and Latin had, in any branch of literature and science, one eminent author, the English idiom has ten. Hence Tyre and Sidon, Greece, Carthage, and Rome must go in the shade when compared with the countries ruled by the English language, comprising the British Empire, United States, Liberia, and Sarawak. England and the United States should ever go hand in hand—for England and America at war should make the angels weep, and cause Hope, Liberty, and Justice to hide their faces. Both countries have been expanding the English language—England by sending colonies to all parts of the globe—America by receiving, anglicizing, and assimilating emigrants from all nations—thus England acting as the beehive of the English-speaking populations, America as their magnet. With their vast domains, England and America can say to the masses of Europe and Asia: '*Come unto us, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and we will give you rest. Our*

yoke is easy, and our burden is light.' Matt. xi. 28.

Now notice the conclusive evidence of a higher intellectual development among the English-speaking populations:—The World's Postal Service, from 1868 to 1871, inclusive, shows 3,468,227,000 letters mailed and carried. Of these billions and millions of letters, 1,761,875,000 (*over one-half*) were written, mailed, and read by the English-speaking populations. Can there be a surer sign of individual and national progress,—'*reading and writing being the primary requisites and key to knowledge?*'

The King of the Fiji Islands ceded his realm to Great Britain, September 30, 1874. Soon the Navigator Islands will join their destiny with that of the English-speaking populations, and to-day Dec. 2, 1874, comes the news by cable that the territory between Cape Colony and Natal has been annexed to the English-speaking world. The New Zealanders, who but yesterday were cannibals, numbering about 120,000, over an area of 95,000 square miles, are being rapidly christianized under English rule. The Sandwich Islanders are being educated in their own and in the English language. Of the four newspapers they issue, two are native and two English. Ham's progeny in Ashantee must cast their lot with the English-speaking populations, and affiliate with the Liberians, who are Hamites, christianized in America. Let us not omit the Icelanders, who, since their Millennial Celebration, August 2d, 1874, have sent a petition to His Excellency President Grant, to negotiate terms for a settlement in Alaska. Thus the dwellers of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, as well as those of torrid Africa, are casting their fate with the English-speaking populations, and hastening the day of a *Universal language*.

England and America can afford to look quietly at the jealousies and wars in Europe, while races of all climes increase their domain, and while everything points to a speedy advance of civilization in the southern hemisphere, whose serene sky, bright constellations, atmospheric conditions, telluric formation and soil are ready for higher intellectual development. Starting with a superior language and literature, and without mediæval prejudices and drawbacks, Oceania may soon rival the mother-country. Africa is attracting the world's attention. England and America have done much, and may yet do more for the untutored children of Ham. The Græco-Latin races of Europe—France, Italy, and Spain—will gladly aid the progress of Africa, where the fabled Gardens of the Hesperides may yet be realized by the enterprise, daring, and liberality of such men as Baker, Livingstone, Stanley, and Bennett.

He stands at the fountain-head of thought, science, civilization. He is controller of all minds—to him all who talk, think, write or print, pay ceaseless and involuntary tribute. In this sense, Noah Webster is the all-shaping, all-controlling mind of this hemisphere. He grew up with his country, and he molded the intellectual character of her people. Not a man has sprung from her soil on whom he has not laid his all-forming hand. His principles of Language have tinged every sentence that is now, or will ever be uttered by an American tongue. His genius has presided over every scene in the Nation. It is universal, omnipotent, omnipresent. No man can breathe the air of the continent, and escape it.

The Sceptre which the great Lexicographer wields so unquestionably was most worthily won. It was not inherited—it was achieved. It cost a life-struggle for an honest, brave, unflinching heart—a clear, serene intellect. No propitious accidents favored his progress. The victory was won after a steady trial of sixty years. Contemplate the indices of his progress; for Science, like machinery, measures its revolutions. When the wheels of our ocean steamers have moved round a million times, the dial-hand marks one. It was so with Galileo and Bacon—their books marked their progress through the unexplored seas of Learning. It was so with Webster. When our Republic rose, he became its Schoolmaster. There had never been a great Nation with a universal language without dialects. The Yorkshireman cannot now talk with a man from Cornwall. The peasant of the Ligurian Apennines drives his goats home at evening over hills that look down on six provinces, none of whose dialects he can speak. Here, 5,000 miles change not the sound of a word. Around every fireside, and from every tribune, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, is heard the same tongue. We owe it to Webster. He has done for us more than Alfred did for England, or Cadmus for Greece. His books have educated four generations. They are for ever multiplying his innumerable army of thinkers, who will transmit his name from age to age. Only two men have stood on the soil of the New World, whose fame is so sure to last—Columbus its Discoverer, and Washington its Saviour. Webster is, and will be its great Teacher; and these three make our Trinity of Fame.¹

¹ In the year 1782, when Noah Webster was only twenty-four years old, he conceived a plan of preparing and publishing a series of school-books to aid in the better education of the children of America. In a very able review of Noah Webster's life and writings, in the Congregationalist Quarterly, for January, 1865, Rev. Increase N. Tarbox, of Boston, says: 'How thoroughly original this plan was for a youth of his years, and in the circumstances of those days, we cannot adequately apprehend without a moment's thought.

'Up to that time, we had been living in a state of colonial dependence, and were in the most complete literary vassalage to the Mother Country. All our books of elementary instruction, as well as the main part of all our general literature, came to us from England. In the department of theology, it is true, we were already raising up thinkers and writers of our

own, who were recognized on the other side of the water as men of great ability, and not unworthy to teach Englishmen and Scotchmen. Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Hopkins, Joseph Bellamy, and others, natives of this same little commonwealth of Connecticut, had already carried theological science beyond the European limitations. But, in the world of letters generally, we were as yet like little children, looking eagerly and reverently to the mother country for our supplies.

'It was therefore a truly bold conception when Noah Webster, in the year 1782, determined to compile and issue a series of school-books. It was the first thing of the kind which had ever been attempted in the United States. After the preliminary work of preparation was done, he returned from Goshen to Hartford, and in 1783 published the American Spelling-Book. In the

years immediately following, he published an English Grammar and a Reading-Book.

'The fortunes of this spelling-book have been truly remarkable. Though humble in form and modest in its pretensions, it has at length acquired a celebrity of which any author might well be proud. In a preface to this book, written in 1803, Mr. Webster says:

"The American Spelling-Book, or First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language, when first published, encountered an opposition which few new publications have sustained with success. It nevertheless maintained its ground, and its reputation has been gradually extended and established until it has become the principal elementary book in the United States. In a great part of the Northern States it is the only book of the kind used; it is much used in the Middle and Southern States; and its annual sales indicate a large and increasing demand."

In a note, written in 1818, and published in the edition then issuing from the press, we are told that 'The sales of the American Spelling-Book, since its first publication, amount to more than *five millions* of copies, and they are rapidly increasing.' From this time onward the circulation was greatly extended. In the year 1847, when Prof. Goodrich wrote and published his memoir of Dr. Webster, then deceased, he tells us:

'About twenty-four millions of this book have been published down to the present year (1847), in the different forms which it assumed under the revision of its author; and its popularity has gone on continually increasing. The demand for some years past has averaged about one million of copies a year.'

Soon after, as we learn from good authority, the publication and sale of this little work were still further increased. The annual demand came to be about one million two hundred and fifty thousand copies, and so continued down to the opening of the war. Taking these several estimates and combining them, we find that the whole circulation of this work, down to the present time, is not far from fifty-two millions. This number is so enormous, that the mind is staggered in any attempt to follow out the details, and we only think of the whole as something vast and indefinite.

Mr. Tarbox computes that, at the opening of the

present century, there were, in all the world, not more than four millions of copies of the Bible. But since that time the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the American Bible Society, have published of Bibles and Testaments one hundred and seventeen millions. Here we have an enterprise of world-wide influence and most commanding importance. The only purpose in making this reference is to convey some adequate idea, by the aid of such a comparison, of the enormous issue and sale of this humble volume.

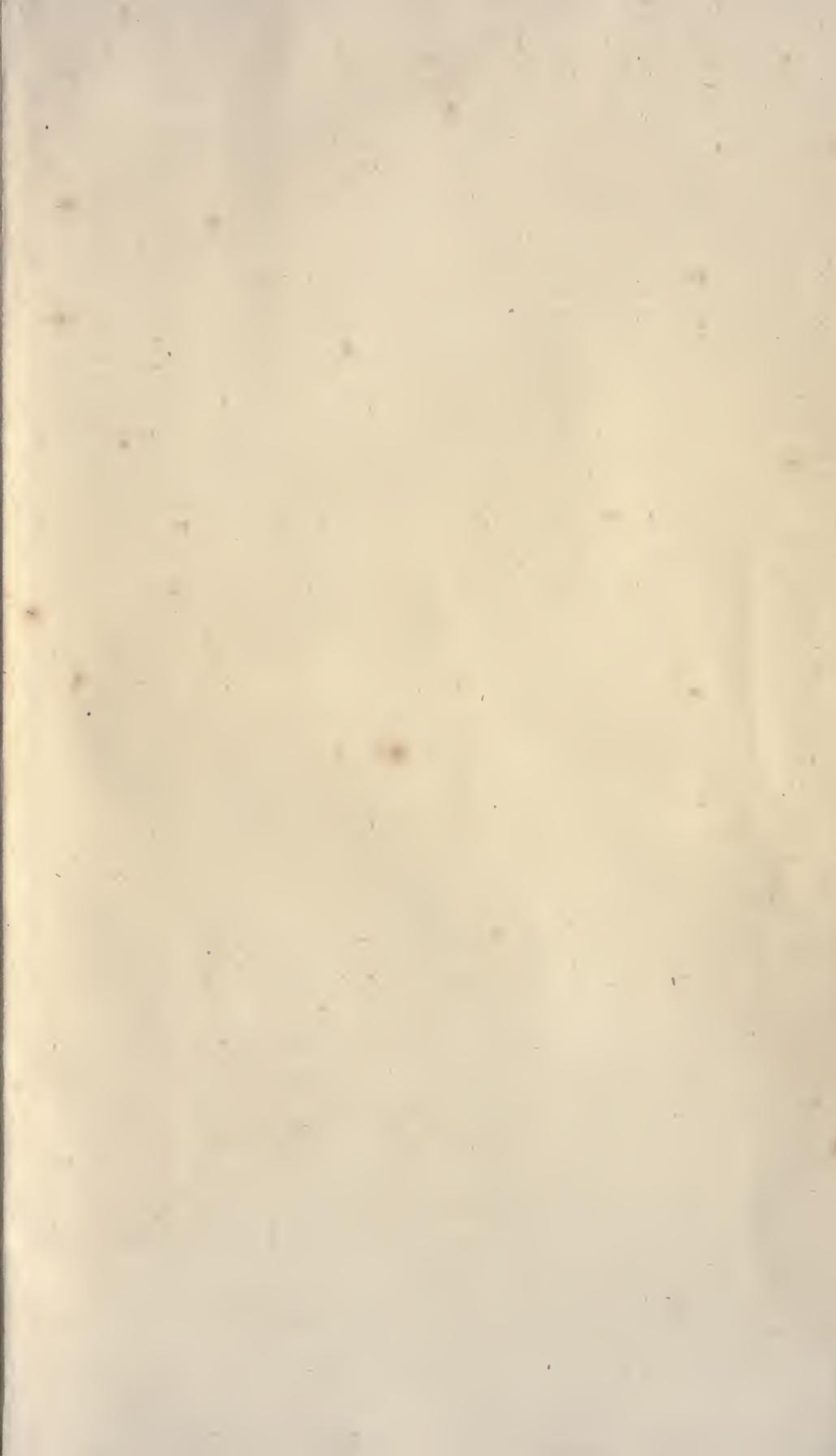
'The book is not merely a spelling-book. It is a book of the most wholesome moral and religious instruction. The world was not then so refined as it is now. Nobody seemed to be afraid to have a little religion carried into the district school-house. Those nice questions of religious toleration, those measures of caution lest one sect or denomination should trespass upon another, had not come up for consideration. Our fathers were rude and plain men, and did not know how much they suffered by having the strong truths of the Bible taught their children in the common exercises of the day-school. And so it was the most natural thing in the world that Mr. Webster should make a spelling-book, which should at the same time be a manual of good manners and morals, and even of earnest religious truth. And it is by virtue of these features that the history of this book, throughout the wide range of its influence, is not to be regarded as the history of a spelling-book merely. It has left its marks all along on the moral and religious, as well as on the intellectual character of the young.'

It is a matter of surprise that the sales of this book have been larger recently than they were twenty or thirty years ago, since other spelling-books without number have been introduced and absolutely forced on the Common Schools of the whole United States; but the sales of it have of late years rapidly increased. It has for some time been published by the Appletons, of New York, who have made it a specialty. They print more than one million copies of it annually.

How many tens of thousands of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE the MERRIAMS have published, I can only conjecture. It has gone, with SHAKESPEARE and the BIBLE, wherever the English tongue is spoken, and like them its mission has only just begun.

END OF VOL. I







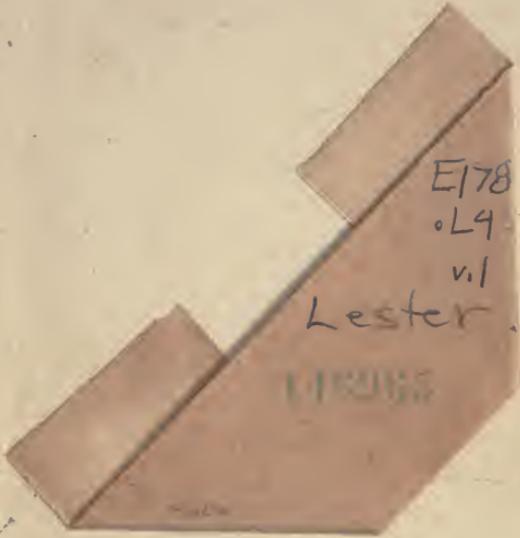
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