Presented to
Francis Hurlbut from
Robert S.
THE LIFE

OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING.

FOUR VOLUMES CONDENSED IN ONE.

POPULAR EDITION—ILLUSTRATED.

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PREFACE.

The idea of writing a life of Washington entered at an early day into the author's mind, and he had long looked forward to it as the crowning effort of his literary career. It was especially pressed upon his attention nearly thirty years ago while he was in Europe, by a proposition of the late Mr. Archibald Constable, the eminent publisher of Edinburgh, and he resolved to undertake it as soon as he should return to the United States, and be within reach of the necessary documents. Various circumstances occurred to prevent him from carrying this resolution into prompt effect. It remained, however, a cherished purpose of his heart, which he has at length, though somewhat tardily, accomplished. He is conscious of his own short-comings and of the splendid achievements of oratory of which the character of Washington has recently been made the theme. Grateful, however, for the kindly disposition which has greeted each successive volume, and with a profound sense of the indulgence he has experienced from the public through a long literary career, now extending through more than half a century, he resigns his last volume to its fate, with a feeling of satisfaction that he has at length reached the close of his task, and with the comforting assurance that it has been with him a labor of love, and as such has to a certain degree carried with it its own reward.

Sunnyside, April, 1859.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Publisher's Note.—This edition of IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON has been very carefully prepared,—and nothing has been excluded which bears directly upon the subject. It is undoubtedly the fullest and most graphically portrayed life of the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY ever written, and is at the same time a detailed and deeply interesting HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. The chief merit of this work is perhaps the prominence with which it brings out in the character of WASHINGTON its strongest and rarest ornaments:—its judicial serenity maintained amidst the fierce
conflicts of a Revolution; the composure of the Areopagus carried into the struggles of Thermopylæ.

"Calm, but stern, like one whom no compassion could weaken, Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses alter; Lord of his own resolves; of his own heart absolute master."

SOUTHEY (of Washington) in his Vision of Judgment.

"The sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention—of these the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone."—LORD MACAULAY, Essay on John Hampden.

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LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

GENEALOGY OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

The Washington family is of an ancient English stock, the genealogy of which has been traced up to the century immediately succeeding the Conquest. At that time it was in possession of landed estates and manorial privileges in the county of Durham, such as were enjoyed only by those, or their descendants, who had come over from Normandy with the Conqueror, or fought under his standard. When William the Conqueror laid waste the whole country north of the Humber, in punishment of the insurrection of the Northumbrians, he apportioned the estates among his followers, and advanced Normans and other foreigners to the principal ecclesiastical dignities. One of the most wealthy and important sees was that of Durham. Hither had been transported the bones of St. Cuthbert from their original shrine at Lindisfarne, when it was ravaged by the Danes. That saint, says Camden, was esteemed by princes and gentry a titular saint against the Scots. His shrine, therefore, had been held in peculiar reverence by the Saxons, and the see of Durham endowed with extraordinary privileges. William continued and increased those privileges. He needed a powerful adherent on this frontier to keep the restless Northumbrians in order, and check Scottish invasion; and no doubt considered an enlightened ecclesiastic, appointed by the crown, a safer depositary of such power than an hereditary noble. Having placed a noble and learned native of Loraine in the diocese, therefore, he erected it into a palatinate, over which the bishop, as Count Palatine, had temporal, as well as spiritual jurisdiction. He built a strong castle for his protection, and to serve as a barrier against the Northern foe. He made him lord high-admiral of the sea and waters adjoining his palatinate,—lord warden of the marches, and conservator of the league between England and Scotland. Thenceforth, we are told, the prelates of Durham owned no earthly superior within their diocese, but continued for centuries to exercise every right attached to an independent sovereign.

The bishop, as Count Palatine, lived in almost royal state and splendor. He had his lay chancellor, chamberlains, secretaries, steward, treasurer, master of the horse, and a host of minor officers. Still he was under feudal obligations. All landed property in those
warlike times, implied military service. Bishops and abbots, equally with great barons who held estates immediately of the crown, were obliged, when required, to furnish the king with armed men in proportion to their domains; but they had their feudatories under them to aid them in this service. The princely prelate of Durham had his barons and knights, who held estates of him on feudal tenure, and were bound to serve him in peace and war. They sat occasionally in his councils, gave martial splendor to his court, and were obliged to have horse and weapon ready for service, for they lived in a belligerent neighborhood, disturbed occasionally by civil war, and often by Scottish foray. When the banner of St. Cuthbert, the royal standard of the province, was displayed, no armed feudatory of the bishop could refuse to take the field. Some of these prelates, in token of the warlike duties of their diocese, engraved on their seals a knight on horseback armed at all points, brandishing in one hand a sword, and holding forth in the other the arms of the see. Among the knights who held estates in the palatinate on these warlike conditions, was William de Hertburn, the progenitor of the Washingtons. His Norman name of William would seem to point out his national descent; and the family long continued to have Norman names of baptism. The surname of De Hertburn was taken from a village on the palatinate which he held of the bishop in knight's fee; probably the same now called Hartburn on the banks of the Tees. It had become a custom among the Norman families of rank about the time of the Conquest, to take surnames from their castles or estates; it was not until some time afterward that surnames became generally assumed by the people.

The first actual mention we find of the family is in the Bolden Book, a record of all the lands appertaining to the diocese in 1183. In this it is stated that William de Hertburn had exchanged his village of Hertburn for the manor and village of Wessyngton, likewise in the diocese; paying the bishop a quit-rent of four pounds, and engaging to attend him with two greyhounds in grand hunts, and to furnish a man at arms whenever military aid should be required of the palatinate. The family changed its surname with its estate, and thenceforward assumed that of De Wessyngton. The condition of military service attached to its manor will be found to have been often exacted, nor was the service in the grand hunt an idle form. Hunting came next to war in those days, as the occupation of the nobility and gentry. The clergy engaged in it equally with the laity. The stipulations with the Seignior of Wessyngton show how strictly the rights of the chase were defined. All the game taken by him in going to the forest belonged to the bishop; all taken on returning belonged to himself. The names of Bondo de Wessyngton and William his son appear on charters of land, granted in 1257 to religious houses. Soon after occurred the wars of the barons, in which the throne of Henry III. was shaken by the De Mountforts. The chivalry of the palatinate rallied under the royal standard. On the list of loyal knights who fought for their sovereign in the disastrous battle of Lewes (1264),
in which the king was taken prisoner, we find the name of William Washington, of Washington.

In the reign of Edward III. we find the De Wessyngtons still mingling in chivalrous scenes. The name of Sir Stephen de Wessyngton appears on a list of knights (noble chevaliers) who were to tilt at a tournament at Dunstable in 1334. He bore for his device a golden rose on an azure field. He was soon called to exercise his arms on a stern field. In 1346, Edward and his son, the Black Prince, being absent with the armies in France, king David of Scotland invaded Northumberland with a powerful army, Queen Philippa, who had remained in England as regent, immediately took the field, calling the northern prelates and nobles to join her standard. They all hastened to obey. Among the prelates was Hatfield, the Bishop of Durham. The sacred banner of St. Cuthbert was again displayed, and the chivalry of the palatinate assisted at the famous battle of Nevil's cross, near Durham, in which the Scottish army was defeated and king David taken prisoner. Queen Philippa hastened with a victorious train to cross the sea at Dover, and join king Edward in his camp before Calais. The prelate of Durham accompanied her. His military train consisted of three bannerets, forty-eight knights, one hundred and sixty-four esquires, and eighty archers, on horseback. They all arrived to witness the surrender of Calais (1346), on which occasion queen Philippa distinguished herself by her noble interference in saving the lives of its patriot citizens. Such were the warlike and stately scenes in which the De Wessyngtons were called to mingle by their feudal duties as knights of the palatinate. A few years after the last event (1350), William at that time lord of the manor of Wessyngton, had license to settle it and the village upon himself, his wife, and "his own right heirs." He died in 1367, and his son and heir, William, succeeded to the estate. The latter is mentioned under the name of Sir William de Weshington as one of the knights who sat in the privy council of the county during the episcopate of John Fordham. During this time the whole force of the palatinate was roused to pursue a foray of Scots, under Sir William Douglas, who, having ravaged the country, were returning laden with spoil. It was a fruit of the feud between the Douglasses and the Percys. The marauders were overtaken by Hotspur Percy and then took place the battle of Otterbourne, in which Percy was taken prisoner and Douglas slain.

For upward of two hundred years the De Wessyngtons had now sat in the councils of the palatinate; had mingled with horse and hound in the stately hunts of its prelates, and followed the banner of St. Cuthbert to the field; but Sir William, just mentioned, was the last of the family that rendered this feudal service. He was the last male of the line to which the inheritance of the manor, by the license granted to his father, was confined. It passed away from the De Wessyngtons, after his death, by the marriage of his only daughter and heir, Dionisia, with Sir William Temple of Studley. By the year 1400 it had become the property of the Blayke-stons. But though the name of De Wessyngton no longer
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figured on the chivalrous roll of the palatinate, it continued for a time to flourish in the cloisters. In the year 1416, John de Wessyngton was elected prior of the Benedictine convent, attached to the cathedral. The monks of this convent had been licensed by Pope Gregory VII. to perform the solemn duties of the cathedral in place of secular clergy, and William the Conqueror had ordained that the priors of Durham should enjoy all the liberties, dignities and honors of abbots; should hold their lands and churches in their own hands and free disposition, and have the abbot's seat on the left side of the choir—thus taking rank of every one but the bishop. In the course of three centuries and upward, which had since elapsed, these honors and privileges had been subject to reported dispute and encroachment, and the prior had nearly been elbowed out of the abbot's chair by the arch-deacon. John de Wessyngton was not a man to submit tamely to such infringements of his rights. He forthwith set himself up as the champion of his priory, and in a learned tract, de Juribus et Possessionibus Ecclesiæ Dunelm, established the validity of the long controverted claims, and fixed himself firmly in the abbot's chair. His success in this controversy gained him much renown among his brethren of the cowl, and in 1426 he presided at the general chapter of the order of St. Benedict, held at Northampton. The stout prior of Durham had other disputes with the bishop and the secular clergy touching his ecclesiastical functions, in which he was equally victorious, and several tracts remain in manuscript in the dean and chapter's library; weapons hung up in the church armory as memorials of his polemical battles. Finally, after fighting divers good fights for the honor of his priory, and filling the abbot's chair for thirty years, he died, to use an ancient phrase, "in all the odor of sanctity," in 1446, and was buried like a soldier on his battlefield, at the door of the north aisle of his church, near to the altar of St. Benedict. On his tombstone was an inscription in brass, now unfortunately obliterated, which may have set forth the valiant deeds of this Washington of the cloisters. By this time the primitive stock of the De Wessyngtons had separated into divers branches, holding estates in various parts of England; some distinguishing themselves in the learned professions, others receiving knighthood for public services. Their names are to be found honorably recorded in county histories, or engraved on monuments in time-worn churches and cathedrals, those garnering places of English worthies. By degrees the seignorial sign of de disappeared from before the family surname, which also varied from Wessyngton to Wassington, Washington, and finally, to Washington. A parish in the county of Durham bears the name as last written, and in this probably the ancient manor of Wessyngton was situated. There is another parish of the name in the county of Sussex. The branch of the family to which our Washington immediately belongs sprang from Laurence Washington, Esquire, of Gray's Inn, son of John Washington, of Warton in Lancashire. This Laurence Washington was for some time mayor of Northampton, and on the dissolution of the priories by Henry VIII. he received, in 1538, a grant of
the manor of Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire, with other lands in the vicinity, all confiscated property formerly belonging to the monastery of St. Andrew's. Sulgrave remained in the family until 1620, and was commonly called "Washington's manor." One of the direct descendants of the grantee of Sulgrave was Sir William Washington, of Packington, in the county of Kent. He married a sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the unfortunate favorite of Charles I. This may have attached the Sulgrave Washingtons to the Stuart dynasty, to which they adhered loyally and generously throughout all its vicissitudes. One of the family, Lieutenant Colonel James Washington, took up arms in the cause of king Charles, and lost his life at the siege of Pontefract castle. Another of the Sulgrave line, Sir Henry Washington, son and heir of Sir William, before mentioned, exhibited in the civil wars the old chivalrous spirit of the knights of the palatinate. He served under prince Rupert at the storming of Bristol, in 1643, and when the assailants were beaten off at every point, he broke in with a handful of infantry at a weak part of the wall, made room for the horse to follow, and opened a path to victory.

We have little note of the Sulgrave branch of the family after the death of Charles I. and the exile of his successor. England, during the protectorate, became an uncomfortable residence to such as had signalized themselves as adherents to the house of Stuart. In 1655, an attempt at a general insurrection drew on them the vengeance of Cromwell. Many of their party who had no share in the conspiracy, yet sought refuge in other lands, where they might live free from molestation. This may have been the case with two brothers, John and Andrew Washington, great-grandsons of the grantee of Sulgrave, and uncles of Sir Henry, the gallant defender of Worcester. John had for some time resided at South Cave, in the East Riding of Yorkshire; but now emigrated with his brother to Virginia; which colony, from its allegiance to the exiled monarch and the Anglican Church had become a favorite resort of the Cavaliers. The brothers arrived in Virginia in 1657, and purchased lands in Westmoreland County, on the northern neck, between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. John married a Miss Anne Pope, of the same county, and took up his residence on Bridges Creek, near where it falls into the Potomac. He became an extensive planter, and, in process of time, a magistrate and member of the House of Burgesses. Having a spark of the old military fire of the family, we find him, as Colonel Washington, leading the Virginia forces, in cooperation with those of Maryland, against a band of Seneca Indians, who were ravaging the settlements along the Potomac. In honor of his public services and private virtues the parish in which he resided was called after him, and still bears the name of Washington. He lies buried in a vault on Bridges Creek which, for generations, was the family place of sepulture. The estate continued in the family. His grandson Augustine, the father of our Washington, was born there in 1694. He was twice married; first (April 20th, 1715), to Jane, daughter of Caleb Butler, Esq., of Westmoreland County, by whom he had
four children, of whom only two, Lawrence and Augustine, survived the years of childhood; their mother died November 24th, 1728, and was buried in the family vault. On the 6th of March, 1730, he married in second nuptials, Mary, the daughter of Colonel Ball, a young and beautiful girl, said to be the belle of the Northern Neck. By her he had five sons, George, Samuel, John, Augustine, and Charles; and two daughters, Elizabeth, or Betty, as she was commonly called, and Mildred, who died in infancy. George, the eldest, the subject of this biography, was born on the 22d of February (11th, O. S.), 1732, in the homestead on Bridges Creek. This house commanded a view over many miles of the Potomac, and the opposite shore of Maryland. It had probably been purchased with the property, and was one of the primitive farm-houses of Virginia. The roof was steep, and sloped down into low projecting eaves. It had four rooms on the ground floor, and others in the attic, and an immense chimney at each end. Not a vestige of it remains. Two or three decayed fig trees, with shrubs and vines, linger about the place, and here and there a flower grown wild serves "to mark where a garden has been." Such at least, was the case a few years since; but these may have likewise passed away. A stone (placed there by George W. P. Custis, Esq.) marks the site of the house, and an inscription denotes its being the birthplace of Washington. We have entered with some minuteness into this genealogical detail; tracing the family step by step through the pages of historical documents for upward of six centuries; and we have been tempted to do so by the documentary proofs it gives of the lineal and enduring worth of the race. We have shown that, for many generations, and through a variety of eventful scenes, it has maintained an equality of fortune and respectability, and whenever brought to the test has acquitted itself with honor and loyalty. Hereditary rank may be an illusion; but hereditary virtue gives a patent of innate nobleness beyond all the blazonry of the Herald's College.

CHAPTER II.

HOME OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.

Not long after the birth of George, his father removed to an estate in Stafford County, opposite Fredericksburg. The house was similar in style to the one at Bridges Creek, and stood on a rising ground overlooking a meadow which bordered the Rappahannock. This was the home of George's boyhood; the meadow was his play-ground, and the scene of his early athletic sports; but this home, like that in which he was born, has disappeared; the site is
only to be traced by fragments of bricks, china, and earthenware. In those days the means of instruction in Virginia were limited, and it was the custom among the wealthy planters to send their sons to England to complete their education. This was done by Augustine Washington with his eldest son Lawrence, then about fifteen years of age, and whom he no doubt considered the future head of the family. George was yet in early childhood; as his intellect dawned he received the rudiments of education in the best establishment for the purpose that the neighborhood afforded. It was what was called, in popular parlance, an "old field school-house;" humble enough in its pretensions, and kept by one of his father's tenants named Hobby, who moreover was sexton of the parish. The instruction doled out by him must have been of the simplest kind—reading, writing, and ciphering, perhaps; but George had the benefit of mental and moral culture at home, from an excellent father. Several traditional anecdotes have been given to the world, somewhat prolix and trite, but illustrative of the familiar and practical manner in which Augustine Washington, in the daily intercourse of domestic life, impressed the ductile mind of his child with high maxims of religion and virtue, and imbued him with a spirit of justice and generosity, and above all a scrupulous love of truth. When George was about seven or eight years old his brother Lawrence returned from England, a well-educated and accomplished youth. There was a difference of fourteen years in their ages, which may have been one cause of the strong attachment which took place between them. Lawrence looked down with a protecting eye upon the boy whose dawning intelligence and perfect rectitude won his regard; while George looked up to his manly and cultivated brother as a model in mind and manners. We call particular attention to this brotherly interchange of affection, from the influence it had on all the future career of the subject of this memoir. Lawrence Washington had something of the old military spirit of the family, and circumstances soon called it into action. Spanish depredations on British commerce had recently provoked reprisals. Admiral Vernon, commander-in-chief in the West Indies, had accordingly captured Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Darien. The Spaniards were preparing to revenge the blow; the French were fitting out ships to aid them. Troops were embarked in England for another campaign in the West Indies; a regiment of four battalions was to be raised in the colonies and sent to join them at Jamaica. There was a sudden outbreak of military ardor in the province; the sound of drum and fife was heard in the villages with the parade of recruiting parties. Lawrence Washington, now twenty-two years of age, caught the infection. He obtained a captain's commission in the newly raised regiment, and embarked with it for the West Indies in 1740. He served in the joint expeditions of Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, in the land forces commanded by the latter, and acquired the friendship and confidence of both of those officers. He was present at the siege of Carthagena, when it was bombarded by the fleet, and when the troops attempted to escalade the citadel. It was an in-
effectual attack; the ships could not get near enough to throw their shells into the town, and the scaling ladders proved too short. That part of the attack, however, with which Lawrence was concerned, distinguished itself by its bravery. The troops sustained unflinching a destructive fire for several hours, and at length retired with honor, their small force having sustained a loss of about six hundred in killed and wounded. We have here the secret of that martial spirit so often cited of George in his boyish days. He had seen his brother fitted out for the wars. He had heard by letter and otherwise of the warlike scenes in which he was mingling. All his amusements took a military turn. He made soldiers of his schoolmates; they had their mimic parades, reviews, and sham fights; a boy named William Bustle was sometimes his competitor, but George was commander-in-chief of Hobby's school.

Lawrence Washington returned home in the autumn of 1742, the campaigns in the West Indies being ended, and Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth being recalled to England. It was the intention of Lawrence to rejoin his regiment in that country, and seek promotion in the army, but circumstances completely altered his plans. He formed an attachment to Anne, the eldest daughter of the Honorable William Fairfax, of Fairfax County; his addresses were well received, and they became engaged. Their nuptials were delayed by the sudden and untimely death of his father, which took place on the 12th of April, 1743, after a short but severe attack of gout in the stomach, and when but forty-nine years of age. George had been absent from home on a visit during his father's illness, and just returned in time to receive a parting look of affection. Augustine Washington left large possessions, distributed by will among his children. To Lawrence, the estate on the banks of the Potomac, with other real property, and several shares in iron works. To Augustine, the second son by the first marriage, the old homestead and estate in Westmoreland. The children by the second marriage were severally well provided for, and George, when he became of age, was to have the house and lands on the Rappahannock. In the month of July the marriage of Lawrence with Miss Fairfax took place. He now gave up all thoughts of foreign service, and settled himself on his estate on the banks of the Potomac, to which he gave the name of Mount Vernon, in honor of the admiral. Augustine took up his abode at the homestead on Bridges Creek, and married Anne, daughter and co-heiress of William Aylett, Esquire, of Westmoreland County. George, now eleven years of age, and the other children of the second marriage, had been left under the guardianship of their mother, to whom was intrusted the proceeds of all their property until they should severally come of age. She proved herself worthy of the trust. Endowed with plain, direct good sense, thorough conscientiousness, and prompt decision, she governed her family strictly, but kindly, exacting deference while she inspired affection. George, being her eldest son, was thought to be her favorite, yet she never gave him undue preference, and the implicit deference exacted from him in childhood continued to be habitually observed by him.
to the day of her death. He inherited from her a high temper and a spirit of command, but her early precepts and example taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principles of equity and justice. Tradition gives an interesting picture of the widow, with her little flock gathered round her, as was her daily wont, reading to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work. Her favorite volume was Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations, moral and divine. The admirable maxims therein contained, for outward action as well as self-government, sank deep into the mind of George, and, doubtless, had a great influence in forming his character. They certainly were exemplified in his conduct throughout life. This mother's manual, bearing his mother's name, Mary Washington, written with her own hand, was ever preserved by him with filial care, and may still be seen in the archives of Mount Vernon. A precious document! Let those who wish to know the moral foundation of his character consult its pages. Having no longer the benefit of a father's instructions at home, and the scope of tuition of Hobby, the sexton, being too limited for the growing wants of his pupil, George was now sent to reside with Augustine Washington, at Bridges Creek, and enjoy the benefit of a superior school in that neighborhood kept by a Mr. Williams. His education, however, was plain and practical. He never attempted the learned languages, nor manifested any inclination for rhetoric or belles-lettres. His object, or the object of his friends, seems to have been confined to fitting him for ordinary business. His manuscript school books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. One of them, it is true, a ciphering book, preserved in the library at Mount Vernon, has some school-boy attempts at calligraphy: nondescript birds, executed with a flourish of the pen, or profiles of faces, probably intended for those of his schoolmates; the rest are all grave and business-like. Before he was thirteen years of age he had copied into a volume forms for all kinds of mercantile and legal papers; bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds, and the like. This early self-tuition gave him throughout life a lawyer's skill in drafting documents, and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts; so that all the concerns of his various estates; his dealings with his domestic steward and foreign agents; his accounts with government, and all his financial transactions are to this day to be seen posted up in books, in his own handwriting, monuments of his method and unwearied accuracy. He was a self-disciplinarian in physical as well as mental matters, and practiced himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits and tossing bars. His frame even in infancy had been large and powerful, and he now excelled most of his playmates in contests of agility and strength. As a proof of his muscular power, a place is still pointed out at Fredericksburg, near the lower ferry, where, when a boy, he flung a stone across the Rappahannock. In horsemanship too he already excelled, and was ready to back, and able to manage the most fiery steed. Traditional anecdotes remain of his achievements in this respect. Above
all, his inherent probity and the principles of justice on which he regulated all his conduct, even at this early period of life, were soon appreciated by his schoolmates; he was referred to as an umpire in their disputes, and his decisions were never reversed. As he had formerly been military chieftain, he was now legislator of the school; thus displaying in boyhood a type of the future man.

The attachment of Lawrence Washington to his brother George seems to have acquired additional strength and tenderness on their father's death; he now took a truly paternal interest in his concerns, and had him as frequently as possible a guest at Mount Vernon. Lawrence had deservedly become a popular and leading personage in the country. He was a member of the House of Burgesses, and Adjutant General of the district, with the rank of major, and a regular salary. A frequent sojourn with him brought George into familiar intercourse with the family of his father-in-law, the Hon. William Fairfax, who resided at a beautiful seat called Belvoir, a few miles below Mount Vernon, and on the same woody ridge bordering the Potomac. An intimacy with a family like this, in which the frankness and simplicity of rural and colonial life were united with European refinement, could not but have a beneficial effect in moulding the character and manners of a somewhat homebred schoolboy. It was probably his intercourse with them, and his ambition to acquit himself well in their society, that set him upon compiling a code of morals and manners which still exists in a manuscript in his own handwriting, entitled "rules for behavior in company and conversation." It is extremely minute and circumstantial. Some of the rules for personal deportment extend to such trivial matters, and are so quaint and formal, as almost to provoke a smile; but in the main, a better manual of conduct could not be put into the hands of a youth. The whole code evinces that rigid propriety and self control to which he subjected himself, and by which he brought all the impulses of a somewhat ardent temper under conscientious government. Other influences were brought to bear on George during his visit at Mount Vernon. His brother Lawrence still retained some of his military inclinations, fostered no doubt by his post of Adjutant General. William Fairfax had been a soldier, and in many trying scenes. Some of Lawrence's comrades of the provincial regiment, who had served with him in the West Indies, were occasional visitors at Mount Vernon; or a ship of war, possibly one of Vernon's old fleet, would anchor in the Potomac, and its officers be welcome guests at the tables of Lawrence and his father-in-law. Thus military scenes on sea and shore would become the topics of conversation. The capture of Porto Bello; the bombardment of Carthagena; old stories of cruisings in the East and West Indies, and campaigns against the pirates. We can picture to ourselves George, a grave and earnest boy, with an expanding intellect, and deep-seated passion for enterprise, listening to such conversations with a kindling spirit and a growing desire for military life. In this way most probably was produced that desire to enter the navy which he evinced when about fourteen
years of age. The opportunity for gratifying it appeared at hand. Ships of war frequented the colonies, and at times, as we have hinted, were anchored in the Potomac. The inclination was encouraged by Lawrence Washington and Mr. Fairfax. Lawrence retained pleasant recollections of his cruisings in the fleet of Admiral Vernon, and considered the naval service a popular path to fame and fortune. George was at a suitable age to enter the navy. The great difficulty was to procure the assent of his mother. She was brought, however, to acquiesce; a midshipman's warrant was obtained, and it is even said that the luggage of the youth was actually on board of a man of war, anchored in the river just below Mount Vernon. At the eleventh hour the mother's heart faltered. This was her eldest born. A son, whose strong and steadfast character promised to be a support to herself and a protection to her other children. The thought of his being completely severed from her and exposed to the hardships and perils of a boisterous profession overcame even her resolute mind, and at her urgent remonstrances the nautical scheme was given up. To school, therefore, George returned, and continued his studies for nearly two years longer, devoting himself especially to mathematics, and accomplishing himself in those branches calculated to fit him either for civil or military service. Among these, one of the most important in the actual state of the country was land surveying. In this he schooled himself thoroughly, using the highest processes of the art; making surveys about the neighborhood, and keeping regular field books, some of which we have examined, in which the boundaries and measurements of the fields surveyed were carefully entered, and diagrams made, with a neatness and exactness as if the whole related to important land transactions instead of being mere school exercises. Thus, in his earliest days, there was perseverance and completeness in all his undertakings. Nothing was left half done, or done in a hurried and slovenly manner. The habit of mind thus cultivated continued throughout life; so that however complicated his tasks and overwhelming his cares, in the arduous and hazardous situations in which he was often placed, he found time to do everything, and to do it well. He had acquired the magic of method, which of itself works wonders. In one of these manuscript memorials of his practical studies and exercises, we have come upon some documents singularly in contrast with all that we have just cited, and, with his apparently unromantic character. In a word, there are evidences in his own handwriting, that, before he was fifteen years of age, he had conceived a passion for some unknown beauty, so serious as to disturb his otherwise well regulated mind, and to make him really unhappy. Why this juvenile attachment was a source of unhappiness we have no positive means of ascertaining. Perhaps the object of it may have considered him a mere school-boy, and treated him as such, or his own shyness may have been in his way, and his "rules for behavior and conversation" may as yet have sat awkwardly on him, and rendered him formal and ungainly when he most sought to please. Even in later years he was apt to be silent and embar-
rassed in female society. "He was a very bashful young man," said an old lady, whom he used to visit when they were both in their nonage. "I used often to wish that he would talk more." Whatever may have been the reason, this early attachment seems to have been a source of poignant discomfort to him. It clung to him after he took a final leave of school in the autumn of 1747, and went to reside with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. Here he continued his mathematical studies and his practice in surveying, disturbed at times by recurrences of his unlucky passion. Though by no means of a poetical temperament the waste pages of his journal betray several attempts to pour forth his amorous sorrows in verse. They are mere common-place rhymes, such as lovers at his age are apt to write, in which he bewails his "poor restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart," and "bleeding for one who remains pitiless of his griefs and woes." The tenor of some of his verses induces us to believe that he never told his love; but, as we have already surmised, was prevented by his bashfulness.

"Ah, woe is me, that I should love and conceal;
Long have I wished and never dare reveal."

It is difficult to reconcile one's self to the idea of the cool and sedate Washington, the great champion of American liberty, a woeborn lover in his youthful days, "sighing like a furnace," and inditing plaintive verses about the groves of Mount Vernon. We are glad of an opportunity, however, of penetrating to his native feelings, and finding that under his studied decorum and reserve he had a heart of flesh throbbing with the warm impulses of human nature.

The merits of Washington were known and appreciated by the Fairfax family. Though not quite sixteen years of age, he no longer seemed a boy, nor was he treated as such. Tall, athletic, and manly for his years, his early self-training, and the code of conduct he had devised, gave a gravity and decision to his conduct; his frankness and modesty inspired cordial regard, and the melancholy, of which he speaks, may have produced a softness in his manner calculated to win favor in ladies' eyes. According to his own account, the female society by which he was surrounded had a soothing effect on that melancholy. To one whom he addresses as his dear friend Robin, he writes: "My residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house (Col. George Fairfax's wife's sister); but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty; whereas was I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows, by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion," &c. The object of this early passion is not positively known. Tradition states that the "lowland beauty" was a Miss Grimes, of Westmoreland, afterward Mrs. Lee, and mother of General Henry Lee, who figured in revolutionary history as Light Horse Harry, and was always a favorite with Washington, prob-
ably from the recollections of his early tenderness for the mother. Whatever may have been the soothing effect of the female society by which he was surrounded at Belvoir, the youth found a more effectual remedy for his love melancholy in the company of Lord Fairfax. His lordship was a stanch fox-hunter, and kept horses and hounds in the English style. The hunting season had arrived. The neighborhood abounded with sport; but fox-hunting in Virginia required bold and skillful horsemanship. He found Washington as bold as himself in the saddle, and as eager to follow the hounds. He forthwith took him into peculiar favor, made him his hunting companion; and it was probably under the tuition of this hard-riding old nobleman that the youth imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterward remarked. Their fox-hunting intercourse was attended with more important results. His lordship's possessions beyond the Blue Ridge had never been regularly settled nor surveyed. Lawless intruders—squatters, as they were called—were planting themselves along the finest streams and in the richest valleys, and virtually taking possession of the country. It was the anxious desire of Lord Fairfax to have these lands examined, surveyed, and portioned out into lots, preparatory to ejecting these interlopers or bringing them to reasonable terms. In Washington, notwithstanding his youth, he beheld one fit for the task—having noticed the exercises in surveying which he kept up while at Mount Vernon, and the aptness and exactness with which every process was executed. He was well calculated, too, by his vigor and activity, his courage and hardihood, to cope with the wild country to be surveyed, and with its still wilder inhabitants. The proposition had only to be offered to Washington to be eagerly accepted. It was the very kind of occupation for which he had been diligently training himself. All the preparations required by one of his simple habits were soon made, and in a very few days he was ready for his first expedition into the wilderness.

It was in the month of March (1748), and just after he had completed his sixteenth year, that Washington set out on horseback on this surveying expedition, in company with George William Fairfax. Their route lay by Ashley's Gap, a pass through the Blue Ridge, that beautiful line of mountains which, as yet, almost formed the western frontier of inhabited Virginia. Winter still lingered on the tops of the mountains, whence melting snows sent down torrents, which swelled the rivers and occasionally rendered them almost impassable. Spring, however, was softening the lower parts of the landscape and smiling in the valleys. They entered the great valley of Virginia, where it is about twenty-five miles wide; a lovely and temperate region, diversified by gentle swells and slopes, admirably adapted to cultivation. The Blue Ridge bounds it on one side, the North Mountain, a ridge of the Alleghanies, on the other; while through it flows that bright and abounding river, which, on account of its surpassing beauty, was named by the Indians the Shenandoah—that is to say, "the daughter of the stars." The first station of the travelers was at a kind of lodge in the wilderness, where the steward or land-bailiff of Lord Fairfax
resided, with such negroes as were required for farming purposes, and which Washington terms "his lordship's quarter." It was situated not far from the Shenandoah, and about twelve miles from the site of the present town of Winchester. In a diary kept with his usual minuteness, Washington speaks with delight of the beauty of the trees and the richness of the land in the neighborhood, and of his riding through a noble grove of sugar maples on the banks of the Shenandoah; and at the present day, the magnificence of the forests which still exist in this favored region justifies his eulogium. He looked around, however, with an eye to the profitable rather than the poetical. The gleam of poetry and romance, inspired by his "lowland beauty," occurs no more. The real business of life has commenced with him. His diary affords no food for fancy. Everything is practical. The qualities of the soil, the relative value of sites and localities, are faithfully recorded. In these his early habits of observation and his exercises in surveying had already made him a proficient. His surveys commenced in the lower part of the valley, some distance above the junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac, and extended for many miles along the former river. Here and there partial "clearings" had been made by squatters and hardy pioneers, and their rude husbandry had produced abundant crops of grain, hemp, and tobacco. Such was his first experience of life in the wilderness; he soon, however, accustomed himself to "rough it," and adapt himself to fare of all kinds, though he generally preferred a bivouac before a fire, in the open air, to the accommodations of a woodman's cabin. Proceeding down the valley to the banks of the Potomac, they found that river so much swollen by the rain which had fallen among the Alleghanies, as to be unfordable. To while away the time until it should subside, they made an excursion to examine certain warm springs in a valley among the mountains, since called the Berkeley Springs. There they camped out at night, under the stars; the diary makes no complaint of their accommodations; and their camping-ground is now known as Bath, one of the favorite watering-places of Virginia. One of the warm springs was subsequently appropriated by Lord Fairfax to his own use, and still bears his name. After watching in vain for the river to subside, they procured a canoe, on which they crossed to the Maryland side; swimming their horses. A weary day's ride of forty miles up the left side of the river, in a continual rain, and over what Washington pronounces the worst road ever trod by man or beast, brought them to the house of a Colonel Cresap, opposite the south branch of the Potomac, where they put up for the night. Here they were detained three or four days by inclement weather. On the second day they were surprised by the appearance of a war party of thirty Indians, bearing a scalp as a trophy. A little liquor procured the spectacle of a war-dance. A large space was cleared, and a fire made in the centre, round which the warriors took their seats. The principal orator made a speech, reciting their recent exploits, and rousing them to triumph. One of the warriors started up as if from sleep, and began a series of movements, half-
grotesque, half-tragical; the rest followed. For music, one savage drummed on a deerskin, stretched over a pot half filled with water; another rattled a gourd, containing a few shot, and decorated with a horse's tail. Their strange outcries, and uncouth forms and garbs, seen by the glare of the fire, and their whoops and yells, made them appear more like demons than human beings. All this savage gambol was no novelty to Washington's companions, experienced in frontier life; but to the youth, fresh from school, it was a strange spectacle, which he sat contemplating with deep interest, and carefully noted down in his journal. It will be found that he soon made himself acquainted with the savage character, and became expert at dealing with these inhabitants of the wilderness. From this encampment the party proceeded to the mouth of Patterson's Creek, where they recrossed the river in a canoe, swimming their horses as before. More than two weeks were now passed by them in the wild mountainous region of Frederick County, and about the south branch of the Potomac, surveying lands and laying out lots, camped out the greater part of the time, and subsisting on wild turkey and other game. Each one was his own cook; forked sticks served for spits, and chips of wood for dishes. The weather was unsettled. At one time their tent was blown down; at another they were driven out of it by smoke; now they were drenched with rain, and now the straw on which Washington was sleeping caught fire, and he was awakened by a companion just in time to escape a scorching. The only variety to this camp life was a supper at the house of one Solomon Hedge, Esquire, his majesty's justice of the peace, where there were no forks at table, nor any knives, but such as the guests brought in their pockets. During their surveys they were followed by numbers of people, some of them squatters, anxious, doubtless, to procure a cheap title to the land they had appropriated; others, German emigrants, with their wives and children, seeking a new home in the wilderness. Most of the latter could not speak English; but when spoken to, answered in their native tongue. They appeared to Washington ignorant as Indians, and uncouth, but "merry and full of antic tricks." Such were the progenitors of the sturdy yeomanry now inhabiting those parts, many of whom still preserve their strong German characteristics. "I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed," writes Washington to one of his young friends at home, "but after walking a good deal all the day I have lain down before the fire upon a little straw or fodder, or a bear skin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire." Having completed his surveys, he set forth from the south branch of the Potomac on his return homeward; crossed the mountains to the great Cacapehon; traversed the Shenandoah valley; passed through the Blue Ridge, and on the 12th of April found himself once more at Mount Vernon. For his service he received, according to his note-book, a doubloon per day when actively employed, and sometimes six pistoles.

The manner in which he had acquitted himself in this arduous
expedition, and his accounts of the country surveyed, gave great satisfaction to Lord Fairfax, who shortly afterward moved across the Blue Ridge, and took up his residence at the place heretofore noted as his "quarters." Here he laid out a manor, containing ten thousand acres of arable grazing lands, vast meadows, and noble forests, and projected a spacious manor house, giving to the place the name of Greenway Court. It was probably through the influence of Lord Fairfax that Washington received the appointment of public surveyor. This conferred authority on his surveys, and entitled them to be recorded in the county offices, and so invariably correct have these surveys been found that, to this day, wherever any of them stand on record, they receive implicit credit. For three years he continued in this occupation, which proved extremely profitable, from the vast extent of country to be surveyed and the very limited number of public surveyors. It made him acquainted, also, with the country, the nature of the soil in various parts, and the value of localities; all which proved advantageous to him in his purchases in after years. Many of the finest parts of the Shenandoah valley are yet owned by members of the Washington family. While thus employed for months at a time surveying the lands beyond the Blue Ridge, he was often an inmate of Greenway Court. The projected manor house was never even commenced. On a green knoll overshadowed by trees was a long stone building one story in height, with dormer windows, two wooden belfries, chimneys studded with swallow and martin coops, and a roof sloping down in the old Virginia fashion, into low projecting eaves that formed a veranda the whole length of the house. It was probably the house originally occupied by his steward or land agent, but was now devoted to hospitable purposes, and the reception of guests. As to his lordship, it was one of his many eccentricities, that he never slept in the main edifice, but lodged apart in a wooden house not much above twelve feet square. In a small building was his office, where quitrents were given, deeds drawn, and business transacted with his tenants. About the knoll were out-houses for his numerous servants, black and white, with stables for saddle-horses and hunters, and kennels for his hounds, for his lordship retained his keen hunting propensities, and the neighborhood abounded in game. Indians, half-breeds, and leathern-clad woodsmen loitered about the place, and partook of the abundance of the kitchen. His lordship's table was plentiful but plain, and served in the English fashion. Here Washington had full opportunity, in the proper seasons, of indulging his fondness for field sports, and once more accompanying his lordship in the chase. The conversation of Lord Fairfax, too, was full of interest and instruction to an inexperienced youth, from his cultivated talents, his literary taste, and his past intercourse with the best society of Europe, and its most distinguished authors. He had brought books, too, with him into the wilderness, and from Washington's diary we find that during his sojourn here he was diligently reading the history of England, and the essays of the Spectator. Such was Greenway Court in these its palmy days.
We visited it recently and found it tottering to its fall, mouldering in the midst of a magnificent country, where nature still flourishes in full luxuriance and beauty. Three or four years were thus passed by Washington, the greater part of the time beyond the Blue Ridge, but occasionally with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. His rugged and toilsome expeditions in the mountains, among rude scenes and rough people, inured him to hardships, and made him apt at expedients; while his intercourse with his cultivated brother, and with the various members of the Fairfax family, had a happy effect in toning up his mind and manners, and counteracting the careless and self-indulgent habits of the wilderness.

During the time of Washington's surveying campaigns among the mountains, a grand colonizing scheme had been set on foot, destined to enlist him in hardy enterprises, and in some degree to shape the course of his future fortunes. The treaty of peace concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle, which had put an end to the general war of Europe, had left undefined the boundaries between the British and French possessions in America; a singular remissness, considering that they had long been a subject in dispute, and a cause of frequent conflicts in the colonies. Immense regions were still claimed by both nations, and each was now eager to forestall the other by getting possession of them, and strengthening its claim by occupancy. The most desirable of those regions lay west of the Alleghany Mountains, extending from the lakes to the Ohio, and embracing the valley of that river and its tributary streams. An immense territory, possessing a salubrious climate, fertile soil, fine hunting and fishing grounds, and facilities by lakes and rivers for a vast internal commerce. The French claimed all this country quite to the Alleghany Mountains by the right of discovery. In 1673, Padre Marquette, with his companion, Joliet, of Quebec, both subjects of the crown of France, had passed down the Mississippi in a canoe quite to the Arkansas, thereby, according to an alleged maxim in the law of nations, establishing the right of their sovereign, not merely to the river so discovered and its adjacent lands, but to all the country drained by its tributary streams, of which the Ohio was one; a claim, the ramifications of which might be spread, like the meshes of a web, over half the continent. To this illimitable claim the English opposed a right derived, at second hand, from a traditionary Indian conquest. A treaty, they said, had been made at Lancaster, in 1744, between commissioners from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and the Iroquois, or Six Nations, whereby the latter, for four hundred pounds, gave up all right and title to the land west of the Alleghany Mountains, even to the Mississippi, which land, according to their traditions, had been conquered by their forefathers. It is undoubtedly true that such a treaty was made and such a pretended transfer of title did take place, under the influence of spirituous liquors; but it is equally true that the Indians in question did not, at the time, possess an acre of the land conveyed; and that the tribes actually in possession scoffed at their pretensions, and claimed the country as their own from time immemorial. Such were the shadowy foundations'
of claims which the two nations were determined to maintain to
the uttermost, and which ripened into a series of wars, ending in a
loss to England of a great part of her American possessions, and
to France of the whole. As yet in the region in question there
was not a single white settlement. Mixed Iroquois tribes of Dela-
wares, Shawnees, and Mingoés, had migrated into it early in the
century from the French settlements in Canada, and taken up their
abodes about the Ohio and its branches. The French pretended
to hold them under their protection; but their allegiance, if ever
acknowledged, had been sapped of late years by the influx of fur
traders from Pennsylvania. These were often rough, lawless men;
half Indians in dress and habits, prone to brawls, and sometimes
deadly in their feuds. They were generally in the employ of some
trader, who, at the head of his retainers and a string of pack-
horses, would make his way over mountains and through forests to
the banks of the Ohio, establish his headquarters in some Indian
town, and disperse his followers to traffic among the hamlets, hunt-
ing-camps and wigwams, exchanging blankets, gaudy colored
cloth, trinketry, powder, shot, and rum, for valuable furs and peltry.
In this way a lucrative trade with these western tribes was
springing up and becoming monopolized by the Pennsylvanians.
To secure a paticipation in this trade, and to gain a foothold in this
desirable region, became now the wish of some of the most intelli-
gent and enterprising men of Virginia and Maryland, among whom
were Lawr ence and Augustine Washington. With these views
they projected a scheme, in connection with John Hanbury, a
wealthy London merchant, to obtain a grant of land from the
British government, for the purpose of forming settlements or
colonies beyond the Alleghenies. Government readily counte-
nanced a scheme by which French encroachments might be fore-
stalled, and prompt and quiet possession secured of the great Ohio
valley. An association was accordingly chartered in 1749, by the
name of "the Ohio Company," and five hundred thousand acres
of land was granted to it west of the Alleghenies; between the
Monongahela and Kanawha rivers; though part of the land might
be taken up north of the Ohio, should it be deemed expedient.
The company were to pay no quitrent for ten years; but they were
to select two-fifths of their lands immediately; to settle one hun-
dred families upon them within seven years; to build a fort at their
own expense, and maintain a sufficient garrison in it for defence
against the Indians.

Mr. Thomas Lee, president of the council of Virginia, took the
lead in the concerns of the company at the outset, and by many
has been considered its founder. On his death, which soon took
place, Lawrence Washington had the chief management. His
enlightened mind and liberal spirit shone forth in his earliest
arrangements. He wished to form the settlements with Germans
from Pennsylvania. Being dissenters, however, they would be
oblige d, on becoming residents within the jurisdiction of Virginia,
to pay parish rates, and maintain a clergyman of the Church of
England, though they might not understand his language nor relish
his doctrines. Lawrence sought to have them exempted from this double tax on purse and conscience. "It has ever been my opinion," said he, "and I hope it ever will be, that restraints on conscience are cruel in regard to those on whom they are imposed, and injurious to the country imposing them. England, Holland, and Prussia I may quote as examples, and much more Pennsylvania, which has flourished under that delightful liberty, so as to become the admiration of every man who considers the short time it has been settled. * * * * This colony (Virginia) was greatly settled in the latter part of Charles the First's time, and during the usurpation by the zealous churchmen; and that spirit, which was then brought in, has ever since continued; so that, except a few Quakers, we have no dissenters. But what has been the consequence? We have increased by slow degrees, whilst our neighboring colonies, whose natural advantages are greatly inferior to ours, have become populous." Such were the enlightened views of this brother of our Washington, to whom the latter owed much of his moral and mental training. The company proceeded to make preparations for their colonizing scheme. Goods were imported from England suited to the Indian trade, or for presents to the chiefs. Rewards were promised to veteran warriors and hunters among the natives acquainted with the woods and mountains, for the best route to the Ohio. Before the company had received its charter, however, the French were in the field. Early in 1749, the Marquis de la Galissonniere, Governor of Canada, dispatched Celeron de Bienville, an intelligent officer, at the head of three hundred men, to the banks of the Ohio, to make peace, as he said, between the tribes that had become embroiled with each other during the late war, and to renew the French possession of the country. Celeron de Bienville distributed presents among the Indians, made speeches reminding them of former friendship, and warned them not to trade with the English. He furthermore nailed leaden plates to trees, and buried others in the earth, at the confluence of the Ohio and its tributaries, bearing inscriptions purporting that all the lands on both sides of the rivers to their sources appertained, as in foregone times, to the crown of France. The Indians gazed at these mysterious plates with wondering eyes, but surmised their purport. "They mean to steal our country from us," murmured they; and they determined to seek protection from the English. Celeron finding some traders from Pennsylvania trafficking among the Indians, he summoned them to depart, and wrote by them to James Hamilton, Governor of Pennsylvania, telling him the object of his errand to those parts, and his surprise at meeting with English traders in a country to which England had no pretensions; intimating that, in future, any intruders of the kind would be rigorously dealt with. His letter and a report of his proceedings on the Ohio, roused the solicitude of the governor and council of Pennsylvania, for the protection of their Indian trade. Shortly afterward, one Hugh Crawford, who had been trading with the Miami tribes on the Wabash, brought a message from them, speaking of the promises and threats with which the French were
endeavoring to shake their faith, but assuring the governor that their friendship for the English "would last while the sun and moon ran round the world." This message was accompanied by three strings of wampum. Governor Hamilton knew the value of Indian friendship, and suggested to the assembly that it would be better to clinch it with presents, and that as soon as possible. An envoy accordingly was sent off early in October, who was supposed to have great influence among the western tribes. This was one George Croghan, a veteran trader, shrewd and sagacious, who had been frequently to the Ohio country with pack-horses and followers, and made himself popular among the Indians by dispensing presents with a lavish hand. He was accompanied by Andrew Montour, a Canadian of half Indian descent, who was to act as interpreter. They were provided with a small present for the emergency; but were to convvoke a meeting of all the tribes at Logstown, on the Ohio, early in the ensuing spring, to receive an ample present which would be provided by the assembly.

It was some time later in the same autumn that the Ohio company brought their plans into operation, and dispatched an agent to explore the lands upon the Ohio and its branches as low as the Great Falls, take note of their fitness for cultivation, of the passes of the mountains, the courses and bearings of the rivers, and the strength and disposition of the native tribes. The man chosen for the purpose was Christopher Gist, a hardy pioneer, experienced in woodcraft and Indian life, who had his home on the banks of the Yadkin, near the boundary line of Virginia and North Carolina. He was allowed a woodsman or two for the service of the expedition. He set out on the 31st of October, from the banks of the Potomac, by an Indian path which the hunters had pointed out, leading from Wills' Creek, since called Fort Cumberland, to the Ohio. Indian paths and buffalo tracks are the primitive highways of the wilderness. Passing the Juniata, he crossed the ridges of the Allegany, arrived at Shannopin, a Delaware village on the south-east side of the Ohio, or rather of that upper branch of it, now called the Alleghany, swam his horses across that river, and descending along its valley arrived at Logstown, an important Indian village a little below the site of the present city of Pittsburg. Here usually resided Tanacharisson, a Seneca chief of great note, being head sachem of the mixed tribes which had migrated to the Ohio and its branches. He was generally surnamed the half-king, being subordinate to the Iroquois confederacy. The chief was absent at this time, as were most of his people, it being the hunting season. George Croghan, the envoy from Pennsylvania, with Montour his interpreter, had passed through Logstown a week previously, on his way to the Twilighters and other tribes, on the Miami branch of the Ohio. Scarcely one was to be seen about the village but some of Croghan's rough people, whom he had left behind—"reprobate Indian traders," as Gist terms them. They regarded the latter with a jealous eye, suspecting him of some rivalship in trade, or designs on the Indian lands; and intimated significantly that he would never go home safe." Gist knew the
meaning of such hints from men of this stamp in the lawless depths of the wilderness; but quieted their suspicions by letting them know that he was on public business, and on good terms with their great man, George Croghan, to whom he dispatched a letter. He took his departure from Logstown, however, as soon as possible, preferring, as he said, the solitude of the wilderness to such company. At Beaver Creek, a few miles below the village, he left the river and struck into the interior of the present State of Ohio. Here he overtook George Croghan at Muskingum, a town of Wyandots and Mingoese. He had ordered all the traders in his employ who were scattered among the Indian villages, to rally at this town, where he had hoisted the English flag over his residence, and over that of the sachem. This was in consequence of the hostility of the French who had recently captured, in the neighborhood, three white men in the employ of Frazier, an Indian trader, and had carried them away prisoners to Canada. Gist was well received by the people of Muskingum. They were indignant at the French violation of their territories, and the capture of their "English brothers." They had not forgotten the conduct of Celebron de Bienville in the previous year, and the mysterious plates which he had nailed against trees and sunk in the ground. "If the French claim the rivers which run into the lakes," said they, "those which run into the Ohio belong to us and to our brothers the English." And they were anxious that Gist should settle among them, and build a fort for their mutual defence. A council of the nation was now held, in which Gist invited them, in the name of the Governor of Virginia, to visit that province, where a large present of goods awaited them, sent by their father, the great king, over the water to his Ohio children. The invitation was graciously received, but no answer could be given until a grand council of the western tribes had been held, which was to take place at Logstown in the ensuing spring. Similar results attended visits made by Gist and Croghan to the Delawares and the Shawnees at their villages about the Scioto River; all promised to be at the gathering at Logstown. From the Shawnee village, near the mouth of the Scioto, the two emissaries shaped their course north two hundred miles, crossed the Great Moneami, or Miami River, on a raft, swimming their horses; and on the 17th of February arrived at the Indian town of Piqua. These journeyings had carried Gist about a wide extent of country beyond the Ohio. It was rich and level, watered with streams and rivulets, and clad with noble forests of hickory, walnut, ash, poplar, sugar-maple, and wild cherry trees. Occasionally there were spacious plains covered with wild rye; natural meadows, with blue grass and clover; and buffaloes, thirty and forty at a time, grazing on them as in a cultivated pasture. Deer, elk, and wild turkeys abounded. "Nothing is wanted but cultivation," said Gist, "to make this a most delightful country." Cultivation has since proved the truth of his words. The country thus described is the present State of Ohio. Piqua, where Gist and Croghan had arrived, was the principal town of the Twilighteens or Miamis; the most powerful confederacy
of the West, combining four tribes, and extending its influence even beyond the Mississippi. A king or sachem of one or other of the different tribes presided over the whole. The head chief at present was the king of the Piankeshas. At this town Croghan formed a treaty of alliance in the name of the Governor of Pennsyl-
vania with two of the Miami tribes. And Gist was promised by the king of the Piankeshas that the chiefs of the various tribes would attend the meeting at Logstown to make a treaty with Vir-
ginia. In the height of these demonstrations of friendship, two Ottawas entered the council-house, announcing themselves as envoys from the French Governor of Canada to seek a renewal of ancient alliance. They were received with all due ceremonial; for none are more ceremonious than the Indians. The French colors were set up beside the English, and the ambassadors opened their mission. "Your father, the French king," said they, "remember-
ing his children on the Ohio, has sent them these two kegs of milk," here, with great solemnity, they deposited two kegs of brandy,—
"and this tobacco;"—here they deposited a roll ten pounds in weight. "He has made a clean road for you to come and see him and his officers; and urges you to come, assuring you that all past differences will be forgotten." The Piankesha chief replied in the same figurative style. "It is true our Father has sent for us sev-
eral times, and has said the road was clear; but I understand it is not clear—it is foul and bloody, and the French have made it so. We have cleared a road for our brothers, the English; the French have made it bad, and have taken some of our brothers prisoners. This we consider as done to ourselves." So saying, he turned his back upon the ambassadors, and stalked out of the council-house. In the end the ambassadors were assured that the tribes of the Ohio and the Six Nations were hand in hand with their brothers, the English; and should war ensue with the French, they were ready to meet it. So the French colors were taken down; the "kegs of milk" and roll of tobacco were rejected; the grand council broke up with a war-dance, and the ambassadors departed, weeping and howling, and predicting ruin to the Miamis.

When Gist returned to the Shawnee town, near the mouth of the Scioto, and reported to his Indian friends there the alliance he had formed with the Miami confederacy, there was great feasting and speech-making, and firing of guns. He had now happily accom-
plished the chief object of his mission—nothing remained but to descend the Ohio to the Great Falls. This, however, he was cau-
tioned not to do. A large party of Indians, allies of the French, were hunting in that neighborhood, who might kill or capture him. He crossed the river, attended only by a lad as a traveling com-
ppanion and aid, and proceeded cautiously down the east side until within fifteen miles of the Falls. Here he came upon traps newly set, and Indian footprints not a day old; and heard the distant report of guns. The story of Indian hunters then was true. He was in a dangerous neighborhood. The savages might come upon the tracks of his horses, or hear the bells put about their necks, when turned loose in the wilderness to graze. Abandoning
all idea, therefore, of visiting the Falls, and contenting himself with the information concerning them which he had received from others, he shaped his course on the 18th of March for the Cuttawa, or Kentucky River. From the top of a mountain in the vicinity he had a view to the south-west as far as the eye could reach, over a vast woodland country in the fresh garniture of spring, and watered by abundant streams; but as yet only the hunting-ground of savage tribes, and the scene of their sanguinary combats. In a word, Kentucky lay spread out before him in all its wild magnificence; long before it was beheld by Daniel Boone. For six weeks was this hardy pioneer making his toilful way up the valley of the Cuttawa, or Kentucky River, to the banks of the Blue Stone; often checked by precipices, and obliged to seek fords at the heads of tributary streams; and happy when he could find a buffalo path broken through the tangled forests, or worn into the everlasting rocks. On the 1st of May he climbed a rock sixty feet high, crowning a lofty mountain, and had a distant view of the great Kanawha, breaking its way through a vast sierra; crossing that river on a raft of his own construction, he had many more weary days before him, before he reached his frontier abode on the banks of the Yadkin. He arrived there in the latter part of May, but there was no one to welcome the wanderer home. There had been an Indian massacre in the neighborhood, and he found his house silent and deserted. His heart sank within him, until an old man whom he met near the place assured him his family were safe, having fled for refuge to a settlement thirty-five miles off, on the banks of the Roanoke. There he rejoined them on the following day.

While Gist had been making his painful way homeward, the two Ottawa ambassadors had returned to Fort Sandusky, bringing word to the French that their flag had been struck in the council-house at Piqua, and their friendship rejected and their hostility defied by the Miamis. They informed them also of the gathering of the western tribes that was to take place at Logstown, to conclude a treaty with the Virginians. It was a great object with the French to prevent this treaty, and to spirit up the Ohio Indians against the English. This they hoped to effect through the agency of one Captain Joncaire, a veteran diplomatist of the wilderness, whose character and story deserve a passing notice. He had been taken prisoner when quite young by the Iroquois, and adopted into one of their tribes. This was the making of his fortune. He had grown up among them, acquired their language, adapted himself to their habits, and was considered by them as one of themselves. On returning to civilized life he became a prime instrument in the hands of the Canadian government, for managing and cajoling the Indians. Sometimes he was an ambassador to the Iroquois; sometimes a mediator between the jarring tribes; sometimes a leader of their warriors when employed by the French. When in 1728 the Delawares and Shawnees migrated to the banks of the Ohio, Joncaire was the agent who followed them, and prevailed on them to consider themselves under French protection. When the French wanted to get a commanding site for a post on the Iroquois
lands, near Niagara, Joncaire was the man to manage it. He craved a situation where he might put up a wigwam, and dwell among his Iroquois brethren. It was granted of course, "for was he not a son of the tribe—was he not one of themselves?" By degrees his wigwam grew into an important trading post; ultimately it became Fort Niagara. Years and years had elapsed; he had grown gray in Indian diplomacy, and was now sent once more to maintain French sovereignty over the valley of the Ohio. He appeared at Logstown accompanied by another Frenchman, and forty Iroquois warriors. He found an assemblage of the western tribes, feasting and rejoicing, and firing of guns, for George Croghan and Montour the interpreter were there, and had been distributing presents on behalf of the Governor of Pennsylvania. Joncaire was said to have the wit of a Frenchman, and the eloquence of an Iroquois. He made an animated speech to the chiefs in their own tongue, the gist of which was that their father Onontio (that is to say, the Governor of Canada) desired his children of the Ohio to turn away the Indian traders, and never to deal with them again on pain of his displeasure; so saying, he laid down a wampum belt of uncommon size, by way of emphasis to his message. For once his eloquence was of no avail; a chief rose indignantly, shook his finger in his face, and stamping on the ground, "This is our land," said he. "What right has Onontio here? The English are our brothers. They shall live among us as long as one of us is alive. We will trade with them, and not with you," and so saying he rejected the belt of wampum. Joncaire returned to an advanced post recently established on the upper part of the river, whence he wrote to the Governor of Pennsylvania: "The Marquis de la Jonquière, Governor of New France, having ordered me to watch that the English make no treaty in the Ohio country, I have signified to the traders of your government to retire. You are not ignorant that all these lands belong to the King of France, and that the English have no right to trade in them." He concluded by reiterating the threat made two years previously by Celeron de Bienville against all intruding fur traders. In the mean time, in the face of all these protests and menaces, Mr. Gist, under sanction of the Virginia Legislature, proceeded in the same year to survey the lands within the grant of the Ohio company, lying on the south side of the Ohio river, as far down as the great Kanawha. An old Delaware sachem, meeting him while thus employed, pronounced a somewhat puzzling question. "The French," said he, "claim all the land on one side of the Ohio, the English claim all the land on the other side—now where does the Indian's land lie?" Poor savages! Between their "fathers," the French, and their "brothers," the English, they were in a fair way of being most lovingly shared out of the whole country.

The French now prepared for hostile contingencies. They launched an armed vessel of unusual size on Lake Ontario; fortified their trading house at Niagara; strengthened their outposts, and advanced others on the upper waters of the Ohio. A stir of warlike preparation was likewise to be observed among the British
colonies. It was evident that the adverse claims to the disputed territories, if pushed home, could only be settled by the stern arbitrament of the sword. In Virginia, especially, the war spirit was manifest. The province was divided into military districts, each having an adjutant general, with the rank of major, and the pay of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, whose duty was to attend to the organization and equipment of the militia. Such an appointment was sought by Lawrence Washington for his brother George. It shows what must have been the maturity of the mind of the latter, and the confidence inspired by his judicious conduct and aptness for business, that the post should not only be sought for him, but readily obtained; though he was but nineteen years of age. He proved himself worthy of the appointment. He now set about preparing himself, with his usual method and assiduity, for his new duties. Virginia had among its floating population some military relics of the late Spanish war. Among these was a certain Adjutant Muse, a Westmoreland volunteer, who had served with Lawrence Washington in the campaigns in the West Indies, and had been with him in the attack on Carthagea. He now undertook to instruct his brother George in the art of war; lent him treatises on military tactics; put him through the manual exercise, and gave him some idea of evolutions in the field. Another of Lawrence’s campaigning comrades was Jacob Van Braam, a Dutchman by birth; a soldier of fortune of the Dalgetty order; who had been in the British army, but was now out of service, and, professing to be a complete master of fence, recruited his slender purse in the time of military excitement, by giving the Virginian youth lessons in the sword exercise. Under the instructions of these veterans Mount Vernon, from being a quiet rural retreat, where Washington, three years previously, had indited love ditties to his "lowland beauty," was suddenly transformed into a school of arms, as he practiced the manual exercise with Adjutant Muse, or took lessons on the broadsword from Van Braam. His martial studies, however, were interrupted for a time by the critical state of his brother’s health. The constitution of Lawrence had always been delicate, and he had been obliged repeatedly to travel for a change of air. There were now pulmonary symptoms of a threatening nature, and by advice of his physicians he determined to pass a winter in the West Indies, taking with him his favorite brother George as a companion. They accordingly sailed for Barbadoes on the 28th of September, 1751. George kept a journal of the voyage with log-book brevity; recording the wind and weather, but no events worth citation. They landed at Barbadoes on the 3d of November. The resident physician of the place gave a favorable report of Lawrence’s case, and held out hopes of a cure. The brothers were delighted with the aspect of the country, as they drove out in the cool of the evening, and beheld on all sides fields of sugar cane, and Indian corn, and groves of tropical trees, in full fruit and foliage. They took up their abode at a house pleasantly situated about a mile from town, commanding an extensive prospect of sea and land, including Carlyle bay and its shipping,
and belonging to Captain Crofton, commander of James Fort. Barbadoes had its theatre, at which Washington witnessed for the first time a dramatic representation, a species of amusement of which he afterward became fond. The brothers had scarcely been a fortnight at the island when George was taken down by a severe attack of small-pox. Skillful medical treatment, with the kind attentions of friends, and especially of his brother, restored him to health in about three weeks; but his face always remained slightly marked. After his recovery he made excursions about the island, noticing its soil, productions, fortifications, public works and the manners of its inhabitants. While admiring the productiveness of the sugar plantations, he was shocked at the spendthrift habits of the planters, and their utter want of management. "How wonderful," writes he, "that such people should be in debt, and not be able to indulge themselves in all the luxuries, as well as the necessaries of life. Yet so it happens. Estates are often alienated for debts. How persons coming to estates of two, three, and four hundred acres can want, is to me most wonderful." How much does this wonder speak for his own scrupulous principle of always living within compass. The residence at Barbadoes failed to have the anticipated effect on the health of Lawrence, and he determined to seek the sweet climate of Bermuda in the spring. He felt the absence from his wife, and it was arranged that George should return to Virginia, and bring her out to meet him at that island. Accordingly, on the 22d of December, George set sail in the Industry, bound to Virginia, where he arrived on the 1st February, 1752, after five weeks of stormy winter seafaring. Lawrence remained through the winter at Barbadoes; but the very mildness of the climate relaxed and enervated him. He felt the want of the bracing winter weather to which he had been accustomed. Even the invariable beauty of the climate, the perpetual summer, wearied the restless invalid. "This is the finest island of the West Indies," said he; "but I own no place can please me without a change of seasons. We soon tire of the same prospect." A consolatory truth for the inhabitants of more capricious climes. Still some of the worst symptoms of his disorder had disappeared, and he seemed to be slowly recovering; but the nervous restlessness and desire of change, often incidental to his malady, had taken hold of him, and early in March he hastened to Bermuda. He had come too soon. The keen air of early spring brought on an aggravated return of his worst symptoms. "I have now got to my last refuge," writes he to a friend, "where I must receive my final sentence, which at present Dr. Forbes will not pronounce. He leaves me, however, I think, like a criminal condemned, though not without hopes of reprieve. But this I am to obtain by meritoriously abstaining from flesh of every sort, all strong liquors, and by riding as much as I can bear. These are the only terms on which I am to hope for life." He was now afflicted with painful indecision, and his letters perplexed his family, leaving them uncertain as to his movements, and at a loss how to act. At one time he talked of remaining a year at Bermuda, and wrote to his wife to come out
with George and rejoin him there; but the very same letter shows his irresolution and uncertainty, for he leaves her coming to the decision of herself and friends. As to his own movements, he says, "Six weeks will determine me what to resolve on. Forbes advises the south of France, or else Barbadoes." The very next letter, written shortly afterward in a moment of despondency, talks of the possibility of "hurrying home to his grave!" The last was no empty foreboding. He did indeed hasten back, and just reached Mount Vernon in time to die under his own roof, surrounded by his family and friends, and attended in his last moments by that brother on whose manly affection his heart seemed to repose. His death took place on the 26th July, 1752, when but thirty-four years of age. He was a noble-spirited, pure-minded, accomplished gentleman; honored by the public, and beloved by his friends. The paternal care ever manifested by him for his youthful brother, George, and the influence his own character and conduct must have had upon him in his ductile years, should link their memories together in history, and endear the name of Lawrence Washington to every American. Lawrence left a wife and an infant daughter to inherit his ample estates. In case his daughter should die without issue, the estate of Mount Vernon, and other lands specified in his will, were to be enjoyed by her mother during her lifetime, and at her death to be inherited by his brother George. The latter was appointed one of the executors of the will; but such was the implicit confidence reposed in his judgment and integrity, that, although he was but twenty years of age, the management of the affairs of the deceased was soon devolved upon him almost entirely. It is needless to say that they were managed with consummate skill and scrupulous fidelity.

CHAPTER III.

WASHINGTON'S EXPEDITIONS IN THE WILDERNESS.

The meeting of the Ohio Tribes, Delawares, Shawnees, and Mingoes, to form a treaty of alliance with Virginia, took place at Logstown, at the appointed time. The chiefs of the Six Nations declined to attend. "It is not our custom," said they proudly, "to meet to treat of affairs in the woods and weeds. If the Governor of Virginia wants to speak with us, and deliver us a present from our father (the King), we will meet him at Albany, where we expect the Governor of New York will be present." At Logstown, Colonel Fry and two other commissioners from Virginia, concluded a treaty with the tribes above named; by which the latter engaged not to molest any English settlers south of the Ohio. Tanacharison, the half-king, now advised that his brothers of Virginia should build a strong house at the fork of the Monongahela, to resist the
designs of the French. Mr. Gist was accordingly instructed to lay out a town and build a fort at Chartier's Creek, on the east side of the Ohio, a little below the site of the present city of Pittsburg. He commenced a settlement, also, in a valley just beyond Laurel Hill, not far from the Youghiogeny, and prevailed on eleven families to join him. The Ohio Company, about the same time, established a trading post, well stocked with English goods, at Wills' Creek (now the town of Cumberland). The Ohio tribes were greatly incensed at the aggressions of the French, who were erecting posts within their territories, and sent deputations to remonstrate, but without effect. The half-king, as chief of the western tribes, repaired to the French post on Lake Erie, where he made his complaint in person. "Fathers," said he, "you are the disturbers of this land by building towns, and taking the country from us by fraud and force. We kindled a fire a long time ago at Montreal, where we desired you to stay and not to come and intrude upon our land. I now advise you to return to that place, for this land is ours. If you had come in a peaceable manner, like our brothers the English, we should have traded with you as we do with them; but that you should come and build houses on our land, and take it by force, is what we cannot submit to. Both you and the English are white. We live in a country between you both; the land belongs to neither of you. The Great Being allotted it to us as a residence. So, fathers, I desire you, as I have desired our brothers the English, to withdraw, for I will keep you both at arm's length. Whichever most regards this request, that side will we stand by and consider friends. Our brothers the English have heard this, and I now come to tell it to you, for I am not afraid to order you off this land." "Child," replied the French commandant, "you talk foolishly. You say this land belongs to you; there is not the black of my nail yours. It is my land, and I will have it, let who will stand up against me. I am not afraid of flies and mosquitoes, for as such I consider the Indians. I tell you that down the river I will go, and build upon it. If it were blocked up I have forces sufficient to burst it open and trample down all who oppose me. My force is as the sand upon the sea-shore. Therefore here is your wampum; I fling it at you." Tanacharisson returned, wounded at heart, both by the language and the haughty manner of the French commandant. He saw the ruin impending over his race, but looked with hope and trust to the English as the power least disposed to wrong the red man.

French influence was successful in other quarters. Some of the Indians who had been friendly to the English showed signs of alienation. Others menaced hostilities. There were reports that the French were ascending the Mississippi from Louisiana. France, it was said, intended to connect Louisiana and Canada by a chain of military posts, and hem the English within the Alleghany Mountains. The Ohio Company complained loudly to the Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, of the hostile conduct of the French and their Indian allies. They found in Dinwiddie a ready listener; he was a stockholder in the com-
pany. A commissioner, Captain William Trent, was sent to expostulate with the French commander on the Ohio for his aggressions on the territory of his Britannic majesty; he bore presents also of guns, powder, shot, and clothing for the friendly Indians. Trent was not a man of the true spirit for a mission to the frontier. He stopped a short time at Logstown, though the French were one hundred and fifty miles further up the river, and directed his course to Piqua, the great town of the Twilightes, where Gist and Croghan had been so well received by the Miamis, and the French flag struck in the council house. All now was reversed. The place had been attacked by the French and Indians; the Miamis defeated with great loss; the English traders taken prisoners; the Piankesha chief, who had so proudly turned his back upon the Ottawa ambassadors, had been sacrificed by the hostile savages, and the French flag hoisted in triumph on the ruins of the town. The whole aspect of affairs was so threatening on the frontier, that Trent lost heart, and returned home without accomplishing his errand.

Governor Dinwiddie now looked round for a person more fitted to fulfill a mission which required physical strength and moral energy; a courage to cope with savages, and a sagacity to negotiate with white men. Washington was pointed out as possessed of those requisites. It is true he was not yet twenty-two years of age, but public confidence in his judgment and abilities had been manifested a second time, by renewing his appointment of adjutant-general, and assigning him the northern division. He was acquainted too with the matters in litigation, having been in the bosom councils of his deceased brother. His woodland experience fitted him for an expedition through the wilderness; and his great discretion and self-command for a negotiation with wily commanders and fickle savages. He was accordingly chosen for the expedition. By his letter of instructions he was directed to repair to Logstown, and hold a communication with Tanacharisson, Monacatoocha, alias Scaroooyadi, the next in command, and the other sachems of the mixed tribes friendly to the English; to inform them of the purport of his errand, and request an escort to the head-quarters of the French commander. To that commander he was to deliver his credentials, and the letter of Governor Dinwiddie, and demand an answer in the name of his Britannic majesty; but not to wait for it beyond a week. On receiving it, he was to request a sufficient escort to protect him on his return. He was, moreover, to acquaint himself with the numbers and force of the French stationed on the Ohio and its vicinity; their capability of being reinforced from Canada; the forts they had erected; where situated, how garrisoned; the object of their advancing into those parts, and how they were likely to be supported. Washington set off from Williamsburg on the 30th of October (1753), the very day on which he received his credentials. At Fredericksburg he engaged his old "master of fence," Jacob Van Braam, to accompany him as interpreter; though it would appear from subsequent circumstances, that the veteran swordsman was but indifferently
versed either in French or English. Having provided himself at Alexandria with necessaries for the journey, he proceeded to Winchester, then on the frontier, where he procured horses, tents, and other traveling equipments, and then pushed on by a road newly opened to Wills' Creek (town of Cumberland), where he arrived on the 14th of November. Here he met with Mr. Gist, the intrepid pioneer, who had explored the Ohio in the employ of the company, and whom he engaged to accompany and pilot him in the present expedition. He secured the services also of one John Davidson as Indian interpreter, and of four frontiersmen, two of whom were Indian traders. With this little band, and his swordsman and interpreter, Jacob Van Braam, he set forth on the 15th of November, through a wild country, rendered almost impassable by recent storms of rain and snow. At the mouth of Turtle Creek, on the Monongahela, he found John Frazier, the Indian trader, some of whose people, as heretofore stated, had been sent off prisoners to Canada. Frazier himself had recently been ejected by the French from the Indian village of Venango, where he had a gunsmith's establishment. According to his account the French general who had commanded on this frontier was dead, and the greater part of the forces were retired into winter quarters. As the rivers were all swollen so that the horses had to swim them, Washington sent all the baggage down the Monongahela in a canoe under care of two of the men, who had orders to meet him at the confluence of that river with the Allegany, where their united waters form the Ohio: "As I got down before the canoe," writes he in his journal, "I spent some time in viewing the rivers, and the land at the Fork, which I think extremely well situated for a fort, as it has the absolute command of both rivers. The land at the point is twenty or twenty-five feet above the common surface of the water, and a considerable bottom of flat, well timbered land all around it, very convenient for building. The rivers are each a quarter of a mile or more across, and run here very nearly at right angles; Allegany bearing north-east, and Monongahela south-east. The former of these two is a very rapid and swift-running water, the other deep and still, without any perceptible fall." The Ohio Company had intended to build a fort about two miles from this place, on the south-east side of the river; but Washington gave the fork the decided preference. French engineers of experience proved the accuracy of his military eye, by subsequently choosing it for the site of Fort Duquesne, noted in frontier history. In this neighborhood lived Shingiss, the king or chief sachem of the Delawares. Washington visited him at his village, to invite him to the council at Logstown. He was one of the greatest warriors of his tribe, and subsequently took up the hatchet at various times against the English, though now he seemed favorably disposed, and readily accepted the invitation. They arrived at Logstown after sunset on the 24th of November. The half-king was absent at his hunting lodge on Beaver Creek, about fifteen miles distant; but Washington had runners sent out to invite him and all the other chiefs to a grand talk on the following day. In the morning four French
deserters came into the village. They had deserted from a company of one hundred men, sent up from New Orleans with eight canoes laden with provisions. Washington drew from them an account of the French force at New Orleans, and of the forts along the Mississippi, and at the mouth of the Wabash, by which they kept up a communication with the lakes; all which he carefully noted down. The deserters were on their way to Philadelphia, conducted by a Pennsylvania trader. About three o'clock the half-king arrived. Washington had a private conversation with him in his tent, through Davidson the interpreter. He found him intelligent, patriotic and proudly tenacious of his territorial rights. We have already cited from Washington's papers, the account given by this chief in this conversation, of his interview with the late French commander. He stated, moreover, that the French had built two forts, differing in size, but on the same model, a plan of which he gave, of his own drawing. The largest was on Lake Erie, the other on French Creek, fifteen miles apart, with a wagon road between them. The nearest and levellest way to them was now impassable, lying through large and miry savannas; they would have, therefore, to go by Venango, and it would take five or six sleeps (or days) of good traveling to reach the nearest fort. On the following morning at nine o'clock, the chiefs assembled at the council house; where Washington, according to his instructions, informed them that he was sent by their brother, the Governor of Virginia, to deliver to the French commandant a letter of great importance, both to their brothers the English and to themselves; and that he was to ask their advice and assistance, and some of their young men to accompany and provide for him on the way, and be his safeguard against the "French Indians" who had taken up the hatchet. He concluded by presenting the indispensable document in Indian diplomacy a string of wampum. The chiefs, according to etiquette, sat for some moments silent after he had concluded, as if ruminating on what had been said, or to give him time for further remark. The half-king then rose and spoke in behalf of the tribes, assuring him that they considered the English and themselves brothers, and one people; and that they intended to return the French the "speech-belts," or wampums, which the latter had sent them. This, in Indian diplomacy, is a renunciation of all friendly relations. An escort would be furnished to Washington composed of Mingoos, Shannoahs, and Delawares, in token of the love and loyalty of those several tribes; but three days would be required to prepare for the journey. Washington remonstrated against such delay; but was informed, that an affair of such moment, where three speech-belts were to be given up, was not to be entered into without due consideration. Besides, the young men who were to form the escort were absent hunting, and the half-king could not suffer the party to go without sufficient protection. His own French speech belt, also, was at his hunting lodge, whither he must go in quest of it. Moreover, the Shannoah chiefs were yet absent and must be waited for. In short, Washington had his first lesson in Indian diplomacy, which for punc-
tilio, ceremonial, and secret manœuvring, is equal at least to that of civilized life. He soon found that to urge a more speedy de-
parture would be offensive to Indian dignity and decorum, so he was fain to await the gathering together of the different chiefs with their speech-belts.

In fact there was some reason for all this caution. Tidings had reached the sachems that Captain Joncaire had called a meeting at Venango, of the Mingoes, Delawares, and other tribes, and made them a speech, informing them that the French, for the present, had gone into winter quarters, but intended to descend the river in great force, and fight the English in the spring. He had advised them, therefore, to stand aloof, for should they interfere, the French and English would join, cut them all off, and divide their land be-
tween them. With these rumors preying on their minds, the half-
king and three other chiefs waited on Washington in his tent in the evening, and after representing that they had complied with all the requisitions of the Governor of Virginia, endeavored to draw from the youthful ambassador the true purport of his mission to the French commandant. Washington had anticipated an inquiry of the kind, knowing how natural it was that these poor people should regard, with anxiety and distrust, every movement of two formid-
able powers thus pressing upon them from opposite sides, he man-
aged, however, to answer them in such a manner as to allay their solicitude without transcending the bounds of diplomatic secrecy. After a day or two more of delay and further consultations in the council house, the chiefs determined that but three of their number should accompany the mission, as a greater number might awaken the suspicions of the French. Accordingly, on the 30th of November, Washington set out for the French post, having his usual party augmented by an Indian hunter, and being accompanied by the half-king, an old Shannoah, sachem named Jeskakake, and an-
other chief, sometimes called Belt of Wampum, from being the keeper of the speech-belts, but generally bearing the sounding ap-
pellation of White Thunder.

Although the distance to Venango, by the route taken, was not above seventy miles, yet such was the inclemency of the weather and the difficulty of traveling, that Washington and his party did not arrive there until the 4th of December. The French colors were flying at a house whence John Frazier, the English trader, had been driven. Washington repaired thither, and inquired of three French officers whom he saw there where the com-
mandant resided. One of them promptly replied that he "had the command of the Ohio." It was, in fact, the redoubtable Captain Joncaire, the veteran intriguer of the frontier. On being apprised, however, of the nature of Washington's errand, he informed him that there was a general officer at the next fort, where he advised him to apply for an answer to the letter of which he was the bearer.

In the mean time, he invited Washington and his party to a supper at head-quarters. It proved a jovial one, for Joncaire appears to have been somewhat of a boon companion, and there is always
ready though rough hospitality in the wilderness. It is true, Washington, for so young a man, may not have had the most convivial air, but there may have been a moist look of promise in the old soldier Van Braam.

Joncaire and his brother officers pushed the bottle briskly. "The wine," says Washington, "as they dosed themselves pretty plentifully with it, soon banished the restraint which at first appeared in their conversation, and gave a license to their tongues to reveal their sentiments more freely. They told me that it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio; for that although they were sensible the English could raise two men for their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any undertaking. They pretend to have an undoubted right to the river from a discovery made by one La Salle sixty years ago, and the rise of this expedition is to prevent our settling on the river or the waters of it, as they heard of some families moving out in order thereto.'

Washington retained his sobriety and his composure throughout all the rodomontade and bacchanalian outbreak of the mercurial Frenchmen; leaving the task of pledging them to his master of fence, Van Braam, who was not a man to flinch from potations. He took careful note, however, of all their revelations, and collected a variety of information concerning the French forces; how and where they were distributed; the situations and distances of their forts, and their means and mode of obtaining supplies. If the veteran diplomatist of the wilderness had intended this revel for a snare, he was completely foiled by his youthful competitor.

On the following day there was no traveling on account of excessive rain. Joncaire, in the mean time, having discovered that the half-king was with the mission, expressed his surprise that he had not accompanied it to his quarters on the preceding day. Washington, in truth, had feared to trust the sachem within the reach of the politic Frenchman. Nothing would do now but Joncaire must have the sachems at head-quarters. Here his diplomacy was triumphant. He received them with open arms. He was enraptured to see them. His Indian brothers! How could they be so near without coming to visit him? He made them presents; but, above all, plied them so potently with liquor, that the poor half-king, Jeskakake, and White Thunder forgot all about their wrongs, their speeches, their speech-belts, and all the business they had come upon; paid no heed to the repeated cautions of their English friends, and were soon in a complete state of frantic extravagance or drunken oblivion.

The next day the half-king made his appearance at Washington's tent, perfectly sober and very much crestfallen. He declared, however, that he still intended to make his speech to the French, and offered to rehearse it on the spot; but Washington advised him not to waste his ammunition on inferior game like Joncaire and his comrades, but to reserve it for the commandant. The sachem was not to be persuaded. Here, he said, was the place of the council fire, where they were accustomed to transact their business with the
French; and as to Joncaire, he had all the management of French affairs with the Indians.

Washington was fain to attend the council fire and listen to the speech. It was much the same in purport as that which he had made to the French general, and he ended by offering to return the French speech-belt; but this Joncaire refused to receive, telling him to carry it to the commander at the fort. All that day and the next was the party kept at Venango by the stratagems of Joncaire and his emissaries to detain and seduce the sachems. It was not until 12 o'clock on the 7th of December, that Washington was able to extricate them out of their clutches and commence his journey. A French commissary by the name of La Force, and three soldiers, set off in company with him. La Force went as if on ordinary business, but he proved one of the most active, daring, and mischief-making of those anomalous agents employed by the French among the Indian tribes. It is probable that he was at the bottom of many of the perplexities experienced by Washington at Venango, and now traveled with him for the prosecution of his wiles. He will be found, hereafter, acting a more prominent part, and ultimately reaping the fruit of his evil doings.

After four days of weary travel through snow and rain, and mire and swamp, the party reached the fort. It was situated on a kind of island on the west fork of French Creek, about fifteen miles south of Lake Erie, and consisted of four houses, forming a hollow square, defended by bastions made of palisades twelve feet high, picketed, and pierced for cannon and small arms. Within the bastions were a guard-house, chapel, and other buildings, and outside were stables, a smith's forge, and log-houses covered with bark, for the soldiers. On the death of the late general, the fort had remained in charge of one Captain Reparti until within a week past, when the Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre had arrived, and taken command.

The reception of Washington at the fort was very different from the uncERemonious one experienced at the outpost of Joncaire and his convivial messmates. When he presented himself at the gate, accompanied by his interpreter, Van Braam, he was met by the officer second in command and conducted in due military form to his superior; an ancient and silver-haired chevalier of the military order of St. Louis, courteous but ceremonious; mingling the polish of the French gentleman of the old school with the precision of the soldier.

Having announced his errand through his interpreter, Van Braam, Washington offered his credentials and the letter of Governor Dinwiddie, and was disposed to proceed at once to business with the prompt frankness of a young man un hackneyed in diplomacy. The chevalier, however, politely requested him to retain the documents in his possession until his predecessor, Captain Reparti, should arrive, who was hourly expected from the next post.

At two o'clock the captain arrived. The letter and its accompanying documents were then offered again, and received in due
form, and the chevalier and his officers retired with them into a private apartment, where the captain, who understood a little English, officiated as translator. The translation being finished, Washington was requested to walk in and bring his translator Van Braam, with him, to peruse and correct it, which he did.

In this letter, Didwiddie complained of the intrusion of French forces into the Ohio country, erecting forts and making settlements in the western parts of the colony of Virginia, so notoriously known to be the property of the crown of Great Britain. He inquired by whose authority and instructions the French Commander-general had marched this force from Canada, and made this invasion; intimating that his own action would be regulated by the answer he should receive, and the tenor of the commission with which he was honored. At the same time he required of the commandant his peaceable departure, and that he would forbear to prosecute a purpose "so interruptive of the harmony and good understanding which his majesty was desirous to continue and cultivate with the most catholic king."

The latter part of the letter related to the youthful envoy. "I persuade myself you will receive and entertain Major Washington with the candor and politeness natural to your nation, and it will give me the greatest satisfaction if you can return him with an answer suitable to my wishes for a long and lasting peace between us."

The two following days were consumed in councils of the chevalier and his officers over the letter and the necessary reply. Washington occupied himself in the mean time in observing and taking notes of the plan, dimensions, and strength of the fort, and of everything about it. He gave orders to his people, also, to take an exact account of the canoes in readiness, and others in the process of construction for the conveyance of troops down the river in the ensuing spring.

As the weather continued stormy, with much snow, and the horses were daily losing strength, he sent them down, unladen, to Venango, to await his return by water. In the mean time, he discovered that busy intrigues were going on to induce the half-king and the other sachems to abandon him, and renounce all friendship with the English. Upon learning this, he urged the chiefs to deliver up their "speech-belts" immediately, as they had promised, thereby shaking off all dependence upon the French. They accordingly pressed for an audience that very evening. A private one was at length granted them by the commander, in presence of one or two of his officers. The half-king reported the result of it to Washington. The venerable but astute chevalier cautiously evaded the acceptance of the proffered wampum; made many professions of love and friendship, and said he wished to live in peace and trade amicably with the tribes of the Ohio, in proof of which he would send down some goods immediately for them to Logstown.

As Washington understood, privately, that an officer was to accompany the man employed to convey these goods, he suspected
that the real design was to arrest and bring off all straggling English traders they might meet with. What strengthened this opinion was a frank avowal which had been made to him by the chevalier, that he had orders to capture every British subject who should attempt to trade upon the Ohio or its waters.

Captain Reparti, also, in reply to his inquiry as to what had been done with two Pennsylvania traders, who had been taken with all their goods, informed him that they had been sent to Canada, but had since returned home. He had stated, furthermore, that during the time he held command, a white boy had been carried captive past the fort by a party of Indians, who had with them, also, two or three white men's scalps.

All these circumstances showed him the mischief that was brewing in these parts, and the treachery and violence that pervaded the frontier, and made him the more solicitous to accomplish his mission successfully, and conduct his little band in safety out of a wily neighborhood.

On the evening of the 14th, the Chevalier de St. Pierre delivered to Washington his sealed reply to the letter of Governor Dinwiddie. The purport of previous conversations with the chevalier, and the whole complexion of affairs on the frontier, left no doubt of the nature of that reply.

The business of his mission being accomplished, Washington prepared on the 15th to return by water to Venango; but a secret influence was at work which retarded every movement. "The commandant," writes he, "ordered a plentiful store of liquor and provisions to be put on board our canoes, and appeared to be extremely complaisant, though he was exerting every artifice which he could invent to set our Indians at variance with us, to prevent their going until after our departure; presents, rewards, and everything which could be suggested by him or his officers. I cannot say that ever in my life I suffered so much anxiety as I did in this affair. I saw that every stratagem which the most fruitful brain could invent was practiced to win the half-king to their interests, and that leaving him there was giving them the opportunity they aimed at. I went to the half-king, and pressed him in the strongest terms to go; he told me that the commandant would not discharge him until the morning. I then went to the commandant and desired him to do their business, and complained to him of ill treatment; for, keeping them, as they were a part of my company, was detaining me. This he promised not to do, but to forward my journey as much as he could. He protested he did not keep them, but was ignorant of the cause of their stay; though I soon found it out. He had promised them a present of guns if they would wait until the morning. As I was very much pressed by the Indians to wait this day for them, I consented, on the promise that nothing should hinder them in the morning."

The next morning (16th) the French, in fulfillment of their promise, had to give the present of guns. They then endeavored to detain the sachems with liquor, which at any other time might have prevailed, but Washington reminded the half-king that his
royal word was pledged to depart, and urged it upon him so closely that exerting unwonted resolution and self-denial, he turned his back upon the liquor and embarked.

It was rough and laborious navigation. French Creek was swollen and turbulent, and full of floating ice. The frail canoes were several times in danger of being staved to pieces against rocks. Often the voyagers had to leap out and remain in the water half an hour at a time, drawing the canoes over shoals, and at one place to carry them a quarter of a mile across a neck of land, the river being completelydammed by ice. It was not until the 22d that they reached Venango.

Here Washington was obliged, most unwillingly, to part company with the sachems. White Thunder had hurt himself and was ill and unable to walk, and the others determined to remain at Venango for a day or two and convey him down the river in a canoe. There was danger that the smooth-tongued and convivial Joncaire would avail himself of the interval to ply the poor monarchs of the woods with flattery and liquor. Washington endeavored to put the worthy half-king on his guard, knowing that he had once before shown himself but little proof against the seductions of the bottle. The sachem, however, desired him not to be concerned; he knew the French too well for anything to engage him in their favor; nothing should shake his faith to his English brothers; and it will be found that in these assurances he was sincere.

On the 25th of December, Washington and his little party set out by land from Venango on their route homeward. They had a long winter's journey before them, through a wilderness beset with dangers and difficulties. The pack-horses, laden with tents, baggage, and provisions, were completely jaded; it was feared they would give out. Washington dismounted, gave up his saddle-horse to aid in transporting the baggage, and requested his companions to do the same. None but the drivers remained in the saddle. He now equipped himself in an Indian hunting-dress, and with Van Braam, Gist, and John Davidson, the Indian interpreter, proceeded on foot. The cold increased. There was deep snow that froze as it fell. The horses grew less and less capable of traveling. For three days they toiled on slowly and wearily. Washington was impatient to accomplish his journey, and make his report to the governor; he determined, therefore, to hasten some distance in advance of the party, and then strike for the Fork of the Ohio by the nearest course directly through the woods. He accordingly put the cavalcade under the command of Van Braam, and furnished him with money for expenses; then disencumbering himself of all superfluous clothing, buckling himself up in a watch-coat, strapping his pack on his shoulders, containing his papers and provisions, and taking gun in hand, he left the horses to flounder on, and struck manfully ahead, accompanied only by Mr. Gist, who had equipped himself in like manner. At night they lit a fire, and "camped" by it in the woods. At two o'clock in the morning they were again on foot, and pressed forward until they struck the south-east fork of Beaver Creek, at a
place bearing the sinister name of Murdering Town; probably the scene of some Indian massacre.

Here Washington, in planning his route, had intended to leave the regular path, and strike through the woods for Shannopins Town, two or three miles above the Fork of the Ohio, where he hoped to be able to cross the Alleghany River on the ice. At Murdering Town he found a party of Indians, who appeared to have known of his coming, and to have been waiting for him. One of them accosted Mr. Gist, and expressed great joy at seeing him. The wary woodsman regarded him narrowly, and thought he had seen him at Joncaire's. If so, he and his comrades were in the French interest, and their lying in wait boded no good. The Indian was very curious in his inquiries as to when they had left Venango; how they came to be traveling on foot; where they had left their horses, and when it was probable the latter would reach this place. All these questions increased the distrust of Gist, and rendered him extremely cautious in reply.

The route hence to Shannopins Town lay through a trackless wild, of which the travelers knew nothing; after some consultation, therefore, it was deemed expedient to engage one of the Indians as a guide. He entered upon his duties with alacrity, took Washington's pack upon his back, and led the way by what he said was the most direct course. After traveling briskly for eight or ten miles Washington became fatigued, and his feet were chafed; he thought, too, they were taking a direction too much to the north-east; he came to a halt, therefore, and determined to light a fire, make a shelter of the bark and branches of trees, and encamp there for the night. The Indian demurred; he offered, as Washington was fatigued, to carry his gun, but the latter was too wary to part with his weapon. The Indian now grew churlish. There were Ottawa Indians in the woods, he said, who might be attracted by their fire, and surprise and scalp them; he urged, therefore, that they should continue on: he would take them to his cabin, where they would be safe.

Mr. Gist's suspicions increased, but he said nothing. Washington's also were awakened. They proceeded some distance further: the guide paused and listened. He had heard, he said, the report of a gun towards the north; it must be from his cabin; he accordingly turned his steps in that direction. Washington began to apprehend an ambuscade of savages. He knew the hostility of many of them to the English, and what a desirable trophy was the scalp of a white man. The Indian still kept on toward the north; he pretended to hear two whoops—they were from his cabin—it could not be far off. They went on two miles further, when Washington signified his determination to encamp at the first water they should find. The guide said nothing, but kept doggedly on. After a little while they arrived at an opening in the woods, and emerging from the deep shadows in which they had been traveling, found themselves in a clear meadow, rendered still more light by the glare of the snow upon the ground. Scarcely had they emerged when the Indian, who was about fifteen paces ahead, suddenly turned, lev-
eled his gun, and fired. Washington was startled for an instant, but, feeling that he was not wounded, demanded quickly of Mr. Gist if he was shot. The latter answered in the negative. The Indian in the mean time had run forward, and screened himself behind a large white oak, where he was reloading his gun. They overtook, and seized him. Gist would have put him to death on the spot, but Washington humanely prevented him. They permitted him to finish the loading of his gun; but, after he had put in the ball, took the weapon from him, and let him see that he was under guard.

Arriving at a small stream they ordered the Indian to make a fire, and took turns to watch over the guns. While he was thus occupied, Gist, a veteran woodsman, and accustomed to hold the life of an Indian rather cheap, was somewhat incommoded by the scruples of his youthful commander, which might enable the savage to carry out some scheme of treachery. He observed to Washington, that, since he would not suffer the Indian to be killed, they must manage to get him out of the way, and then decamp with all speed, and travel all night to leave this perfidious neighborhood behind them; but first it was necessary to blind the guide as to their intentions. He accordingly addressed him in a friendly tone, and adverting to the late circumstance, pretended to suppose that he had lost his way, and fired his gun merely as a signal. The Indian, whether deceived or not, readily chimed in with the explanation. He said he now knew the way to his cabin, which was at no great distance. "Well then," replied Gist, "you can go home, and as we are tired we will remain here for the night, and follow your track at daylight. In the mean time here is a cake of bread for you, and you must give us some meat in the morning."

Whatever might have been the original designs of the savage, he was evidently glad to get off. Gist followed him cautiously for a distance, and listened until the sound of his footsteps died away; returning then to Washington, they proceeded about half a mile, made another fire, set their compass and fixed their course by the light of it, then leaving it burning, pushed forward, and traveled as fast as possible all night, so as to gain a fair start should any one pursue them at daylight. Continuing on the next day they never relaxed their speed until nightfall, when they arrived on the banks of the Allegany River, about two miles above Shannopins Town.

Washington had expected to find the river frozen completely over; it was so only for about fifty yards from each shore, while great quantities of broken ice were driving down the main channel. Trusting that he had out-traveled pursuit, he encamped on the border of the river; still it was an anxious night, and he was up at daybreak to devise some means of reaching the opposite bank. No other mode presented itself than by a raft, and to construct this they had but one poor hatchet. With this they set resolutely to work and labored all day, but the sun went down before their raft was finished. They launched it, however, and getting on board, endeavored to propel it across with setting poles. Before they were
half way over the raft became jammed between cakes of ice, and they were in imminent peril. Washington planted his pole on the bottom of the stream, and leaned against it with all his might, to stay the raft until the ice should pass by. The rapid current forced the ice against the pole with such violence that he was jerked into the water, where it was at least ten feet deep, and only saved himself from being swept away and drowned by catching hold of one of the raft logs.

It was now impossible with all their exertions to get to either shore; abandoning the raft, therefore, they got upon an island, near which they were drifting. Here they passed the night, exposed to intense cold, by which the hands and feet of Mr. Gist were frozen. In the morning they found the drift ice wedged so closely together, that they succeeded in getting from the island to the opposite side of the river; and before night were in comfortable quarters at the house of Frazier, the Indian trader, at the mouth of Turtle Creek on the Monongahela. Here they learned from a war party of Indians that a band of Ottawas, a tribe in the interest of the French, had massacred a whole family of whites on the banks of the great Kanawha River.

At Frazier's they were detained two or three days endeavoring to procure horses. In this interval Washington had again occasion to exercise Indian diplomacy. About three miles distant, at the mouth of the Youghiogeny River, dwelt a female sachem, Queen Aliquippa, as the English called her, whose sovereign dignity had been aggrieved, that the party on their way to the Ohio, had passed near her royal wigwam without paying their respects to her. Aware of the importance, at this critical juncture, of securing the friendship of the Indians, Washington availed himself of the interruption of his journey, to pay a visit of ceremony to this native princess. Whatever anger she may have felt at past neglect, it was readily appeased by a present of his old watch-coat; and her good graces were completely secured by a bottle of rum, which, he intimates, appeared to be peculiarly acceptable to her majesty.

Leaving Frazier's on the 1st of January, they arrived on the 2d at Gist's residence 16 miles from the Monongahela. Here they separated, and Washington having purchased a horse, continued his homeward course, passing horses laden with materials and stores for the fort at the fork of the Ohio, and families going out to settle there.

Having crossed the Blue Ridge and stopped one day at Belvoir to rest, he reached Williamsburg on the 16th of January, where he delivered to Governor Dinwiddie the letter of the French commandant, and made him a full report of the events of his mission. The prudence, sagacity, resolution, firmness, and self-devotion manifested by him throughout; his admirable tact and self-possesion in treating with fickle savages and crafty white men; the soldier's eye with which he had noticed the commanding and defensible points of the country, and everything that would bear upon military operations; and the hardihood with which he had acquitted himself during a wintry tramp through the wilderness,
through constant storms of rain and snow; often sleeping on the ground without a tent in the open air, and in danger from treacherous foes,—all pointed him out, not merely to the governor, but to the public at large, as one eminently fitted, notwithstanding his youth, for important trusts involving civil as well as military duties. It is an expedition that may be considered the foundation of his fortunes. From that moment he was the rising hope of Virginia.

The reply of the Chevalier de St. Pierre was such as might have been expected from that courteous, but wary commander. He should transmit, he said, the letter of Governor Dinwiddie to his general, the Marquis du Quesne, "to whom," observed he, "it better belongs than to me to set forth the evidence and reality of the rights of the king, my master, upon the lands situated along the river Ohio, and to contest the pretensions of the King of Great Britain thereto." His answer shall be a law to me. * * * * *

As to the summons you send me to retire, I do not think myself obliged to obey it. Whatever may be your instructions, I am here by virtue of the orders of my general; and I entreat you, sir, not to doubt one moment but that I am determined to conform myself to them with all the exactness and resolution which can be expected from the best officer." * * * * *

"I made it my particular care," adds he, "to receive Mr. Washington with a distinction suitable to your dignity, as well as his own quality and great merit. I flatter myself that he will do me this justice before you, sir, and that he will signify to you, in the manner I do myself, the profound respect with which I am, sir," &c.

This soldier-like and punctilious letter of the chevalier was considered evasive, and only intended to gain time. The information given by Washington of what he had observed on the frontier convinced Governor Dinwiddie and his council that the French were preparing to descend the Ohio in the spring, and take military possession of the country. Washington's journal was printed, and widely promulgated throughout the colonies and England, and awakened the nation to a sense of the impending danger, and the necessity of prompt measures to anticipate the French movements.

Captain Trent was dispatched to the frontier, commissioned to raise a company of one hundred men, march with all speed to the Fork of the Ohio, and finish as soon as possible the fort commenced there by the Ohio Company. He was enjoined to act only on the defensive, but to capture or destroy whoever should oppose the construction of the works, or disturb the settlements. The choice of Captain Trent for this service, notwithstanding his late inefficient expedition, was probably owing to his being brother-in-law to George Croghan, who had grown to be quite a personage of consequence on the frontier, where he had an establishment or trading-house, and was supposed to have great influence among the western tribes, so as to be able at any time to persuade many of them to take up the hatchet.

Washington was empowered to raise a company of like force at
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Alexandria; to procure and forward munitions and supplies for the projected fort at the Fork, and ultimately to have command of both companies. When on the frontier he was to take council of George Groghan and Andrew Montour the interpreter, in all matters relating to the Indians, they being esteemed perfect oracles in that department.

Dinwiddie convened the House of Burgesses to devise measures for the public security. Here, his high idea of prerogative and of gubernatorial dignity met with a grievous countercheck from the dawning spirit of independence. High as were the powers vested in the colonial government of Virginia, of which, though but lieutenant-governor, he had the actual control; they were counterbalanced by the power inherent in the people, growing out of their situation and circumstances, and acting through their representatives.

There was no turbulent factious opposition to government in Virginia; no "fierce democracy," the rank growth of crowded cities, and a fermenting populace; but there was the independence of men, living apart in patriarchal style on their own rural domains: surrounded by their families, dependents and slaves, among whom their will was law,—and there was the individuality in character and action of men prone to nurture peculiar notions and habits of thinking, in the thoughtful solitariness of country life.

When Dinwiddie propounded his scheme of operations on the Ohio, some of the burgesses had the hardihood to doubt the claims of the king to the disputed territory; a doubt which the governor reprobated as savoring strongly of a most disloyal French spirit; he fired, as he says, at the thought "that an English legislature should presume to doubt the right of his majesty to the interior parts of this continent, the back part of his dominions!"

Others demurred to any grant of means for military purposes which might be construed into an act of hostility. To meet this scruple it was suggested that the grant might be made for the purpose of encouraging and protecting all settlers on the waters of the Mississippi. And under this specious plea ten thousand pounds were grudgingly voted; but even this moderate sum was not put at the absolute disposition of the governor. A committee was appointed, with whom he was to confer as to its appropriation.

This precaution Dinwiddie considered an insulting invasion of the right he possessed as governor to control the purse as well as the sword; and he complained bitterly of the assembly, as deeply tinctured with a republican way of thinking, and disposed to encroach on the prerogative of the crown, "which he feared would render them more and more difficult to be brought to order."

Ways and means being provided, Governor Dinwiddie augmented the number of troops to be enlisted to three hundred, divided into six companies. The command of the whole, as before, was offered to Washington, but he shrank from it, as a charge too great for his youth and inexperience. It was given, therefore, to Colonel Joshua Fry, an English gentleman of worth and education, and Washington was made second in command, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.
The recruiting, at first went on slowly. Those who offered to enlist, says Washington, were for the most part loose idle persons without house or home, some without shoes or stockings, some shirtless, and many without coat or waistcoat. He was young in the recruiting service, or he would have known that such is generally the stuff of which armies are made. In this country especially it has always been difficult to enlist the active yeomanry by holding out merely the pay of a soldier. The means of subsistence are too easily obtained by the industrious, for them to give up home and personal independence for a mere daily support. Some may be tempted by a love of adventure; but in general, they require some prospect of ultimate advantage that may "better their condition." Governor Dinwiddie became sensible of this, and resorted to an expedient arising out of the natural resources of the country, which has since been frequently adopted, and always with efficacy. He proclaimed a bounty of two hundred thousand acres of land on the Ohio River, to be divided among the officers and soldiers who should engage in this expedition; one thousand to be laid out contiguous to the fort at the fork, for the use of the garrison. This was a tempting bait to the sons of farmers, who readily enlisted in the hope of having, at the end of a short campaign, a snug farm of their own in this land of promise.

It was a more difficult matter to get officers than soldiers. Very few of those appointed made their appearance; one of the captains had been promoted; two declined; Washington found himself left, almost alone, to manage a number of self-willed, undisciplined recruits. Happily he had with him, in the rank of lieutenant, that soldier of fortune Jacob Van Braam, his old "master of fence," and traveling interpreter. In his emergency he forthwith nominated him captain, and wrote to the governor to confirm the appointment, representing him as the oldest lieutenant, and an experienced officer.

On the 2d of April Washington set off from Alexandria for the new fort, at the fork of the Ohio. He had but two companies with him, amounting to about one hundred and fifty men; the remainder of the regiment was to follow under Colonel Fry with the artillery, which was to be conveyed up the Potomac. While on the march he was joined by a detachment under Captain Adam Stephen, an officer destined to serve with him at distant periods of his military career. At Winchester he found it impossible to obtain conveyances by gentle means, and was obliged reluctantly to avail himself of the militia law of Virginia, and impress horses and wagons for service; giving the owners orders on government for their appraised value. Even then, out of a great number impressed, he obtained but ten, after waiting a week; these, too, were grudgingly furnished by farmers with their worst horses, so that in steep and difficult passes they were incompetent to the draught, and the soldiers had continually to put their shoulders to the wheels.

Thus slenderly fitted out, Washington and his little force made their way toilfully across the mountains, having to prepare the roads as they went for the transportation of the cannon, which
were to follow on with the other division under Colonel Fry. They cheered themselves with the thoughts that this hard work would cease when they should arrive at the company’s trading-post and store-house at Wills’ Creek, where Captain Trent was to have packhorses in readiness, with which they might make the rest of the way by light stages. Before arriving there they were startled by a rumor that Trent and all his men had been captured by the French. With regard to Trent, the news soon proved to be false, for they found him at Wills’ Creek on the 20th of April. With regard to his men there was still an uncertainty. He had recently left them at the fork of the Ohio, busily at work on the fort, under the command of his lieutenant, Frazier, late Indian trader and gun-smith, but now a provincial officer. If the men had been captured, it must have been since the captain’s departure. Washington was eager to press forward and ascertain the truth, but it was impossible. Trent, inefficient as usual, had failed to provide packhorses. It was necessary to send to Winchester, sixty miles distant, for baggage wagons, and await their arrival. All uncertainty as to the fate of the men, however, was brought to a close by their arrival, on the 25th, conducted by an ensign, and bringing with them their working implements. The French might well boast that they had again been too quick for the English. Captain Contrecœur, an alert officer, had embarked about a thousand men with field-pieces, in a fleet of sixty bateaux and three hundred canoes, dropped down the river from Venango, and suddenly made his appearance before the fort, on which the men were working, and which was not half completed. Landing, drawing up his men, and planting his artillery, he summoned the fort to surrender, allowing one hour for a written reply.

What was to be done! the whole garrison did not exceed fifty men. Captain Trent was absent at Wills’ Creek; Frazier, his lieutenant, was at his own residence at Turtle Creek, ten miles distant. There was no officer to reply but a young ensign of the name of Ward. In his perplexity he turned for counsel to Tana-charissson, the half-king, who was present in the fort. The chief advised the ensign to plead insufficiency of rank and powers, and crave delay until the arrival of his superior officer. The ensign repaired to the French camp to offer this excuse in person, and was accompanied by the half-king. They were courteously received, but Contrecœur was inflexible. There must be instant surrender, or he would take forcible possession. All that the ensign could obtain was permission to depart with his men, taking with them their working tools. The capitulation ended. Contrecœur, with true French gayety, invited the ensign to sup with him; treated him with the utmost politeness, and wished him a pleasant journey, as he set off the next morning with his men laden with their working tools.

Such was the ensign’s story. He was accompanied by two Indian warriors, sent by the half-king to ascertain where the detachment was, what was its strength, and when it might be expected at the Ohio. They bore a speech from that sachem to
Washington, and another, with a belt of wampum for the Governor of Virginia. In these he plighted his steadfast faith to the English, and claimed assistance from his brothers of Virginia and Pennsylvania.

One of these warriors Washington forwarded on with the speech and wampum to Governor Dinwiddie. The other he prevailed on to return to the half-king, bearing a speech from him, addressed to the “Sachems, warriors of the Six United Nations, Shannoahs and Delawares, our friends and brethren.” In this he informed them that he was on the advance with a part of the army, to clear the road for a greater force coming with guns, ammunition, and provisions; and he invited the half-king and another sachem to meet him on the road as soon as possible to hold a council.

In fact, his situation was arduous in the extreme. Regarding the conduct of the French in the recent occurrence an overt act of war, he found himself thrown with a handful of raw recruits far on a hostile frontier, in the midst of a wilderness, with an enemy at hand greatly superior in number and discipline; provided with artillery, and all the munitions of war, and within reach of constant supplies and reinforcements. Beside the French that had come from Venango, he had received credible accounts of another party ascending the Ohio; and of six hundred Chippewas and Ottawas marching down Scioto Creek to join the hostile camp.

Still, notwithstanding the accumulating danger, it would not do to fall back, nor show signs of apprehension. His Indian allies in such case might desert him. The soldiery, too, might grow restless and dissatisfied. He was already annoyed by Captain Trent’s men, who, having enlisted as volunteers, considered themselves exempt from the rigor of martial law; and by their example of loose and refractory conduct, threatened to destroy the subordination of his own troops. In this dilemma he called a council of war, in which it was determined to proceed to the Ohio Company store-house, at the mouth of Redstone Creek; fortify themselves there, and wait for reinforcements. Here they might keep up a vigilant watch upon the enemy, and get notice of any hostile movement in time for defence, or retreat; and should they be reinforced sufficiently to enable them to attack the fort, they could easily drop down the river with their artillery.

With these alternatives in view Washington detached sixty men in advance to make a road; and at the same time wrote to Governor Dinwiddie for mortars and grenades, and cannon of heavy metal.

Aware that the Assembly of Pennsylvania was in session, and that the Maryland Assembly would also meet in the course of a few days, he wrote directly to the governors of those provinces, acquainting them with the hostile acts of the French, and with his perilous situation; and endeavoring to rouse them to co-operation in the common cause. We will here note in advance that his letter was laid before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and a bill was about to be passed making appropriations for the service of the king; but it fell through, in consequence of a disagreement be-
tween the Assembly and the governor as to the mode in which the money should be raised; and so no assistance was furnished to Washington from that quarter. The youthful commander had here a foretaste, in these his incipient campaigns, of the perils and perplexities which awaited him from enemies in the field, and lax friends in legislative councils in the grander operations of his future years. Before setting off for Redstone Creek, he discharged Trent's refractory men from his detachment, ordering them to await Colonel Fry's commands; they, however, in the true spirit of volunteers from the backwoods, dispersed to their several homes.

On the 29th of April Washington set out from Wills' Creek at the head of one hundred and sixty men. He soon overtook those sent in advance to work the road; they had made but little progress. It was a difficult task to break a road through the wilderness sufficient for the artillery coming on with Colonel Fry's division. All hands were now set to work, but with all their labor they could not accomplish more than four miles a day. They were toiling through Savage Mountain and that dreary forest region beyond it, since bearing the sinister name of "The Shades of Death." On the 9th of May they were not further than twenty miles from Wills' Creek, at a place called the Little Meadows.

Every day came gloomy accounts from the Ohio; brought chiefly by traders, who, with packhorses bearing their effects, were retreating to the more settled parts of the country. Some exaggerated the number of the French, as if strongly reinforced. All represented them as diligently at work constructing a fort. By their account Washington perceived the French had chosen the very place which he had noted in his journal as best fitted for the purpose.

One of the traders gave information concerning La Force, the French emissary, who had beset Washington when on his mission to the frontier, and acted, as he thought, the part of a spy. He had been at Gist's new settlement beyond Laurel Hill, and was prowling about the country with four soldiers at his heels on a pretended hunt after deserters. Washington suspected him to be on a reconnoitering expedition.

It was reported, moreover, that the French were lavishing presents on the Indians about the lower part of the river, to draw them to their standard. Among all these flying reports and alarms Washington was gratified to learn that the half-king was on his way to meet him at the head of fifty warriors.

After infinite toil through swamps and forests, and over rugged mountains, the detachment arrived at the Youghiogeny River, where they were detained some days constructing a bridge to cross it.

This gave Washington leisure to correspond with Governor Dinwiddie, concerning matters which had deeply annoyed him. By an ill-judged economy of the Virginia government at this critical juncture, its provincial officers received less pay than that allowed in the regular army. It is true the regular officers were
obliged to furnish their own table, but their superior pay enabled
them to do it luxuriously; whereas the provincials were obliged to
do hard duty on salt provisions and water. The provincial officers
resented this inferiority of pay as an indignity, and declared that
nothing prevented them from throwing up their commissions but
unwillingness to recede before approaching danger. "For my
own part," writes he to his friend Colonel Fairfax, "it is a matter
almost indifferent whether I serve for full pay or as a generous
volunteer; indeed, did my circumstances correspond with my in-
clinations, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter; for
the motives that have led me here are pure and noble. I had no
view of acquisition but that of honor, by serving faithfully my
king and country."

Such were the noble impulses of Washington at the age of twenty-
two, and such continued to actuate him throughout life. We have
put the latter part of the quotation in italics, as applicable to the
motives which in after life carried him into the Revolution.

While the bridge over the Youghiogeny was in the course of con-
struction, the Indians assured Washington he would never be able
to open a wagon-road across the mountains to Redstone Creek; he
embarked therefore in a canoe with a lieutenant, three soldiers,
and an Indian guide, to try whether it was possible to descend the
river. They had not descended above ten miles before the Indian
refused to go further. Washington soon ascertained the reason.
"Indians," said he, "expect presents—nothing can be done with-
out them. The French take this method. If you want one or
more to conduct a party, to discover the country, to hunt, or for
any particular purpose, they must be bought; their friendship is
not so warm as to prompt them to these services gratis." The In-
dian guide, in the present instance, was propitiated by the promise
of one of Washington's ruffled shirts, and a watch-coat.

The river was bordered by mountains and obstructed by rocks
and rapids. Indians might thread such a labyrinth in their light
canoes, but it would never admit the transportation of troops and
military stores. Washington kept on for thirty miles, until he
came to a place where the river fell nearly forty feet in the space of
fifty yards. There he ceased to explore, and returned to camp,
resolving to continue forward by land.

On the 23d Indian scouts brought word that the French were not
above eight hundred strong, and that about half their number had
been detached at night on a secret expedition. Close upon this re-
port came a message from the half-king, addressed "to the first of
his majesty's officers whom it may concern. It is reported," said he, "that the French army is coming to meet Major Washing-
ton. Be on your guard against them, my brethren, for they intend
to strike the first English they shall see. They have been on their
march two days. I know not their number. The half-king and
the rest of the chiefs will be with you in five days to hold a
council."

In the evening Washington was told that the French were cross-
ing the ford of the Youghiogeny about eighteen miles distant. He
now hastened to take a position in a place called the Great Meadows, where he caused the bushes to be cleared away, made an intrenchment, and prepared what he termed "a charming field for an encounter."

A party of scouts were mounted on wagon horses, and sent out to reconnoiter. They returned without having seen an enemy. A sensitiveness prevailed in the camp. They were surrounded by forests, threatened by unseen foes, and hourly in danger of surprise. There was an alarm about two o'clock in the night. The sentries fired upon what they took to be prowling foes. The troops sprang to arms, and remained on the alert until day-break. Not an enemy was to be seen. The roll was called. Six men were missing, who had deserted.

About nine o'clock at night came an Indian messenger from the half-king, who was encamped with several of his people about six miles off. The chief had seen tracks of two Frenchmen, and was convinced their whole body must be in ambush near by. Washington considered this the force which had been hovering about him for several days, and determined to forestall their hostile designs. Leaving a guard with the baggage and ammunition, he set out before ten o'clock, with forty men, to join his Indian ally. They groped their way in single file, by footpaths through the woods, in a heavy rain and murky darkness, tripping occasionally and stumbling over each other, sometimes losing the track for fifteen or twenty minutes, so that it was near sunrise when they reached the camp of the half-king. That chieftain received the youthful commander with great demonstrations of friendship, and engaged to go hand in hand with him against the lurking enemy. He set out accordingly, accompanied by a few of his warriors and his associate sachem Scarooyadi or Monacatoocha, and conducted Washington to the tracks which he had discovered. Upon these he put two of his Indians. They followed them up like hounds, and brought back word that they had traced them to a low bottom surrounded by rocks and trees, where the French were encamped, having built a few cabins for shelter from the rain.

A plan was now concerted to come upon them by surprise; Washington with his men on the right; the half-king with his warriors on the left; all as silently as possible. Washington was the first upon the ground. As he advanced from among the rocks and trees at the head of his men, the French caught sight of him and ran to their arms. A sharp firing instantly took place, and was kept upon both sides for about fifteen minutes. Washington and his party were most exposed and received all the enemy's fire. The balls whistled around him; one man was killed close by him, and three others wounded. The French at length, having lost several of their number, gave way and ran. They were soon overtaken; twenty-one were captured, and but one escaped, a Canadian, who carried the tidings of the affair to the fort on the Ohio. The Indians would have massacred the prisoners had not Washington prevented them. Ten of the French had fallen in the skirmish, and one been wounded. Washington's loss was the one killed and
three wounded which we have mentioned. He had been in the hottest fire, and having for the first time heard balls whistle about him, considered his escape miraculous. Jumonville, the French leader, had been shot through the head at the first fire. He was a young officer of merit, and his fate was made the subject of lamentation in prose and verse—chiefly through political motives.

Of the twenty-one prisoners the two most important were an officer of some consequence named Drouillon, and the subtle and redoubtable La Force. As Washington considered the latter an arch mischief-maker, he was rejoiced to have him in his power. La Force and his companion would fain have assumed the sacred character of ambassadors, pretending they were coming with a summons to him to depart from the territories belonging to the crown of France.

Unluckily for their pretensions, a letter of instructions, found on Jumonville, betrayed their real errand, which was to inform themselves of the roads, rivers, and other features of the country as far as the Potomac; to send back from time to time, by fleet messengers, all the information they could collect, and to give word of the day on which they intended to serve the summons.

It would seem that La Force, after all, was but an instrument in the hands of his commanding officers, and not in their full confidence; for when the commission and instructions found on Jumonville were read before him, he professed not to have seen them before, and acknowledged, with somewhat of an air of ingenuousness, that he believed they had a hostile tendency.

Upon the whole, it was the opinion of Washington and his officers that the summons, on which so much stress was laid, was a mere specious pretext to mask their real designs and be used as occasion might require. "That they were spies rather than anything else," and were to be treated as prisoners of war.

The half-king joined heartily in this opinion; indeed, had the fate of the prisoners been in his hands, neither diplomacy nor anything else would have been of avail. "They came with hostile intentions," he said; "they had bad hearts, and if his English brothers were so foolish as to let them go, he would never aid in taking another Frenchman."

The prisoners were accordingly conducted to the camp at the Great Meadows, and sent on the following day (29th), under a strong escort to Governor Dinwiddie, then at Winchester. Washington had treated them with great courtesy; had furnished Drouillon and La Force with clothing from his own scanty stock, and, at their request, given them letters to the governor, bespeaking for them "the respect and favor due to their character and personal merit."

A sense of duty, however, obliged him, in his general dispatch, to put the governor on his guard against La Force. "I really think, if released, he would do more to our disservice than fifty other men, as he is a person whose active spirit leads him into all parties, and has brought him acquainted with all parts of the
country. Add to this a perfect knowledge of the Indian tongue, and great influence with the Indians."

The situation of Washington was now extremely perilous. Con-
treceur, it was said, had nearly a thousand men with him at the
fort, beside Indian allies; and reinforcements were on the way to
join him. The messengers sent by Jumonville, previous to the late
affair, must have apprised him of the weakness of the encampment
on the Great Meadows. Washington hastened to strengthen it. He
wrote by express also to Colonel Fry, who lay ill at Wills' Creek,
urging instant reinforcements; but declaring his resolution to
"fight with very unequal numbers rather than give up one inch
of what he had gained."

The half-king was full of fight. He sent the scalps of the French-
men slain in the late skirmish, accompanied by black wampum
and hatchets, to all his allies, summoning them to take up arms
and join him at Redstone Creek, "for their brothers, the English,
had now begun in earnest." It is said he would even have sent
the scalps of the prisoners had not Washington interfered. He
went off for his home, promising to send down the river for all
the Mingoes and Shawnees, and to be back at the camp on the
30th, with thirty or forty warriors, accompanied by their wives and
children. To assist him in the transportation of his people and
their effects thirty men were detached, and twenty horses.

"I shall expect every hour to be attacked," writes Washington
to Governor Dinwiddie, on the 29th, and by unequal numbers,
which I must withstand, if there are five to one, for I fear the
consequence will be that we shall lose the Indians if we suffer our-
svselves to be driven back. Your honor may depend I will not be
surprised, let them come at what hour they will, and this is as much
as I can promise; but my best endeavors shall not be wanting to
effect more. I doubt not, if you hear I am beaten, but you will
hear at the same time that we have done our duty in fighting as
long as there is a shadow of hope."

The fact is, that Washington was in a high state of military
excitement. He was a young soldier; had been for the first time
in action, and been successful. The letters we have already
quoted show, in some degree, the fervor of his mind, and his readi-
ness to brave the worst; but a short letter, written to one of his
brothers, on the 31st, lays open the recesses of his heart.

"We expect every hour to be attacked by superior force; but
if they forbear but one day longer we shall be prepared for them.
* * * * We have already got intrenchments, and are about a pal-
sade, which, I hope will be finished to-day. The Mingoes have
struck the French, and, I hope, will give a good blow before they
have done. I expect forty odd of them here to-night, which, with
our fort, and some reinforcements from Colonel Fry, will enable us
to exert our noble courage with spirit."

Alluding in a postscript to the late affair, he adds: "I fortunately
escaped without any wound; for the right wing, where I stood, was
exposed to, and received, all the enemy's fire: and it was the part
where the man was killed and the rest wounded. I heard the
INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

Washington being asked, many years afterward, whether he really had made such a speech about the whistling of bullets, "If I said so," replied he quietly, "it was when I was young." He was indeed, but twenty-two years old when he said it; it was just after his first battle; he was flushed with success, and was writing to a brother.

Scarcity began to prevail in the camp. Contracts had been made with George Croghan for flour, which he had large quantities at his frontier establishment; for he was now trading with the army as well as with the Indians. None, however, made its appearance. There was mismanagement in the commissariat. At one time the troops were six days without flour; and even then had only a casual supply from an Ohio trader. In this time of scarcity the half-king, his fellow sachem, Scaroooyadi, and thirty or forty warriors, arrived, bringing with them their wives and children—so many more hungry mouths to be supplied. Washington wrote urgently to Croghan to send forward all the flour he could furnish.

By the death of Fry, at Wills' Creek, the command of the regiment devolved on Washington. Finding a blank major's commission among Fry's papers, he gave it to Captain Adam Stephen, who had conducted himself with spirit. As there would necessarily be other changes, he wrote to Governor Dinwiddie in behalf of Jacob Van Braam. "He has acted as captain ever since we left Alexandria. He is an experienced officer, and worthy of the command he has enjoyed."

The palisaded fort was now completed, and was named Fort Necessity, from the pinching famine that had prevailed during its construction. The scanty force in camp was augmented to three hundred, by the arrival from Wills' Creek of the men who had been under Colonel Fry. With them came the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. James Craik, a Scotchman by birth, and one destined to become a faithful and confidential friend of Washington for the remainder of his life.

On the 9th arrived Washington's early instructor in military tactics, Adjutant Muse, recently appointed a major in the regiment. He was accompanied by Montour, the Indian interpreter, now a provincial captain, and brought with him nine swivels, and a small supply of powder and ball. Fifty or sixty horses were forthwith sent to Wills' Creek, to bring on further supplies, and Mr. Gist was urged to hasten forward the artillery.

Major Muse was likewise the bearer of a belt of wampum and a speech, from Governor Dinwiddie to the half-king; with medals for the chiefs, and goods for presents among the friendly Indians, a measure which had been suggested by Washington. They were distributed with that grand ceremonial so dear to the red man. The chiefs assembled, painted and decorated in all their savage finery; Washington wore a medal sent to him by the governor for such occasions. The wampum and speech having been delivered, he advanced, and with all due solemnity, decorated the chiefs and
warriors with the medals, which they were to wear in remembrance of their father the King of England.

Among the warriors thus decorated was a son of Queen Aliquippa, the savage princess whose good graces Washington had secured in the preceding year, by the present of an old watch-coat, and whose friendship was important, her town being at no great distance from the French fort. She had requested that her son might be admitted into the war councils of the camp, and receive an English name. The name of Fairfax was accordingly given to him, in the customary Indian form; the half-king being desirous of life distinction, received the name of Dinwiddie. The sachems returned the compliment in kind, by giving Washington the name of Connotaucarius; the meaning of which is not explained.

William Fairfax, Washington's paternal adviser, had recently counseled him by letter, to have public prayers in his camp; especially when there were Indian families there; this was accordingly done at the encampment in the Great Meadows, and it certainly was not one of the least striking pictures presented in this wild campaign—the youthful commander, presiding with calm seriousness over a motley assemblage of half-equipped soldiery, leathern-clad hunters and woodsmen, and painted savages with their wives and children, and uniting them all in solemn devotion by his own example and demeanor.

On the 10th there was agitation in the camp. Scouts hurried in with word, as Washington understood them, that a party of ninety Frenchmen were approaching. He instantly ordered but a hundred and fifty of his best men; put himself at their head, and leaving Major Muse with the rest, to man the fort and mount the swivels, sallied forth "in the full hope" as he afterward wrote to Governor Dinwiddie, "of procuring him another present of French prisoners."

It was another effervescence of his youthful military ardor, and doomed to disappointment. The report of the scouts had been either exaggerated or misunderstood. The ninety Frenchmen in military array dwindled down into nine French deserters. According to their account, the fort at the fork was completed, and named Duquesne, in honor of the Governor of Canada. It was proof against all attack, excepting with bombs, on the land side. The garrison did not exceed five hundred, but two hundred more were hourly expected, and nine hundred in the course of a fortnight.

Washington's suspicions with respect to La Force's party were justified by the report of these deserters; they had been sent out as spies, and were to show the summons if discovered or overpowered. The French commander, they added, had been blamed for sending out so small a party.

On the same day Captain Mackay arrived, with an independent company of South Carolinians. The captain was civil and well disposed, but full of formalities and points of etiquette. Holding a commission direct from the king, he could not bring himself to acknowledge a provincial officer as his superior. He encamped
separately, kept separate guards, would not agree that Washington should assign any rallying place for his men in case of alarm, and objected to receive from him the parole and countersign, though necessary for their common safety.

Washington conducted himself with circumspection, avoiding everything that might call up a question of command, and reasoning calmly whenever such question occurred; but he urged the governor by letter, to prescribe their relative rank and authority.

"He thinks you have not a power to give commissions that will command him. If so, I can very confidently say that his absence would tend to the public advantage."

On the 11th of June, Washington resumed the laborious march for Redstone Creek. As Captain Mackay could not oblige his men to work on the road unless they were allowed a shilling sterling a day; and as Washington did not choose to pay this, nor to suffer them to march at their ease while his own faithful soldiers were laboriously employed; he left the captain and his Independent company as a guard at Fort Necessity, and undertook to complete the military road with his own men.

Accordingly, he and his Virginia troops toiled forward through the narrow defiles of the mountains, working on the road as they went. Scouts were sent out in all directions, to prevent surprise. While on the march he was continually beset by sachems, with their tedious ceremonials and speeches, all to very little purpose. Some of these chiefs were secretly in the French interest; few rendered any real assistance, and all expected presents.

At Gist's establishment, about thirteen miles from Fort Necessity, Washington received certain intelligence that ample reinforcements had arrived at Fort Duquesne, and a large force would instantly be detached against him. Coming to a halt, he began to throw up intrenchments, calling in two foraging parties, and sending word to Captain Mackay to join him with all speed. The captain and his company arrived in the evening, the foraging parties the next morning. A council of war was held, in which the idea of awaiting the enemy at this place was unanimously abandoned.

A rapid and toilsome retreat ensued. There was a deficiency of horses. Washington gave up his own to aid in transporting the military munitions, leaving his baggage to be brought on by soldiers, whom he paid liberally. The other officers followed his example. The weather was sultry; the roads were rough; provisions were scanty, and the men dispirited by hunger. The Virginian soldiers took turns to drag the swivels, but felt almost insulted by the conduct of the South Carolinians, who, piquing themselves upon their assumed privileges as "king's soldiers," sauntered along at their ease; refusing to act as pioneers, or participate in the extra labors incident to a hurried retreat.

On the 1st of July they reached the Great Meadows. Here the Virginians, exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and vexation, declared they would carry the baggage and drag the swivels no further. Contrary to his original intentions, therefore, Washington determined to halt here for the present, and fortify, sending off
expresses to hasten supplies and reinforcements from Wills' Creek, where he had reason to believe that two independent companies from New York were by this time arrived.

The retreat to the Great Meadows had not been in the least too precipitate. Captain de Villiers, a brother-in-law of Jumonville, had actually sallied forth from Fort Duquesne at the head of upward of five hundred French, and several hundred Indians, eager to avenge the death of his relative. Arriving about dawn of day at Gist's plantation, he surrounded the works which Washington had hastily thrown up there, and fired into them. Finding them deserted, he concluded that those of whom he came in search had made good their retreat to the settlements, and it was too late to pursue them. He was on the point of returning to Fort Duquesne, when a deserter arrived, who gave word that Washington had come to a halt in the Great Meadows, where his troops were in a starving condition; for his own part, he added, hearing that the French were coming, he had deserted to them to escape starvation. De Villiers ordered the fellow into confinement; to be rewarded if his words proved true, otherwise to be hanged. He then pushed forward for the Great Meadows.

In the mean time Washington had exerted himself to enlarge and strengthen Fort Necessity, nothing of which had been done by Captain Mackay and his men, while encamped there. The fort was about a hundred feet square, protected by trenches and palisades. It stood on the margin of a small stream, nearly in the centre of the Great Meadows, which is a grassy plain, perfectly level, surrounded by wooded hills of a moderate height, and at that place about two hundred and fifty yards wide. Washington asked no assistance from the South Carolina troops, but set to work with his Virginians, animating them by word and example; sharing in the labor of felling trees, hewing off the branches, and rolling up the trunks to form a breastwork.

At this critical juncture he was deserted by his Indian allies. They were disheartened at the scanty preparations for defence against a superior force, and offended at being subjected to military command. The half-king thought he had not been sufficiently consulted, and that his advice had not been sufficiently followed; such, at least, were some of the reasons which he subsequently gave for abandoning the youthful commander on the approach of danger. The true reason was a desire to put his wife and children in a place of safety. Most of his warriors followed his example; very few, and those probably who had no families at risk, remained in the camp.

Early in the morning of the 3d, while Washington and his men were working on the fort, a sentinel came in wounded and bleeding, having been fired upon. Scouts brought word shortly afterward that the French were in force, about four miles off. Washington drew up his men on level ground outside of the works, to await their attack. About 11 o'clock there was a firing of musketry from among trees on rising ground, but so distant as to do no harm; suspecting this to be a strategem designed to draw his men
into the woods, he ordered them to keep quiet, and refrain from firing until the foe should show themselves, and draw near.

The firing was kept up, but still under cover. He now fell back with his men into the trenches, ordering them to fire whenever they could get sight of an enemy. In this way there was skirmishing throughout the day; the French and Indians advancing as near as the covert of the woods would permit, which in the nearest place was sixty yards, but never into open sight. In the meanwhile the rain fell in torrents; the harassed and jaded troops were half drowned in their trenches, and many of their muskets were rendered unfit for use. About eight at night the French requested a parley. Washington hesitated. It might be a stratagem to gain admittance for a spy into the fort. The request was repeated, with the addition that an officer might be sent to treat with them, under their parole for his safety. Unfortunately the Chevalier de Peyrrouney, engineer of the regiment, and the only one who could speak French correctly, was wounded and disabled. Washington had to send, therefore, his ancient swordsman and interpreter, Jacob Van Braam. The captain returned twice with separate terms, in which the garrison was required to surrender; both were rejected. He returned a third time, with written articles of capitulation. They were in French. As no implements for writing were at hand, Van Braam undertook to translate them by word of mouth. A candle was brought, and held close to the paper while he read. The rain fell in torrents; it was difficult to keep the light from being extinguished. The captain rendered the capitulation, article by article, in mongrel English, while Washington and his officers stood listening, endeavoring to disentangle the meaning. One article stipulated that on surrendering the fort they should leave all their military stores, munitions, and artillery in possession of the French. This was objected to, and was readily modified.

The main articles, as Washington and his officers understood them, were, that they should be allowed to return to the settlements without molestation from French or Indians. That they should march out of the fort with the honors of war, drums beating and colors flying, and with all their effects and military stores excepting the artillery, which should be destroyed. That they should be allowed to deposit their effects in some secret place, and leave a guard to protect them until they could send horses to bring them away; their horses having been nearly all killed or lost during the action. That they should give their word of honor not to attempt any buildings or improvements on the lands of his most Christian Majesty, for the space of a year. That the prisoners taken in the skirmish of Jumonville should be restored, and until their delivery Captain Van Braam and Captain Stobo should remain with the French as hostages.

The next morning accordingly, Washington and his men marched out of their forlorn fortress with the honors of war, bearing with them their regimental colors, but leaving behind a large flag, too cumbersome to be transported. Scarcely had they begun their march, however, when, in defiance of the terms of capitulation,
they were beset by a large body of Indians, allies of the French, who began plundering the baggage, and committing other irregularities. Seeing that the French did not, or could not, prevent them, and that all the baggage which could not be transported on the shoulders of his troops would fall into the hands of these savages, Washington ordered it to be destroyed, as well as the artillery, gunpowder, and other military stores. All this detained him until ten o'clock, when he set out on his melancholy march. He had not proceeded above a mile when two or three of the wounded men were reported to be missing. He immediately detached a few men back in quest of them, and continued on until three miles from Fort Necessity, where he encamped for the night, and was rejoined by the stragglers.

In this affair, out of the Virginia regiment, consisting of three hundred and five men, officers included, twelve had been killed, and forty-three wounded. The number killed and wounded in Captain Mackay's company is not known. The loss of the French and Indians is supposed to have been much greater.

In the following day's march the troops seemed jaded and disheartened; they were encumbered and delayed by the wounded; provisions were scanty, and they had seventy weary miles to accomplish before they could meet with supplies. Washington, however, encouraged them by his own steadfast and cheerful demeanor, and by sharing all their toils and privations; and at length conducted them in safety to Wills' Creek, where they found ample provisions in the military magazines. Leaving them here to recover their strength, he proceeded with Captain Mackay to Williamsburg, to make his military report to the governor.

A copy of the capitulation was subsequently laid before the Virginia House of Burgesses, with explanations. Notwithstanding the unfortunate result of the campaign, the conduct of Washington and his officers was properly appreciated, and they received a vote of thanks for their bravery, and gallant defence of their country. Three hundred pistoles (nearly eleven hundred dollars) also were voted to be distributed among the privates who had been in action.

From the vote of thanks, two officers were excepted; Major Muse, who was charged with cowardice, and Washington's unfortunate master of fence and blundering interpreter, Jacob Van Braam, who was accused of treachery, in purposely misinterpreting the articles of capitulation.

In concluding this chapter, we will anticipate dates to record the fortunes of the half-king after his withdrawal from the camp. He and several of his warriors, with their wives and children, retreated to Aughquick, in the back part of Pennsylvannia, where George Croghan had an agency, and was allowed money from time to time for the maintenance of Indian allies; he expressed himself perfectly disgusted with the white man's mode of warfare. The French, he said, were cowards; the English, fools. Washington was a good man, but wanted experience; he would not take advice of the Indians, and was always driving them to fight according to
his own notions. For this reason he (the half-king) had carried off his wife and children to a place of safety.

After a time the chieftain fell dangerously ill, and a conjurer or "medicine man" was summoned to inquire into the cause or nature of his malady. He gave it as his opinion that the French had bewitched him, in revenge for the great blow he had struck them in the affair of Jumonville; for the Indians gave him the whole credit of that success, he having sent round the French scalps as trophies. In the opinion of the conjurer all the friends of the chieftain concurred, and on his death, which took place shortly afterward, there was great lamentation, mingled with threats of immediate vengeance. Early in August Washington rejoined his regiment, which had arrived at Alexandria by the way of Winchester. Letters from Governor Dinwiddie urged him to recruit it to the former number of three hundred men, and join Colonel Innes at Wills' Creek, where that officer was stationed with Mackay's independent company of South Carolinians, and two independent companies from New York; and had been employed in erecting a work to serve as a frontier post and rallying point; which work received the name of Fort Cumberland, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, captain-general of the British army.

In the month of October the House of Burgesses made a grant of twenty thousand pounds for the public service; and ten thousand more were sent out from England, beside a supply of firearms. The governor now applied himself to military matters with renewed spirit; increased the actual force to ten companies; and, as there had been difficulties among the different kinds of troops with regard to precedence, he reduced them all to independent companies; so that there would be no officer in a Virginian regiment above the rank of captain.

This shrewd measure, upon which Dinwiddie secretly prided himself as calculated to put an end to the difficulties in question, immediately drove Washington out of the service; considering it derogatory to his character to accept a lower commission than that under which his conduct had gained him a vote of thanks from the Legislature.

Governor Sharpe, of Maryland, appointed by the king command-in-chief of all the forces engaged against the French, sought to secure his valuable services, and authorized Colonel Fitzhugh, whom he had placed in temporary command of the army, to write to him to that effect. The reply of Washington (15th Nov.) is full of dignity and spirit, and shows how deeply he felt his military degradation.

"You make mention," says he, "of my continuing in the service and retaining my colonel's commission. This idea has filled me with surprise; for if you think me capable of holding a commission that has neither rank nor emolument annexed to it, you must maintain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me more empty than the commission itself." After intimating a suspicion that the project of reducing the regiment into independent companies, and thereby throwing out the higher officers,
was "generated and hatched at Wills' Creek," — in other words, was an expedient of Governor Dinwiddie, instead of being a peremptory order from England, he adds, "Ingenuous treatment and plain dealing I at least expected. It is to be hoped the project will answer; it shall meet with my acquiescence in everything except personal services. I herewith inclose Governor Sharpe's letter, which I beg you will return to him with my acknowledgments for the favor he intended me. Assure him, sir, as you truly may, of my reluctance to quit the service, and the pleasure I should have received in attending his fortunes. Inform him, also, that it was to obey the call of honor and the advice of my friends that I declined it, and not to gratify any desire I had to leave the military line. My feelings are strongly bent to arms."

Having resigned his commission, and disengaged himself from public affairs, Washington's first care was to visit his mother, inquire into the state of domestic concerns, and attend to the welfare of his brothers and sisters. In these matters he was ever his mother's adjunct and counselor, discharging faithfully the duties of an eldest son, who should consider himself a second father to the family.

He now took up his abode at Mount Vernon, and prepared to engage in those agricultural pursuits, for which, even in his youthful days, he had as keen a relish as for the profession of arms. Scarcely had he entered upon his rural occupations, however, when the service of his country once more called him to the field.

The disastrous affair at the Great Meadows, and the other acts of French hostility on the Ohio, had roused the attention of the British ministry. Their ambassador at Paris was instructed to complain of these violations of the peace. The court of Versailles amused him with general assurances of amity, and a strict adherence to treaties. Their ambassador at the court of St. James, the Marquis de Mirepoix, on the faith of his instructions, gave the same assurances. In the mean time, however, French ships were fitted out, and troops embarked, to carry out the schemes of the government in America. So profound was the dissimulation of the court of Versailles, that even their own ambassador is said to have been kept in ignorance of their real designs, and of the hostile game they were playing, while he was exerting himself in good faith, to lull the suspicions of England, and maintain the international peace. When his eyes, however, were opened, he returned indignantly to France, and upraided the cabinet with the duplicity of which he had been made the unconscious instrument.

The British government now prepared for military operations in America; none of them professedly aggressive, but rather to resist and counteract aggressions.

The Duke of Cumberland, captain-general of the British army, had the organization of this campaign; and through his patronage, Major-General Edward Braddock was intrusted with the execution of it, being appointed generalissimo of all the forces in the colonies. Braddock was a veteran in service, and had been upward of
forty years in the guards, that school of exact discipline and technical punctilio. Cumberland, who held a commission in the guards, and was bigoted to its routine, may have considered Braddock fitted, by his skill and preciseness as a tactician, for a command in a new country, inexperienced in military science, to bring its raw levies into order, and to settle those questions of rank and etiquette apt to arise where regular and provincial troops are to act together.

The result proved the error of such an opinion. Braddock was a brave and experienced officer; but his experience was that of routine, and rendered him pragmatical and obstinate, impatient of novel expedients "not laid down in the books," but dictated by emergencies in a "new country," and his military precision, which would have been brilliant on parade, was a constant obstacle to alert action in the wilderness. General Braddock landed on the 20th of February at Hampton in Virginia, and proceeded to Williamsburg to consult with Governor Dinwiddie. Shortly afterward he was joined there by Commodore Keppel, whose squadron of two ships-of-war, and several transports, had anchored in the Chesapeake. On board of these ships were two prime regiments of about five hundred men each; one commanded by Sir Peter Halket, the other by Colonel Dunbar; together with a train of artillery, and the necessary munitions of war. The regiments were to be augmented to seven hundred men, each by men selected by Sir John St. Clair from Virginia companies recently raised.

Alexandria was fixed upon as the place where the troops should disembark and encamp. The ships were accordingly ordered up to that place, and the levies directed to repair thither. The din and stir of warlike preparation disturbed the quiet of Mount Vernon. Washington looked down from his rural retreat upon the ships of war and transports, as they passed up the Potomac, with the array of arms gleaming along their decks. The booming of cannon echoed among his groves. Alexandria was but a few miles distant. Occasionally he mounted his horse, and rode to that place; it was like a garrisoned town, teeming with troops, and resounding with the drum and fife. A brilliant campaign was about to open under the auspices of an experienced general, and with all the means and appurtenances of European warfare. How different from the starveling expeditions he had hitherto been doomed to conduct! What an opportunity to efface the memory of his recent disaster! All his thoughts of rural life were put to flight. The military part of his character was again in the ascendant; his great desire was to join the expedition as a volunteer.

It was reported to General Braddock. The latter was apprised by Governor Dinwiddie and others, of Washington's personal merits, his knowledge of the country, and his experience in frontier service. The consequence was, a letter from Captain Robert Orme, one of Braddock's aides-de-camp, written by the general's order, inviting Washington to join his staff; the letter concluded with frank and cordial expressions of esteem on the
part of Orme, which were warmly reciprocated, and laid the
foundation of a soldierlike friendship between them.

A volunteer situation on the staff of General Braddock offered
no emolument nor command, and would be attended with con-
siderable expense, beside a sacrifice of his private interests, having
no person in whom he had confidence, to take charge of his affairs
in his absence; still he did not hesitate a moment to accept the
invitation. In the position offered to him, all the questions of
military rank which had hitherto annoyed him, would be obviated.
He could indulge his passion for arms without any sacrifice of
dignity, and he looked forward with high anticipation to an
opportunity of acquiring military experience in a corps well orga-
nized, and thoroughly disciplined, and in the family of a com-
mander of acknowledged skill as a tactician.

His mother heard with concern of another projected expedition
in the wilderness. Hurrying to Mount Vernon, she entreated him
not again to expose himself to the hardships and perils of these
frontier campaigns. She doubtless felt the value of his presence
at home, to manage and protect the complicated interests of the
domestic connection, and watched with solicitude over his adven-
turous campaigning, where so much family welfare was at hazard.
However much a mother's pride may have been gratified by his
early advancement and renown, she had rejoiced on his return to
the safer walks of peaceful life. She was thoroughly practical and
prosaic in her notions; and not to be dazzled by military glory.
The passion for arms which mingled with the more sober elements
of Washington's character, would seem to have been inherited
from his father's side of the house; it was, in fact, the old chival-
rous spirit of the De Wessyngtons.

His mother had once prevented him from entering the navy,
when a gallant frigate was at hand, anchored in the waters of the
Potomac; with all his deference for her, which he retained through
life, he could not resist the appeal to his martial sympathies, which
called him to the head-quarters of General Braddock at Alexandria.

His arrival was hailed by his young associates, Captains Orme
and Morris, the general's aides-de-camp, who at once received him
into frank companionship, and a cordial intimacy commenced
between them, that continued throughout the campaign.

He experienced a courteous reception from the general, who
expressed in flattering terms the impression he had received of his
merits. Washington soon appreciated the character of the gen-
eral. He found him stately and somewhat haughty, exact in
matters of military etiquette and discipline, positive in giving an
opinion, and obstinate in maintaining it; but of an honorable and
generous, though somewhat irritable nature.

Niagara and Crown Point were to be attacked about the same
time with Fort Duquesne, the former by Governor Shirley, with
his own and Sir William Pepperell's regiments, and some New
York companies; the latter by Colonel William Johnson, sole
manager and director of Indian affairs; a personage worthy of
especial note.
He was a native of Ireland, and had come out to this country in 1734, to manage the landed estates owned by his uncle, Commodore Sir Peter Warren, in the Mohawk country.

He had resided ever since in the vicinity of the Mohawk River, in the province of New York. By his agency, and his dealings with the native tribes, he had acquired great wealth, and become a kind of potentate in the Indian country. His influence over the Six Nations was said to be unbounded; and it was principally with the aid of a large force of their warriors that it was expected he would accomplish his part of the campaign. The end of June, "nearly in July," was fixed upon as the time when the several attacks upon Forts Duquesne, Niagara, and Crown Point, should be carried into execution, and Braddock anticipated an easy accomplishment of his plans.

The expulsion of the French from the lands wrongfully held by them in Nova Scotia, was to be assigned to Colonel Lawrence, Lieutenant-Governor of that province; we will briefly add, in anticipation, that it was effected by him, with the aid of troops from Massachusetts and elsewhere, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton.

Washington had looked with wonder and dismay at the huge paraphernalia of war, and the world of superfluities to be transported across the mountains, recollecting the difficulties he had experienced in getting over them with his nine swivels and scanty supplies. "If our march is to be regulated by the slow movements of the train," said he, "it will be tedious, very tedious, indeed." His predictions excited a sarcastic smile in Braddock, as betraying the limited notions of a young provincial officer, little acquainted with the march of armies.

General Braddock set out from Alexandria on the 20th of April. Washington remained behind a few days to arrange his affairs, and then rejoined him at Fredericktown, in Maryland, where, on the roth of May, he was proclaimed one of the general's aides-de-camp. The troubles of Braddock had already commenced. The Virginian contractors failed to fulfill their engagements; of all the immense means of transportation so confidently promised, but fifteen wagons and a hundred draft-horses had arrived, and there was no prospect of more. There was equal disappointment in provisions, both as to quantity and quality; and he had to send round the country to buy cattle for the subsistence of the troops.

Fortunately, while the general was venting his spleen in anathemas against army contractors, Benjamin Franklin arrived at Fredericktown. That eminent man, then about forty-nine years of age, had been for many years member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and was now postmaster-general for America. The Assembly understood that Braddock was incensed against them, supposing them adverse to the service of the war. They had procured Franklin to wait upon him, not as if sent by them, but as if he came in his capacity of postmaster-general, to arrange for the sure and speedy transmission of dispatches between the commander-in-chief and the governors of the provinces.
He was well received, and became a daily guest at the general's table. In his autobiography, he gives us an instance of the blind confidence and fatal prejudices by which Braddock was deluded throughout this expedition. "In conversation with him one day," writes Franklin, "he was giving me some account of his intended progress. 'After taking Fort Duquesne,' said he, 'I am to proceed to Niagara; and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days: and then I can see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara.'

"Having before revolved in my mind," continues Franklin, "the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes, and also what I had heard of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Illinois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign; but I ventured only to say, 'To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, the fort, though completely fortified, and assisted with a very strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march, is from the ambuscades of the Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, nearly four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked by surprise on its flanks, and to be cut like thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, cannot come up in time to support one another.'

"He smiled at my ignorance, and replied: 'These savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make an impression.' I was conscious of an impropriety in my disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more."

As the whole delay of the army was caused by the want of conveyances, Franklin observed one day to the general that it was a pity the troops had not been landed in Pennsylvania, where almost every farmer had his wagon. "Then, sir," replied Braddock, "you who are a man of interest there can probably procure them for me, and I beg you will." Franklin consented. An instrument in writing was drawn up, empowering him to contract for one hundred and fifty wagons, with four horses to each wagon, and fifteen hundred saddle or packhorses for the service of his majesty's forces, to be at Wills' Creek on or before the 20th of May, and he promptly departed for Lancaster to execute the commission.

After his departure, Braddock, attended by his staff, and his guard of light horse, set off for Wills' Creek by the way of Winchester, the road along the north side of the Potomac not being yet made. "This gave him," writes Washington, "a good opportunity to see the absurdity of the route, and of damning it very heartily."

Three of Washington's horses were knocked up before they reached Winchester, and he had to purchase others. This was a
severe drain of his campaigning purse; fortunately he was in the neighborhood of Greenway Court, and was enabled to replenish it by a loan from his old friend Lord Fairfax.

The discomforts of the rough road were increased with the general, by his traveling with some degree of state in a chariot which he had purchased of Governor Sharpe. In this he dashed by Dunbar’s division of the troops, which he overtook near Wills’ Creek; his body guard of light horse galloping on each side of his chariot, and his staff accompanying him; the drums beating the Grenadier’s march as he passed. In this style, too, he arrived at Fort Cumberland, amid a thundering salute of seventeen guns.

By this time the general discovered that he was not in a region fitted for such display, and his traveling chariot was abandoned at Fort Cumberland; otherwise it would soon have become a wreck among the mountains beyond.

By the 19th of May, the forces were assembled at Fort Cumberland. The two royal regiments, originally one thousand strong, now increased to fourteen hundred, by men chosen from the Maryland and Virginia levies. Two provincial companies of carpenters, or pioneers, thirty men each, with subalterns and captains. A company of guides, composed of a captain, two aids, and ten men. The troop of Virginia light horse, commanded by Captain Stewart; the detachment of thirty sailors with their officers, and the remnants of two independent companies from New York, one of which was commanded by Captain Horatio Gates, of whom we shall have to speak much hereafter, in the course of this biography.

At Fort Cumberland, Washington had an opportunity of seeing a force encamped according to the plan approved of by the council of war; and military tactics, enforced with all the precision of a martinet. The roll of each company was called over morning, noon, and night. There was strict examination of arms and accouterments; the commanding officer of each company being answerable for their being kept in good order. The general was very particular in regard to the appearance and drill of the Virginia recruits and companies, whom he had put under the rigorous discipline of Ensign Allen. “They performed their evolutions and firings, as well as could be expected,” writes Captain Orme, “but their languid, spiritless, and unsoldier-like appearance, considered with the lowness and ignorance of most of their officers, gave little hopes of their future good behavior.” He doubtless echoed the opinion of the general; how completely were both to be undeceived as to their estimate of these troops!

The general held a levee in his tent every morning, from ten to eleven. He was strict as to the morals of the camp. Drunkenness was severely punished. A soldier convicted of theft was sentenced to receive one thousand lashes, and to be drummed out of his regiment. Part of the first part of the sentence was remitted. Divine service was performed every Sunday, at the head of the colors of each regiment, by the chaplain. There was the funeral of a captain who died at this encampment. A captain’s guard marched before the corpse, the captain of it in the rear, the firelocks
reversed, the drums beating the dead march. When near the grave the guard formed two lines, facing each other; rested on their arms, muzzles downward, and leaned their faces on the butts. The corpse was carried between them, the sword and sash on the coffin, and the officers following two and two. After the chaplain of the regiment had read the service, the guard fired three volleys over the grave, and returned.

Braddock's camp, in a word, was a complete study for Washington, during the halt at Fort Cumberland, where he had an opportunity of seeing military routine in its strictest forms. He had a specimen, too, of convivial life in the camp, which the general endeavored to maintain, even in the wilderness, keeping a hospitable table; for he is said to have been somewhat of a bon vivant, and to have had with him "two good cooks, who could make an excellent ragout out of a pair of boots, had they but materials to toss them up with."

There was great detention at the fort, caused by the want of forage and supplies, the road not having been finished from Philadelphia. Mr. Richard Peters, the secretary of Governor Morris, was in camp, to attend to the matter. He had to bear the brunt of Braddock's complaints. The general declared he would not stir from Wills' Creek until he had the governor's assurance that the road would be opened in time. Mr. Peters requested guards to protect the men while at work, from attacks by the Indians. Braddock swore he would not furnish guards for the woodcutters,—"let Pennsylvania do it!" He scoffed at the talk about danger from Indians. Peters endeavored to make him sensible of the peril which threatened him in this respect. Should an army of them, led by French officers, beset him in his march, he would not be able, with all his strength and military skill, to reach Fort Duquesne without a body of rangers, as well on foot as horseback. The general, however, "despised his observations." Still, guards had ultimately to be provided, or the work on the road would have been abandoned.

Braddock, in fact, was completely chagrined and disappointed about the Indians. The Cherokees and Catawbas, whom Dinwiddie had given him reason to expect in such numbers, never arrived. George Croghan reached the camp with but about fifty warriors, whom he had brought from Aughquick. At the general's request he sent a messenger to invite the Delawares and Shawnees from the Ohio, who returned with two chiefs of the former tribe. Among the sachems thus assembled were some of Washington's former allies; Scaroooyadi, alias Monacatoocha, successor to the half-king; White Thunder, the keeper of the speech-belts, and Silver Heels, so called, probably, from being swift of foot.

Notwithstanding his secret contempt for the Indians, Braddock, agreeably to his instructions, treated them with great ceremony. A grand council was held in his tent, where all his officers attended. The chiefs, and all the warriors, came painted and decorated for war. They were received with military honors, the guards resting on their fire-arms. The general made them a speech through
his interpreter, expressing the grief of their father, the great king of England, at the death of the half-king, and made them presents to console them. They in return promised their aid as guides and scouts, and declared eternal enmity to the French, following the declaration with the war song, "making a terrible noise."

The general, to regale and astonish them, ordered all the artillery to be fired, "the drums and fifes playing and beating the point of war;" the fête ended by their feasting, in their own camp, on a bullock which the general had given them, following up their repast by dancing the war dance round a fire, to the sound of their uncouth drums and rattles, "making night hideous," by howls and yellings.

"I have engaged between forty and fifty Indians from the frontiers of your province to go over the mountains with me," writes Braddock to Governor Morris, "and shall take Croghan and Mon- tour into service." Croghan was, in effect, put in command of the Indians, and a warrant given to him of captain.

For a time all went well. The Indians had their separate camp, where they passed half the night singing, dancing, and howling. The British were amused by their strange ceremonies, their savage antics, and savage decorations. The Indians, on the other hand, loitered by day about the English camp, fiercely painted and arrayed, gazing with silent admiration at the parade of the troops, their marchings and evolutions; and delighted with the horse-races, with which the young officers recreated themselves.

Unluckily the warriors had brought their families with them to Wills' Creek, and the women were even fonder than the men of loitering about the British camp. They were not destitute of attractions; for the young squaws resemble the gypsies, having seductive forms, small hands and feet, and soft voices. Among those who visited the camp was one who no doubt passed for an Indian princess. She was the daughter of the sachem, White Thunder, and bore the dazzling name of Bright Lightning. The charms of these wild-wood beauties were soon acknowledged. "The squaws," writes Secretary Peters, "bring in money plenty; the officers are scandalously fond of them."

The jealousy of the warriors was aroused; some of them became furious. To prevent discord, the squaws were forbidden to come into the British camp. This did not prevent their being sought elsewhere. It was ultimately found necessary, for the sake of quiet, to send Bright Lightning, with all the other women and children, back to Aughquick. White Thunder, and several of the warriors, accompanied them for their protection.

As to the three Delaware chiefs, they returned to the Ohio, promising the general they would collect their warriors together, and meet him on his march. They never kept their word. "These people are villains, and always side with the strongest," says a shrewd journalist of the expedition.

During the halt of the troops at Wills' Creek, Washington had been sent to Williamsburg to bring on four thousand pounds for the military chest. He returned, after a fortnight's absence,
escort from Winchester by eight men, "which eight men," writes he, "were two days assembling, but I believe would not have been more than as many seconds dispersing if I had been attacked."

At length the general was relieved from present perplexities by the arrival of the horses and wagons which Franklin had undertaken to procure. That eminent man, with his characteristic promptness and unwearied exertions, and by his great personal popularity, had obtained them from the reluctant Pennsylvania farmers, being obliged to pledge his own responsibility for their being fully remunerated. He performed this laborious task out of pure zeal for the public service, neither expecting nor receiving emolument; and, in fact, experiencing subsequently great delay and embarrassment before he was relieved from the pecuniary responsibilities thus patriotically incurred.

The arrival of the conveyances put Braddock in good humor with Pennsylvania. In a letter to Governor Morris, he alludes to the threat of Sir John St. Clair, to go through that province with a drawn sword in his hand. "He is ashamed of his having talked to you in the manner he did." Still the general made Franklin's contract for wagons the sole instance in which he had not experienced deceit and villainy.

"I hope, however, in spite of all this," adds he, "that we shall pass a merry Christmas together."

On the 10th of June, Braddock set off from Fort Cumberland with his aides-de-camp, and others of his staff, and his body guard of light horse. Sir Peter Halket, with his brigade, had marched three days previously; and a detachment of six hundred men, under the command of Colonel Chapman, and the supervision of Sir John St. Clair, had been employed upward of ten days in cutting down trees, removing rocks, and opening a road.

The march over the mountains proved, as Washington had foretold a "tremendous undertaking." It was with difficulty the heavily laden wagons could be dragged up the steep and rugged roads, newly made, or imperfectly repaired. Often they extended for three or four miles in a straggling and broken line, with the soldiers so dispersed, in guarding them, that an attack on any side would have thrown the whole in confusion. It was the dreary region of the great Savage Mountain, and the "Shades of Death" that was again made to echo with the din of arms.

What outraged Washington's notion of the abstemious frugality suitable to campaigning in "backwoods," was the great number of horses and wagons required by the officers for the transportation of their baggage, camp equipage, and a thousand articles of artificial necessity. Simple himself in his tastes and habits, and manfully indifferent to personal indulgements, he almost doubted whether such sybarites in the camp could be efficient in the field.

By the time the advanced corps had struggled over two mountains, and through the intervening forest, and reached (16th June) the Little Meadows, where Sir John St. Clair had made a temporary camp, General Braddock had become aware of the differ-
ence between campaigning in a new country, or on the old well-beaten battle-grounds of Europe. He now, of his own accord, turned to Washington for advice, though it must have been a sore trial to his pride to seek it of so young a man; but he had by this time sufficient proof of his sagacity, and his knowledge of the frontier.

Thus unexpectedly called on, Washington gave his counsel with becoming modesty, but with his accustomed clearness. There was just now an opportunity to strike an effective blow at Fort Duquesne, but it might be lost by delay. The garrison, according to credible reports, was weak; large reinforcements and supplies, which were on their way, would be detained by the drought, which rendered the river by which they must come low and unnavi-gable. The blow must be struck before they could arrive. He advised the general, therefore, to divide his forces; leave one part to come on with the stores and baggage, and all the cumbrous appurtenances of an army, and to throw himself in the advance with the other part, composed of his choicest troops, lightened of every thing superfluous that might impede a rapid march.

His advice was adopted. Twelve hundred men, selected out of all the companies, and furnished with ten field-pieces, were to form the first division, their provisions, and other necessaries, to be carried on pack-horses. The second division, with all the stores, munitions, and heavy baggage, was to be brought on by Colonel Dunbar.

The least practicable part of the arrangement was with regard to the officers of the advance. Washington had urged a retrenchment of their baggage and camp equipage, that as many of their horses as possible might be used as pack-horses. Here was the difficulty. Brought up, many of them, in fashionable and luxurious life, or the loitering indulgence of country quarters, they were so encumbered with what they considered indispensable necessities, that out of two hundred and twelve horses generally appropriated to their use, not more than a dozen could be spared by them for the public service. Washington, in his own case, acted up to the advice he had given. He retained no more clothing and effects with him than would about half fill a portmanteau, and gave up his best steed as a pack-horse—which he never heard of afterward.

On the 19th of June Braddock's first division set out, with less than thirty carriages, including those that transported ammunition for the artillery, all strongly horsed. The Indians marched with the advanced party. In the course of the day, Scaroooyadi and his son being at a small distance from the line of march, was surrounded and taken by some French and Indians. His son escaped, and brought intelligence to his warriors; they hastened to rescue or revenge him, but found him tied to a tree. The French had been disposed to shoot him, but their savage allies declared they would abandon them should they do so; having some tie of friendship or kindred with the chieftain, who thus rejoined the troops unharmed.
Washington was disappointed in his anticipations of a rapid march. The general, though he had adopted his advice in the main, could not carry it out in detail. His military education was in the way; bigoted to the regular and elaborate tactics of Europe, he could not stoop to the make-shift expedients of a new country, where every difficulty is encountered and mastered in a rough-and-ready style. "I found," said Washington, "that instead of pushing on with vigor, without regarding a little rough road, they were halted to level every mole hill, and to erect bridges over every brook, by which means we were four days in getting twelve miles."

For several days Washington had suffered from fever, accompanied by intense headache, and his illness increased in violence to such a degree that he was unable to ride, and had to be conveyed for a part of the time in a covered wagon. His illness continued without intermission until the 23d, "when I was relieved," says he, "by the general's absolutely ordering the physician to give me Dr. James's powders; one of the most excellent medicines in the world. It gave me immediate relief, and removed my fever and other complaints in four days' time."

He was still unable to bear the jolting of the wagon, but it needed another interposition of the kindly-intended authority of General Braddock, to bring him to a halt at the great crossings of the Youghiogeny. There the general assigned him a guard, provided him with necessaries, and requested him to remain, under care of his physician, Dr. Craik, until the arrival of Colonel Dunbar's detachment, which was two days' march in the rear; giving him his word of honor that he should, at all events, be enabled to rejoin the main division before it reached the French fort.

This kind solicitude on the part of Braddock shows the real estimation in which he was held by that officer. Doctor Craik backed the general's orders, by declaring that should Washington persevere in his attempts to go on in the condition he then was, his life would be in danger. Orme also joined his entreaties, and promised, if he would remain, he would keep him informed by letter of every occurrence of moment.

Notwithstanding all the kind assurances of Braddock and his aide-de-camp Orme, it was with gloomy feelings that Washington saw the troops depart; fearful he might not be able to rejoin them in time for the attack upon the fort, which, he assured his brother aide-de-camp, he would not miss for five hundred pounds.

Leaving Washington at the Youghiogeny, we will follow the march of Braddock. In the course of the first day (June 24th), he came to a deserted Indian camp; judging from the number of wigwams, there must have been about one hundred and seventy warriors. Some of the trees about it had been stripped, and painted with threats, and bravadoes, and scurrilous taunts written on them in the French language, showing that there were white men with the savages.

The day's march passed by the Great Meadows and Fort Necessity, the scene of Washington's capitulation. Several Indians were seen hovering in the woods, and the light horse and Indian allies
were sent out to surround them, but did not succeed. In crossing a mountain beyond the Great Meadows, the carriages had to be lowered with the assistance of the sailors, by means of tackle. The camp for the night was about two miles beyond Fort Necessity. Several French and Indians endeavored to reconnoiter it, but were fired upon by the advanced sentinels.

The following day (26th) there was a laborious march of but four miles, owing to the difficulties of the road. The evening halt was at another deserted Indian camp, strongly posted on a high rock, with a steep and narrow ascent; it had a spring in the middle, and stood at the termination of the Indian path to the Monongahela. By this pass the party had come which attacked Washington the year before, in the Great Meadows. The Indians and French too, who were hovering about the army, had just left this camp. The fires they had left were yet burning. The French had inscribed their names on some of the trees with insulting bravadoes, and the Indians had designated in triumph the scalps they had taken two days previously. A party was sent out with guides, to follow their tracks and fall on them in the night, but again without success. In fact, it was the Indian boast, that throughout this march of Braddock, they saw him every day from the mountains, and expected to be able to shoot down his soldiers "like pigeons."

The march continued to be toilful and difficult; on one day it did not exceed two miles, having to cut a passage over a mountain. In cleaning their guns the men were ordered to draw the charge, instead of firing it off. No fire was to be lighted in front of the pickets. At night the men were to take their arms into the tents with them.

Further on the precautions became still greater. On the advanced pickets the men were in two divisions, relieving each other every two hours. Half remained on guard with fixed bayonets, the other half lay down by their arms. The picket sentinels were doubled.

On the 4th of July they encamped at Thickety Run. The country was less mountainous and rocky, and the woods, consisting chiefly of white pine, were more open. The general now supposed himself to be within thirty miles of Fort Duquesne. Ever since his halt at the deserted camp on the rock beyond the Great Meadows, he had endeavored to prevail upon the Croghan Indians to scout in the direction of the fort, and bring him intelligence, but never could succeed. They had probably been deterred by the number of French and Indian tracks, and by the recent capture of Scarooyadi. This day, however, two consented to reconnoiter; and shortly after their departure, Christopher Gist, the resolute pioneer, who acted as guide to the general, likewise set off as a scout.

The Indians returned on the 6th. They had been close to Fort Duquesne. There were no additional works there; they saw a few boats under the fort, and one with a white flag coming down the Ohio; but there were few men to be seen, and few tracks of any. They came upon an unfortunate officer, shooting within half a mile of the fort, and brought a scalp as a trophy of his fate.
None of the passes between the camp and fort were occupied; they believed there were few men abroad reconnoitering.

Gist returned soon after them. His account corroborated theirs; but he had seen a smoke in a valley between the camp and the fort, made probably by some scouting party. He had intended to prowl about the fort at night, but had been discovered and pursued by two Indians, and narrowly escaped with his life.

On the same day, during the march, three or four men loitering in the rear of the grenadiers were killed and scalped. Several of the grenadiers set off to take revenge. They came upon a party of Indians, who held up boughs and grounded their arms, the concerted sign of amity. Not perceiving or understanding it, the grenadiers fired upon them, and one fell. It proved to be the son of Scarooyadi. Aware too late of their error, the grenadiers brought the body to the camp. The conduct of Braddock was admirable on the occasion. He sent for the father and the other Indians, and condoled with them on the lamentable occurrence; making them the customary presents of expiation. But what was more to the point, he caused the youth to be buried with the honors of war; at his request the officers attended the funeral, and a volley was fired over the grave.

These soldierlike tributes of respect to the deceased, and sympathy with the survivors, soothed the feelings and gratified the pride of the father, and attached him more firmly to the service. We are glad to record an anecdote so contrary to the general contempt for the Indians with which Braddock stands charged. It speaks well for the real kindness of his heart.

We will return now to Washington in his sick encampment on the banks of the Youghiogeny, where he was left repining at the departure of the troops without him. To add to his annoyances, his servant, John Alton, a faithful Welshman, was taken ill with the same malady, and unable to render him any services. Letters from his fellow aides-de-camp showed him the kind solicitude that was felt concerning him. At the general's desire, Captain Morris wrote to him, informing him of their intended halts.

"It is the desire of every individual in the family," adds he, "and the general's positive commands to you, not to stir, but by the advice of the person [Dr. Craik] under whose care you are, till you are better, which we all hope will be very soon."

He now considered himself sufficiently recovered to rejoin the troops, and his only anxiety was that he should not be able to do it in time for the great blow. He was rejoiced, therefore, on the 3d of July, by the arrival of an advanced party of one hundred men convoying provisions. Being still too weak to mount his horse, he set off with the escort in a covered wagon; and after a most fatiguing journey, over mountain and through forest, reached Braddock's camp on the 8th of July. It was on the east side of the Monongahela, about two miles from the river, in the neighborhood of the town of Queen Aliquippa, and about fifteen miles from Fort Duquesne.
In consequence of adhering to technical rules and military forms, General Braddock had consumed a month in marching little more than a hundred miles. The tardiness of his progress was regarded with surprise and impatience even in Europe; where his patron, the Duke of Brunswick, was watching the events of the campaign he had planned. "The Duke," writes Horace Walpole, "is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scalped." The insinuation of the satirical wit was unmerited. Braddock was a stranger to fear; but in his movements he was fettered by system.

Washington was warmly received on his arrival, especially by his fellow aides-de-camp, Morris and Orme. He was just in time, for the attack upon Fort Duquesne was to be made on the following day. The neighboring country had been reconnoitered to determine upon a plan of attack. The fort stood on the same side of the Monongahela with the camp; but there was a narrow pass between them of about two miles, with the river on the left and a very high mountain on the right, and in its present state quite impassable for carriages. The route determined on was to cross the Monongahela by a ford immediately opposite to the camp; proceed along the west bank of the river, for about five miles, then recross by another ford to the eastern side, and push on to the fort. The river at these fords was shallow, and the banks were not steep.

According to the plan of arrangement, Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, with the advance, was to cross the river before daybreak, march to the second ford, and recrossing there, take post to secure the passage of the main force. The advance was to be composed of two companies of grenadiers, one hundred and sixty infantry, the independent company of Captain Horatio Gates, and two six-pounders.

Washington, who had already seen enough of regular troops to doubt their infallibility in wild bush-fighting, and who knew the dangerous nature of the ground they were to traverse, ventured to suggest, that on the following day the Virginia rangers, being accustomed to the country and to Indian warfare, might be thrown in the advance. The proposition drew an angry reply from the general, indignant, very probably, that a young provincial officer should presume to school a veteran like himself.

Early next morning (July 9th), before daylight, Colonel Gage crossed with the advance. He was followed, at some distance, by Sir John St. Clair, quartermaster-general, with a working party of two hundred and fifty men, to make roads for the artillery and baggage. They had with them their wagons of tools, and two six-pounders. A party of about thirty savages rushed out of the woods as Colonel Gage advanced, but were put to flight before they had done any harm.

By sunrise the main body turned out in full uniform. At the beating of the general, their arms, which had been cleaned the night before, were charged with fresh cartridges. The officers were perfectly equipped. All looked as if arrayed for a fête, rather than a battle. Washington, who was still weak and unwell,
mounted his horse, and joined the staff of the general, who was scrutinizing everything with the eye of a martinet. As it was supposed the enemy would be on the watch for the crossing of the troops, it had been agreed that they should do it in the greatest order, with bayonets fixed, colors flying, and drums and fifes beating and playing. They accordingly made a gallant appearance as they forded the Monongahela, and wound along its banks, and through the open forests, gleaming and glittering in morning sunshine, and stepping buoyantly to the Grenadier's March.

Washington, with his keen and youthful relish for military affairs, was delighted with their perfect order and equipment, so different from the rough bush-fighters, to which he had been accustomed. Roused to new life, he forgot his recent ailments, and broke forth in expressions of enjoyment and admiration, as he rode in company with his fellow aides-de-camp, Orme and Morris. Often in after life, he used to speak of the effect upon him of the first sight of a well-disciplined European army, marching in high confidence and bright array, on the eve of a battle.

About noon they reached the second ford. Gage, with the advance, was on the opposite side of the Monongahela, posted according to orders; but the river bank had not been sufficiently sloped. The artillery and baggage drew up along the beach and halted until one, when the second crossing took place, drums beating, fifes playing, and colors flying, as before. When all had passed, there was again a halt close by a small stream called Frazier's Run, until the general arranged the order of march.

First went the advance, under Gage, preceded by the engineers and guides, and six light horsemen.

Then, Sir John St. Clair and the working party, with their wagons and the two six-pounders. On each side were thrown out four flanking parties.

Then, at some distance, the general was to follow with the main body, the artillery and baggage preceded and flanked by light horse and squads of infantry; while the Virginian, and other provincial troops, were to form the rear guard.

The ground before them was level until about half a mile from the river, where a rising ground, covered with long grass, low bushes, and scattered trees, sloped gently up to a range of hills. The whole country, generally speaking, was a forest, with no clear opening but the road, which was about twelve feet wide, and flanked by two ravines, concealed by trees and thickets.

Had Braddock been schooled in the warfare of the woods, or had he adopted the suggestions of Washington, which he rejected so impatiently, he would have thrown out Indian scouts or Virginia rangers in the advance, and on the flanks, to beat up the woods and ravines; but as has been sarcastically observed, he suffered his troops to march forward through the centre of the plain, with merely their usual guides and flanking parties, "as if in a review in St. James' Park."

It was now near two o'clock. The advanced party and the working party had crossed the plain and were ascending the rising
ground. Braddock was about to follow with the main body and had given the word to march, when he heard an excessively quick and heavy firing in front. Washington, who was with the general, surmised that the evil he had apprehended had come to pass. For want of scouting parties ahead the advance parties were suddenly and warmly attacked. Braddock ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Burton to hasten to their assistance with the vanguard of the main body, eight hundred strong. The residue, four hundred, were halted, and posted to protect the artillery and baggage.

The firing continued, with fearful yelling. There was a terrible uproar. By the general’s orders an aide-de-camp spurred forward to bring him an account of the nature of the attack. Without waiting for his return the general himself, finding the turmoil increase, moved forward, leaving Sir Peter Halket with the command of the baggage.

The van of the advance had indeed been taken by surprise. It was composed of two companies of carpenters and pioneers to cut the road, and two flank companies of grenadiers to protect them. Suddenly the engineer who preceded them to mark out the road gave the alarm, “French and Indians!” A body of them was approaching rapidly, cheered on by a Frenchman in gayly fringed hunting-shirt, whose gorget showed him to be an officer. There was sharp firing on both sides at first. Several of the enemy fell; among them their leader; but a murderous fire broke out from among the trees and a ravine on the right, and the woods resounded with unearthly whoops and yellings. The Indian rifle was at work, leveled by unseen hands. Most of the grenadiers and many of the pioneers were shot down. The survivors were driven in on the advance.

Gage ordered his men to fix bayonets and form in order of battle. They did so in hurry and trepidation. He would have scaled a hill on the right whence there was the severest firing. Not a platoon would quit the line of march. They were more dismayed by the yells than by the rifles of the unseen savages. The latter extended themselves along the hill and in the ravines; but their whereabouts was only known by their demoniac cries and the puffs of smoke from their rifles. The soldiers fired wherever they saw the smoke. Their officers tried in vain to restrain them until they should see their foe. All orders were unheeded; in their fright they shot at random, killing some of their own flanking parties, and of the vanguard, as they came running in. The covert fire grew more intense. In a short time most of the officers and many of the men of the advance were killed or wounded. Colonel Gage himself received a wound. The advance fell back in dismay upon Sir John St. Clair’s corps, which was equally dismayed. The cannon belonging to it were deserted.

Colonel Burton had come up with the reinforcements, and was forming his men to face the rising ground on the right, when both of the advanced detachments fell back upon him, and all now was confusion.

By this time the general was upon the ground. He tried to rally
the men. "They would fight," they said, "if they could see their enemy; but it was useless to fire at trees and bushes, and they could not stand to be shot down by an invisible foe."

The colors were advanced in different places to separate the men of the two regiments. The general ordered the officers to form the men, tell them off into small divisions, and advance with them; but the soldiers could not be prevailed upon either by threats or entreaties. The Virginia troops, accustomed to the Indian mode of fighting, scattered themselves, and took post behind trees, whence they could pick off the lurking foe. In this way they, in some degree, protected the regulars. Washington advised General Braddock to adopt the same plan with the regulars; but he persisted in forming them into platoons; consequently they were cut down from behind logs and trees as fast as they could advance. Several attempted to take to the trees, without orders, but the general stormed at them, called them cowards, and even struck them with the flat of his sword. Several of the Virginians, who had taken post and were doing good service in this manner, were slain by the fire of the regulars, directed wherever a smoke appeared among the trees.

The officers behaved with consummate bravery; and Washington beheld with admiration those who, in camp or on the march, had appeared to him to have an almost effeminate regard for personal ease and convenience, now exposing themselves to imminent death, with a courage that kindled with the thickening horrors. In the vain hope of inspiring the men to drive off the enemy from the flanks and regain the cannon, they would dash forward singly or in groups. They were invariably shot down; for the Indians aimed from their coverts at every one on horseback, or who appeared to have command. Some were killed by random shot of their own men, who, crowded in masses, fired with affrighted rapidity, but without aim. Soldiers in the front ranks were killed by those in the rear. Between friend and foe, the slaughter of the officers was terrible. All this while the woods resounded with the unearthly yellings of the savages, and now and then one of them, hideously painted, and ruffling with feathered crest, would rush forth to scalp an officer who had fallen, or seize a horse galloping wildly without a rider.

Throughout this disastrous day, Washington distinguished himself by his courage and presence of mind. His brother aids, Orme and Morris, were wounded and disabled early in the action, and the whole duty of carrying the orders of the general devolved on him. His danger was imminent and incessant. He was in every part of the field, a conspicuous mark for the murderous rifle. Two horses were shot under him. Four bullets passed through his coat. His escape without a wound was almost miraculous. Dr. Craik, who was on the field attending to the wounded, watched him with anxiety as he rode about in the most exposed manner, and used to say that he expected every moment to see him fall. At one time he was sent to the main body to bring the artillery into action. All there was likewise in confusion; for the Indians had extended
themselves along the ravine so as to flank the reserve and carry slaughter into the ranks. Sir Peter Halket had been shot down at the head of his regiment. The men who should have served the guns were paralyzed. Had they raked the ravines with grapeshot the day might have been saved. In his ardor Washington sprang from his horse; wheeled and pointed a brass field-piece with his own hand, and directed an effective discharge into the woods; but neither his effort nor example were of avail. The men could not be kept to the guns.

Braddock still remained in the center of the field, in the desperate hope of retrieving the fortunes of the day. The Virginia rangers, who had been most efficient in covering his position, were nearly all killed or wounded. His secretary, Shirley, had fallen by his side. Many of his officers had been slain within his sight, and many of his guard of Virginia light horse. Five horses had been killed under him; still he kept his ground, vainly endeavoring to check the flight of his men, or at least to effect their retreat in good order. A length a bullet passed through his right arm, and lodged itself in his lungs. He fell from his horse, but was caught by Captain Stewart of the Virginia guards, who, with the assistance of another American, and a servant, placed him in a tumbril. It was with much difficulty they got him out of the field—in his despair he desired to be left there.

The rout now became complete. Baggage, stores, artillery, everything was abandoned. The wagoners took each a horse out of his team, and fled. The officers were swept off with the men in this headlong flight. It was rendered more precipitate by the shouts and yells of the savages, numbers of whom rushed forth from their coverts, and pursued the fugitives to the river side, killing several as they dashed across in tumultuous confusion. Fortunately for the latter, the victors gave up the pursuit in their eagerness to collect the spoil.

The shattered army continued its flight after it had crossed the Monongahela, a wretched wreck of the brilliant little force that had recently gleamed along its banks, confident of victory. Out of eighty-six officers, twenty-six had been killed, and thirty-six wounded. The number of rank and file killed and wounded was upward of seven hundred. The Virginia corps had suffered the most; one company had been almost annihilated, another, besides those killed and wounded in the ranks, had lost all its officers even to the corporal.

About a hundred men were brought to a halt about a quarter of a mile from the ford of the river. Here was Braddock, with his wounded aides-de-camp and some of his officers; Dr. Craik dressing his wounds, and Washington attending him with faithful assiduity. Braddock was still able to give orders, and had a faint hope of being able to keep possession of the ground until reinforced. Most of the men were stationed in a very advantageous spot about two hundred yards from the road; and Lieutenant-Colonel Burton posted out small parties and sentinels. Before an hour had elapsed most of the men had stolen off. Being thus deserted,
Braddock and his officers continued their retreat; he would have mounted his horse but was unable, and had to be carried by soldiers. Orme and Morris were placed on litters borne by horses. They were subsequently joined by Colonel Gage with eighty men whom he had rallied.

Washington, in the mean time, notwithstanding his weak state, being found most efficient in frontier service, was sent to Colonel Dunbar's camp, forty miles distant, with orders for him to hurry forward provisions, hospital stores, and wagons for the wounded, under the escort of two grenadier companies. It was a hard and a melancholy ride throughout the night and the following day. The tidings of the defeat preceded him, borne by the wagoners, who had mounted their horses, on Braddock's fall, and fled from the field of battle. They had arrived, haggard, at Dunbar's camp at mid-day; the Indians' yells still ringing in their ears. "All was lost!" they cried. "Braddock was killed! They had seen wounded officers borne off from the field in bloody sheets! The troops were all cut to pieces!" A panic fell upon the camp. The drums beat to arms. Many of the soldiers, wagoners and attendants, took to flight; but most of them were forced back by the sentinels.

Washington arrived at the camp in the evening, and found the agitation still prevailing. The orders which he brought were executed during the night, and he was in the saddle early in the morning accompanying the convoy of supplies. At Gist's plantation, about thirteen miles off, he met Gage and his scanty force escorting Braddock and his wounded officers. Captain Stewart and a sad remnant of the Virginia light horse still accompanied the general as his guard. The captain had been unremitting in his attentions to him during the retreat. There was a halt of one day at Dunbar's camp for the repose and relief of the wounded. On the 13th they resumed their melancholy march, and that night reached the Great Meadows.

The proud spirit of Braddock was broken by his defeat. He remained silent the first evening after the battle, only ejaculating at night, "who would have thought it!" He was equally silent the following day; yet hope still seemed to linger in his breast, from another ejaculation: "We shall better know how to deal with them another time!"

He was grateful for the attentions paid to him by Captain Stewart and Washington, and more than once, it is said, expressed his admiration of the gallantry displayed by the Virginians in the action. It is said, moreover, that in his last moments, he apologized to Washington for the petulance with which he had rejected his advice, and bequeathed to him his favorite charger and his faithful servant, Bishop, who had helped to convey him from the field.

Some of these facts, it is true, rest on tradition, yet we are willing to believe them, as they impart a gleam of just and generous feeling to his closing scene. He died on the night of the 13th, at the Great Meadows, the place of Washington's discomfiture in the previous year. His obsequies were performed before break of day.
The chaplain having been wounded, Washington read the funeral service. All was done in sadness, and without parade, so as not to attract the attention of lurking savages, who might discover, and outrage his grave. It is doubtful even whether a volley was fired over it, that last military honor which he had recently paid to the remains of an Indian warrior. The place of his sepulture, however, is still known, and pointed out.

Reproach spared him not, even when in his grave. The failure of the expedition was attributed both in England and America to his obstinacy, his technical pedantry, and his military conceit. He had been continually warned to be on his guard against ambush and surprise, but without avail. Had he taken the advice urged on him by Washington and others to employ scouting parties of Indians and rangers, he would never have been so signal surprise and defeated. Still his dauntless conduct on the field of battle shows him to have been a man of fearless spirit; and he was universally allowed to be an accomplished disciplinarian. His melancholy end, too, disarms censure of its asperity. Whatever may have been his faults and errors, he, in a manner, expiated them by the hardest lot that can befall a brave soldier, ambitious of renown—an unhonored grave in a strange land; a memory clouded by misfortune, and a name forever coupled with defeat.

The obsequies of the unfortunate Braddock being finished, the escort continued its retreat with the sick and wounded. Washington, assisted by Dr. Craik, watched with assiduity over his comrades, Orme and Morris. As the horses which bore their litters were nearly knocked up, he dispatched messengers to the commander of Fort Cumberland requesting that others might be sent on, and that comfortable quarters might be prepared for the reception of those officers.

On the 17th, the sad cavalcade reached the fort, and were relieved from the incessant apprehension of pursuit. Here, too, flying reports had preceded them, brought by fugitives from the battle; who, with the disposition usual in such cases to exaggerate, had represented the whole army as massacred. Fearing these reports might reach home, and affect his family, Washington wrote to his mother, and his brother, John Augustine, apprising them of his safety. "The Virginia troops," says he, in a letter to his mother, "showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed. * * * The dastardly behavior of those they called regulars exposed all others, that were ordered to do their duty, to almost certain death; and, at last, in despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran, as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them."

To his brother, he writes: "As I have heard, since my arrival at this place, a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech, I take this early opportunity of contradicting the first, and of assuring you that I have not composed the latter. But, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability, or expectation; for I had four bullets through
my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, though death was leveling my companions on every side of me!

"We have been most scandalously beaten by a trifling body of men, but fatigue and want of time prevent me from giving you any of the details, until I have the happiness of seeing you at Mount Vernon, which I now most earnestly wish for, since we are driven in thus far. A feeble state of health obliges me to halt here for two or three days to recover a little strength, that I may thereby be enabled to proceed homeward with more ease."

Dunbar arrived shortly afterward with the remainder of the army. No one seems to have shared more largely in the panic of the vulgar than that officer. From the moment he received tidings of the defeat, his camp became a scene of confusion. All the ammunition, stores, and artillery were destroyed, to prevent, it was said, their falling into the hands of the enemy; but, as it was afterward alleged, to relieve the terror-stricken commander from all incumbrances, and furnish him with more horses in his flight toward the settlements.

At Cumberland his forces amounted to fifteen hundred effective men; enough for a brave stand to protect the frontier, and recover some of the lost honor; but he merely paused to leave the sick and wounded under care of two Virginia and Maryland companies, and some of the train, and then continued his hasty march, or rather flight, through the country, not thinking himself safe, as was sneeringly intimated, until he arrived in Philadelphia, where the inhabitants could protect him.

The true reason why the enemy did not pursue the retreating army was not known until some time afterward, and added to the disgrace of the defeat. They were not the main force of the French, but a mere detachment of 72 regulars, 146 Canadians, and 637 Indians, 855 in all, led by Captain de Beaujeu. De Contrecœur, the commander of Fort Duquesne, had received information, through his scouts, that the English, three thousand strong, were within six leagues of his fort. Despairing of making an effectual defence against such a superior force, he was balancing in his mind whether to abandon his fort without awaiting their arrival, or to capitulate on honorable terms. In this dilemma Beaujeu prevailed on him to let him sally forth with a detachment to form an ambush, and give check to the enemy. De Beaujeu was to have taken post at the river, and disputed the passage at the ford. For that purpose he was hurrying forward when discovered by the pioneers of Gage's advance party. He was a gallant officer, and fell at the beginning of the fight. The whole number of killed and wounded of French and Indians, did not exceed seventy.

Such was the scanty force which the imagination of the panic-sticken army had magnified into a great host, and from which they had field in breathless terror, abandoning the whole frontier. No one could be more surprised than the French commander himself, when the ambuscing party returned in triumph with a long train of pack-horses laden with booty, the savages uncouthly clad in
the garments of the slain, grenadier caps, officers' gold-laced coats, and glittering epaulets; flourishing swords and sabers, or firing off muskets, and uttering fiendlike yells of victory. But when De Contrecoeur was informed of the utter rout and destruction of the much dreaded British army, his joy was complete. He ordered the guns of the fort to be fired in triumph, and sent out troops in pursuit of the fugitive.

The affair of Braddock remains a memorable event in American history, and has been characterized as "the most extraordinary victory ever obtained, and the farthest flight ever made." It struck a fatal blow to the deference for British prowess, which once amounted almost to bigotry, throughout the provinces. "This whole transaction," observes Franklin, in his auto-biography, "gave us the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regular troops had not been well founded."

Washington arrived at Mount Vernon on the 26th of July, still in feeble condition from his long illness. His campaigning, thus far, had trenches upon his private fortune, and impaired one of the best of constitutions.

In a letter to his brother Augustine, then a member of Assembly at Williamsburg, he casts up the result of his frontier experience.

"I was employed," writes he, "to go a journey in the winter, when I believe few or none would have undertaken it, and what did I get by it?—my expenses borne! I was then appointed, with trifling pay, to conduct a handful of men to the Ohio. What did I get by that? Why, after putting myself to a considerable expense in equipping and providing necessaries for the campaign, I went out, was soundly beaten, and lost all! Came in, and had my commission taken from me; or, in other words, my command reduced, under pretense of an order from home (England). I then went out a volunteer with General Braddock, and lost all my horses, and many other things. But this being a voluntary act, I ought not to have mentioned it; nor should I have done it, were it not to show that I have been on the losing order ever since I entered the service, which is now nearly two years."

What a striking lesson is furnished by this brief summary! How little was he aware of the vast advantages he was acquiring in this school of bitter experience! "In the hand of heaven he stood," to be shaped and trained for its great purpose; and every trial and vicissitude of his early life, but fitted him to cope with one or other of the varied and multifarious duties of his future destiny.

But though, under the saddening influence of debility and defeat, he might count the cost of his campaigning, the martial spirit still burned within him. His connection with the army, it is true, had ceased at the death of Braddock, but his military duties continued as adjutant-general of the northern division of the province, and he immediately issued orders for the county lieutenants to hold the militia in readiness for parade and exercise, foreseeing that, in the present defenceless state of the frontier, there would be need of their services.

Tidings of the rout and retreat of the army had circulated far
and near, and spread consternation throughout the country. Immediate incursions both of French and Indians were apprehended; and volunteer companies began to form, for the purpose of marching across the mountains to the scene of danger. It was intimated to Washington that his services would again be wanted on the frontier. He declared instantly that he was ready to serve his country to the extent of his powers; but never on the same terms as heretofore.

On the 4th of August, Governor Dinwiddie convened the Assembly to devise measures for the public safety. The sense of danger had quickened the slow patriotism of the burgesses; they no longer held back supplies; forty thousand pounds were promptly voted, and orders issued for the raising of a regiment of one thousand men.

Washington's friends urged him to present himself at Williamsburg as a candidate for the command; they were confident of his success, notwithstanding that strong interest was making for the governor's favorite, Colonel Innes.

With mingled modesty and pride, Washington declined to be a solicitor. The only terms, he said, on which he would accept a command, were a certainty as to rank and emoluments, a right to appoint his field officers, and the supply of a sufficient military chest; but to solicit the command, and, at the same time, to make stipulations, would be a little incongruous, and carry with it the face of self-sufficiency. "If," added he, "the command should be offered to me, the case will then be altered, as I should be at liberty to make such objections as reason, and my small experience, have pointed out."

While this was in agitation, he received letters from his mother, again imploring him not to risk himself in these frontier wars. His answer was characteristic, blending the filial deference with which he was accustomed from childhood to treat her, with a calm patriotism of the Roman stamp.

"Honored Madam: If it is in my power to avoid going to Ohio again, I shall; but if the command is pressed upon me by the general voice of the country, and offered upon such terms as cannot be objected against, it would reflect dishonor on me to refuse it; and that, I am sure, must, and ought, to give you greater uneasiness, than my going in an honorable command. Upon no other terms will I accept it. At present I have no proposals made to me, nor have I any advice of such an intention, except from private hands."

On the very day that this letter was dispatched (Aug. 14), he received intelligence of his appointment to the command on the terms specified in his letters to his friends. His commission nominated him commander-in-chief of all the forces raised, or to be raised, in the colony. The Assembly also voted three hundred pounds to him, and proportionate sums to the other officers, and to the privates of the Virginia companies, in consideration of their gallant conduct, and their losses in the late battle.

The officers next in command under him were Lieutenant-Colonel
Adam Stephens, and Major Andrew Lewis. The former, it will be recollected, had been with him in the unfortunate affair at the Great Meadows; his advance in rank shows that his conduct had been meritorious.

The appointment of Washington to his present station was the more gratifying and honorable from being a popular one, made in deference to public sentiment; to which Governor Dinwiddie was obliged to sacrifice his strong inclination in favor of Colonel Innes. It is thought that the governor never afterward regarded Washington with a friendly eye. His conduct toward him subsequently was on various occasions cold and ungracious.

It is worthy of note that the early popularity of Washington was not the result of brilliant achievements nor signal success; on the contrary, it arose among trials and reverses, and may almost be said to have been the fruits of defeats. It remains an honorable testimony of Virginian intelligence, that the sterling, enduring, but undazzling qualities of Washington were thus early discerned and appreciated, though only heralded by misfortunes. The admirable manner in which he had conducted himself under these misfortunes, and the sagacity and practical wisdom he had displayed on all occasions, were universally acknowledged; and it was observed that, had his modest counsels been adopted by the unfortunate Bradford, a totally different result might have attended the late campaign.

An instance of this high appreciation of his merits occurs in a sermon preached on the 17th of August by the Rev. Samuel Davis, wherein he cites him as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." The expressions of the worthy clergyman may have been deemed enthusiastic at the time; viewed in connection with subsequent events they appear almost prophetic.

Having held a conference with Governor Dinwiddie at Williamsburg, and received his instructions, Washington repaired, on the 14th of September, to Winchester, where he fixed his headquarters. It was a place as yet of trifling magnitude, but important from its position; being a central point where the main roads met, leading from north to south, and east to west, and commanding the channels of traffic and communication between some of the most important colonies and a great extent of frontier.

Here he was brought into frequent and cordial communication with his old friend Lord Fairfax. The stir of war had revived a spark of that military fire which animated the veteran nobleman in the days of his youth, when an officer in the cavalry regiment of the Blues. He was lord-lieutenant of the county. Greenway Court was his headquarters. He had organized a troop of horse, which occasionally was exercised about the lawn of his domain, and he was now as prompt to mount his steed for a cavalry parade as he ever was for a fox chase. The arrival of Washington frequently brought the old nobleman to Winchester, to aid the young commander with his counsels or his sword.
His services were soon put in requisition. Washington, having visited the frontier posts, established recruiting places, and taken other measures of security, had set off for Williamsburg on military business, when an express arrived at Winchester from Colonel Stephens, who commanded at Fort Cumberland, giving the alarm that a body of Indians were ravaging the country, burning the houses and slaughtering the inhabitants. The express was instantly forwarded after Washington; in the meantime, Lord Fairfax sent out orders for the militia of Fairfax and Prince William counties to arm and hasten to the defence of Winchester, where all was confusion and affright. One fearful account followed another. The whole country beyond it was said to be at the mercy of the savages. They had blockaded the rangers in the little fortresses or outposts provided for the protection of neighborhoods. They were advancing upon Winchester with fire, tomahawk, and scalping-knife. The country people were flocking into the town for safety—the townspeople were moving off to the settlements beyond the Blue Ridge. The beautiful valley of the Shenandoah was likely to become a scene of savage desolation.

In the height of the confusion Washington rode into the town. He had been overtaken by Colonel Stephens' express. His presence inspired some degree of confidence, and he succeeded in stopping most of the fugitives. He would have taken the field at once against the savages, believing their numbers to be few; but not more than twenty-five of the militia could be mustered for the service. The rest refused to stir—they would rather die with their wives and children.

Expresses were sent off to hurry up the militia ordered out by Lord Fairfax. Scouts were ordered out to discover the number of the foe, and convey assurances of succor to the rangers said to be blockaded up in the fortresses, though Washington suspected the latter to be "more encompassed by fear than by the enemy." Smiths were set to work to furbish up and repair such firearms as were in the place, and wagons were sent off for musket balls, flints, and provisions.

At length the band of Indians, whose ravages had produced this consternation throughout the land, and whose numbers did not exceed one hundred and fifty, being satiated with carnage, conflagration, and plunder, retreated, bearing off spoils and captives. Intelligent scouts sent out by Washington, followed their traces, and brought back certain intelligence that they had recrossed the Alleghany Mountains and returned to their homes on the Ohio. This report allayed the public panic and restored temporary quiet to the harassed frontier.

Most of the Indians engaged in these ravages were Delawares and Shawnees, who, since Braddock's defeat, had been gained over by the French. A principal instigator was said to be Washington's old acquaintance, Shengis, and a reward was offered for his head. Scarooyadi, successor to the half-king, remained true to the English, and vindicated his people to the Governor and Council of Pennsylvania from the charge of having had any share in the late
massacres. As to the defeat at the Monongahela, "it was owing," he said, "to the pride and ignorance of that great general (Braddock) that came from England. He is now dead; but he was a bad man when he was alive. He looked upon us as dogs, and would never hear anything that was said to him. We often endeavored to advise him, and tell him of the danger he was in with his soldiers; but he never appeared pleased with us, and that was the reason that a great many of our warriors left him."

Scarooyadi was ready with his warriors to take up the hatchet again with their English brothers against the French. "Let us unite our strength," said he; "you are numerous, and all the English governors along your sea-shore can raise men enough; but don't let those that come from over the great seas be concerned any more. They are unfit to fight in the woods. Let us go ourselves—we that came out of this ground."

No one felt more strongly than Washington the importance, at this trying juncture, of securing the assistance of these forest warriors. "It is in their power," said he, "to be of infinite use to us; and without Indians, we shall never be able to cope with these cruel foes to our country."

Washington had now time to inform himself of the fate of the other enterprises included in this year's plan of military operations. We shall briefly dispose of them, for the sake of carrying on the general course of events. The history of Washington is linked with the history of the colonies. The defeat of Braddock paralyzed the expedition against Niagara. Many of General Shirley's troops, which were assembled at Albany, struck with the consternation which it caused throughout the country, deserted. Most of the bateau men, who were to transport stores by various streams, returned home. It was near the end of August before Shirley was in force at Oswego. Time was lost in building boats for the lake. Storms and head winds ensued; then sickness: military incapacity in the general completed the list of impediments. Deferring the completion of the enterprise until the following year, Shirley returned to Albany with the main part of his forces in October, leaving about seven hundred men to garrison the fortifications he had commenced at Oswego.

To General William Johnson, it will be recollected, had been confided the expedition against Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. Preparations were made for it in Albany, whence the troops were to march, and the artillery, ammunition, and stores to be conveyed up the Hudson to the carrying-place between that river and Lake St. Sacrament, as it was termed by the French, but Lake George, as Johnson named it, in honor of his sovereign. At the carrying-place a fort was commenced, subsequently called Fort Edward. Part of the troops remained under General Lyman, to complete and garrison it; the main force proceeded under General Johnson to Lake George, the plan being to descend that lake to its outlet at Ticonderoga, in Lake Champlain. Having to attend the arrival of bateau forwarded for the purpose from Albany by the carrying-place, Johnson encamped at the south end of the lake. He had
with him between five and six thousand troops of New York and New England, and a host of Mohawk warriors, loyally devoted to him.

It so happened that a French force of upward of three thousand men under the Baron de Dieskau, an old general of high reputation, had recently arrived at Quebec, destined against Oswego. The baron had proceeded to Montreal, and sent forward thence seven hundred of his troops, when news arrived of the army gathering on Lake George for the attack on Crown Point, perhaps for an inroad into Canada. The public were in consternation; yielding to their importunities, the baron took post at Crown Point for its defence. Besides his regular troops, he had with him eight hundred Canadians, and seven hundred Indians of different tribes. The latter were under the general command of the Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, the veteran officer to whom Washington had delivered the dispatches of Governor Dinwiddie on his diplomatic mission to the frontier. The chevalier was a man of great influence among the Indians.

In the mean time Johnson remained encamped at the south end of Lake George, awaiting the arrival of his bateaux. The camp was protected in the rear by the lake, in front by a bulwark of felled trees; and was flanked by thickly wooded swamps.

On the 7th of September, the Indian scouts brought word that they had discovered three large roads made through the forests toward Fort Edward. An attack on that post was apprehended. Adams, a hardy wagoner, rode express with orders to the commander to draw all the troops within the works. About midnight came other scouts. They had seen the French within four miles of the carrying-place. They had heard the report of a musket, and the voice of a man crying for mercy, supposed to be the unfortunate Adams. In the morning Colonel Williams was detached with one thousand men, and two hundred Indians, to intercept the enemy in their retreat.

Within two hours after their departure a heavy fire of musketry, in the midst of the forest, about three or four miles off, told of a warm encounter. The drums beat to arms; all were at their posts. The firing grew sharper and sharper, and nearer and nearer. The detachment under Williams was evidently retreating. Colonel Cole was sent with three hundred men to cover their retreat. The breast-work of trees was manned. Some heavy cannon were dragged up to strengthen the front. A number of men were stationed with a field-piece on an eminence on the left flank.

In a short time fugitives made their appearance; first singly, then in masses, flying in confusion, with a rattling fire behind them, and the horrible Indian war-whoop. Consternation seized upon the camp, especially when the French emerged from the forest in battle array, led by the Baron Dieskau, the gallant commander of Crown Point. Had all his troops been as daring as himself, the camp might have been carried by assault; but the Canadians and Indians held back, posted themselves behind trees, and took to bush-fighting.
The baron was left with his regulars (two hundred grenadiers) in front of the camp. He kept up a fire by platoons, but at too great a distance to do much mischief; the Canadians and Indians fired from their coverts. The artillery played on them in return. The camp, having recovered from its panic, opened a fire of musketry. The engagement became general. The French grenadiers stood their ground bravely for a long time, but were dreadfully cut up by the artillery and small-arms. The action slackened on the part of the French, until, after a long contest, they gave way. Johnson's men and the Indians then leaped over the breast-work, and a chance medley fight ensued, that ended in the slaughter, rout, or capture of the enemy.

The Baron de Dieskau had been disabled by a wound in the leg. One of his men, who endeavored to assist him, was shot down by his side. The baron, left alone in the retreat, was found by the pursuers leaning against the stump of a tree. As they approached, he felt for his watch to insure kind treatment by delivering it up. A soldier, thinking he was drawing forth a pistol to defend himself, shot him through the hips. He was conveyed a prisoner to the camp, but ultimately died of his wounds.

The baron had really set off from Crown Point to surprise Fort Edward, and, if successful, to push on to Albany and Schenectady; lay them in ashes, and cut off all communication with Oswego. The Canadians and Indians, however, refused to attack the fort, fearful of its cannon; he had changed his plan, therefore, and determined to surprise the camp. In the encounter with the detachment under Williams, the brave Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre lost his life. On the part of the Americans, Hendrick, a famous old Mohawk sachem, grand ally of General Johnson, was slain.

Johnson himself received a slight wound early in the action, and retired to his tent. He did not follow up the victory as he should have done, alleging that it was first necessary to build a strong fort at his encampment, by way of keeping up a communication with Albany, and by the time this was completed, it would be too late to advance against Crown Point. He accordingly erected a stockaded fort, which received the name of William Henry; and having garrisoned it, returned to Albany. His services, although they gained him no laurel-wreath, were rewarded by government with five thousand pounds, and a baronetcy; and he was made Superintendant of Indian Affairs.

Mortifying experience had convinced Washington of the inefficiency of the militia laws, and he now set about effecting a reformation. Through his great and persevering efforts, an act was passed in the Virginia Legislature giving prompt operation to courts-martial; punishing insubordination, mutiny and desertion with adequate severity; strengthening the authority of a commander, so as to enable him to enforce order and discipline among officers as well as privates; and to avail himself, in time of emergency, and for the common safety, of the means and services of individuals.
This being effected, he proceeded to fill up his companies, and to enforce this newly defined authority within his camp. All gaming, drinking, quarreling, swearing, and similar excesses, were prohibited under severe penalties.

In disciplining his men, they were instructed not merely in ordinary and regular tactics, but in all the strategy of Indian warfare, and what is called "bush-fighting,"—a knowledge indispensable in the wild wars of the wilderness. Stockaded forts, too, were constructed at various points, as places of refuge and defence, in exposed neighborhoods. Under shelter of these, the inhabitants began to return to their deserted homes. A shorter and better road, also, was opened by him between Winchester and Cumberland, for the transmission of reinforcements and supplies.

His exertions, however, were impeded by one of those questions of precedence, which had so often annoyed him, arising from the difference between crown and provincial commissions. Maryland having by a scanty appropriation raised a small militia force, stationed Captain Dagworthy, with a company of thirty men, at Fort Cumberland, which stood within the boundaries of that province. Dagworthy had served in Canada in the preceding war, and had received a king's commission. This he had since commuted for half-pay, and, of course, had virtually parted with its privileges. He was nothing more, therefore, than a Maryland provincial captain, at the head of thirty men. He now, however, assumed to act under his royal commission, and refused to obey the orders of any officer, however high his rank, who merely held his commission from a governor. Nay, when Governor, or rather Colonel Innes, who commanded at the fort, was called away to North Carolina by his private affairs, the captain took upon himself the command, and insisted upon it as his right.

Washington refrained from mingling in this dispute; but intimated that if the commander-in-chief of the force of Virginia must yield precedence to a Maryland captain of thirty men, he should have to resign his commission, as he had been compelled to do before, by a question of military rank.

So difficult was it, however, to settle these disputes of precedence, especially where the claims of two governors came in collision, that it was determined to refer the matter to Major-General Shirley, who had succeeded Braddock in the general command of the colonies. For this purpose Washington was to go to Boston, obtain a decision from Shirley of the point in dispute, and a general regulation, by which these difficulties could be prevented in future. It was thought, also, that in a conference with the commander-in-chief he might inform himself of the military measures in contemplation.

Accordingly, on the 4th of February (1756), leaving Colonel Adam Stephen in command of the troops, Washington set out on his mission, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain George Mercer of Virginia, and Captain Stewart of the Virginia light horse; the officer who had taken care of General Braddock in his last moments.
In those days the convenience of traveling, even between our main cities, were few, and the roads execrable. The party, therefore, traveled in Virginia style, on horseback, attended by their black servants in livery. In this way they accomplished a journey of five hundred miles in the depth of winter; stopping for some days at Philadelphia and New York. Those cities were then comparatively small, and the arrival of a party of young Southern officers attracted attention. The late disastrous battle was still the theme of every tongue, and the honorable way in which these young officers had acquitted themselves in it, made them objects of universal interest. Washington's fame, especially, had gone before him; having been spread by the officers who had served with him, and by the public honors decreed him by the Virginia Legislature. "Your name," wrote his former fellow-campaigner, Gist, in a letter dated in the preceding autumn, "is more talked of in Philadelphia than that of any other person in the army, and everybody seems willing to venture under your command."

With these prepossessions in his favor, when we consider Washington's noble person and demeanor, his consummate horsemanship, the admirable horses he was accustomed to ride, and the aristocratical style of his equipments, we may imagine the effect produced by himself and his little cavalcade, as they clattered through the streets of Philadelphia, and New York, and Boston. It is needless to say, their sojourn in each city was a continual fête.

The mission to General Shirley was entirely successful as to the question of rank. A written order from the commander-in-chief determined that Dagworthy was entitled to the rank of a provincial captain, only, and, of course, must on all occasions give precedence to Colonel Washington, as a provincial field officer. The latter was disappointed, however, in the hope of getting himself and his officers put upon the regular establishment, with commissions from the king, and had to remain subjected to mortifying questions of rank and etiquette, when serving in company with regular troops.

From General Shirley he learned that the main objects of the ensuing campaign would be the reduction of Fort Niagara, so as to cut off the communication between Canada and Louisiana, the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, as a measure of safety for New York, the besieging of Fort Duquesne, and the menacing of Quebec by a body of troops which were to advance by the Kennebec River.

The official career of General Shirley was drawing to a close. Though a man of good parts, he had always, until recently, acted in a civil capacity, and proved incompetent to conduct military operations. He was recalled to England, and was to be superceded by General Abercrombie, who was coming out with two regiments.

The general command in America, however, was to be held by the Earl of Loudoun, who was invested with powers almost equal to those of a viceroy, being placed above all the colonial governors. These might claim to be civil and military representatives of their sovereign within their respective colonies; but, even there,
were bound to defer and yield precedence to this their official superior. This was part of a plan devised long ago, but now first brought into operation, by which the ministry hoped to unite the colonies under military rule, and oblige the Assemblies, magistrates, and people to furnish quarters and provide a general fund subject to the control of this military dictator.

Besides his general command, the Earl of Loudoun was to be governor of Virginia and colonel of a royal-American regiment of four battalions, to be raised in the colonies, but furnished with officers who, like himself, had seen foreign service. The campaign would open on his arrival, which, it was expected, would be early in the spring; and brilliant results were anticipated.

Washington remained ten days in Boston, attending, with great interest, the meetings of the Massachusetts Legislature, in which the plan of military operations was ably discussed; and receiving the most hospitable attentions from the polite and intelligent society of the place, after which he returned to New York.

Tradition gives very different motives from those of business for his two sojourns in the latter city. He found there an early friend and school-mate, Beverly Robinson, son of John Robinson, speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses.

He was living happily and prosperously with a young and wealthy bride, having married one of the nieces and heiresses of Mr. Adolphus Philipse, a rich landholder, whose manor-house is still to be seen on the banks of the Hudson. At the house of Mr. Beverly Robinson, where Washington was an honored guest, he met Miss Mary Philipse, sister of and co-heiress with Mrs. Robinson, a young lady whose personal attractions are said to have rivaled her reputed wealth.

We have already given an instance of Washington's early sensibility to female charms. A life, however, of constant activity and care, passed for the most part in the wilderness and on the frontier, far from female society, had left little mood or leisure for the indulgence of the tender sentiment; but made him more sensible, in the present brief interval of gay and social life, to the attractions of an elegant woman, brought up in the polite circle of New York.

That he was an open admirer of Miss Philipse is an historical fact; that he sought her hand, but was refused, is traditional and not very probable. His military rank, his early laurels and distinguished presence, were all calculated to win favor in female eyes; but his sojourn in New York was brief; he may have been diffident in urging his suit with a lady accustomed to the homage of society and surrounded by admirers. The most probable version of the story is, that he was called away by his public duties before he had made sufficient approaches in his siege of the lady's heart to warrant a summons to surrender. In the latter part of March we find him at Williamsburg attending the opening of the Legislature of Virginia, eager to promote measures for the protection of the frontier and the capture of Fort Duquesne, the leading object of his ambition. Maryland and Pennsylvania were erecting forts for the defence of their own borders, but showed no disposition to
Washington and I solemnly and know it forces, Washington country. camp dant and priz. Sterner and co-operate families Expresses had woodland and savages. "scour 1756.]

While thus engaged, he received a letter from a friend and confidant in New York, warning him to hasten back to that city before it was too late, as Captain Morris, who had been his fellow aid-de-camp under Braddock, was laying close siege to Miss Philipse. Sterner alarms, however, summoned him in another direction. Expresses from Winchester brought word that the French had made another sortie from Fort Duquesne, accompanied by a band of savages, and were spreading terror and desolation through the country. In this moment of exigency all softer claims were forgotten; Washington repaired in all haste to his post at Winchester, and Captain Morris was left to urge his suit unrivaled and carry off the prize.

Report had not exaggerated the troubles of the frontier. It was marauded by merciless bands of savages, led in some instances, by Frenchmen. Travelers were murdered, farm-houses burnt down, families butchered, and even stockaded forts, or houses of refuge, attacked in open day. The marauders had crossed the mountains and penetrated the valley of the Shenandoah; and several persons had fallen beneath the tomahawk in the neighborhood of Winchester.

Washington’s old friend, Lord Fairfax, found himself no longer safe in his rural abode. Greenway Court was in the midst of a woodland region, affording a covert approach for the stealthy savage. His lordship was considered a great chief, whose scalp would be an inestimable trophy for an Indian warrior.

Washington on his arrival at Winchester, found the inhabitants in great dismay. He resolved immediately to organize a force, composed partly of troops from Fort Cumberland, partly of militia from Winchester and its vicinity, to put himself at its head, and “scour the woods and suspected places in all the mountains and valleys of this part of the frontier, in quest of the Indians and their more cruel associates.”

An attack on Winchester was apprehended, and the terrors of the people rose to agony. They now turned to Washington as their main hope. The women surrounded him, holding up their children, and imploring him with tears and cries to save them from the savages. The youthful commander looked round on the supplicant crowd with a countenance beaming with pity, and a heart wrung with anguish. A letter to Governor Dinwiddie shows the conflict of his feelings. “I am too little acquainted with pathetic language to attempt a description of these people’s distresses. But what can I do? I see their situation; I know their danger, and participate in their sufferings, without having it in my power to give them further relief than uncertain promises.”—“The supplicating tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men, melt me into such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people’s ease.”
The measure of relief voted by the Assembly was an additional appropriation of twenty thousand pounds, and an increase of the provincial force to fifteen hundred men. With this, it was proposed to erect and garrison a chain of frontier forts, extending through the ranges of the Allegheny Mountains, from the Potomac to the borders of North Carolina; a distance of between three and four hundred miles. This was one of the inconsiderate projects devised by Governor Dinwiddie.

Washington, in letters to the governor and to the speaker of the House of Burgesses, urged the impolicy of such a plan, with their actual force and means. The forts, he observed, ought to be within fifteen or eighteen miles of each other, that their spies might be able to keep watch over the intervening country, otherwise the Indians would pass between them unperceived, effect their ravages, and escape to the mountains, swamps, and ravines, before the troops from the forts could be assembled to pursue them. They ought each to be garrisoned with eighty or a hundred men, so as to afford detachments of sufficient strength, without leaving the garrison too weak; for the Indians are the most stealthy and patient of spies and lurkers; will lie in wait for days together about small forts of the kind, and, if they find, by some chance prisoner, that the garrison is actually weak, will first surprise and cut off its scouting parties, and then attack the fort itself. It was evident, therefore, observed he, that to garrison properly such a line of forts, would require, at least, two thousand men. And even then, a line of such extent might be broken through at one end before the other end could yield assistance. Feint attacks, also, might be made at one point, while the real attack was made at another, quite distant; and the country be overrun before its widely-posted defenders could be alarmed and concentrated. Then must be taken into consideration the immense cost of building so many forts, and the constant and consuming expense of supplies and transportation.

In the height of the alarm, a company of one hundred gentlemen, mounted and equipped, volunteered their services to repair to the frontier. They were headed by Peyton Randolph, attorney-general, a man deservedly popular throughout the province. Their offer was gladly accepted. They were denominated the "Gentlemen Associators," and great expectations, of course, were entertained from their gallantry and devotion. They were empowered, also, to aid with their judgment in the selection of places for frontier forts.

The repeated inroads of the savages called for an effectual and permanent check. The idea of being constantly subject to the interruptions of a deadly foe, that moved with stealth and mystery, and was only to be traced by its ravages, and counted by its footprints, discouraged all settlement of the country. The beautiful valley of the Shenandoah was fast becoming a deserted and a silent place. Her people, for the most part, had fled to the older settlements south of the mountains, and the Blue Ridge was likely soon to become virtually the frontier line of the province.
We have to record one signal act of retaliation on the perfidious tribes of the Ohio, in which a person whose name subsequently became dear to Americans, was concerned. Prisoners who had escaped from the savages reported that Shingis, Washington’s faithless ally, and another sachem called Captain Jacobs, were the two heads of the hostile bands that had desolated the frontier. That they lived at Kittanning, an Indian town, about forty miles above Fort Duquesne; at which their warriors were fitted out for incursions, and whither they returned with their prisoners and plunder. Captain Jacobs was a daring fellow, and scoffed at palisadoed forts. “He could take any fort,” he said, “that would catch fire.”

A party of two hundred and eighty provincials, resolute men, undertook to surprise, and destroy this savage nest. It was commanded by Colonel John Armstrong; and with him went Dr. Hugh Mercer, of subsequent renown, who had received a captain’s commission from Pennsylvania, on the 6th of March, 1756.

The object of the expedition was accomplished. Thirty of forty of the warriors were slain; their stronghold was a smoking ruin. There was danger of the victors being cut off by a detachment, from Fort Duquesne. They made the best of their way, therefore, to their horses, which had been left at a distance, and set off rapidly on their march to Fort Lyttleton, about sixty miles north of Fort Cumberland.

Throughout the summer of 1756, Washington exerted himself diligently in carrying out measures determined upon for frontier security. The great fortress at Winchester was commenced, and the work urged forward as expeditiously as the delays and perplexities incident to a badly organized service would permit. It received the name of Fort Loudoun, in honor of the commander-in-chief, whose arrival in Virginia was hopefully anticipated.

As to the sites of the frontier posts, they were decided upon by Washington and his officers, after frequent and long consultations; parties were sent out to work on them, and men recruited, and militia drafted, to garrison them. Washington visited occasionally such as were in progress, and near at hand. In the autumn, he made a tour of inspection along the whole line, accompanied by his friend, Captain Hugh Mercer, who had recovered from his recent wounds. This tour furnished repeated proofs of the inefficiency of the militia system. In one place he attempted to raise a force with which to scour a region infested by roving bands of savages. After waiting several days, but five men answered to his summons. In another place, where three companies had been ordered to the relief of a fort, attacked by the Indians, all that could be mustered were a captain, a lieutenant, and seven or eight men.

While these events were occuring on the Virginia frontier, military affairs went on tardily and heavily at the north. The campaign against Canada, which was to have opened early in the year, hung fire. The armament coming out for the purpose, under Lord Loudoun, was delayed through the want of energy and union in the British cabinet. General Abercrombie, who was to
be next in command to his lordship, and to succeed to General Shirley, set sail in advance for New York with two regiments, but did not reach Albany, the headquarters of military operation, until the 25th of June. He billeted his soldiers upon the town, much to the disgust of the inhabitants, and talked of ditching and stock-ading it, but postponed all exterior enterprises until the arrival of Lord Loudoun; then the campaign was to open in earnest.

On the 12th of July, came word that the forts Ontario and Oswego, on each side of the mouth of the Oswego River, were menaced by the French. They had been imperfectly constructed by Shirley, and were insufficiently garrisoned, yet contained a great amount of military and naval stores, and protected the ves-sels which cruised on Lake Ontario.

Major-General Webb was ordered by Abercrombie to hold him-self in readiness to march with one regiment to the relief of these forts, but received no further orders. Everything awaited the arrival at Albany of Lord Loudoun, which at length took place, on the 29th of July. There were now at least ten thousand troops, regulars and provincials, loitering in an idle camp at Albany, yet relief to Oswego was still delayed. Lord Loudoun was in favor of it, but the governments of New York and New England urged the immediate reduction, of Crown Point, as necessary for the security of their frontier. After much debate, it was agreed that General Webb should march to the relief of Oswego. He left Albany on the 12th of August, but had scarce reached the carrying-place, between the Mohawk River and Wood Creek, when he received news that Oswego was reduced, and its garrison captured. While the British commanders had debated, Field-marshal the Marquis De Montcalm, newly arrived from France, had acted. He was a different kind of soldier from Abercrombie or Loudoun. A capa-cious mind and enterprising spirit animated a small, but active and untiring frame. Quick in thought, quick in speech, quicker still in action, he comprehended everything at a glance, and moved from point to point of the province with a celerity and secrecy that completely baffled his slow and pondering antagonists. Crown Point and Ticonderoga were visited, and steps taken to strengthen their works and provide for their security; then hastening to Mon-treal, he put himself at the head of a force of regulars, Canadians, and Indians; ascended the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario; blocked up the mouth of the Oswego by his vessels, landed his guns, and besieged the two forts; drove the garrison out of one into the other; killed the commander, Colonel Mercer, and com-pelled the garrisons to surrender prisoners of war. With the forts was taken an immense amount of military stores, ammunition, and provisions; one hundred and twenty-one cannon, fourteen mortars, six vessels of war, a vast number of bateaux, and three chests of money. His blow achieved, Montcalm returned in triumph to Montreal, and sent the colors of the captured forts to be hung up as trophies in the Canadian churches.

Scarce had the tidings of his lordship’s departure reached Can-ada, when the active Montcalm again took the field, to follow up
the successes of the preceding year. Fort William Henry, which Sir Wm. Johnson had erected on the southern shore of Lake George, was now his object; it commanded the lake, and was an important protection to the British frontier. A brave old officer, Colonel Monro, with above five hundred men, formed the garrison; more than three times that number of militia were intrenched near by. Montcalm had, early in the season, made three ineffectual attempts upon the fort; he now trusted to be more successful. Collecting his forces from Crown Point, Ticonderoga, and the adjacent posts, with a considerable number of Canadians and Indians, altogether nearly eight thousand men, he advanced up the lake, on the 1st of August, in a fleet of boats, with swarms of Indian canoes in the advance. The fort came near being surprised; but the troops encamped without it, abandoned their tents and hurried within the works. A summons to surrender was answered by a brave defiance. Montcalm invested the fort, made his approaches and battered it with his artillery. For five days its veteran commander kept up a vigorous defence, trusting to receive assistance from General Webb, who had failed to relieve Fort Oswego in the preceding year, and who was now at Fort Edward, about fifteen miles distant, with upward of five thousand men. Instead of this, Webb, who overrated the French forces, sent him a letter, advising him to capitulate. The letter was intercepted by Montcalm, but still forwarded to Monro. The obstinate old soldier, however, persisted in his defence, until most of his cannon were burst, and his ammunition expended. At length, in the month of August, he hung out a flag of truce, and obtained honorable terms from an enemy who knew how to appreciate his valor. Montcalm demolished the fort, carried off all the artillery and munitions of war, with vessels employed in the navigation of the lake; and having thus completed his destruction of the British defences on this frontier, returned once more in triumph with the spoils of victory, to hang up fresh trophies in the churches of Canada.

Lord Loudoun, in the mean time, formed his junction with Admiral Holbourne at Halifax, and the troops were embarked with all diligence on board of the transports. Unfortunately, the French were again too quick for them. Admiral de Bois de la Mothe had arrived at Louisburg, with a large naval and land force; it was ascertained that he had seventeen ships of the line, and three frigates, quietly moored in the harbor; that the place was well fortified and supplied with provisions and ammunition, and garrisoned with six thousand regular troops, three thousand natives, and thirteen hundred Indians.

Some hot-heads would have urged an attempt against all such array of force, but Lord Loudoun was aware of the probability of defeat, and the disgrace and ruin that it would bring upon British arms in America. He wisely, though ingloriously, returned to New York. Admiral Holbourne made a silly demonstration of his fleet off the harbor of Louisburg, approaching within two miles of the batteries, but retired on seeing the French admiral preparing to unmoor. He afterward returned with a reinforcement of four
ships of the line; cruised before Louisburg, endeavoring to draw
the enemy to an engagement, which De la Mothe had the wisdom
to decline; was overtaken by a hurricane, in which one of his
ships was lost, eleven were dismasted, others had to throw their
guns overboard, and all returned in a shattered condition to Eng-
land. Thus ended the northern campaign by land and sea, a sub-
ject of great mortification to the nation, and ridicule and triumph
to the enemy.

During these unfortunate operations to the north, Washington
was stationed at Winchester, with seven hundred men to defend a
frontier of more than three hundred and fifty miles in extent. The
capture and demolition of Oswego by Montcalm had produced a dis-
astrous effect. The whole country of the five nations was abandoned
to the French. The frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and
Virginia were harassed by repeated inroads of French and Indians,
and Washington had the mortification to see the noble valley of the
Shenandoah almost deserted by its inhabitants, and fast relapsing
into a wilderness.

Under the able and intrepid administration of William Pitt, who
had control of the British cabinet, an effort was made to retrieve
the disgraces of the late American campaign, and to carry on the
war with greater vigor. The instructions for a common fund were
discontinued; there was no more talk of taxation by Parliament.
Lord Loudoun, from whom so much had been anticipated, had dis-
appointed by his inactivity, and been relieved from a command in
which he had attempted much and done so little. His friends
alleged that his inactivity was owing to a want of unanimity and
co-operation in the colonial governments, which paralyzed all his
well-meant efforts. Franklin, it is probable, probed the matter
with his usual sagacity when he characterized him as a man
"entirely made up of indecision."—"Like St. George on the signs,
he was always on horseback, but never rode on."

On the return of his lordship to England, the general command
in America devolved on Major-General Abercrombie, and the
forces were divided into three detached bodies; one, under Major-
General Amherst, was to operate in the north with the fleet under
Boscawen, for the reduction of Louisburg and the island of Cape
Breton; another, under Abercrombie himself, was to proceed
against Ticonderoga and Crown Point on Lake Champlain; and
the third, under Brigadier-General Forbes, who had the charge of
the middle and southern colonies, was to undertake the reduction
of Fort Duquesne. The colonial troops were to be supplied, like
the regulars, with arms, ammunition, tents, and provisions, at the
expense of government, but clothed and paid by the colonies; for
which the king would recommend to Parliament a proper compen-
sation.

It was with the greatest satisfaction Washington saw his favorite
measure at last adopted, the reduction of Fort Duquesne; and he
resolved to continue in the service until that object was accom-
plished.

He had the satisfaction of enjoying the fullest confidence of Gen-
eral Forbes, who knew too well the sound judgment and practical ability evinced by him in the unfortunate campaign of Braddock not to be desirous of availing himself of his counsels.

Washington still was commander-in-chief of the Virginia troops, now augmented, by an act of the Assembly, to two regiments of one thousand men each; one led by himself, the other by Colonel Byrd; the whole destined to make a part of the army of General Forbes in the expedition against Fort Duquesne.

Major-General Amherst, embarked with between ten and twelve thousand men, in the fleet of Admiral Boscawen, and set sail about the end of May, from Halifax, in Nova Scotia. Along with him went Brigadier-General James Wolfe, an officer young in years, but a veteran in military experience, and destined to gain an almost romantic celebrity. He may almost be said to have been born in the camp, for he was the son of Major-General Wolfe, a veteran officer of merit, and when a lad had witnessed the battles of Dettingen and Fontenois. While a mere youth he had distinguished himself at the battle of Laffeldt, in the Netherlands; and now, after having been eighteen years in the service, he was but thirty-one years of age. In America, however, he was to win his lasting laurels.

On the 2d of June, the fleet arrived at the Bay of Gabarus, about seven miles to the west of Louisburg. The latter place was garrisoned by two thousand five hundred regulars and three hundred militia, and subsequently reinforced by upward of four hundred Canadians and Indians. In the harbor were six ships-of-the-line, and five frigates; three of which were sunk across the mouth. For several days the troops were prevented from landing by boisterous weather, and a heavy surf. The French improved that time to strengthen a chain of forts along the shore, deepening trenches, and constructing batteries.

On the 8th of June, preparations for landing were made before daybreak. The troops were embarked in boats in three divisions, under Brigadiers Wolfe, Whetmore, and Laurens. The landing was to be attempted west of the harbor, at a place feebly secured. Several frigates and sloops previously scoured the beach with their shot, after which Wolfe pulled for shore with his divisions; the other two divisions distracting the attention of the enemy, by making a show of landing in other parts. The surf still ran high, the enemy opened a fire of cannon and musketry from their batteries, many boats were upset, many men slain, but Wolfe pushed forward, sprang into the water when the boats grounded, dashed through the surf with his men, stormed the enemy’s breastworks and batteries, and drove them from the shore. Among the subalterns who stood by Wolfe on this occasion, was an Irish youth, twenty-one years of age, named Richard Montgomery, whom, for his gallantry, Wolfe promoted to a lieutenantcy, and who was destined, in after years, to gain an imperishable renown. The other divisions effected a landing after a severe conflict; artillery and stores were brought on shore, and Louisburg was formally invested.
The weather continued boisterous; the heavy cannon, and the various munitions necessary for a siege, were landed with difficulty. Amherst, moreover, was a cautious man, and made his approaches slowly, securing his camp by redoubts and epaulettes. The Chevalier Drucour, who commanded at Louisburg, called in his outposts, and prepared for a desperate defence; keeping up a heavy fire from his batteries, and from the ships in the harbor.

Wolfe, with a strong detachment, surprised at night, and took possession of Light House Point, on the north-east side of the entrance to the harbor. Here he threw up batteries in addition to those already there, from which he was enabled greatly to annoy both town and shipping, as well as to aid Amherst in his slow, but regular and sure approaches.

On the 21st of July, the three largest of the enemy’s ships were set on fire by a bomb-shell. On the night of the 25th two other of the ships were boarded, sword in hand, from boats of the squadron; one being aground, was burned, the other was towed out of the harbor in triumph. The brave Drucour kept up the defence until all the ships were either taken or destroyed; forty out of fifty-two pieces of cannon dismounted, and his works mere heaps of ruins. When driven to capitulate, he refused the terms proposed, as being too severe, and, when threatened with a general assault, by sea and land, determined to abide it, rather than submit to what he considered a humiliation. The prayers and petitions of the inhabitants, however, overcame his obstinacy. The place was surrendered, and he and his garrison became prisoners of war. Captain Amherst, brother to the general, carried home the news to England, with eleven pair of colors, taken at Louisburg. There were rejoicings throughout the kingdom. The colors were borne in triumph through the streets of London, with a parade of horse and foot, kettle-drums and trumpets, and the thunder of artillery, and were put up as trophies in St. Paul’s Cathedral.

Boscawen, who was a member of Parliament, received a unanimous vote of praise from the House of Commons, and the youthful Wolfe, who returned shortly after the victory to England, was hailed as the hero of the enterprise.

The second expedition was that against the French forts on Lakes George and Champlain. At the beginning of July, Abercrombie was encamped on the borders of Lake George, with between six and seven thousand regulars, and upward of nine thousand provincials, from New England, New York, and New Jersey. Major Israel Putnam, of Connecticut, who had served on this lake, under Sir William Johnson, in the campaign in which Dieskau was defeated and slain, had been detached with a scouting party to reconnoiter the neighborhood. After his return and report, Abercrombie prepared to proceed against Ticonderago, situated on a tongue of land in Lake Champlain, at the mouth of the strait communicating with Lake George.

On the 5th of July, the forces were embarked in one hundred and twenty-five whale-boats, and nine hundred bateaux, with the artillery on rafts. The vast flotilla proceeded slowly down the
works. Never were rash orders more gallantly obeyed. The men rushed forward with fixed bayonets, and attempted to force their way through, or scramble over the abatis, under a sheeted fire of swivels and musketry. In the desperation of the moment, the officers even tried to cut their way through with their swords. Some even reached the parapet, where they were shot down. The breastwork was too high to be surmounted, and gave a secure covert to the enemy. Repeated assaults were made, and as often repelled, with dreadful havoc. The Iroquois warriors, who had arrived with Sir William Johnson, took no part, it is said, in this fierce conflict, but stood aloof as unconcerned spectators of the bloody strife of white men.

After four hours of desperate and fruitless fighting, Abercrombie, who had all the time remained aloof at the saw-mills, gave up the ill-judged attempt, and withdrew once more to the landing-place, with the loss of nearly two thousand in killed and wounded. Had not the vastly inferior force of Montcalm prevented him from sallying beyond his trenches, the retreat of the British might have been pushed to a headlong and disastrous flight.

Abercrombie had still nearly four times the number of the enemy, with cannon, and all the means of carrying on a siege, with every prospect of success; but the failure of this rash assault seems completely to have dismayed him. The next day he reembarked all his troops, and returned across that lake where his disgraced banners had recently waved so proudly.

While the general was planning fortifications on Lake George, Colonel Bradstreet obtained permission to carry into effect an expedition which he had for some time meditated, and which had been a favored project with the lamented Howe. This was to reduce Fort Frontenac, the stronghold of the French on the north side of the entrance of Lake Ontario, commanding the mouth of the St. Lawrence. This post was a central point of Indian trade, whither the tribes resorted from all parts of a vast interior; sometimes a distance of a thousand miles, to traffic away their peltries with the fur-traders. It was, moreover, a magazine for the more southern posts, among which was Fort Duquesne on the Ohio.

Bradstreet was an officer of spirit. Pushing his way along the valley of the Mohawk and by the Oneida where he was joined by several warriors of the Six Nations, he arrived at Oswego in August, with nearly three thousand men; the greater part of them provincial troops of New York and Massachusetts. Embarking at Oswego in open boats he crossed Lake Ontario, and landed within a mile of Frontenac. The fort mounted sixty guns, and several mortars, yet though a place of such importance, the garrison consisted of merely one hundred and ten men, and a few Indians. These either fled, or surrendered at discretion. In the fort was an immense amount of merchandise and military stores; part of the latter intended for the supply of Fort Duquesne. In the harbor were nine armed vessels, some of them carrying eighteen guns; the whole of the enemy's shipping on the lake. Two of these Colonel Bradstreet freighted with part of the spoils of
the fort, the others he destroyed; then having dismantled the
fortifications, and laid waste everything which he could not carry
away, he recrossed the lake to Oswego, and returned with his
troops to the army on Lake George.

Operations went on slowly in that part of the year's campaign in
which Washington was immediately engaged—the expedition
against Fort Duquesne. Brigadier-General Forbes, who was com-
mmander-in-chief, was detained at Philadelphia by those delays and
cross-purposes incident to military affairs in a new country. Col-
nel Bouquet, who was to command the advanced division, took his
station, with a corps of regulars, at Raystown, in the centre of
Pennsylvania. There slowly assembled troops from various parts.
Three thousand Pennsylvanians, twelve hundred and fifty South
Carolinians, and a few hundred men from elsewhere.

Washington, in the meantime, gathered together his scattered
regiment at Winchester, some from a distance of two hundred miles,
and diligently disciplined his recruits. He had two Virginia regi-
ments under him amounting, when complete, to about nineteen
hundred men. Seven hundred Indian warriors, also, came lagging
into his camp, lured by the prospect of a successful campaign.

The president of the council had given Washington a discretion-
ary power in the present juncture to order out militia for the pur-
pose of garrisoning the fort in the absence of the regular troops.
Washington exercised the power with extreme reluctance. He
considered it, he said, an affair of too important and delicate a na-
ture for him to manage, and apprehended the discontent it might
occasion. In fact, his sympathies were always with the husband-
men and the laborers of the soil, and he deplored the evils imposed
upon them by arbitrary drafts for military service; a scruple not
often indulged by youthful commanders.

The force thus assembling was in want of arms, tents, field-equip-
age, and almost every requisite. Washington had made repeated
representations, by letter, of the destitute state of the Virginia
troops, but without avail; he was now ordered by Sir John St.
Clair, the quartermaster-general of the forces, under General
Forbes, to repair to Williamsburg, and lay the state of the case be-
fore the council. He set off promptly on horseback, attended by
Bishop, the well-trained military servant, who had served the late
General Braddock. It proved an eventful journey, though not in
a military point of view. In crossing a ferry of the Pamunkey, a
branch of York River, he fell in company with a Mr. Chamber-
layne, who lived in the neighborhood, and who, in the spirit of
Virginian hospitality, claimed him as a guest. It was with diffi-
culty Washington could be prevailed on to halt for dinner, so im-
patient was he to arrive at Williamsburg, and accomplish his
mission.

Among the guests at Mr. Chamberlayne's was a young and
blooming widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, daughter of Mr. John Dan-
dridge, both patrician names in the province. Her husband, John
Parke Custis, had been dead about three years, leaving her with
two young children, and a large fortune. She is represented as be-
ing rather below the middle size, but extremely well shaped, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank, engaging manners so captivating in Southern women. We are not informed whether Washington had met with her before; probably not during her widowhood, as during that time he had been almost continually on the frontier. We have shown that, with all his gravity and reserve, he was quickly susceptible to female charms; and they may have had a greater effect upon him when thus casually encountered in fleeting moments snatched from the cares and perplexities and rude scenes of frontier warfare. At any rate, his heart appears to have been taken by surprise.

The dinner, which in those days was an earlier meal than at present, seemed all too short. The afternoon passed away like a dream. Bishop was punctual to the orders he had received on halting; the horses pawed at the door; but for once Washington loitered in the path of duty. The horses were countermanded, and it was not until the next morning that he was again in the saddle, spurring for Williamsburg. Happily the White House, the residence of Mrs. Custis, was in New Kent County, at no great distance from that city, so that he had opportunities of visiting her in the intervals of business. His time for courtship, however, was brief. Military duties called him back almost immediately to Winchester; but he feared, should he leave the matter in suspense, some more enterprising rival might supplant him during his absence, as in the case of Miss Philipse, at New York. He improved, therefore, his brief opportunity to the utmost. The blooming widow had many suitors, but Washington was graced with that renown so ennobling in the eyes of women. In a word, before they separated, they had mutually plighted their faith, and the marriage was to take place as soon as the campaign against Fort Duquesne was at an end.

Before returning to Winchester, Washington was obliged to hold conferences with Sir John St. Clair and Colonel Bouquet, at an intermediate rendezvous, to give them information respecting the frontiers, and arrange about the marching of his troops. His constant word to them was forward! forward! For the precious time for action was slipping away, and he feared their Indian allies, so important to their security while on the march, might, with their usual fickleness, lose patience, and return home.

On arriving at Winchester, he found his troops restless and discontented from prolonged inaction. The weather was oppressively warm. He now conceived the idea of equipping them in the light Indian hunting garb, and even of adopting it himself. Two companies were accordingly equipped in this style, and sent under the command of Major Lewis to head-quarters. "It is an unbecoming dress, I own for an officer," writes Washington, "but convenience rather than a show, I think, should be consulted. The reduction battle of horses alone would be sufficient to recommend it; for is nothing more certain than that less baggage would be required."

The experiment was successful. "The dress takes very well here," writes Colonel Bouquet; "and, thank God, we see nothing but shirts and blankets." ** Their dress should be one pat-
tern for this expedition." Such was probably the origin of the American rifle dress, afterward so much worn in warfare, and modeled on the Indian costume.

The army was now annoyed by scouting parties of Indians hovering about the neighborhood. Expresses passing between the posts were fired upon; a wagoner was shot down. Washington sent out counter-parties of Cherokees. Colonel Bouquet required that each party should be accompanied by an officer and a number of white men. Washington complied with the order, though he considered them an incumbrance rather than an advantage.

On the other hand, he earnestly discountenanced a proposition of Colonel Bouquet, to make an irruption into the enemy's country with a strong party of regulars. Such a detachment, he observed, could not be sent without a cumbersome train of supplies, which would discover it to the enemy, who must at that time be collecting his whole force at Fort Duquesne; the enterprise, therefore would be likely to terminate in a miscarriage, if not in the destruction of the party. We shall see that his opinion was oracular.

As Washington intended to retire from military life at the close of this campaign, he had proposed himself to the electors of Frederick County as their representative in the House of Burgesses. The election was coming on at Winchester; his friends pressed him to attend it, and Colonel Bouquet gave him leave of absence; but he declined to absent himself from his post for the promotion of his political interests. There were three competitors in the field, yet so high was the public opinion of his merit, that, though Winchester had been his head-quarters for two or three years past, and he had occasionally enforced martial law with a rigorous hand, he was elected by a large majority. The election was carried on something in the English style. There was much eating and drinking at the expense of the candidate. Washington appeared on the hustings by proxy, and his representative was chaired about the town with enthusiastic applause and huzzing for Colonel Washington.

On the 21st of July arrived tidings of the brilliant success of that part of the scheme of the year's campaign conducted by General Amherst and Admiral Boscawen, who had reduced the strong town of Louisburg and gained possession of the Island of Cape Breton. This intelligence increased Washington's impatience at the delays of the expedition with which he was connected. He wished to rival these successes by a brilliant blow in the south. Perhaps a desire for personal distinction in the eyes of the lady of his choice may have been at the bottom of this impatience; for we are told that he kept up a constant correspondence with her throughout the campaign.

Understanding that the commander-in-chief had some thoughts of throwing a body of light troops in the advance, he wrote to Colonel Bouquet, earnestly soliciting his influence to have himself and his Virginia regiment included in the detachment. "If any argument is needed to obtain this favor," said he, "I hope, without vanity I may be allowed to say, that from long intimacy with these woods, and frequent scouting in them, my men are at least as well
acquainted with all the passes and difficulties as any troops that will be employed."

He soon learned to his surprise, however, that the road to which his men were accustomed, and which had been worked by Braddock’s troops in his campaign, was not to be taken in the present expedition, but a new one opened through the heart of Pennsylvania, from Raystown to Fort Duquesne, on the track generally taken by the northern traders. He instantly commenced long and repeated remonstrances on the subject; representing that Braddock’s road, from recent examination, only needed partial repairs, and showing by clear calculation that any army could reach Fort Duquesne by that route in thirty-four days, so that the whole campaign might be effected by the middle of October; whereas the extreme labor of opening a new road across mountains, swamps, and through a densely wooded country, would detain them so late, that the season would be over before they could reach the scene of action. His representations were of no avail. The officers of the regular service had received a fearful idea of Braddock’s road from his own dispatches, wherein he had described it as lying "across mountains and rocks of an excessive height, vastly steep, and divided by torrents and rivers," whereas the Pennsylvania traders, who were anxious for the opening of the new road through their province, described the country through which it would pass as less difficult, and its streams less subject to inundation; above all, it was a direct line, and fifty miles nearer. This route, therefore, to the great regret of Washington and the indignation of the Virginia Assembly, was definitely adopted, and sixteen hundred men were immediately thrown in the advance from Raystown to work upon it.

The first of September found Washington still encamped at Fort Cumberland, his troops sickly and dispirited, and the brilliant expedition which he had anticipated, dwindling down into a tedious operation of road-making. In the meantime, his scouts brought him word that the whole force at Fort Duquesne on the 13th of August, Indians included, did not exceed eight hundred men; had an early campaign been pressed forward, as he recommended, the place by this time would have been captured. At length, in the month of September, he received orders from General Forbes to join him with his troops at Raystown, where he had just arrived, having been detained by severe illness. He was received by the general with the highest marks of respect. On all occasions, both in private and at councils of war, that commander treated his opinions with the greatest deference. He, moreover, adopted a plan drawn out by Washington for the march of the army; and an order of battle which still exists, furnishing a proof of his skill in frontier warfare.

It was now the middle of September; yet the great body of men engaged in opening the new military road, after incredible toil, had not advanced above forty-five miles, to a place called Loyal Han nan, a little beyond Laurel Hill. Colonel Bouquet, who commanded the division of nearly two thousand men sent forward to
FOOLHARDINESS OF GRANT.

open this road, had halted at Loyal Hannan to establish a military post and deposit.

He was upward of fifty miles from Fort Duquesne, and was tempted to adopt the measure, so strongly discountenanced by Washington, of sending a party on a foray into the enemy's country. He accordingly detached Major Grant with eight hundred picked men, some of them Highlanders, others, in Indian garb, the part of Washington's Virginian regiment sent forward by him from Cumberland under command of Major Lewis.

The instructions given to Major Grant were merely to reconnoiter the country in the neighborhood of Fort Duquesne, and ascertain the strength and position of the enemy. Arriving at night in the neighborhood of the fort, he posted his men on a hill, and sent out a party of observation, who set fire to a log house near the walls and returned to the encampment. As if this were not sufficient to put the enemy on the alert, he ordered the reveille to be beaten in the morning in several places; then, posting Major Lewis with his provincial troops at a distance in the rear to protect the baggage, he marshaled his regulars in battle array, and sent an engineer, with a covering party, to take a plan of the works in full view of the garrison.

Not a gun was fired by the fort; the silence which was maintained was mistaken for fear, and increased the arrogance and blind security of the British commander. At length, when he was thrown off his guard, there was a sudden sally of the garrison, and an attack on the flanks by Indians hid in ambush. A scene now occurred similar to that at the defeat of Braddock. The British officers marshaled their men according to European tactics, and the Highlanders for some time stood their ground bravely; but the destructive fire and horrid yells of the Indians soon produced panic and confusion. Major Lewis, at the first noise of the attack, left Captain Bullitt, with fifty Virginians, to guard the baggage, and hastened with the main part of his men to the scene of action. The contest was kept up for some time, but the confusion was irretrievable. The Indians sallied from their concealment, and attacked with the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Lewis fought hand to hand with an Indian brave, whom he laid dead at his feet, but was surrounded by others, and only saved his life by surrendering himself to a French officer. Major Grant surrendered himself in like manner. The whole detachment was put to the rout with dreadful carnage.

Captain Bullitt rallied several of the fugitives, and prepared to make a forlorn stand, as the only chance where the enemy was overwhelming and merciless. Dispatching the most valuable baggage with the strongest horses, he made a barricade with the baggage wagons, behind which he posted his men, giving them orders how they were to act. All this was the thought and the work almost of a moment, for the savages, having finished the havoc and plunder of the field of battle, were hastening in pursuit of the fugitives. Bullitt suffered them to come near, when, on a concerted signal, a destructive fire opened from behind the baggage
wagons. They were checked for a time; but were again pressing forward in greater numbers, when Bullitt and his men held out the signal of capitulation, and advanced as if to surrender. When within eight yards of the enemy, they suddenly leveled their arms, poured a most effective volley, and then charged with the bayonet. The Indians fled in dismay, and Bullitt took advantage of this check to retreat with all speed, collecting the wounded and the scattered fugitives as he advanced. The routed detachment came back in fragments to Colonel Bouquet's camp at Loyal Hannan, with the loss of twenty-one officers and two hundred and seventy-three privates killed and taken. The Highlanders and the Virginians were those that fought the best and suffered the most in this bloody battle. Washington's regiment lost six officers and sixty-two privates.

Washington, who was at Raystown when the disastrous news arrived, was publically complimented by General Forbes, on the gallant conduct of his Virginian troops, and Bullitt's behavior was "a matter of great admiration." The latter was soon after rewarded with a major's commission.

As a further mark of the high opinion now entertained of provincial troops for frontier service, Washington was given the command of a division, partly composed of his own men, to keep in the advance of the main body, clear the roads, throw out scouting parties, and repel Indian attacks.

It was the 5th of November before the whole army assembled at Loyal Hannan. Winter was now at hand, and upward of fifty miles of wilderness were yet to be traversed, by a road not yet formed, before they could reach Fort Duquesne. Again, Washington's predictions seemed likely to be verified, and the expedition to be defeated by delay; for in a council of war it was determined to be impracticable to advance further with the army that season. Three prisoners, however, who were brought in, gave such an account of the weak state of the garrison at Fort Duquesne, its want of provisions, and the defection of the Indians, that it was determined to push forward. The march was accordingly resumed but without tents or baggage, and with only a light train of artillery.

Washington still kept the advance. After leaving Loyal Hannan, the road presented traces of the late defeat of Grant; being strewn with human bones, the sad relics of fugitives cut down by the Indians, or of wounded soldiers who had died on the retreat; they lay mouldering in various stages of decay, mingled with the bones of horses and of oxen. As they approached Fort Duquesne these mementoes of former disasters became more frequent, and the bones of those massacred in the defeat of Braddock, still lay scattered about the battle-field, whitening in the sun.

At length the army arrived in sight of Fort Duquesne, advancing with great precaution, and expecting a vigorous defence; but that formidable fortress, the terror and scourge of the frontier, and the object of such warlike enterprise, fell without a blow. The recent successes of the English forces in Canada, particularly the
capture and destruction of Fort Frontenac, had left the garrison without hope of reinforcements and supplies. The whole force, at the time, did not exceed five hundred men, and the provisions were nearly exhausted. The commander, therefore, waited only until the English army was within one day's march, when he embarked his troops at night in bateaux, blew up his magazines, set fire to the fort, and retreated down the Ohio, by the light of the flames. On the 25th of November, Washington, with the advanced guard, marched in and planted the British flag on the yet smoking ruins.

One of the first offices of the army was to collect and bury, in one common tomb, the bones of their fellow-soldiers who had fallen in the battles of Braddock and Grant. In this pious duty it is said every one joined, from the general down to the private soldier; and some veterans assisted, with heavy hearts and frequent ejaculations of poignant feeling, who had been present in the scenes of defeat and carnage.

The ruins of the fortress were now put in a defensible state, and garrisoned by two hundred men from Washington's regiment; the name was changed to that of Fort Pitt, in honor of the illustrious British minister, whose measures had given vigor and effect to this year's campaign; it has since been modified into Pittsburg, and designates one of the most busy and populous cities of the interior.

The reduction of Fort Duquesne terminated, as Washington had foreseen, the troubles and dangers of the southern frontier. The French domination of the Ohio was at an end; the Indians, as usual, paid homage to the conquering power, and a treaty of peace was concluded with all the tribes between the Ohio and the lakes.

With this campaign ended, for the present, the military career of Washington. His great object was attained, the restoration of quiet and security to his native province; and, having abandoned all hope of attaining rank in the regular army, and his health being much impaired, he gave up his commission at the close of the year, and retired from the service, followed by the applause of his fellow-soldiers, and the gratitude and admiration of all his countrymen.

His marriage with Mrs. Custis took place shortly after his return. It was celebrated on the 6th of January, 1759, at the White-House, the residence of the bride, in the good old hospitable style of Virginia, amid a joyous assemblage of relatives and friends.

CHAPTER V.

WOLFE AT QUEBEC—SURRENDER OF CANADA—WASHINGTON'S RURAL LIFE.

Before following Washington into the retirement of domestic life, we think it proper to notice the events which closed the great struggle between England and France for empire in America. In that struggle he had first become practiced in arms, and schooled
in the ways of the world; and its results will be found connected with the history of his later years.

General Abercrombie had been superseded as commander-in-chief of the forces in America by Major-General Amherst, who had gained great favor by the reduction of Louisburg. According to the plan of operations for 1759, General Wolfe, who had risen to fame by his gallant conduct in the same affair, was to ascend the St. Lawrence in a fleet of ships of war, with eight thousand men, as soon as the river should be free from ice, and lay siege to Quebec, the capital of Canada. General Amherst, in the mean time was to advance, as Abercrombie had done, by Lake George, against Ticonderoga and Crown Point; reduce those forts, cross Lake Champlain, push on to the St. Lawrence, and cooperate with Wolfe.

A third expedition under Brigadier-General Prideaux, aided by Sir William Johnson and his Indian warriors, was to attack Fort Niagara, which controlled the whole country of the Six Nations, and commanded the navigation of the great lakes, and the intercourse between Canada and Louisiana. Having reduced this fort, he was to traverse Lake Ontario, descend the St. Lawrence, capture Montreal, and join his forces with those of Amherst.

The last mentioned expedition was the first executed. General Prideaux embarked at Oswego on the first of July, with a large body of troops, regulars and provincials—the latter partly from New York. He was accompanied by Sir William Johnson, and his Indian braves of the Mohawk. Landing at an inlet of Lake Ontario, within a few miles of Fort Niagara, he advanced, without being opposed, and proceeded to invest it. The garrison, six hundred strong, made a resolute defence. The siege was carried on by regular approaches, but pressed with vigor. On the 20th of July, Prideaux, in visiting his trenches, was killed by the bursting of a cohorn. Informed by express of this misfortune, General Amherst detached from the main army Brigadier-General Gage, the officer who had led Braddock’s advance to take the command.

In the meantime the siege had been conducted by Sir William Johnson with courage and sagacity. He was destitute of military science, but had a natural aptness for warfare, especially for the rough kind carried on in the wilderness. Being informed by his scouts that twelve hundred regular troops, drawn from Detroit, Venango, and Presque Isle, and led by D'Aubry, with a number of Indian auxiliaries, were hastening to the rescue, he detached a force of grenadiers and light infantry, with some of his Mohawk warriors, to intercept them. They came in sight of each other on the road, between Niagara Falls and the fort, within the thundering sound of the one, and the distant view of the other. Johnson’s “braves” advanced to have a parley with the hostile redskins. The latter received them with a war-whoop, and Frenchman and savage made an impetuous onset. Johnson’s regulars and provincials stood their ground firmly, while his red warriors fell on the flanks of the enemy.

After a sharp conflict, the French were broken, routed and pur-
sued through the woods, with great carnage. Among the prisoners taken were seventeen officers. The next day Sir William Johnson sent a trumpet summoning the garrison to surrender, to spare the effusion of blood, and prevent outrages by the Indians. They had no alternative; were permitted to march out with the honors of war, and were protected by Sir William from his Indian allies. Thus was secured the key to the communication between Lakes Ontario and Erie, and to the vast interior region connected with them. The blow alarmed the French for the safety of Montreal, and De Levi, the second in command of their Canadian forces, hastened up from before Quebec, and took post at the fort of Oswegatchie (now Ogdensburg), to defend the passes of the St. Lawrence.

In the month of July, General Amherst embarked with nearly twelve thousand men, at the upper part of Lake George, and proceeded down it, as Abercrombie had done in the preceding year, in a vast fleet of whale-boats, bateaux, and rafts, and all the glitter and parade of war. On the 22d, the army embarked at the lower part of the lake and advanced toward Ticonderoga. After a slight skirmish with the advanced guard, they secured the old post at the saw-mill.

Montcalm was no longer in the fort; he was absent for the protection of Quebec. The garrison did not exceed four hundred men. Bourlamaque, a brave officer, who commanded, at first seemed disposed to make defence; but, against such overwhelming force, it would have been madness. Dismantling the fortifications, therefore, he abandoned them, as he did likewise those at Crown Point, and retreated down the lake, to assemble forces, and make a stand at the Isle Aux Noix, for the protection of Montreal and the province.

Instead of following him up, and hastening to cooperate with Wolfe, General Amherst proceeded to repair the works at Ticonderoga, and erect a new fort at Crown Point, though neither were in present danger of being attacked, nor would be of use if Canada were conquered. Amherst, however, was one of those cautious men, who, in seeking to be sure, are apt to be fatally slow. His delay enabled the enemy to rally their forces at Isle Aux Noix, and call in Canadian reinforcements, while it deprived Wolfe of that cooperation which was most essential to the general success of the campaign.

Wolfe with his eight thousand men, ascended the St. Lawrence in the fleet, in the month of June. With him came Brigadiers Monckton, Townshend and Murray, youthful and brave like himself, and like himself, already schooled in arms. Monckton, it will be recollected, had signalized himself, when a colonel, in the expedition in 1755, in which the French were driven from Nova Scotia. The grenadiers of the army were commanded by Colonel Guy Carleton, and part of the light infantry by Lieutenant-Colonel William Howe, both destined to celebrity in after years, in the annals of the American Revolution. Colonel Howe was brother of
the gallant Lord Howe, whose fall in the preceding year was so generally lamented.

About the end of June, the troops debarked on the large, populous and well-cultivated Isle of Orleans, a little below Quebec, and encamped in its fertile fields. Quebec, the citadel of Canada, was strong by nature. It was built round the point of a rocky promontory, and flanked by precipices. The crystal current of the St. Lawrence swept by it on the right, and the river St. Charles flowed along on the left, before mingling with that mighty stream. The place was tolerably fortified, but art had not yet rendered it, as at the present day, impregnable.

Montcalm commanded the post. His troops were more numerous than the assailants; but the greater part were Canadians, many of them inhabitants of Quebec; and he had a host of savages. His forces were drawn out along the northern shore below the city, from the river St. Charles to the Falls of Montmorency, and their position was secured by deep intrenchments.

The night after the debarkation of Wolfe's troops a furious storm caused great damage to the transports, and sank some of the small craft. While it was still raging, a number of fire-ships, sent to destroy the fleet, came driving down. They were boarded intrepidly by the British seamen, and towe out of the way of doing harm. After much resistance, Wolfe established batteries at the west point of the Isle of Orleans, and at Point Levi, on the right (or south) bank of the St. Lawrence, within cannon range of the city. Colonel Guy Carleton, commander at the former battery; Brigadier Monckton at the latter. From Point Levi bomb-shells and red-hot shot were discharged; many houses were set on fire in the upper town, the lower town was reduced to rubbish; the main fort, however, remained unharmed.

Anxious for a decisive action, Wolfe, on the 9th day of July, crossed over in boats from the Isle of Orleans, to the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and encamped below the Montmorency. It was an ill-judged position, for there was still that tumultuous stream, with its rocky banks, between him and the camp of Montcalm; but the ground he had chosen was higher than that occupied by the latter, and the Montmorency had a ford below the falls, passable at low tide. Another ford was discovered, three miles within land, but the banks were steep, and shagged with forest. At both fords the vigilant Montcalm had thrown up breastworks, and posted troops.

On the 18th of July, Wolfe made a reconnoitering expedition up the river, with two armed sloops, and two transports with troops. He passed Quebec unharmed, and carefully noted the shores above it. Rugged cliffs rose almost from the water's edge. Above them he was told, was an extent of level ground, called the Plains of Abraham, by which the upper town might be approached on its weakest side; but how was that plain to be attained, when the cliffs, for the most part, were inaccessible, and every practicable place fortified?

He returned to Montmorency disappointed, and resolved to at-
tack Montcalm in his camp, however difficult to be approached, and however strongly posted. Townshend and Murray, with their brigades were to cross the Montmorency at low tide, below the falls, and storm the redoubt thrown up in front of the ford. Monckton, at the same time, was to cross, with part of his brigade, in boats from Point Levi.

As usual, in complicated orders, part were misunderstood, or neglected, and confusion was the consequence. Many of the boats from Point Levi ran aground on a shallow in the river, where they were exposed to a severe fire of shot and shells. Wolfe, was on the shore, directing everything, endeavored to stop his impatient troops until the boats could be got afloat, and the men landed. Thirteen companies of grenadiers, and two hundred provincials were the first to land. Without waiting for Brigadier Monckton and his regiments; without waiting for the cooperation of the troops under Townshend; without waiting even to be drawn up in form, the grenadiers rushed impetuously toward the enemy’s intrenchments. A sheeted fire mowed them down, and drove them to take shelter behind the redoubt, near the ford, which the enemy had abandoned. Here they remained, unable to form under the galling fire to which they were exposed, whenever they ventured from their covert. Monckton’s brigade at length was landed, drawn up in order, and advanced, to their relief, driving back the enemy. Thus protected, the grenadiers retreated as precipitately as they had advanced, leaving many of their comrades wounded on the field, who were massacred and scalped in their sight, by the savages. The delay thus caused was fatal to the enterprise. The day was advanced; the weather became stormy; the tide began to make; at a later hour, retreat, in case of a second repulse, would be impossible. Wolfe, therefore, gave up the attack, and withdrew across the river, having lost upward of four hundred men through this headlong impetuosity of the grenadiers. The two vessels which had been run aground, were set on fire, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy.

Brigadier Murray was now detached with twelve hundred men, in transports, to ascend above the town, and cooperate with Rear-Admiral Holmes, in destroying the enemy’s shipping, and making descents upon the north shore. The shipping were safe from attack; some stores and ammunition were destroyed; some prisoners taken, and Murray returned with the news of the capture of Fort Niagara, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, and that Amherst was preparing to attack the Isle Aux Noix.

Wolfe, of a delicate constitution and sensitive nature, had been deeply mortified by the severe check sustained at the Falls of Montmorency, fancying himself disgraced; and these successes of his fellow-commanders in other parts increased his self-upbraiding. The difficulties multiplying around him, and the delay of General Amherst in hastening to his aid, preyed incessantly on his spirits; he was dejected even to despondency, and declared he would never return without success, to be exposed, like other unfortunate com-
manders, to the sneers and reproaches. The agitation of his mind, and his acute sensibility, brought on a fever, which for some time incapacitated him from taking the field.

In the midst of his illness he called a council of war, in which the whole plan of operations was altered. It was determined to convey the troops above the town, and endeavor to make a diversion in that direction, or draw Montcalm into the open field.

The brief Canadian summer was over; they were in the month of September. The camp at Montmorency was broken up. The troops were transported to Point Levi, leaving a sufficient number to man the batteries on the Isle of Orleans. On the fifth and sixth of September the embarkation took place above Point Levi, in transports which had been sent up for the purpose. Montcalm detached De Bougainville with fifteen hundred men to keep along the north shore above the town, watch the movements of the squadron, and prevent a landing. To deceive him, Admiral Holmes moved with the ships of war three leagues beyond the place where the landing was to be attempted. He was to drop down, however, in the night, and protect the landing. Cook, the future discoverer, also, was employed with others to sound the river and place buoys opposite the camp of Montcalm, as if an attack were mediated in that quarter.

Wolfe was still suffering under the effects of his late fever. "My constitution," writes he to a friend, "is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, and without any prospect of it." Still he was unremittting in his exertions, seeking to wipe out the fancied disgrace incurred at the Falls of Montmorency. It was in this mood he is said to have composed and sung at his evening mess that little campaigning song still linked with his name:

Why, soldiers, why?
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die!

Even when embarked in his midnight enterprise, the presentiment of death seems to have cast its shadow over him. The boats floated down silently with the current, he recited, in low and touching tones, Gray's Elegy in a country churchyard, then just published. One stanza may especially have accorded with his melancholy mood.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Now, gentlemen," said he, when he had finished, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

The descent was made in flat-bottomed boats, past midnight, on the 13th of September. They dropped down with the swift current. "Qui va là?" (who goes there?) cried a sentinel from the shore.
“La France,” replied a captain in the first boat, who understood the French language.

“A quel regiment?” was the demand. “De la Reine” (the queen’s), replied the captain, knowing that regiment was in De Bougainville’s detachment. Fortunately, a convoy of provisions was expected down from De Bougainville’s which the sentinel supposed this to be. “Passe,” cried he, and the boats glided on without further challenge. The landing took place in a cove near Cape Diamond, which still bears Wolfe’s name. He had marked it in reconnoitering, and saw that a cragged path straggled up from it to the Heights of Abraham, which might be climbed, though with difficulty, and that it appeared to be slightly guarded at top. Wolfe was among the first that landed and ascended up the steep and narrow path, where not more than two could go abreast, and which had been broken up by cross ditches. Colonel Howe, at the same time, with the light infantry and Highlanders, scrambled up the woody precipices, helping themselves by the roots and branches putting to flight a sergeant’s guard posted at the summit. Wolfe drew up the men in order as they mounted; and by the break of day found himself in possession of the fateful Plains of Abraham.

Montcalm was thunderstruck when word was brought to him in his camp that the English were on the heights threatening the weakest part of the town. Abandoning his intrenchments, he hastened across the river St. Charles and ascended the heights, which slope up gradually from its banks. His force was equal in number to that of the English, but a great part was made up of colony troops and savages. When he saw the formidable host of regulars he had to contend with, he sent off swift messengers to summon De Bougainville with his detachment to his aid; and De Vaudreuil to reinforce him with fifteen hundred men from the camp. In the mean time he prepared to flank the left of the English line and force them to the opposite precipices. Wolfe saw his aim, and sent Brigadier Townshend to counteract him with a regiment which was formed en potence, and supported by two battalions, presenting on the left a double front.

The French, in their haste, thinking they were to repel a mere scouting party, had brought but three light field-pieces with them; the English had but a single gun, which the sailors had dragged up the heights. With these they cannonaded each other for a time, Montcalm still waiting for the aid he had summoned. At length, about nine o’clock, losing all patience, he led on his disciplined troops to a close conflict with small-arms, the Indians to support them by a galling fire from thickets and corn-fields. The French advanced gallantly, but irregularly; firing rapidly, but with little effect. The English reserved their fire until their assailants were within forty yards, and, then delivered it in deadly volleys. They suffered, however, from the lurking savages, who singled out the officers. Wolfe, who was in front of the line, a conspicuous mark, was wounded by a ball in the wrist. He bound his handkerchief round the wound and led on the grenadiers, with
fixed bayonets, to charge the foe, who began to waver. Another ball struck him in the breast. He felt the wound to be mortal, and feared his fall might dishearten the troops. Leaning on a lieutenant for support; “Let not my brave fellows see me drop,” said he faintly. He was borne off to the rear; water was brought to quench his thirst, and he was asked if he would have a surgeon. “It is needless,” he replied; “it is all over with me.” He desired those about him to lay him down. The lieutenant seated himself on the ground, and supported him in his arms. “They run! they run! see how they run!” cried one of the attendants. “Who run?” demanded Wolfe, earnestly, like one aroused from sleep. “The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere.” The spirit of the expiring hero flashed up. “Go, one of you, my lads, to Colonel Burton; tell him to march Webb’s regiment with all speed down to Charles River, to cut off the retreat by the bridge. “Then turning on his side; “Now, God be praised I will die in peace!” said he, and expired,—soothed in his last moments by the idea that victory would obliterate the imagined disgrace at Montmorency.

Brigadier Murray had indeed broken the center of the enemy, and the Highlanders were making deadly havoc with their claymores, driving the French into the town or down to their works on the river St. Charles. Monckton, the first brigadier, was disabled by a wound in the lungs, and the command devolved on Townshend, who hastened to re-form the troops of the center, disordered in pursuing the enemy. By this time De Bougainville appeared at a distance in the rear, advancing with two thousand fresh troops, but he arrived too late to retrieve the day. The gallant Montcalm had received his death-wound near St. John’s Gate, while endeavoring to rally his flying troops, and had been borne into the town.

Townshend advanced with a force to receive De Bougainville; but the latter avoided a combat, and retired into woods and swamps, where it was not thought prudent to follow him. The English had obtained a complete victory; slain about five hundred of the enemy; taken above a thousand prisoners, and among them several officers; and had a strong position on the Plains of Abraham, which they hastened to fortify with redoubts and artillery, drawn up the heights.

The brave Montcalm wrote a letter to General Townshend, recommending the prisoners to British humanity. When told by his surgeon that he could not survive above a few hours: “So much the better,” replied he; “I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.” To De Ramsay, the French king’s lieutenant who commanded the garrison, he consigned the defence of the city. “To your keeping,” said he, “I commend the honor of France. I’ll neither give orders, nor interfere any further. I have business to attend to of greater moment than your ruined garrison, and this wretched country. My time is short—I shall pass this night with God, and prepare myself for death. I wish you all comfort; and to be happily extricated from your present perplexi-
ties." He then called for his chaplain, who, with the bishop of the colony, remained with him through the night. He expired early in the morning, dying like a brave soldier and a devout Catholic. Never did two worthier foes mingle their life blood on the battle-field than Wolfe and Montcalm.

Preparations were now made by the army and the fleet to make an attack on both upper and lower town; but the spirit of the garrison was broken, and the inhabitants were clamorous for the safety of their wives and children. On the 17th of September, Quebec capitulated, and was taken possession of by the British, who hastened to put it in a complete posture of defence. A garrison of six thousand effective men was placed in it, under the command of Brigadier-General Murray, and victualed from the fleet.

Had Amherst followed up his success at Ticonderoga the preceding summer, the year's campaign would have ended, as had been projected, in the subjugation of Canada. His cautious delay gave De Levi, the successor of Montcalm, time to rally, concentrate the scattered French forces, and struggle for the salvation of the province.

In the following spring, as soon as the river St. Lawrence opened he approached Quebec, and landed at Point au Tremble, about twelve miles off. The garrison had suffered dreadfully during the winter from excessive cold, want of vegetables and of fresh provisions. Many had died of scurvy, and many more were ill. Murray, sanguine and injudicious, on hearing that De Levi was advancing with ten thousand men, and five hundred Indians, sallied out with his diminished forces of not more than three thousand. English soldiers, he boasted, were habituated to victory; he had a fine train of artillery, and stood a better chance in the field than cooped up in a wretched fortification. If defeated he would defend the place to the last extremity, and then retreat to the Isle of Orleans, and wait for reinforcements. More brave than discreet, he attacked the vanguard of the enemy; the battle which took place was fierce and sanguinary. Murray's troops had caught his own headlong valor, and fought until near a third of their number were slain. They were at length driven back into the town, leaving their boasted train of artillery on the field.

De Levi opened trenches before the town the very evening of the battle. Three French ships, which had descended the river, furnished him with cannon, mortars, and ammunition. By the 11th of May, he had one bomb battery, and three batteries of cannon. Murray, equally alert within the walls, strengthened his defences, and kept up a vigorous fire. His garrison was now reduced to two hundred and twenty effective men, and he himself, with all his vaunting spirit, was driven almost to despair, when a British fleet arrived in the river. The whole scene was now reversed. One of the French frigates was driven on the rocks above Cape Diamond; another ran on shore, and was burned; the rest of their vessels were either taken, or destroyed. The besieging army retreated in the night, leaving provisions, implements,
and artillery behind them; and so rapid was their flight, that Murray, who sallied forth on the following day, could not overtake them.

A last stand for the preservation of the colony was now made by the French at Montreal, where De Vaudreuil fixed his head-quarters, fortified himself, and, called in all possible aid, Canadian and Indian.

The cautious, but tardy Amherst was now in the field to carry out the plan in which he had fallen short in the previous year. He sent orders to General Murray to advance by water against Montreal, with all the force that could be spared from Quebec; he detached a body of troops under Colonel Haviland from Crown Point, to cross Lake Champlain, take possession of the Isle Aux Noix, and push on to the St. Lawrence, while he took the round-about way with his main army by the Mohawk and Oneida rivers to Lake Ontario; thence to descend the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

Murray, according to orders, embarked his troops in a great number of small vessels, and ascended the river in characteristic style, publishing manifestoes in the Canadian villages, disarming the inhabitants, and exacting the oath of neutrality. He looked forward to new laurels at Montreal, but the slow and sure Amherst had anticipated him. That worthy general, after delaying on Lake Ontario to send out cruisers, and stopping to repair petty forts on the upper part of the St. Lawrence, which had been deserted by their garrisons, or surrendered without firing a gun, arrived on the 6th of September at the island of Montreal, routed some light skirmishing parties, and presented himself before the town. Vaudreuil found himself threatened by an army of nearly ten thousand men, and a host of Indians; for Amherst had called in the aid of Sir William Johnson, and his Mohawk braves. To withstand a siege in an almost open town against such superior force, was out of the question; especially as Murray from Quebec, and Haviland from Crown Point, were at hand with additional troops. A capitulation accordingly took place on the 8th of September, including the surrender not merely of Montreal, but of all Canada.

Thus ended the contest between France and England for dominion in America, in which, as has been said, the first gun was fired in Washington's encounter with De Jumonville. A French statesman and diplomatist consoled himself by the persuasion that it would be a fatal triumph to England. It would remove the only check by which her colonies were kept in awe. "They will no longer need her protection," said he; "she will call on them to contribute toward supporting the burdens they have helped to bring on her, and they will answer by striking off all dependence."

For three months after his marriage, Washington resided with his bride at the "White House." During his sojourn there, he repaired to Williamsburg, to take his seat in the House of Burgesses. By a vote of the House it had been determined to greet his installation by a signal testimonial of respect. Accordingly, as soon as he took his seat, Mr. Robinson, the Speaker, in eloquent language, dictated by the warmth of private friendship, returned
thanks, on behalf of the colony, for the distinguished military services he had rendered to his country. Washington rose to reply; blushed—stammered—trembled, and could not utter a word. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the Speaker, with a smile; "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess." Such was Washington's first launch into civil life, in which he was to be distinguished by the same judgment, devotion, courage, and magnanimity exhibited in his military career. He attended the House frequently during the remainder of the session, after which he conducted his bride to his favorite abode of Mount Vernon.

Mr. Custis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, had left large landed property, and forty-five thousand pounds sterling in money. One-third fell to his widow in her own right; two-thirds were inherited equally by her two children—a boy of six, and a girl of four years of age. By a decree of the General Court, Washington was intrusted with the care of the property inherited by the children; a sacred and delicate trust, which he discharged in the most faithful and judicious manner; becoming more like a parent, than a mere guardian to them.

From a letter to his correspondent in England, it would appear that he had long entertained a desire to visit that country. His marriage had put an end to all traveling inclinations. In his letter from Mount Vernon, he writes: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world."

This was no Utopian dream transiently indulged, amid the charms of novelty. It was a deliberate purpose with him, the result of innate and enduring inclinations. Throughout the whole course of his career, agricultural life appears to have been his beau ideal of existence, which haunted his thoughts even amid the stern duties of the field, and to which he recurrent with unflagging interest whenever enabled to indulge his natural bias.

Mount Vernon was his harbor of repose, where he repeatedly furled his sails and fancied himself anchored for life. No impulse of ambition tempted him thence; nothing but the call of his country, and his devotion to the public good. The place was endeared to him by the remembrance of his brother Lawrence, and of the happy days he had passed here with that brother in the days of boyhood; but it was a delightful place in itself, and well calculated to inspire the rural feeling.

The mansion was beautifully situated on a swelling height, crowned with wood, and commanding a magnificent view up and down the Potomac. The grounds immediately about it were laid out somewhat in the English taste. The estate was apportioned into separate farms, devoted to different kinds of culture, each having its allotted laborers. Much, however, was still covered with wild woods, seamed with deep dells and runs of water, and indented with inlets; haunts of deer, and lurking-places of foxes. The whole woody region along the Potomac from Mount Vernon to
Belvoir, and far beyond, with its range of forests and hills, and picturesque promontories, afforded sport of various kinds, and was a noble hunting-ground. Washington had hunted through it with old Lord Fairfax in his stripling days; we do not wonder that his feelings throughout life incessantly reverted to it.

"No estate in United America," observes he, in one of his letters, "is more pleasantly situated. In a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finest rivers in the world; a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year; and in the spring with shad, herrings, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whole shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

These were, as yet, the aristocratical days of Virginia. The estates were large, and continued in the same families by entail. Many of the wealthy planters were connected with old families in England. The young men, especially the elder sons, were often sent to finish their education there, and on their return brought out the tastes and habits of the mother country. The governors of Virginia were from the higher ranks of society, and maintained a corresponding state. The "established," or Episcopal church, predominated throughout the "ancient dominion," as it was termed; each county was divided into parishes, as in England—each with its parochial church, its parsonage, and glebe. Washington was vestryman of two parishes, Fairfax and Truro; the parochial church of the former was at Alexandria, ten miles from Mount Vernon; of the latter, at Pohick, about seven miles. The church at Pohick was rebuilt on a plan of his own, and in a great measure at his expense. At one or other of these churches he attended every Sunday, when the weather and the roads permitted. His demeanor was reverential and devout. Mrs. Washington knelt during the prayers; he always stood, as was the custom at that time. Both were communicants.

Among his occasional visitors and associates were Captain Hugh Mercer and Dr. Craik; the former, after his narrow escapes from the tomahawk and scalping-knife, was quietly settled at Fredericksburg; the latter, after the campaigns on the frontier were over, had taken up his residence at Alexandria, and was now Washington’s family physician. Both were drawn to him by campaigning ties and recollections, and were ever welcome at Mount Vernon.

A style of living prevailed among the opulent Virginian families in those days that has long since faded away. The houses were spacious, commodious, liberal in all their appointments, and fitted to cope with the free-handed, open-hearted hospitality of the owners. Nothing was more common than to see handsome services of plate, elegant equipages, and superb carriages, horses—all imported from England.

The Virginians have always been noted for their love of horses; a manly passion which, in those days of opulence, they indulged, without regard to expense. The rich planters vied with each other
in their studs, importing the best English stocks. Mention is made of one of the Randolphs of Tuckahoe, who built a stable for his favorite dapple-gray horse, Shakespeare, with a recess for the bed of the negro groom, who always slept beside him at night.

Washington, by his marriage, had added above one hundred thousand dollars to his already considerable fortune, and was enabled to live in ample and dignified style. His intimacy with the Fairfax family, and his intercourse with British officers of rank, had perhaps had their influence on his mode of living. He had his chariot and four, with black postillions in livery, for the use of Mrs. Washington and her lady visitors. As for himself, he always appeared on horseback. His stable was well filled and admirably regulated. His stud was thoroughbred and in excellent order.

A large Virginia estate, in those days, was a little empire. The mansion house was the seat of government, with its numerous dependencies, such as kitchens, smoke-house, workshops and stables. In this mansion the planter ruled supreme; his steward or overseer was his prime minister and executive officer; he had his legion of house negroes for domestic service, and his host of field negroes for the culture of tobacco, Indian corn, and other crops, and for other out of door labor. Their quarters formed a kind of hamlet apart, composed of various huts, with little gardens and poultry yards, all well stocked, and swarms of little negroes gamboling in the sunshine. Then there were large wooden edifices for curing tobacco, the staple and most profitable production, and mills for grinding wheat and Indian corn, of which large fields were cultivated for the supply of the family and the maintenance of the negroes.

Among the slaves were artificers of all kinds, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, smiths, wheelwrights, and so forth; so that a plantation produced everything within itself for ordinary use: as to articles of fashion and elegance, luxuries, and expensive clothing, they were imported from London; for the planters on the main rivers, especially the Potomac, carried on an immediate trade with England. Their tobacco was put up by their own negroes, bore their own marks, was shipped on board of vessels which came up the rivers for the purpose, and consigned to some agent in Liverpool or Bristol, with whom the planter kept an account.

The Virginia planters were prone to leave the care of their estates too much to their overseers, and to think personal labor a degra- dation. Washington carried into his rural affairs the same method, activity, and circumspection that had distinguished him in military life. He kept his own accounts, posted up his books and balanced them with mercantile exactness.

The products of his estate also became so noted for the faithfulness, as to quality and quantity, with which they were put up, that it is said any barrel of flour that bore the brand of George Washington, Mount Vernon, was exempted from the customary inspection in the West India ports.

He was an early riser, often before daybreak in the winter when the nights were long. On such occasions he lit his own fire and wrote or read by candle-light. He breakfasted at seven in sum-
mer, at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea and three or four cakes of Indian meal (called hoe cakes), formed his frugal repast. Immediately after breakfast he mounted his horse and visited those parts of the estate where any work was going on, seeing to everything with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hand.

Dinner was served at two o'clock. He ate heartily, but was no epicure, nor critical about his food. His beverage was small beer or cider, and two glasses of old Madeira. He took tea, of which he was very fond, early in the evening, and retired for the night about nine o'clock.

If confined to the house by bad weather, he took that occasion to arrange his papers, post up his accounts, or write letters; passing part of the time in reading, and occasionally reading aloud to the family.

He treated his negroes with kindness; attended to their comforts; was particularly careful of them in sickness; but never tolerated idleness, and exacted a faithful performance of all their allotted tasks. He had a quick eye at calculating each man's capabilities. An entry in his diary gives a curious instance of this. Four of his negroes, employed as carpenters, were hewing and shaping timber. It appeared to him, in noticing the amount of work accomplished between two succeeding mornings, that they loitered at their labor. Sitting down quietly he timed their operations; how long it took them to get their cross-cut saw and other implements ready; how long to clear away the branches from the trunk of a fallen tree; how long to hew and saw it; what time was expended in considering and consulting, and after all, how much work was effected during the time he looked on. From this he made his computation how much they could execute in the course of a day, working entirely at their ease.

At another time we find him working for a part of two days with Peter, his smith, to make a plow on a new invention of his own. This, after two or three failures, he accomplished. Then, with less than his usual judgment, he put his two chariot horses to the plow, and ran a great risk of spoiling them, in giving his new invention a trial over ground thickly swarde.

Anon, during a thunderstorm, a frightened negro alarms the house with word that the mill is giving way, upon which there is a general turn out of all the forces, with Washington at their head, wheeling and shoveling gravel, during a pelting rain, to check the rushing water.

Washington delighted in the chase. In the hunting season, when he rode out early in the morning to visit distant parts of the estate, where work was going on, he often took some of the dogs with him for the chance of starting a fox, which he occasionally did, though he was not always successful in killing him. He was a bold rider and an admirable horseman, though he never claimed the merit of being an accomplished fox-hunter. In the height of the season, however, he would be out with the fox-hounds two or three times a week, accompanied by his guests at Mount Vernon and the gentlemen of the neighborhood, especially the Fairfaxes
of Belvoir, of which estate his friend George William Fairfax was now the proprietor. On such occasions there would be a hunting dinner at one or other of those establishments, at which convivial repasts Washington is said to have enjoyed himself with unwonted hilarity.

Now and then his old friend and instructor in the noble art of venery, Lord Fairfax, would be on a visit to his relatives at Belvoir, and then the hunting was kept up with unusual spirit.

His lordship, however, since the alarms of Indian war had ceased, lived almost entirely at Greenway Court, where Washington was occasionally a guest, when called by public business to Winchester. Lord Fairfax had made himself a favorite throughout the neighborhood. As lord-lieutenant and custos rotulorum of Frederick county, he presided at county courts held at Winchester, where, during the sessions, he kept open table. He acted also as surveyor and overseer of the public roads and highways, and was unremitting in his exertions and plans for the improvement of the country. Hunting, however, was his passion. When the sport was poor near home, he would take his hounds to a distant part of the country, establish himself at an inn, and keep open house and open table to every person of good character and respectable appearance who chose to join him in following the hounds.

It was probably in quest of sport of the kind that he now and then, in the hunting season, revisited his old haunts and former companions on the banks of the Potomac, and then the beautiful woodland region about Belvoir and Mount Vernon was sure to ring at early morn with the inspiring music of the hound.

The waters of the Potomac also afforded occasional amusement in fishing and shooting. The fishing was sometimes on a grand scale, when the herrings came up the river in shoals, and the negroes of Mount Vernon were marshaled forth to draw the seine, which was generally done with great success. Canvas-back ducks abounded at the proper season, and the shooting of them was one of Washington's favorite recreations. The river border of his domain, however, was somewhat subject to invasion. An oysterman once anchored his craft at the landing-place, and disturbed the quiet of the neighborhood by the insolent and disorderly conduct of himself and crew. It took a campaign of three days to expel these invaders from the premises.

A more summary course was pursued with another interloper. This was a vagabond who infested the creeks and inlets which bordered the estate, lurking in a canoe among the reeds and bushes, and making great havoc among the canvas-back ducks. He had been warned off repeatedly, but without effect. As Washington was one day riding about the estate he heard the report of a gun from the margin of the river. Spurring in that direction he dashed through the bushes and came upon the culprit just as he was pushing his canoe from shore. The latter raised his gun with a menacing look; but Washington rode into the stream, seized the painter of the canoe, drew it to shore, sprang from his horse, wrested the gun from the hands of the astonished delinquent, and inflicted on him a lesson
in "Lynch law" that effectually cured him of all inclination to trespass again on these forbidden shores.

The Potomac, in the palmy days of Virginia, was occasionally the scene of a little aquatic state and ostentation among the rich planters who resided on its banks. They had beautiful barges, which, like their land equipages, were imported from England; and mention is made of a Mr. Digges who always received Washington in his barge, rowed by six negroes, arrayed in a kind of uniform of check shirts and black velvet caps. At one time, according to notes in Washington's diary, the whole neighborhood is thrown into a paroxysm of festivity, by the anchoring of a British frigate (the Boston) in the river, just in front of the hospitable mansion of the Fairfax's. A succession of dinners and breakfasts take place at Mount Vernon and Belvoir, with occasional tea parties on board of the frigate. The commander, Sir Thomas Adams, his officers, and his midshipmen, are cherished guests, and have the freedom of both establishments.

Occasionally he and Mrs. Washington would pay a visit to Annapolis, at that time the seat of government of Maryland, and partake of the gayeties which prevailed during the session of the legislature. The society of these seats of provincial governments was always polite and fashionable, and more exclusive than in these republican days, being, in a manner, the outposts of the English aristocracy, where all places of dignity or profit were secured for younger sons and poor, but proud relatives. During the session of the Legislature, dinners and balls abounded, and there were occasional attempts at theatricals. The latter was an amusement for which Washington always had a relish, though he never had an opportunity of gratifying it effectually. Neither was he disinclined to mingle in the dance, and we remember to have heard venerable ladies, who had been belles in his day, pride themselves on having had him for a partner, though, they added, he was apt to be a ceremonious and grave one.

In this round of rural occupation, rural amusements, and social intercourse, Washington passed several tranquil years, the halycon season of his life. His already established reputation drew many visitors to Mount Vernon; some of his early companions in arms were his occasional guests, and his friendships and connections linked him with some of the most prominent and worthy people of the country, who were sure to be received with cordial, but simple and unpretending hospitality. His marriage was unblessed with children; but those of Mrs. Washington experienced from him parental care and affection, and the formation of their minds and manners was one of the dearest objects of his attention. His domestic concerns and social enjoyments, however, were not permitted to interfere with his public duties. He was active by nature, and eminently a man of business by habit. As judge of the county court, and member of the House of Burgesses, he had numerous calls upon his time and thoughts, and was often drawn from home; for whatever trust he undertook, he was sure to fulfil with scrupulous exactness.
About this time we find him engaged, with other men of enterprise, in a project to drain the great Dismal Swamp, and render it capable of cultivation. This vast morass was about thirty miles long, and ten miles wide, and its interior but little known. With his usual zeal and hardihood he explored it on horseback and on foot. In many parts it was covered with dark and gloomy woods of cedar, cypress, and hemlock, or deciduous trees, the branches of which were hung with long drooping moss. Other parts were almost inaccessible, from the density of brakes and thickets, entangled with vines, briers, and creeping plants, and intersected by creeks and standing pools. Occasionally the soil, composed of dead vegetable fiber, was over his horse’s fetlocks, and sometimes he had to dismount and make his way on foot over a quaking bog that shook beneath his tread.

In the center of the morass he came to a great piece of water, six miles long, and three broad, called Drummond’s Pond, but more poetically celebrated as the Lake of the Dismal Swamp. It was more elevated than any other part of the swamp, and capable of feeding canals, by which the whole might be traversed. Having made the circuit of it, and noted all its characteristics, he encamped for the night upon the firm land which bordered it, and finished his explorations on the following day. In the ensuing session of the Virginia Legislature, the association in behalf of which he had acted, was chartered under the name of the Dismal Swamp Company; and to his observations and forecast may be traced the subsequent improvement and prosperity of that once desolate region.

CHAPTER VI.

RISE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT.

TIDINGS of peace gladdened the colonies in the spring of 1763. The definitive treaty between England and France had been signed at Fontainbleau. Now, it was trusted, there would be an end to those horrid ravages that had desolated the interior of the country. “The desert and the silent place would rejoice, and the wilderness would blossom like the rose.”

The month of May proved the fallacy of such hopes. In that month the famous insurrection of the Indian tribes broke out, which, from the name of the chief who was its prime mover and master spirit, is commonly called Pontiac’s war. The Delawares and Shawnees, and other of those emigrant tribes of the Ohio, among whom Washington had mingled, were foremost in this conspiracy. Some of the chiefs who had been his allies, had now taken up the hatchet against the English. The plot was deep laid, and conducted with Indian craft and secrecy. At a concerted time an attack was made upon all the posts from Detroit to Fort Pitt (late
Fort Duquesne). Several of the small stockaded forts, the places of refuge of woodland neighborhood, were surprised and sacked with remorseless butchery. The frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, were laid waste; traders in the wilderness were plundered and slain; hamlets and farmhouses were wrapped in flames, and their inhabitants massacred. Shingis, with his Delaware warriors, blockaded Fort Pitt, which, for some time was in imminent danger. Detroit, also came near falling into the hands of the savages. It needed all the influence of Sir William Johnson, that potentate in savage life, to keep the Six Nations from joining this formidable conspiracy; had they done so, the triumph of the tomahawk and scalping knife would have been complete; as it was, a considerable time elapsed before the frontier was restored to tolerable tranquillity.

Fortunately, Washington's retirement from the army prevented his being entangled in this savage war, which raged throughout the regions he had repeatedly visited, or rather his active spirit had been diverted into a more peaceful channel, for he was at this time occupied in the enterprise just noticed, for draining the great Dismal Swamp.

Public events were now taking a tendency which, without any political aspiration or forethought of his own, was destined gradually to bear him away from his quiet home and individual pursuits, and launch him upon a grander and wider sphere of action than any in which he had hitherto been engaged.

The predictions of the Count de Vergennes was in the process of fulfillment. The recent war of Great Britain for dominion in America, though crowned with success, had engendered a progeny of discontents in her colonies. Washington was among the first to perceive its bitter fruits. British merchants had complained loudly of losses sustained by the depreciation of the colonial paper, issued during the late war, in times of emergency, and had addressed a memorial on the subject to the Board of Trade. Scarcely was peace concluded, when an order from the board declared that no paper, issued by colonial Assemblies, should thenceforward be a legal tender in the payment of debts. Washington deprecated this "stir of the merchants;" as peculiarly ill-timed; and expressed an apprehension that the orders in question "would set the whole country in flames."

Whatever might be the natural affection of the colonies for the mother country—and there are abundant evidences to prove that it was deep-rooted and strong—it had never been properly reciprocated. They yearned to be considered as children; they were treated by her as changelings. Burke testifies that her policy toward them from the beginning had been purely commercial, and her commercial policy wholly restrictive. "It was the system of a monopoly."

Her navigation laws had shut their ports against foreign vessels; obliged them to export their productions only to countries belonging to the British crown; to import European goods solely from England, and in English ships; and had subjected the trade
between the colonies to duties. All manufactures, too, in the colonies that might interfere with those of the mother country had been either totally prohibited, or subjected to intolerable restraints.

The acts of Parliament, imposing these prohibitions and restrictions, had at various times produced sore discontent and opposition on the part of the colonies, especially among those of New England. The interests of these last were chiefly commercial, and among them the republican spirit predominated. They had sprung into existence during that part of the reign of James I. when disputes ran high about kingly prerogative and popular privilege.

The Pilgrims, as they styled themselves, who founded Plymouth Colony in 1620, had been incensed while in England by what they stigmatized as the oppressions of the monarchy, and the established church. They had sought the wilds of America for the indulgence of freedom of opinion, and had brought with them the spirit of independence and self-government. Those who followed them in the reign of Charles I. were imbued with the same spirit, and gave a lasting character to the people of New England.

Other colonies, having been formed under other circumstances, might be inclined toward a monarchical government and disposed to acquiesce in its exaction; but the republican spirit was ever alive in New England, watching over "natural and chartered rights," and prompt to defend them against any infringements. Its example and instigation had gradually an effect on the other colonies, a general impatience was evinced from time to time of parliamentary interference in colonial affairs, and a disposition in the various provincial Legislatures to think and act for themselves in matters of civil and religious, as well as commercial polity.

There was nothing, however, to which the jealous sensibilities of the colonies were more alive than to any attempt of the mother country to draw a revenue from them by taxation. From the earliest period of their existence, they had maintained the principle that they could only be taxed by a Legislature in which they were represented. Sir Robert Walpole, when at the head of the British government, was aware of their jealous sensibility on this point, and cautious of provoking it. When American taxation was suggested, "it must be a bolder man than himself," he replied, "and one less friendly to commerce, who should venture on such an expedient. For his part, he would encourage the trade of the colonies to the utmost; one half of the profits would be sure to come into the royal exchequer through the increased demand for British manufactures. "This," said he, sagaciously, "is taxing them more agreeably to their own constitution and laws."

Subsequently ministers adopted a widely different policy. During the progress of the French war, various projects were discussed in England with regard to the colonies, which were to be carried into effect on the return of peace. The open avowal of some of these plans, and vague rumors of others, more than ever irritated the jealous feelings of the colonists, and put the dragon spirit of New England on the alert.
In 1760, there was an attempt in Boston to collect duties on foreign sugar and molasses imported into the colonies. Writs of assistance were applied for by the custom-house officers, authorizing them to break open ships, stores, and private dwellings, in quest of articles that had paid no duty; and to call the assistance of others in the discharge of their odious task. The merchants opposed the execution of the writ on constitutional grounds. The question was argued in court, where James Otis spoke so eloquently in vindication of American rights, that all his hearers went away ready to take arms against writs of assistance. "Then and there," says John Adams, who was present, "was the first scene of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there American Independence was born."

"Men-of-war," says Burke, "were for the first time armed with the regular commissions of custom-house officers, invested the coasts, and gave the collection of revenue the air of hostile contribution. * * * * They fell so indiscriminately on all sorts of contraband, or supposed contraband, that some of the most valuable branches of trade were driven violently from our ports, which caused an universal consternation throughout the colonies."

As a measure of retaliation, the colonists resolved not to purchase British fabrics, but to clothe themselves as much as possible in home manufactures. The demand for British goods in Boston alone was diminished upward of £10,000 sterling in the course of a year.

In 1764, George Grenville, now at the head of government, ventured upon the policy from which Walpole had so wisely abstained. Early in March the eventful question was debated, "whether they had a right to tax America." It was decided in the affirmative. Next followed a resolution, declaring it proper to charge certain stamp duties in the colonies and plantations, but no immediate step was taken to carry it into effect. Mr. Grenville, however, gave notice to the American agents in London, that he should introduce such a measure on the ensuing session of Parliament. In the meantime Parliament perpetuated certain duties on sugar and molasses—heretofore subjects of complaint and opposition—now reduced and modified so as to discourage smuggling, and thereby to render them more productive. Duties, also, were imposed on other articles of foreign produce or manufacture imported into the colonies. To reconcile the latter to these impositions, it was stated that the revenue thus raised was to be appropriated to their protection and security; in other words, to the support of a standing army, intended to be quartered upon them.

The New Englanders were the first to take the field against the project of taxation. They denounced it as a violation of their rights as freemen; of their chartered rights, by which they were to tax themselves for their support and defense; of their rights as British subjects, who ought not to be taxed but by themselves or their representatives. They sent petitions and remonstrances on the subject to the king, the lords and the commons, in which they were seconded by New York and Virginia. Franklin
appeared in London at the head of agents from Pennsylvania, Connecticut and South Carolina, to deprecate, in person, measures so fraught with mischief. In March, 1765, the act was passed, according to which all instruments in writing were to be executed on stamped paper, to be purchased from the agents of the British government. What was more: all offences against the act could be tried in any royal, marine or admiralty court throughout the colonies, however distant from the place where the offence had been committed; thus interfering with that most inestimable right, a trial by jury.

It was an ominous sign that the first burst of opposition to this act should take place in Virginia. That colony had hitherto been slow to accord with the republican spirit of New England. Founded at an earlier period of the reign of James I., before kingly prerogative and ecclesiastical supremacy had been made matters of doubt and fierce dispute, it had grown up in loyal attachment to king, church, and constitution; was aristocratical in its tastes and habits, and had been remarked above all other colonies for its sympathies with the mother country. Washington occupied his seat in the House of Burgesses, when, on the 29th of May, the stamp act became a subject of discussion. Among the Burgesses sat Patrick Henry, a young lawyer who had recently distinguished himself by pleading against the exercise of the royal prerogative in church matters, and who was now for the first time a member of the House. Rising in his place, he introduced his celebrated resolutions, declaring that the General Assembly of Virginia had the exclusive right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants, and that whoever maintained the contrary should be deemed an enemy to the colony. The speaker, Mr. Robinson, objected to the resolutions, as inflammatory. Henry vindicated them, as justified by the nature of the case; went into an able and constitutional discussion of colonial rights, and an eloquent exposition of the manner in which they had been assailed; wound up by one of those daring flights of declamation for which he was remarkable, and startled the House by a warning flash from history: “Cesar had his Brutus; Charles his Cromwell, and George the Third—(‘Treason! treason!’ resounded from the neighborhood of the Chair)—may profit by their examples,” added Henry. “Sir, if this be treason (bowing to the speaker), make the most of it!”

The resolutions were modified, to accommodate them to the scruples of the speaker and some of the members, but their spirit was retained. The Lieutenant-Governor (Fauquier), startled by this patriotic outbreak, dissolved the Assembly, and issued writs for a new election; but the clarion had sounded. “The resolves of the Assembly of Virginia,” says a correspondent of the ministry, “gave the signal for a general outcry over the continent. The movers and supporters of them were applauded as the protectors and assertors of American liberty.”

Washington returned to Mount Vernon full of anxious thoughts inspired by the political events of the day, and the legislative
scene which he witnessed. His recent letters had spoken of the state of peaceful tranquillity in which he was living; those now written from his rural home show that he fully participated in the popular feeling, and that while he had a presentiment of an arduous struggle, his patriotic mind was revolving means of coping with it. Such is the tenor of a letter written to his wife's uncle, Francis Dandridge, then in London. "The stamp act," said he, "engrosses the conversation of the speculative part of the colonists, who look upon this unconstitutional method of taxation as a direful attack upon their liberties, and loudly exclaim against the violation. What may be the result of this, and of some other (I think I may add ill-judged) measures, I will not undertake to determine; but this I may venture to affirm, that the advantage accruing to the mother country will fall greatly short of the expectation of the ministry; for certain it is, that our whole substance already in a manner flows to Great Britain, and that whatsoever contributes to lessen our importations must be hurtful to her manufactures. The eyes of our people already begin to be opened; and they will perceive, that many luxuries, for which we lavish our substance in Great Britain, can well be dispensed with. This, consequently, will introduce frugality, and be a necessary incitement to industry. * * * * * As to the stamp act, regarded in a single view, one of the first bad consequences attending it, is, that our courts of judicature must inevitably be shut up; for it is impossible, or next to impossible, under our present circumstances that the act of Parliament can be complied with, were we ever so willing to enforce its execution. And not to say (which alone would be sufficient) that we have not money enough to pay for the stamps, there are many other cogent reasons which prove that it would be ineffectual."

In the mean time, from his quiet abode at Mount Vernon, he seemed to hear the patriotic voice of Patrick Henry, which had startled the House of Burgesses, echoing throughout the land, and rousing one legislative body after another to follow the example of that of Virginia. At the instigation of the General Court or Assembly of Massachusetts, a Congress was held in New York in October, composed of delegates from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina. In this they denounced the acts of Parliament imposing taxes on them without their consent, and extending the jurisdiction of the courts of admiralty, as violations of their rights and liberties as natural born subjects of Great Britain, and prepared an address to the king, and a petition to both Houses of Parliament, praying for redress. Similar petitions were forwarded to England by the colonies not represented in the Congress.

The very preparations for enforcing the stamp act called forth popular tumults in various places. In Boston the stamp distributor was hanged in effigy; his windows were broken; a house intended for a stamp office was pulled down, and the effigy burned in a bonfire made of the fragments. The lieutenant-governor, chief
justice, and sheriff, attempting to allay the tumult, were pelted. The stamp officer thought himself happy to be hanged merely in effigy, and next day publicly denounced the perilous office.

Various were the proceedings in other places, all manifesting public scorn and defiance of the act. In Virginia, Mr. George Mercer had been appointed distributor of stamps, but on his arrival at Williamsburg publicly declined officiating. It was a fresh triumph to the popular cause. The bells were rung for joy; the town was illuminated, and Mercer was hailed with acclamations of the people.

The 1st of November, the day when the act was to go into operation, was ushered in with potentous solemnities. There was great tolling of bells and burning of effigies in the New England colonies. At Boston the ships displayed their colors but half-mast high. Many shops were shut; funeral knells resounded from the steeples, and there was a grand auto-dafe, in which the promoters of the act were paraded, and suffered martyrdom in effigy.

At New York the printed act was carried about the streets on a pole, surmounted by a death's head, with a scroll bearing the inscription, “The folly of England and ruin of America.” Colden, the lieutenant-governor, who acquired considerable odium by recommending to government the taxation of the colonies, the institution of hereditary Assemblies, and other Tory measures, seeing that a popular storm was rising, retired into the fort, taking with him the stamp papers, and garrisoned it with marines from a ship of war. The mob broke into his stable; drew out his chariot; put his effigy into it; paraded it through the streets to the common (now the Park), where they hung it on a gallows. In the evening it was taken down, put again into the chariot, with the devil for a companion, and escorted back by torchlight to the Bowling Green; where the whole pageant, chariot and all, was burned under the very guns of the fort.

All transactions which required stamps to give them validity were suspended, or were executed by private compact. The courts of justice were closed, until at length some conducted their business without stamps. Union was becoming the watch-word. The merchants of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and such other colonies as had ventured publicly to oppose the stamp act, agreed to import no more British manufacturers after the 1st of January unless it should be repealed. So passed away the year 1765.

As yet Washington took no prominent part in the public agitation. Indeed he was never disposed to put himself forward on popular occasions, his innate modesty forbade it; it was others who knew his worth that called him forth; but when once he engaged in any public measure, he devoted himself to it with conscientiousness and persevering zeal. At present he remained a quiet but vigilant observer of events from his eagle nest at Mount Vernon. He had some few intimates in his neighborhood who accorded with him in sentiment. One of the ablest and most efficient of these was Mr. George Mason, with whom he had occasional conversations on the state of affairs. His friends, the Fairfaxes, though liberal in
feelings and opinions, were too strong in their devotion to the crown not to regard with an uneasy eye the tendency of the popular bias.

The dismissal of Mr. Grenville from the cabinet gave a temporary change to public affairs. Perhaps nothing had a greater effect in favor of the colonies than an examination of Dr. Franklin before the House of Commons, on the subject of the stamp act. "What," he was asked, "was the temper of America toward Great Britain, before the year 1763?" "The best in the world. They submitted willingly to the government of the crown, and paid, in all their courts, obedience to the acts of Parliament. Numerous as the people are in the several old provinces, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons, or armies, to keep them in subjection. They were governed by this country at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper. They were led by a thread. They had not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain, for its laws, its customs, and manners, and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased its commerce. Natives of Great Britain were always treated with particular regard; to be an Old-England man was, of itself, a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us." "And what is their temper now?" "Oh! very much altered." "If the act is not repealed, what do you think will be the consequences?" "A total loss of the respect and affection the people of America bear to this country, and of all the commerce that depends on that respect and affection." "Do you think the people of America would submit to pay the stamp duty if it was moderated?" "No, never, unless compelled by force of arms." The act was repealed on the 18th of March, 1766, to the great joy of the sincere friends of both countries, and to no one more than to Washington. In one of his letters he observes: "Had the Parliament of Great Britain resolved upon enforcing it, the consequences, I conceive, would have been more direful than is generally apprehended, both to the mother country and her colonies." Still there was a fatal clause in the repeal, which declared that the king, with the consent of Parliament, had power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to "bind the colonies, and people of America, in all cases whatsoever." As the people of America were contending for principles, not mere pecuniary interests, this reserved power of the crown and Parliament left the dispute still open, and chilled the feeling of gratitude which the repeal might otherwise have inspired. Further aliment for public discontent was furnished by other acts of Parliament. One imposed duties on glass, pasteboard, white and red lead, painters' colors, and tea; the duties to be collected on the arrival of the articles in the colonies; another empowered naval officers to enforce the acts of trade and navigation. Another wounded to the quick the pride and sensibilities of New York. The mutiny act had recently been extended to America, with an additional clause, requiring the provincial Assemblies to provide the troops sent out with quarters, and to furnish them with fire, beds, candles, and other necessaries, at the expenses of the colonies. The Governor
and Assembly of New York refused to comply with this requisition as to stationary forces, insisting that it applied only to troops on a march. An act of Parliament now suspended the powers of the governor and Assembly until they should comply. Chatham attributed this opposition of the colonists to the mutiny act to "their jealousy of being somehow or other taxed internally by the Parliament; the act," said he, "asserting the right of Parliament, has certainly spread a most unfortunate jealousy and diffidence of government here throughout America, and makes them jealous of the least distinction between this country and that, lest the same principle may be extended to taxing them."

Boston continued to be the focus of what the ministerialists termed sedition. The General Court of Massachusetts, not content with petitioning the king for relief against the recent measures of Parliament, especially those imposing taxes as a means of revenue, drew up a circular, calling on the other colonial Legislatures to join with them in suitable efforts to obtain redress. Nothing, however, produced a more powerful effect upon the public sensibilities throughout the country, than certain military demonstrations at Boston. In consequence of repeated collisions between the people of that place and the commissioners of customs, two regiments were held in readiness at Halifax to embark for Boston in the ships of Commodore Hood whenever Governor Bernard, or the general should give the word. "Had the force been landed in Boston six months ago," writes the commodore, "I am perfectly persuaded no address or remonstrances would have been sent from the other colonies, and that all would have been tolerably quiet and orderly at this time throughout America."

Tidings reached Boston that these troops were embarked and that they were coming down to overawe the people. What was to be done? The General Court had been dissolved, and the governor refused to convene it without the royal command. A convention, therefore, from various towns met at Boston, on the 22d of September, to devise measures for the public safety; but disclaiming all pretensions to legislative powers. While the convention was yet in session (September 28th), the two regiments arrived, with seven armed vessels. It was resolved in a town meeting that the king had no right to send troops thither without the consent of the Assembly; that Great Britain had broken the original compact, and that, therefore, the king's officers had no longer any business there. The "selectmen" accordingly refused to find quarters for the soldiers in the town; the council refused to find barracks for them, lest it should be construed into a compliance with the disputed clause of the mutiny act. Some of the troops, therefore, which had tents, were encamped on the common; others, by the governor's orders, were quartered in the state-house, and others in Faneuil Hall, to the great indignation of the public, who were previously scandalized at seeing field-pieces planted in front of the state-house; sentinels stationed at the doors, challenging every one who passed; and, above all, at having the sacred quiet of the Sabbath disturbed by drum and fife, and other military music.
Throughout these public agitations, Washington endeavored to preserve his equanimity. Removed from the heated throngs of cities, his diary denotes a cheerful and healthful life at Mount Vernon, devoted to those rural occupations in which he delighted, and varied occasionally by his favorite field sports. Still he was too true a patriot not to sympathize in the struggle for colonial rights which now agitated the whole country, and we find him gradually carried more and more into the current of political affairs. A letter written on the 15th of April, 1769, to his friend, George Mason, shows the important stand he was disposed to take. "At a time," writes he, "when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, it seems highly necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. But the manner of doing it, to answer the purpose effectually, is the point in question. That no man should scruple, or hesitate a moment in defence of so valuable a blessing, is clearly my opinion; yet arms should be the last resource—the dernier ressort. We have already, it is said, proved the inefficacy of addresses to the throne, and remonstrances to Parliament. How far their attention to our rights and interests is to be awakened, or alarmed, by starving their trade and manufactures, remains to be tried. The northern colonies, it appears, are endeavoring to adopt this scheme. In my opinion, it is a good one, and must be attended with salutary effects, provided it can be carried pretty generally into execution. * * * That there will be a difficulty attending it everywhere from clashing interests, and selfish, designing men, ever attentive to their own gain, and watchful of every turn that can assist their lucrative views, cannot be denied, and in the tobacco colonies, where the trade is so diffused and in a manner wholly conducted by factors for their principals at home, these difficulties are certainly enhanced, but I think not insurmountably increased, if the gentlemen in their several counties will be at some pains to explain matters to the people, and stimulate them to cordial agreements to purchase none but certain enumerated articles out of any of the stores, after a definite period, and neither import, nor purchase any themselves. * * * I can see but one class of people, the merchants excepted, who will not or ought not, to wish well to the scheme—namely, they who live genteelly and hospitably on clear estates. Such as these, were they not to consider the valuable object in view, and the good of others, might think it hard to be curtailed in their living and enjoyments."

This was precisely the class to which Washington belonged; but he was ready and willing to make the sacrifices required. "I think the scheme a good one," added he, "and that it ought to be tried here, with such alterations as our circumstances render absolutely necessary."

A single word in the passage cited from Washington's letter, evinces the chord which still vibrated in the American bosom: he incidentally speaks of England as home. It was the familiar term
with which she was usually indicated by those of English descent; and the writer of these pages remembers when the endearing phrase still lingered on Anglo-American lips even after the Revolution. How easy would it have been before that era for the mother country to have rallied back the affections of her colonial children, by a proper attention to their complaints! They asked for nothing but what they were entitled to, and what she had taught them to prize as their dearest inheritance. The spirit of liberty which they manifested had been derived from her own precept and example.

As Massachusetts had no General Assembly at this time, having been dissolved by government, the Legislature of Virginia generously took up the cause. An address to the king was resolved on, stating, that all trials for treason, or misprison of treason, or for any crime whatever committed by any person residing in a colony, ought to be in and before his majesty's courts within said colony; and beseeching the king to avert from his loyal subjects those dangers and miseries which would ensue from seizing and carrying beyond sea any person residing in America suspected of any crime whatever, thereby depriving them of the inestimable privilege of being tried by a jury from the vicinage, as well as the liberty of producing witnesses on such trial.

Disdaining any further application to Parliament, the House ordered the speaker to transmit this address to the colonies' agent in England, with directions to cause it to be presented to the king, and afterward to be printed and published in the English papers.

"The worst is past, and the spirit of sedition broken," writes Hood to Grenville, early in the spring of 1769. When the commodore wrote this, his ships were in the harbor, and troops occupied the town, and he flattered himself that at length turbulent Boston was quelled. But it only awaited its time to be seditious according to rule; there was always an irresistible "method in its madness."

In the month of May, the General Court, hitherto prorogued, met according to charter. A committee immediately waited on the governor, stating that it was impossible to do business with dignity and freedom while the town was invested by sea and land, and a military guard was stationed at the state-house, with cannon pointed at the door; and they requested the governor, as his majesty's representative, to have such forces removed out of the port and gates of the city during the session of the Assembly.

The governor replied that he had no authority over either the ships or troops. The court persisted in refusing to transact business while so circumstanced, and the governor was obliged to transfer the session to Cambridge. There he addressed a message to that body in July, requiring funds for the payment of the troops, and quarters for their accommodation. The Assembly after ample discussion of past grievances, resolved that the establishment of a standing army in the colony in a time of peace was an invasion of natural rights; that a standing army was not known as a part of the British constitution, and that the sending an armed force to aid the civil authority was unprecedented, and highly dangerous to the people.
After waiting some days without receiving an answer to his message, the Governor sent to know whether the Assembly would, or would not, make provision for the troops. In their reply, they followed the example of the Legislature of New York, in commenting on the mutiny, or billeting act, and ended by declining to furnish funds for the purposes specified, "being incompatible with their own honor and interest, and their duty to their constituents." They were in consequence again prorogued, to meet in Boston on the 10th of January.

Early in 1770, an important change took place in the British cabinet. The Duke of Grafton suddenly resigned, and the reins of government passed into the hands of Lord North. He was a man of limited capacity, but a favorite of the king, and subservient to his narrow colonial policy. His administration, so eventful to America, commenced with an error. In the month of March, an act was passed, revoking all the duties laid in 1767, excepting that on tea. This single tax was continued, as he observed, "to maintain the parliamentary right of taxation,"—the very right which was the grand object of contest. In this, however, he was in fact yielding, against his better judgment, to the stubborn tenacity of the king.

On the very day in which this ominous bill was passed in Parliament, a sinister occurrence took place in Boston. Some of the young men of the place insulted the military while under arms; the latter resented it; the young men, after a scuffle, were put to flight, and pursued. The alarm bells rang—a mob assembled; the custom-house was threatened; the troops, in protecting it, were assailed with clubs and stones, and obliged to use their fire-arms, before the tumult could be quelled. Four of the populace were killed and several wounded. The troops were now removed from the town, which remained in the highest state of exasperation; and this untoward occurrence received the opprobrious, and somewhat extravagant name of "the Boston massacre."

The colonists, as a matter of convenience, resumed the consumption of those articles on which the duties had been repealed; but continued, on principle, the rigorous disuse of tea, excepting such as had been smuggled in. New England was particularly earnest in the matter; many of the inhabitants, in the spirit of their Puritan progenitors, made a covenant to drink no more of the forbidden beverage, until the duty on tea should be repealed.

In the midst of these popular turmoils, Washington was induced by public as well as private considerations, to make another expedition to the Ohio. He was one of the Virginia Board of Commissioners, appointed, at the close of the late war, to settle the military accounts of the colony. Among the claims which came before the board, were those of the officers and soldiers who had engaged to serve until peace, under the proclamation of Governor Dinwiddie, holding forth a bounty of two hundred thousand acres of land to be apportioned among them according to rank. Those claims were yet unsatisfied, for governments, like individuals, are slow to pay off in peaceful times the debts incurred while in the fighting mood.
Washington became the champion of those claims, and an opportunity now presented itself for their liquidation. The Six Nations, by a treaty in 1768, had ceded to the British crown, in consideration of a sum of money, all the lands possessed by them south of the Ohio. Land offices would soon be opened for the sale of them. Squatters and speculators were already preparing to swarm in, set up their marks on the choicest spots, and establish what were called pre-emption rights. Washington determined at once to visit the lands thus ceded; affix his mark on such tracts as he should select, and apply for a grant from government in behalf of the "soldier's claim."

The expedition would be attended with some degree of danger. The frontier was yet in an uneasy state. It is true some time had elapsed since the war of Pontiac, but some of the Indian tribes were almost ready to resume the hatchet. The Delawares, Shawnees, and Mingoes, complained that the Six Nations had not given them their full share of the consideration money of the late sale, and they talked of exacting the deficiency from the white men who came to settle in what had been their hunting-grounds. Traders, squatters, and other adventurers into the wilderness, were occasionally murdered, and further troubles were apprehended. Washington had for a companion in this expedition his friend and neighbor, Dr. Craik, and it was with strong community of feeling they looked forward peaceably to revisit the scenes of their military experience. They sat out on the 5th of October with three negro attendants, two belonging to Washington and one to the doctor. The whole party was mounted, and there was a led horse for the baggage.

After twelve days' traveling they arrived at Fort Pitt (late Fort Duquesne). It was garrisoned by two companies of royal Irish, commanded by a Captain Edmonson. A hamlet of about twenty log-houses, inhabited by Indian traders, had sprung up within three hundred yards of the fort, and was called "the town." It was the embryo city of Pittsburg, now so populous. At one of the houses, a tolerable frontier inn, they took up their quarters; but during their brief sojourn, they were entertained with great hospitality at the fort. Here at dinner Washington met his old acquaintance, George Croghan, who had figured in so many capacities and experienced so many vicissitudes on the frontier. He was now Colonel Croghan, deputy-agent to Sir William Johnson, and had his residence—or seat, as Washington terms it—on the banks of the Allegheny River, about four miles from the fort.

Croghan had experienced troubles and dangers during the Pontiac war, both from white men and savage. At one time while he was convoying presents from Sir William to the Delawares and Shawnees, his caravan was set upon and plundered by a band of backwoodsmen of Pennsylvania—men resembling Indians in garb and habits, and fully as lawless. At another time, when encamped at the mouth of the Wabash with some of his Indian allies, a band of Kickapoos, supposing the latter to be Cherokees, their deadly enemies, rushed forth from the woods with horrid yells, and shot
down several of his companions, and wounded himself. It must be added, that no white men could have made more ample apologies than did the Kickapoos, when they discovered that they had fired upon friends.

On the day following the repast at the fort, Washington visited Croghan at his abode on the Allegheny River, where he found several of the chiefs of the Six Nations assembled.

One of them, the White Mingo by name, made him a speech, accompanied, as usual, by a belt of wampum. Some of his companions, he said, remembered to have seen him in 1753, when he came on his embassy to the French commander; most of them had heard of him. They had now come to welcome him to their country. They wished the people of Virginia to consider them as friends and brothers, linked together in one chain, and requested him to inform the governor of their desire to live in peace and harmony with the white men. As to certain unhappy differences which had taken place between them on the frontiers, they were all made up, and, they hoped, forgotten.

Washington accepted the "speech-belt," and made a suitable reply, assuring the chiefs that nothing was more desired by the people of Virginia than to live with them on terms of the strictest friendship.

At Pittsburg the travelers left their horses, and embarked in a large canoe, to make a voyage down the Ohio as far as the Great Kanawha. Colonel Croghan engaged two Indians for their service, and an interpreter named John Nicholson. The colonel and some of the officers of the garrison accompanied them as far as Logstown, the scene of Washington's early diplomacy, and his first interview with the half-king. Here they breakfasted together; after which they separated, the colonel and his companions cheering the voyagers from the shore, as the canoe was borne off by the current of the beautiful Ohio.

It was now the hunting season, when the Indian leave their towns, set off with their families, and lead a roving life in cabins and hunting-camps along the river; shifting from place to place, as game abounds or decreases, and often extending their migrations two or three hundred miles down the stream. The women were as dexterous as the men in the management of the canoe, but were generally engaged in the domestic labors of the lodge while their husbands were abroad hunting. Washington's propensities as a sportsman had here full play. Deer were continually to be seen coming down to the water's edge to drink, or browsing along the shore; there were innumerable flocks of wild turkeys, and streaming flights of ducks and geese; so that as the voyagers floated along, they were enabled to load their canoe with game. At night they encamped on the river bank, lit their fire and made a sumptuous hunter's repast. Washington always relished this wild-wood life; and the present had that spice of danger in it, which has a peculiar charm for adventurous minds. The great object of his expedition, however, is evinced in his constant notes on the features and character of the country; the quality of the soil as indi-
cated by the nature of the trees, and the level tracts fitted for settlements.

About seventy-five miles below Pittsburg the voyagers landed at a Mingo town, which they found in a stir of warlike preparation—sixty of the warriors being about to set off on a foray into the Cherokee country against the Catawbas.

Two days more of voyaging brought them to an Indian hunting camp, near the mouth of the Muskingum. Here it was necessary to land and make a ceremonious visit, for the chief of the hunting party was Kiashuta, a Seneca sachem, the head of the river tribes. He was noted to have been among the first to raise the hatchet in Pontiac’s conspiracy, and almost equally vindictive with that potent warrior. As Washington approached the chieftain, he recognized him for one of the Indians who had accompanied him on his mission to the French in 1753. Kiashuta retained a perfect recollection of the youthful ambassador, though seventeen years had matured him into thoughtful manhood. With hunter’s hospitality he gave him a quarter of a fine buffalo just slain, but insisted that they should encamp together for the night; and in order not to retard him, moved with his own party to a good camping place some distance down the river. Here they had long talks and council-fires over night and in the morning with all the “tedious ceremony,” says Washington, “which the Indians observe in their counselings and speeches.” Kiashuta had heard of what had passed between Washington and the “White Mingo,” and other sachems, at Colonel Croghan’s, and was eager to express his own desire for peace and friendship with Virginia, and fair dealings with her traders; all which Washington promised to report faithfully to the governor. It was not until a late hour in the morning that he was enabled to bring these conferences to a close, and pursue his voyage.

At the mouth of the Great Kanawha the voyagers encamped a day or two to examine the lands in the neighborhood, and Washington set up his mark upon such as he intended to claim on behalf of the soldiers’ grant. It was a fine sporting country, having small lakes or grassy ponds abounding with water-fowl, such as ducks, geese, and swans. Flocks of turkeys, as is usual; and, for larger game, deer and buffalo; so that their camp abounded with provisions.

Here Washington was visited by an old sachem, who approached him with great reverence, at the head of several of his tribe, and addressed him through Nicholson, the interpreter. He had heard, he said, of his being in that part of the country, and had come from a great distance to see him. On further discourse, the sachem made known that he was one of the warriors in the service of the French, who lay in ambush on the banks of the Monongahela and wrought such havoc in Braddock’s army. He declared that he and his young men had singled out Washington, as he made himself conspicuous riding about the field of battle, with the general’s orders, and had fired at him repeatedly, but without success; whence they had concluded that he was under
the protection of the Great Spirit, had a charmed life; and could not be slain in battle.

At the Great Kanawha Washington's expedition down the Ohio terminated; having visited all the points he wished to examine. His return to Fort Pitt, and thence homeward, affords no incident worthy of note. The whole expedition, however, was one of that hardy and adventurous kind, mingled with practical purposes, in which he delighted. This winter voyage down the Ohio in a canoe, with the doctor for a companion and two Indians for crew, through regions yet insecure from the capricious hostility of prowling savages, is not one of the least striking of his frontier "experiences."

We have spoken of Washington's paternal conduct toward the two children of Mrs. Washington. The daughter, Miss Custis, had long been an object of extreme solicitude. She was of a fragile constitution, and for some time past had been in very declining health. Early in the present summer, symptoms indicated a rapid charge for the worse. Washington was absent from home at the time. On his return to Mount Vernon, he found her in the last stage of consumption. Though not a man given to bursts of sensibility, he is said on the present occasion to have evinced the deepest affliction; kneeling by her bedside, and pouring out earnest prayers for her recovery. She expired on the 19th of June, in the seventeenth year of her age. For a long time previous to the death of Miss Custis, her mother, despairing of her recovery, had centered her hopes in her son, John Parke Custis. This rendered Washington's guardianship of him a delicate and difficult task. He was lively, susceptible, and implusive; had an independent fortune in his own right, and an indulgent mother, ever ready to plead in his behalf against wholesome discipline. He had been placed under the care and instruction of an Episcopal clergyman at Annapolis, but was occasionally at home, mounting his horse, and taking a part, while yet a boy, in the fox-hunts at Mount Vernon. His education had consequently been irregular and imperfect, and not such as Washington would have enforced had he possessed over him the absolute authority of a father. Shortly after the return of the latter from his tour to the Ohio, he was concerned to find that there was an idea entertained of sending the lad abroad, though but little more than sixteen years of age, to travel under the care of his clerical tutor. Through his judicious interference, the traveling scheme was postponed, and it was resolved to give the young gentleman's mind the benefit of a little preparatory home culture.

Little more than a year elapsed before the sallying impulses of the youth had taken a new direction. He was in love; what was more, he was engaged to the object of his passion, and on the high road to matrimony.

Washington now opposed himself to premature marriage as he had done to premature travel. A correspondence ensued between him and the young lady's father, Benedict Calvert, Esq. The match was a satisfactory one to all parties, but it was agreed, that it was expedient for the youth to pass a year or two previously at
college. Washington accordingly accompanied him to New York, and placed him under the care of the Rev. Dr. Cooper, president of King's (now Columbia) College, to pursue his studies in that institution. All this occurred before the death of his sister. Within a year after that melancholy event, he became impatient for a union with the object of his choice. His mother, now more indulgent than ever to this, her only child, yielded her consent, and Washington no longer made opposition.

"It has been against my wishes," writes the latter to President Cooper, "that he should quit college in order that he may soon enter into a new scene of life, which I think he would be much fitter for some years hence than now. But having his own inclination, the desires of his mother, and the acquiescence of almost all his relatives to encounter, I did not care, as he is the last of the family, to push my opposition too far; I have, therefore, submitted to a kind of necessity."

The marriage was celebrated on the 3d of February, 1774, before the bridegroom was twenty-one years of age.

The general covenant throughout the colonies against the use of taxed tea, had operated disastrously against the interests of the East India Company, and produced an immense accumulation of the proscribed article in their warehouses. To remedy this, Lord North brought in a bill (1773), by which the company were allowed to export their teas from England to any part whatever, without paying export duty. This, by enabling them to offer their teas at a low price in the colonies would, he supposed, tempt the Americans to purchase large quantities thus relieving the company, and at the same time benefiting the revenue by the impost duty. Confiding in the wisdom of this policy, the company disgorged their warehouses, freighted several ships with tea, and sent them to various parts of the colonies. This brought matter to a crisis. One sentiment, one determination, pervaded the whole continent. Taxation was to receive its definitive blow. Whoever submitted to it was an enemy to his country. From New York and Philadelphia the ships were sent back, unladen, to London. In Charleston the tea was unloaded, and stored away in cellars and other places, where it perished. At Boston the action was still more decisive. The ships anchored in the harbor. Some small parcels of tea were brought on shore, but the sale of them was prohibited. The captains of the ships, seeing the desperate state of the case, would have made sail back for England, but they could not obtain the consent of the consignees, a clearance at the custom-house, or a passport from the governor to clear the fort. It was evident, the tea was to be forced upon the people of Boston, and the principle of taxation established.

To settle the matter completely, and prove that, on a point of principle, they were not to be trifled with, a number of the inhabitants, disguised as Indians, boarded the ships in the night (18th December), broke open all the chests of tea, and emptied the contents into the sea. This was no rash and intemperate proceeding of a mob, but the well-considered, though resolute act of sober,
respectable citizens, men of reflection, but determination. The whole was done calmly, and in perfect order; after which the actors in the scene dispersed without tumult, and returned quietly to their homes.

The general opposition of the colonies to the principle of taxation had given great annoyance to government, but this individual act concentrated all its wrath upon Boston. A bill was forthwith passed in Parliament (commonly called the Boston port bill), by which all lading and unloading of goods, wares, and merchandise, were to cease in that town and harbor, on and after the 4th of June, and the officers of the customs to be transferred to Salem. Another law passed soon after, altered the charter of the province, decreeing that all counselors, judges, and magistrates, should be appointed by the crown, and hold office during the royal pleasure. This was followed by a third, intended for the suppression of riots; and providing that any person indicted for murder, or other capital offence, committed in aiding the magistracy might be sent by the governor to some other colony, or to Great Britain, for trial. Such was the bolt of Parliamentary wrath fulminated against the devoted town of Boston. Before it fell there was a session in May, of the Virginia House of Burgesses. The social position of Lord Dunmore had been strengthened in the province by the arrival of his lady, and a numerous family of sons and daughters. The old Virginia aristocracy had vied with each other in hospitable attentions to the family. A court circle had sprung up. Regulations had been drawn up by a herald, and published officially, determining the rank and precedence of civil and military officers, and their wives. The aristocracy of the Ancient Dominion was furbishing up its former splendor. Carriages and four rolled into the streets of Williamsburg, with horses handsomely caparisoned, bringing the wealthy planters and their families to the seat of government.

All things were going on smoothly and smilingly, when a letter, received through the corresponding committee, brought intelligence of the vindictive measure of Parliament, by which the port of Boston was to be closed on the approaching 1st of June.

The letter was read in the House of Burgesses, and produced a general burst of indignation. All other business was thrown aside, and this became the sole subject of discussion. A protest against this and other recent acts of Parliament was entered upon the journal of the House, and a resolution was adopted, on the 24th of May, setting apart the 1st of June as a day of fasting, prayer, and humiliation; in which the divine interposition was to be implored, to avert the heavy calamity threatening destruction to their rights, and all the evils of civil war; and to give the people one heart and one mind in firmly opposing every injury to American liberties.

On the following morning, while the Burgesses were engaged in animated debate, they were summoned to attend Lord Dunmore in the council chamber, where he made them the following laconic speech: "Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses; I have in my hand a paper, published by orders of your
House, conceived in such terms, as reflect highly upon his majesty, and the Parliament of Great Britain, which makes it necessary for me to dissolve you, and you are dissolved accordingly." The members adjourned to the long room of the old Raleigh tavern, and passed resolutions, denouncing the Boston port bill as a most dangerous attempt to destroy the constitutional liberty and rights of all North America; recommending their countrymen to desist from the use, not merely of tea, but of all kinds of East Indian commodities; pronouncing an attack on one of the colonies, to enforce arbitrary taxes, an attack on all; and ordering the committee of correspondence to communicate with the other corresponding committees, on the expediency of appointing deputies from the several colonies of British America, to meet annually in General Congress, at such place as might be deemed expedient, to deliberate on such measures as the united interest of the colonies might require.

This was the first recommendation of a General Congress by any public assembly, though it had been previously proposed in town meetings at New York and Boston. A resolution to the same effect was passed in the Assembly of Massachusetts before it was aware of the proceedings of the Virginia Legislature. The measure recommended met with prompt and general concurrence throughout the colonies, and the fifth day of September next ensuing was fixed upon for the meeting of the first Congress, which was to be held at Philadelphia.

Washington was still at Williamsburg on the 1st of June, the day when the port bill was to be enforced at Boston. It was ushered in by the tolling of bells, and observed by all true patriots as a day of fasting and humiliation. Washington notes in his diary that he fasted rigidly, and attended the services appointed in the church. The harbor of Boston was closed at noon, and all business ceased. The two other parliamentary acts altering the charter of Massachusetts were to be enforced. No public meetings, excepting the annual town meetings in March and May, were to be held without permission of the governor. General Thomas Gage had recently been appointed to the military command of Massachusetts, and the carrying out of these offensive acts. He was the same officer who, as lieutenant-colonel, had led the advance guard on the field of Braddock's defeat. Fortune had since gone well with him. Rising in the service, he had been governor of Montreal, and had succeeded Amherst in the command of the British forces on this continent. He was linked to the country also by domestic ties, having married into one of the most respectable families of New Jersey. With all his experience in America, he had formed a most erroneous opinion of the character of the people. "The Americans," said he to the king, "will be lions only as long as the English are lambs;" and he engaged, with five regiments to keep Boston quiet! The manner in which his attempts to enforce the recent acts of Parliament were resented, showed how egregiously he was in error. At the suggestion of the Assembly, a paper was circulated through the province by the committee of correspondence, entitled "a solemn league and
covenant," the subscribers to which bound themselves to break off all intercourse with Great Britain from the 1st of August, until the colony should be restored to the enjoyment of its chartered rights; and to renounce all dealings with those who should refuse to enter into this compact.

The very title of league and covenant had an ominous sound, and startled General Gage. He issued a proclamation, denouncing it as illegal and traitorous. Furthermore, he encamped a force of infantry and artillery on Boston Common, as if prepared to enact the lion. An alarm spread through the adjacent country. "Boston is to be blockaded! Boston is to be reduced to obedience by force or famine!" The spirit of the yeomanry was aroused. They sent in word to the inhabitants promising to come to their aid if necessary; and urging them to stand fast to the faith.

Shortly after Washington's return to Mount Vernon, in the latter part of June, he presided as moderator at a meeting of the inhabitants of Fairfax County, wherein, after the recent acts of Parliament had been discussed, a committee was appointed, with himself as chairman, to draw up resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the present meeting, and to report the same at a general meeting of the county, to be held in the court-house on the 18th of July.

The committee met according to appointment, with Washington as chairman. The resolutions framed at the meeting insisted, as usual, on the right of self-government, and the principal that taxation and representation were in their nature inseparable. That the various acts of Parliament for raising revenue; taking away trials by jury; ordering that persons might be tried in a different country from that in which the cause of accusation originated; closing the port of Boston; abrogating the charter of Massachusetts Bay, &c., &c.,—were all part of a premeditated design and system to introduce arbitrary government into the colonies. That the sudden and repeated dissolutions of Assemblies whenever they presumed to examine the illegality of ministerial mandates, or deliberated on the violated rights of their constituents, were part of the same system, and calculated and intended to drive the people of the colonies to a state of desperation, and to dissolve the compact by which their ancestors bound themselves and their posterity to remain depend on the British crown. These resolutions are the more worthy of note, as expressive of the opinions and feelings of Washington at this eventful time, if not being entirely dictated by him.

The resolutions reported by the committee were adopted, and Washington was chosen a delegate to represent the county at the General Convention of the province, to be held at Williamsburg on the first of August.

The popular measure on which Washington laid the greatest stress as a means of obtaining redress from government, was the non-importation scheme; "for I am convinced," said he, "as much as of my existence, that there is no relief for us but in their distress; and I think—at least I hope—that there is public virtue enough left among us to deny ourselves everything but the bare necessities of life to accomplish this end." At the same time, he forcibly con-
demned a suggestion that remittances to England should be with- held. "While we are accusing others of injustice," said he, "we should be just ourselves; and how this can be while we owe a con- siderable debt, and refuse payment of it to Great Britain is to me inconceivable: nothing but the last extremity can justify it."

On the 1st of August, the convention of representatives from all parts of Virginia assembled at Williamsburg. Washington appeared on behalf of Fairfax County, and presented the resolutions, already cited, as the sense of his constituents. He is said by one who was present, to have spoken in support of them in a strain of uncom- mon eloquence, which shows how his latent ardor had been excited on the occasion, as eloquence was not in general among his attrib- utes. It is evident, however, that he was roused to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm, for he is said to have declared that he was ready to raise one thousand men, subsist them at his own expense, and march at their head to the relief of Boston. The Convention was six days in session. Resolutions, in the same spirit with those passed in Fairfax County, were adopted, and Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton, were appointed delegates to represent the people of Virginia in the General Con- gress.

Washington had formed a correct opinion of the position of Gen- eral Gage. From the time of taking command at Boston, he had been perplexed how to manage its inhabitants. Had they been hot-headed, impulsive, and prone to paroxysm, his task would have been comparatively easy; but it was the cool, shrewd, com- mon sense, by which all their movements were regulated, that con- founded him.

High-handed measures had failed of the anticipated effect. Their harbor had been thronged with ships; their town with troops. The port bill had put an end to commerce; wharves were deserted, warehouses closed; streets grass-grown and silent. The rich were growing poor, and the poor were without employ; yet the spirit of the people was unbroken. There was no uproar, however; no riots; everything was awfully systematic and according to rule. Town meetings were held, in which public rights and public meas- ures were eloquently discussed by John Adams, Josiah Quincy, and other eminent men. Over these meetings Samuel Adams pre- sided as moderator; a man clear in judgment, calm in conduct, inflexible in resolution; deeply grounded in civil and political his- tory, and infallible on all points of constitutional law.

Alarmed at the powerful influence of these assemblages, govern- ment issued an act prohibiting them after the 1st of August. The act was evaded by convoking the meetings before the day, and keeping them alive indefinitely. Gage was at a loss how to act. It would not do to disperse these assemblages by force of arms; for, the people who composed them mingled the soldier with the polemic; and, like their prototypes, the covenanters of yore, if prone to argue, were as ready to fight. So the meetings continued to be held pertinaciously. Faneuil Hall was at times unable to hold
them, and they swarmed from that revolutionary hive into old South Church. The liberty tree became a rallying place for any popular movement, and a flag hoisted on it was saluted by all processions as the emblem of the popular cause.

Opposition to the new plan of government assumed a more violent aspect at the extremity of the province, and was abetted by Connecticut. "It is very high," writes Gage, (August 26th), "in Berkshire County, and makes way rapidly to the rest. At Worcester they threaten resistance, purchase arms, provide powder, cast balls, and threaten to attack any troops who may oppose them. I apprehend I shall soon have to march a body of troops into that township."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

When the time approached for the meeting of the General Congress at Philadelphia, Washington was joined at Mount Vernon by Patrick Henry, and Edmund Pendleton, and they performed the journey together on horseback. It was a noble companionship. Henry was then in the youthful vigor and elasticity of his bounding genius; ardent, acute, fanciful, eloquent. Pendleton, schooled in public life, a veteran in council, with native force of intellect, and habits of deep reflection. Washington, in the meridian of his days, mature in wisdom, comprehensive in mind, sagacious in foresight. Such were the apostles of liberty, repairing on their august pilgrimage to Philadelphia from all parts of the land, to lay the foundations of a mighty empire. Well may we say of that eventful period, "There were giants in those days."

Congress assembled on Monday, the 5th of September, in a large room in Carpenter's Hall. There were fifty-one delegates, representing all the colonies excepting Georgia.

The meeting has been described as "awfully solemn." The most eminent men of the various colonies were now for the first time brought together; they were known to each other by fame, but were, personally, strangers. The object which had called them together was of incalculable magnitude. The liberties of no less than three millions of people, with that of all their posterity, were staked on the wisdom and energy of their councils. "It is such an assembly," writes John Adams, who was present, "as never before came together on a sudden, in any part of the world. Here are fortunes, abilities, learning, eloquence, acuteness, equal to any I ever met with in my life. Here is a diversity of religion, educations, manners, interests, such as it would seem impossible to unite in one plan of conduct."

There being an inequality in the number of delegates from the
different colonies, a question arose as to the mode of voting; whether by colonies, by the poll, or by interests. Patrick Henry
scouted the idea of sectional distinctions or individual interests.
"All America," said he, "is thrown into one mass. Where are
your landmarks—your boundaries of colonies? They are all
thrown down. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsyl-
vianians, New Yorkers and New Englanders, are no more. I am
not a Virginian, but an American." After some debate, it was
determined that each colony should have but one vote, whatever
might be the number of its delegates. The deliberations of the
House were to be with closed doors, and nothing but the resolves
promulgated, unless by order of the majority. To give proper
dignity and solemnity to the proceedings of the House, it was
moved on the following day, that each morning the session should
be opened by prayer. To this it was demurred, that as the dele-
gates were of different religious sects they might not consent to
join in the same form of worship. Upon this, Mr. Samuel Adams
arose and said: "He would willingly join in prayer with any gen-
tleman of piety and virtue, whatever might be his cloth, provided
he was a friend of his country;" and he moved that the reverend
Mr. Duché, of Philadelphia, who answered to that description,
might be invited to officiate as chaplain. This was one step
toward unanimity of feeling, Mr. Adams being a strong Congrega-
tionalist, and Mr. Duché an eminent Episcopalian clergyman.
The motion was carried into effect; the invitation was given and
accepted.

In the course of the day, a rumor reached Philadelphia that Bos-
ton had been cannonaded by the British. It produced a strong
sensation; and when Congress met on the following morning (7th),
the effect was visible in every countenance. The delegates from
the east were greeted with a warmer grasp of the hand by their
associates from the south.

The reverend Mr. Duché, according to invitation appeared in
his canonicals, attended by his clerk. The morning service of the
Episcopal church was read with great solemnity, the clerk making
the responses. The Psalter for the 7th day of the month includes
the 35th Psalm, wherein David prays for protection against his
enemies. "Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive with
me: fight against them that fight against me. Take hold of
shield and buckler and stand up for my help. Draw out, also, the
spear and stop the way of them that persecute me. Say unto my
soul, I am thy salvation." The imploring words of this psalm
spoke the feelings of all hearts present; but especially of three
from New England.

John Adams writes in a letter to his wife: "You must remember
this was the morning after we heard the horrible rumor of the can-
nonade of Boston. 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. Duché unexpectedly struck out into an
extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present.
Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such
fervor, such ardor, such earnestness and pathos, and in language so eloquent and sublime, for America, for the congress, for the province of Massachusets Bay, and especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon everybody here."

The rumored attack upon Boston rendered the service of the day deeply affecting to all present. They were one political family, actuated by one feeling, and sympathizing with the weal and woe of each individual member. The rumor proved to be erroneous; but it had produced utmost beneficial effect in calling forth and quickening the spirit of union, so vitally important in that assemblage.

Owing to closed doors, and the want of reporters, no record exists of the discussions and speeches made in the first Congress. Mr. Wirt, speaking from tradition, informs us that a long and deep silence followed the organization of that august body; the members looking round upon each other, individually reluctant to open a business so fearfully momentous. This "deep and death-like silence" was beginning to become painfully embarrassing, when Patrick Henry arose. He faltered at first, as was his habit; but his exordium was impressive; and as he launched forth into a recital of colonial wrongs he kindled with his subject, until he poured forth one of those eloquent appeals which had so often shaken the House of Burgesses and gained him the fame of being the greatest orator of Virginia. He sat down, according to Mr. Wirt, amidst murmurs of astonishment and applause, and was now admitted on every hand, to be the first orator of America. He was followed by Richard Henry Lee, who, according to the same writer, charmed the house with a different kind of eloquence, chaste and classical; contrasting, in its cultivated graces, with the wild and grand effusions of Henry. "The superior powers of these great men, however," adds he, "were manifested only in debate, and while general grievances were the topic; when called down from the heights of declamation to that severer test of intellectual excellence, the details of business, they found themselves in a body of cool-headed, reflecting, and most able men, by whom they were, in their turn, completely thrown into the shade."

The first public measure of Congress was a resolution declaratory of their feelings with regard to the recent acts of Parliament, violating the rights of the people of Massachusetts, and of their determination to combine in resisting any force that might attempt to carry those acts into execution.

A committee of two from each province reported a series of resolutions, which were adopted and promulgated by Congress, as a "declaration of colonial rights." In this were enumerated their natural rights to the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property; and their rights as British subjects. Among the latter was participation in legislation Councils. This they could not exercise through representatives in Parliament; they claimed, therefore, the power of legislating in their provincial assemblies; consenting, however, to such acts of Parliament as might be essential to the regulation of trade; but excluding all taxation, internal or external,
for raising revenue in America. The common law of England was claimed as a birthright, including the right of trial by a jury of the vicinage; of holding public meetings to consider grievances; and of petitioning the king. The benefits of all such statutes as existed at the time of the colonization were likewise claimed; together with the immunities and privileges granted by royal charters, or secured by provincial laws. The maintenance of a standing army in any colony in time of peace, without the consent of its legislative, was pronounced contrary to law. The exercise of the legislature power in the colonies by a council appointed during pleasure by the crown, was declared to be unconstitutional, and destructive to the freedom of American legislation. Then followed a specification of the acts of Parliament, passed during the reign of George III., infringing and violating these rights. These were the sugar act; the stamp act; the two acts for quartering troops; the tea act; the act suspending the New York legislature; the two acts for the trial in Great Britain of offences committed in America; the Boston port bill; the act for regulating the government of Massachusetts, and the Quebec act. "To these grievous acts and measures," it was added, "Americans cannot submit; but in hopes their fellow subjects in Great Britain will, on a revision of them, restore us to that state in which both countries found happiness and prosperity, we have, for the present, only resolved to pursue the following peaceable measures: "1st. To enter into a non-importation, non-consumption, and non-exportation agreement or association." "2d. To prepare an address to the people of Great Britain, and a memorial to the inhabitants of British America." "3d. To prepare a loyal address to his majesty."

The Congress remained in session fifty-one days. Every subject according to Adams, was discussed "with a moderation, an acuteness, and a minuteness equal to that of Queen Elizabeth's privy council." The papers issued by it have deservedly been pronounced masterpieces of practical talent and political wisdom. Chatham, when speaking on the subject in the House of Lords, could not restrain his enthusiasm. "When your lordships," said he, "look at the papers transmitted to us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow that, in the master states of the world, I know not the people, or senate, who, in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia."

From the secrecy that enveloped its discussions, we are ignorant of the part taken by Washington in the debates; the similarity of the resolutions, however, in spirit and substance to those of the Fairfax County meeting, in which he presided, and the coincidence of the measures adopted with those therein recommended, show that he had a powerful agency in the whole proceedings of this eventful assembly. Patrick Henry, being asked, on his return home, whom he considered the greatest man in Congress, 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."

Washington's views with respect to independence are expressed in a letter to Capt. Robert Mackenzie, a British officer. He says:—

"I am well satisfied that no such thing is desired by any thinking man in all North America; on the contrary, that it is the ardent wish of the warmest advocate for liberty, that peace and tranquillity, upon constitutional grounds, may be restored, and the horrors of civil discord prevented." It is evident that the filial feeling still throbbed toward the mother country, and a complete separation from her had not yet entered into the alternatives of her colonial children.

In the same letter, Washington says, that the people will never "submit to the loss of their valuable rights and privileges, which must naturally result from the late acts of Parliament relative to America in general, and the government of Massachusetts in particular, is it to be wondered at that men who wish to avert the impending blow, should attempt to oppose its progress, or prepare for their defence, if it cannot be averted? Surely I may be allowed to answer in the negative; and give me leave to add, as my opinion, that more blood will be spilled on this occasion, if the ministry are determined to push matters to extremity, than history has ever yet furnished instances of in the annals of North America; and such a vital wound will be given to the peace of this great country, as time itself cannot cure or eradicate the remembrance of."

On the breaking up of Congress, Washington hastened back to Mount Vernon, where his presence was more than usually important to the happiness of Mrs. Washington, from the loneliness caused by the recent death of her daughter, and the absence of her son. The cheerfulness of the neighborhood had been diminished of late by the departure of George William Fairfax for England, to take possession of estates which had devolved to him in that kingdom. His estate of Belvoir, so closely allied with that of Mount Vernon by family ties and reciprocal hospitality, was left in charge of a steward, or overseer. Through some accident the house took fire, and was burned to the ground. It was never rebuilt. The course of political events which swept Washington from his quiet home into the current of public and military life, prevented William Fairfax, who was a royalist, though a liberal one, from returning to his once happy abode, and the hospitable intercommunion of Mount Vernon and Belvoir was at an end forever.

The rumor of the cannonading of Boston, which had thrown such a gloom over the religious ceremonial at the opening of Congress, had been caused by measures of Governor Gage. The public mind, in Boston and its vicinity, had been rendered excessively jealous and sensitive by the landing and encamping of artillery upon the Common, and Welsh Fusiliers on Fort Hill, and by the planting of four large field-pieces on Boston Neck, the only entrance to the town by land. The country people were arming and disciplining themselves in every direction, and collecting and depositing arms and ammunition in places where they would be at hand in case
been seasoned farmer 151 part yet

concerning and dian proved day people was chairman estimation. wounds so encouraged, since had been of intelligence companies to ambition, of ant-Colonel Lee born 1731, and may almost be said to have been cradled in the army, for he received a commission by the time he was eleven years of age. He had an irregular education; part of the time in England, part on the continent, and must have scrambled his way into knowledge: yet by aptness, diligence and ambition, he had acquired a considerable portion, being a Greek
and Latin scholar, and acquainted with modern languages. The art of war was his especial study from his boyhood, and he had early opportunities of practical experience. At the age of twenty-four, he commanded a company of grenadiers in the 44th regiment, and served in the French war in America, where he was brought into military companionship with Sir William Johnson's Mohawk warriors, whom he used to extol for their manly beauty, their dress, their graceful carriage and good breeding. In fact, he rendered himself so much of a favorite among them, that they admitted him to smoke in their councils, and adopted him into the tribe of the Bear, giving him an Indian name, signifying "Boiling Water." At the battle of Ticonderoga, where Abercrombie was defeated, he was shot through the body, while leading his men against the French breastworks. In the next campaign, he was present at the siege of Fort Niagara, where General Prideaux fell, and where Sir William Johnson, with his British troops and Mohawk warriors eventually won the fortress. Lee had, probably, an opportunity on this occasion of fighting side by side with some of his adopted brethren of the Bear tribe, as we are told he was much exposed during the engagement with the French and Indians, and that two balls grazed his hair. A military errand, afterward, took him across Lake Erie, and down the northern branch of the Ohio to Fort Duquesne, and thence by a long march of seven hundred miles to Crown Point, where he joined General Amherst. In 1760, he was among the forces which followed that general form Lake Ontario down the St. Lawrence; and was present at the surrender of Montreal, which completed the conquest of Canada. He now determined to offer his services to Poland, supposed to be on the verge of a war. He was well received by Frederick the Great, and had several conversations with him, chiefly on American affairs. At Warsaw, his military reputation secured him the favor of Poniatowsky, recently elected king of Poland, with the name of Stanislaus Augustus, who admitted him to his table, and made him one of his aides-de-camp. He for some time led a restless life about Europe—visiting Italy, Sicily, Malta, and the south of Spain; troubled with attacks of rheumatism, gout, and the effects of a "Hungarian fever." He had become more and more cynical and irascible, and had more than one "affair of honor," in one of which he killed his antagonist. His splenetic feelings, as well as his political sentiments, were occasionally vented in severe attacks upon the ministry, full of irony and sarcasm. They appeared in the public journals, and gained him such reputation, that even the papers of Junius were by some attributed to him.

In the questions which had risen between England and her colonies, he had strongly advocated the cause of the latter; and it was the feelings thus excited, and the recollections, perhaps, of his early campaigns, that brought him to America, in the latter part of 1773. His caustic attacks upon the ministry; his conversational powers and his poignant sallies, had gained him great reputation; but his military renown rendered him especially interesting at the
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present juncture. A general, who had served in the famous campaigns of Europe, commanded Cossacks, fought with Turks, talked with Frederick the Great, and been aide-de-camp to the king of Poland, was a prodigious acquisition to the patriot cause! On the other hand, his visit to Boston was looked upon with uneasiness by the British officers, who knew his adventurous character. It was surmised that he was exciting a spirit of revolt, with a view to putting himself at its head.

Boston was the only place in Massachusetts that now contained British forces, and it had become the refuge of all the "tories" of the province; that is to say, of all those devoted to the British government. There was animosity between them and the principal inhabitants, among whom revolutionary principles prevailed. The town itself, almost insulated by nature, and surrounded by a hostile country, was like a place besieged.

This semi-belligerent state of affairs in Massachusetts produced a general restlessness throughout the land. The weak-hearted apprehended coming troubles; the resolute prepared to brave them. Military measures, hitherto confined to New England, extended to the middle and southern provinces, and the roll of the drum resounded through the villages. Virginia was among the first to buckle on its armor. It had long been a custom among its inhabitants to form themselves into independent companies, equipped at their own expense, having their own peculiar uniform, and electing their own officers, though holding themselves subject to militia law. They had hitherto been self-disciplined; but now they continually resorted to Washington for instruction and advice; considering him the highest authority on military affairs. He was frequently called from home, therefore, in the course of the winter and spring, to different parts of the country to review independent companies, all of which were anxious to put themselves under his command as field-officer. Mount Vernon, therefore, again assumed a military tone as in former days, when he took his first lessons there in the art of war. He had his old campaigning associates with him occasionally, Dr. Craik and Captain Hugh Mercer, to talk of past scenes and discuss the possibility of future service. Mercer was already bestirring himself in disciplining the militia about Fredericksburg, where he resided.

Two occasional and important guests at Mount Vernon, in this momentous crisis, were General Charles Lee, of whom we have just spoken, and Major Horatio Gates. As the latter is destined to occupy an important page in this memoir, we will give a few particulars concerning him. He was an Englishman by birth, the son of a captain in the British army. He had received a liberal education, and, when but twenty-one years of age, had served as a volunteer under General Edward Cornwallis, Governor of Halifax. He was afterward captain of a New York independent company, with which he marched in the campaign of Braddock, in which he was severely wounded. For two or three subsequent years he was with his company in the western part of the province of New York, receiving the appointment of brigade-major. He accom-
panied General Monckton as aide-de-camp to the West Indies, and gained credit at the capture of Martinico. Thus several years were passed, partly with his family in retirement, partly in London, paying court to patrons and men in power, until, finding there was no likelihood of success, and having sold his commission and half-pay, he emigrated to Virginia in 1772, a disappointed man; purchased an estate in Berkeley County, beyond the Blue Ridge; espoused the popular cause, and renewed his old campaigning acquaintance with Washington. He was now about forty-six years of age, of a florid complexion and goodly presence, though a little inclined to corpulency; social, insinuating, and somewhat specious in his manners, with a strong degree of self-approbation. Lee, who was an old friend and former associate in arms, had recently been induced by him to purchase an estate in his neighborhood in Berkeley County, with a view to making it his abode, having a moderate competency, a claim to land on the Ohio, and the half-pay of a British colonel. Both of these officers, disappointed in the British service, looked forward probably to greater success in the patriot cause.

Lee had been at Philadelphia since his visit to Boston, and had made himself acquainted with the leading members of Congress during the session. He was evidently cultivating an intimacy with every one likely to have influence in the approaching struggle. To Washington the visits of these gentlemen were extremely welcome at this juncture, from their military knowledge and experience, especially as much of it had been acquired in America, in the same kind of warfare, if not the very same campaigns in which he himself had mingled. Both were interested in the popular cause. Lee was full of plans for the organization and disciplining of the militia, and occasionally accompanied Washington in his attendance on provincial reviews. He was subsequently very efficient at Annapolis in promoting and superintending the organization of the Maryland militia.

It is doubtful whether the visits of Lee were as interesting to Mrs. Washington as to the general. He was whimsical, eccentric, and at times almost rude; negligent also, and slovenly in person and attire; for though he had occasionally associated with kings and princes, he had also campaigned with Mohawks and Cossacks, and seems to have relished their "good breeding." What was still more annoying in a well regulated mansion, he was always followed by a legion of dogs, which shared his affections with his horses, and took their seats by him when at the table. "I must have some object to embrace," said he misanthropically. "When I can be convinced that men are as worthy objects as dogs, I shall transfer my benevolence, and become as staunch a philanthropist as the canting Addison affected to be."

In the month of March the second Virginia convention was held at Richmond. Washington attended as delegate from Fairfax County. In this assembly, Patrick Henry, with his usual ardor and eloquence, advocated measures for embodying, arming and disciplining a militia force, and providing for the defence of the
A DISASTROUS TRIUMPH.

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"It is useless," said he, "to address further petitions to government, or to await the effect of those already addressed to the throne. The time for supplication is past; the time for action is at hand. We must fight, Mr. Speaker," exclaimed he emphatically; "I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!" Washington joined him in the conviction, and was one of a committee that reported a plan for carrying those measures into effect. He was not an impulsive man to raise the battle cry, but the executive man to marshal the troops into the field and carry on the war. His brother, John Augustine, was raising and disciplining an independent company; Washington offered to accept the command of it, should occasion require it to be drawn out. He did the same with respect to an independent company at Richmond. "It is my full intention, if needful," writes he to his brother, "to devote my life and fortune to the cause."

The troops at Boston had been augmented to about 4000 men. Gen. Gage resolved to surprise and destroy the magazine of military stores at Concord, about twenty miles from Boston. On the 18th of April, officers were stationed on the roads leading from Boston, to prevent any intelligence of the expedition getting into the country. At night orders were issued by Gen. Gage, that no person should leave the town. About eight o'clock, from eight to nine hundred grenadiers, light infantry and marines, commanded by Lieut. Col. Smith, embarked in the boats at the foot of Boston Common, and crossed to Lechmere Point, in Cambridge, whence they were to march silently, and without beat of drum, to the place of destination. Dr. Joseph Warren, one of the committee of safety, sent notice of these movements to John Hancock and Samuel Adams, at that time sojourning with a friend at Lexington. The committee of safety ordered that the cannon at Concord should be secreted, and part of the stores removed. On the night of the 18th, Dr. Warren sent off two messengers by different routes to give the alarm. A lantern was hung out of an upper window of the next church, in the direction of Charlestown, this was a preconcerted signal to the patriots of that place, who instantly despatched swift messengers to rouse the country. In the meantime Col. Smith had proceeded but a few miles on his nocturnal march by an unfrequented path across marshes, where at times the troops had to wade through water, when alarm guns, booming through the night air, and the clang of village bells, showed that the news of his approach was travelling before him, and the people were rising. He now sent back to Gen. Gage for reinforcements, while Major Pitcairn was detached with six companies, and advanced rapidly, capturing every one that he met, or overtook. Within a mile and a half of Lexington, however, a horseman was too quick on the spur for him, and galloping to the village, gave the alarm that the red coats were coming. Drums were beaten; guns fired. By the time that Pitcairn entered the village, about seventy or eighty of the yeomanry, in military array, were mustered on the green near the church. It was a part of the "constitutional army," pledged to
resist, by force, any open hostility. Pitcairn halted his men within a short distance of the church, and ordered his men to prime and load. They then advanced at double quick time. The Major, riding forward, waved his sword, and ordered the "rebels," as he termed them, to disperse. Other of the officers echoed his words as they advanced: "Disperse, ye villains! Lay down your arms, ye rebels, and disperse!" The order was disregarded. A scene of confusion ensued, with firing on both sides; which party commenced it, has been a matter of dispute. Pitcairn always maintained that he turned to order his men to draw out and surround the militia, when he saw a flash in the pan from the gun of a countryman posted behind a wall, and almost instantly the report of two or three muskets, which he supposed to be from the Americans, as his horse was wounded, as was also a soldier close by him. His troops rushed on, though, as he declared, he made repeated signals with his sword for his men to forbear.

The firing of the Americans was irregular, and without much effect; that of the British was more fatal. Eight of the patriots were killed, and ten wounded, and the whole put to flight. The victors formed on the common, fired a volley, and gave three cheers for one of the most inglorious and disastrous triumphs ever achieved by British arms. Colonel Smith soon arrived with the residue of the detachment, and they all marched on toward Concord, about six miles distant. The alarm had reached that place in the dead hour of the preceding night. The church bell roused the inhabitants. They gathered together in anxious consultation. The militia and minute men seized their arms, and repaired to the parade ground, near the church. Here they were subsequently joined by armed yeomanry from Lincoln, and elsewhere. Exertions were now made to remove and conceal the military stores. A scout, who had been sent out for intelligence, brought word that the British had fired upon the people at Lexington, and were advancing upon Concord. There was great excitement and indignation. Part of the militia marched down the Lexington road to meet them, but returned, reporting their force to be three times that of the Americans. The whole of the militia now retired to an eminence about a mile from the center of the town, and formed themselves into two battalions.

About seven o'clock, the British came in sight, advancing with quick step, their arms glittering in the morning sun. They entered in two divisions by different roads. Concord is traversed by a river of the same name, having two bridges, the north and the south. The grenadiers and light infantry took post in the center of the town, while strong parties of light troops were detached to secure the bridges, and destroy the military stores. Two hours were expended in the work of destruction without much success, so much of the stores having been removed, or concealed. During all this time the yeomanry from the neighboring towns were hurrying in with such weapons as were at hand, and joining the militia on the heights, until the little cloud of war gathering there numbered about four hundred and fifty.
About ten o'clock, a body of three hundred undertook to dislodge the British from the north bridge. As they approached, the latter fired upon them, killing two, and wounding a third. The patriots returned the fire with spirit and effect. The British retreated to the main body, the Americans pursuing them across the bridge.

By this time all the military stores which could be found had been destroyed; Colonel Smith, therefore, made preparations for a retreat. The scattered troops were collected, the dead were buried, and conveyances procured for the wounded. About noon he commenced his retrograde march for Boston. It was high time. His troops were jaded by the night march, and the morning's toils and skirmishings. The country was thoroughly alarmed. The yeomanry were hurrying from every quarter to the scene of action. As the British began their retreat, the Americans began the work of sore and galling retaliation. Along the open road, the former were harassed incessantly by rustic marksmen, who took deliberate aim from behind trees, or over stone fences. Where the road passed through woods, the British found themselves between two fires, dealt by unseen foes, the minute men having posted themselves on each side among the bushes. It was in vain they threw out flankers, and endeavored to dislodge their assailants; each pause gave time for other pursuers to come within reach, and open attacks from different quarters. For several miles they urged their way along woody defiles, or roads skirted with fences and stone walls, the retreat growing more and more disastrous; some were shot down, some gave out through mere exhaustion; the rest hurried on, without stopping to aid the fatigued, or wounded. Before reaching Lexington, Colonel Smith received a severe wound in the leg, and the situation of the retreating troops was becoming extremely critical, when, about two o'clock, they were met by Lord Percy, with a brigade of one thousand men, and two field-pieces. His lordship had been detached from Boston about nine o'clock by General Gage, in compliance with Colonel Smith's urgent call for a reinforcement, and had marched gayly through Roxbury to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," in derision of the "rebels." He now found the latter a more formidable foe than he had anticipated. Opening his brigade to the right and left, he received the retreating troops into a hollow square; where, fainting and exhausted, they threw themselves on the ground to rest. His lordship showed no disposition to advance upon their assailants, but contented himself with keeping them at bay with his field-pieces, which opened a vigorous fire from an eminence.

Hitherto the Provincials, being hasty levies, without a leader, had acted from individual impulse, without much concert; but now General Heath was upon the ground. He was one of those authorized to take command when the minute men should be called out. That class of combatants promptly obeyed his orders, and he was efficacious in rallying them, and bringing them into military order, when checked and scattered by the fire of the field-pieces.
Dr. Warren, also, arrived on horseback, having spurred from Boston on receiving news of the skirmishing. In the subsequent part of the day, he was one of the most active and efficient men in the field. His presence, like that of General Heath, regulated the infuriated ardor of the militia, and brought it into system.

Lord Percy, having allowed the troops a short interval for repose and refreshment, continued the retreat toward Boston. As soon as he got under march, the galling assault by the pursuing yeomanry was recommenced in flank and rear. The British soldiery, irritated in turn, acted as if in an enemy's country. Houses and shops were burned down in Lexington; private dwellings along the road were plundered, and their inhabitants maltreated. In one instance, an unoffending invalid was wantonly slain in his own house. All this increased the exasperation of the yeomanry. There was occasional sharp skirmishing, with bloodshed on both sides, but in general a dogged pursuit, where the retreating troops were galled at every step. Their march became more and more impeded by the number of their wounded. Lord Percy narrowly escaped death from a musket-ball, which struck off a button of his waistcoat. One of his officers remained behind wounded in West Cambridge. His ammunition was failing as he approached Charlestown. The provincials pressed upon him in rear, others were advancing from Roxbury, Dorchester, and Milton; Colonel Pickering, with the Essex militia, seven hundred strong, was at hand; there was danger of being intercepted in the retreat to Charlestown. The field-pieces were again brought into play, to check the ardor of the pursuit; but they were no longer objects of terror. The sharpest firing of the provincials was near Prospect Hill, as the harassed enemy hurried along the Charlestown road, eager to reach the Neck, and get under cover of their ships. The pursuit terminated a little after sunset, at Charlestown Common, where General Heath brought the minute men to a halt. Within half an hour more, a powerful body of men, from Marblehead and Salem, came up to join in the chase. "If the retreat," writes Washington, "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."

The distant firing from the mainland had reached the British at Boston. The troops which, in the morning, had marched through Roxbury, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, might have been seen at sunset, hounded along the old Cambridge road to Charlestown Neck, by mere armed yeomanry. Gage was astounded at the catastrophe. It was but a short time previous that one of his officers, in writing to friends in England, scoffed at the idea of the Americans taking up arms. "Whenever it comes to blows," said he, "he that can run the fastest, will think himself well off, believe me. Any two regiments here ought to be decimated, if they did not beat in the field the whole force of the Massachusetts province." How frequently, throughout this Revolution, had the English to pay the penalty of thus undervaluing the spirit they were provoking!
In this memorable affair, the British loss was seventy-three killed, one hundred and seventy-four wounded, and twenty-six missing. Among the slain were eighteen officers. The loss of the Americans was forty-nine killed, thirty-nine wounded, and five missing. This was the first blood shed in the revolutionary struggle; a mere drop in amount, but a deluge in its effects—rending the colonies forever from the mother country.

The cry of blood from the field of Lexington went through the land. None felt the appeal more than the old soldiers of the French war. It roused John Stark, of New Hampshire—a trapper and hunter in his youth, a veteran in Indian warfare, a campaigner under Abercrombie and Amherst, now the military oracle of a rustic neighborhood. Within ten minutes after receiving the alarm, he was spurring toward the sea-coast, and on the way stirring up the volunteers of the Massachusetts borders, to assemble forthwith at Bedford, in the vicinity of Boston.

Equally alert was his old comrade in frontier exploits, Colonel Israel Putnam. A man on horseback, with a drum, passed through his neighborhood in Connecticut, proclaiming British violence at Lexington. Putnam was in the field plowing, assisted by his son. In an instant the team was unyoked; the plow left in the furrow; the lad sent home to give word of his father's departure; and Putnam, on horseback, in his working garb, urging with all speed to the camp. Such was the spirit aroused throughout the country. The sturdy yeomanry, from all parts, were hastening toward Boston with such weapons as were at hand; and happy was he who could command a rusty fowling-piece and a powderhorn.

The news reached Virginia at a critical moment. Lord Dunmore, obeying a general order issued by the ministry to all the provincial governors, had seized upon the military munitions of the province. Here was a similar measure to that of Gage. The cry went forth that the subjugation of the colonies was to be attempted. All Virginia was in combustion. The standard of liberty was reared in every county; there was a general cry to arms. Washington was looked to, from various quarters, to take command. His old comrade in arms, Hugh Mercer, was about marching down to Williamsburg at the head of a body of resolute men, seven hundred strong, entitled "The friends of constitutional liberty and America," whom he had organized and drilled in Fredericksburg, and nothing but a timely concession of Lord Dunmore, with respect to some powder which he had seized, prevented his being beset in his palace.

Washington was at Mount Vernon, preparing to set out for Philadelphia as a delegate to the second Congress, when he received tidings of the affair at Lexington. Bryan Fairfax and Major Horatio Gates were his guests at the time. They all regarded the event as decisive in its consequences; but they regarded it with different feelings. The worthy and gentle-spirited Fairfax deplored it deeply. He foresaw that it must break up all his pleasant relations in life; arraying his dearest friends against the government to
which, notwithstanding the errors of its policy, he was loyally attached and resolved to adhere. Gates, on the contrary, viewed it with the eye of a soldier and a place-hunter—hitherto disappointed in both capacities. This event promised to open a new avenue to importance and command, and he determined to enter upon it.

Washington’s feelings were of a mingled nature. They may be gathered from a letter to his friend and neighbor, George William Fairfax, then in England, in which he lays the blame of this “deplorable affair” on the ministry and their military agents; and concludes with the following words, in which the yearnings of the patriot give affecting solemnity to the implied resolve of the soldier: “Unhappy it is to reflect that a brother’s sword has been sheathed in a brother’s breast; and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are to be either drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?”

At the eastward, the march of the Revolution went on with accelerated speed. Thirty thousand men had been deemed necessary for the defence of the country. The provincial Congress of Massachusetts resolved to raise thirteen thousand six hundred, as its quota. Circular letters, also, were issued by the committee of safety, urging the towns to enlist troops with all speed, and calling for military aid from the other New England provinces.

Their appeals were promptly answered. Bodies of militia and parties of volunteers from New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut, hastened to join the minute men of Massachusetts in forming a camp in the neighborhood of Boston. With the troops of Connecticut came Israel Putnam; having recently raised a regiment in that province, and received from its Assembly the commission of brigadier-general. Some of his old comrades in French and Indian warfare had hastened to join his standard. Such were two of his captains, Durkee and Knowlton. The latter, who was his especial favorite, had fought by his side when a mere boy.

The command of the camp was given to General Artemas Ward, already mentioned. He was a native of Shrewsbury, in Massachusetts, and a veteran of the seven years’ war—having served as lieutenant-colonel under Abercrombie. He had, likewise, been a member of the legislative bodies, and had recently been made, by the provincial Congress of Massachusetts, commander-in-chief of its forces.

As affairs were now drawing to a crisis, and war was considered inevitable, some bold spirits in Connecticut conceived a project for the outset. This was the surprisal of the old forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, already famous in the French war. Their situation on Lake Champlain gave them the command of the main route to Canada; so that the possession of them would be all-important in case of hostilities. They were feebly garrisoned and negligently guarded, and abundantly furnished with artillery and military stores, so much needed by the patriot army.

This scheme was set on foot in the purlieus, as it were, of the
provinceal Legislature of Connecticut, then in session. It was not openly sanctioned by that body, but secretly favored, and money lent from the treasury to those engaged in it. A committee was appointed, also, to accompany them to the frontier, aid them in raising troops, and exercise over them a degree of superintendence and control.

Sixteen men were thus enlisted in Connecticut, a greater number in Massachusetts, but the greatest accession of force was from what was called the "New Hampshire Grants." This was a region having the Connecticut River on one side, and Lake Champlain and the Hudson River on the other—being, in fact, the country forming the present State of Vermont. It had long been a disputed territory, claimed by New York and New Hampshire. George II. had decided in favor of New York; but the Governor of New Hampshire had made grants of between one and two hundred townships in it, whence it had acquired the name of the New Hampshire Grants. The settlers on those grants resisted the attempts of New York to eject them, and formed themselves into an association, called "The Green Mountain Boys." Resolute, strong-handed fellows they were, with Ethan Allen at their head, a native of Connecticut, but brought up among the Green Mountains. He and his lieutenants, Seth Warner and Remember Baker, were outlawed by the Legislature of New York, and rewards offered for their apprehension. They and their associates armed themselves, set New York at defiance, and swore they would be the death of any one who should attempt their arrest.

Thus Ethan Allen was becoming a kind of Robin Hood among the mountains, when the present crisis changed the relative position of things as if by magic. Boundary feuds were forgotten amid the great questions of colonial rights. Ethan Allen at once stepped forward, a patriot, and volunteered with his Green Mountain Boys to serve in the popular cause. He was well fitted for the enterprise in question, by his experience as a frontier champion, his robustness of mind and body, and his fearless spirit. He had a kind of rough eloquence, also, that was very effective with his followers. "His style," says one, who knew him personally, "was a singular compound of local barbarisms, scriptural phrases, and oriental wildness; and though unclassic, and sometimes ungrammatical, was highly animated and forcible." Washington, in one of his letters, says there was "an original something in him which commanded admiration."

Thus reinforced, the party, now two hundred and seventy strong, pushed forward to Castleton, a place within a few miles of the head of Lake Champlain. Here a council of war was held on the 2d of May. Ethan Allen was placed at the head of the expedition, with James Easton and Seth Warner as second and third in command. Detachments were sent off to Skenesborough (now Whitehall), and another place on the lake, with orders to seize all the boats they could find and bring them to Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga, whither Allen prepared to proceed with the main body.
At this juncture, another adventurous spirit arrived at Castleton. This was Benedict Arnold, since so sadly renowned. He, too, had conceived the project of surprising Ticonderoga and Crown Point; or, perhaps, had caught the idea from its first agitators in Connecticut—in the militia of which province he held a captain's commission. He had proposed the scheme to the Massachusetts committee of safety. It had met with their approbation. They had given him a colonel's commission, authorized him to raise a force in Western Massachusetts, not exceeding four hundred men, and furnished him with money and means. Arnold had enlisted but a few officers and men when he heard of the expedition from Connecticut being on the march. He instantly hurried on with one attendant to overtake it, leaving his few recruits to follow, as best they could: in this way he reached Castleton just after the council of war.

Producing the colonel's commission received from the Massachusetts committee of safety, he now aspired to the supreme command. His claims were disregarded by the Green Mountain Boys; they would follow no leader but Ethan Allen. As they formed the majority of the party, Arnold was fain to acquiesce, and serve as a volunteer, with the rank, but not the command, of colonel.

The party arrived at Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga, on the night of the 9th of May. The detachment sent in quest of boats had failed to arrive. There were a few boats at hand, with which the transportation was commenced. It was slow work; the night wore away; day was about to break, and but eighty-three men, with Allen and Arnold, had crossed. Should they wait for the residue, day would dawn, the garrison wake, and their enterprise might fail. Allen drew up his men, addressed them in his own emphatic style, and announced his intention to make a dash at the fort, without waiting for more force. "It is a desperate attempt," said he, "and I ask no man to go against his will. I will take the lead, and be the first to advance. You that are willing to follow, poise your firelocks." Not a firelock but was poised. They mounted the hill briskly, but in silence, guided by a boy from the neighborhood. The day dawned as Allen arrived at a sally-port. A sentry pulled trigger on him, but his piece missed fire. He retreated through a covered way. Allen and his men followed. Another sentry thrust at Easton with his bayonet, but was struck down by Allen, and begged for quarter. It was granted on condition of his leading the way instantly to the quarters of the commandant, Captain Delaplace, who was yet in bed. Being arrived there, Allen thundered at the door, and demanded a surrender of the fort. By this time his followers had formed into two lines on the parade-ground, and given three hearty cheers. The commandant appeared at his door half-dressed, "the frightened face of his pretty wife peering over his shoulder." He gazed at Allen in bewildered astonishment. "By whose authority do you act?" exclaimed he. "In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!" replied Allen, with a flourish of his sword, and an oath which we do not care to subjoin. There was no disputing
the point. The garrison, like the commander, had been startled from sleep, and made prisoners as they rushed forth in their confusion. A surrender accordingly took place. The captain, and forty-eight men, which composed his garrison, were sent prisoners to Hartford, in Connecticut. A great supply of military and naval stores, so important in the present crisis, was found in the fortress.

Colonel Seth Warner, who had brought over the residue of the party from Shoreham, was now sent with a detachment against Crown Point, which surrendered on the 12th of May without firing a gun; the whole garrison being a sergeant and twelve men. Here were taken upward of a hundred cannon.

Arnold now insisted vehemently on his right to command Ticonderoga; being, as he said, the only officer invested with legal authority. His claims had again to yield to the superior popularity of Ethan Allen, to whom the Connecticut committee, which had accompanied the enterprise, gave an instrument in writing, investing him with the command of the fortress, and its dependencies, until he should receive the orders of the Connecticut Assembly, or the Continental Congress. Arnold, while forced to acquiesce, sent a protest, and a statement of his grievances to the Massachusetts Legislature. In the mean time, his chagrin was appeased by a new object. The detachment originally sent to seize upon boats at Skanesborough, arrived with a schooner, and several bateaux. It was immediately concerted between Allen and Arnold to cruise in them down the lake, and surprise St. John's, on the Sorel River, the frontier post of Canada. The schooner was accordingly armed with cannon from the fort. Arnold, who had been a seaman in his youth, took the command of her, while Allen and his Green Mountain Boys embarked in the bateaux. Arnold outsailed the other craft, and arriving at St. John's, surprised and made prisoners of a sergeant and twelve men; captured a king's sloop of seventy tons, with two brass six-pounders and seven men; took four bateaux, destroyed several others, and then, learning that troops were on the way from Montreal and Chamblee, spread all his sails to a favoring breeze, and swept up the lake with his prizes and prisoners, and some valuable stores, which he had secured. He had not sailed far when he met Ethan Allen and the bateaux. Salutes were exchanged; cannon on one side, musketry on the other. Allen boarded the sloop; learned from Arnold the particulars of his success, and determined to push on, take possession of St. John's, and garrison it with one hundred of his Green Mountain Boys. He was foiled in the attempt by the superior force which arrived; so he returned to his station at Ticonderoga.

Thus a partisan band, unpracticed in the art of war, had, by a series of daring exploits and almost without the loss of a man, won for the patriots the command of Lake George and Champlain, and thrown open the great highway to Canada.
CHAPTER VIII.

WASHINGTON APPOINTED COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

The second General Congress assembled at Philadelphia on the 10th of May. Peyton Randolph was again elected as president; but being obliged to return, and occupy his place as speaker of the Virginia Assembly, John Hancock, of Massachusetts, was elevated to the chair.

A lingering feeling of attachment to the mother country, struggling with the growing spirit of self-government, was manifested in the proceedings of this remarkable body. Many of those most active in vindicating colonial rights, and Washington among the number, still indulged the hope of an eventual reconciliation, while few entertained, or, at least, avowed the idea of complete independence.

A second "humble and dutiful" petition to the king was moved, but met with strong opposition. John Adams condemned it as an imbecile measure, calculated to embarrass the proceedings of Congress. He was for prompt and vigorous action. Other members concurred with him. Indeed, the measure itself seemed but a mere form, intended to reconcile the half-scrupulous; for subsequently, when it was carried, Congress, in face of it, went on to assume and exercise the powers of a sovereign authority. A federal union was formed, leaving to each colony the right of regulating its internal affairs according to its own individual constitution, but vesting in Congress the power of making peace or war; of entering into treaties and alliances; of regulating general commerce; in a word, of legislating on all such matters as regarded the security and welfare of the whole community.

The executive power was to be vested in a council of twelve, chosen by Congress from among its own members, and to hold office for a limited time. Such colonies as had not sent delegates to Congress, might yet become members of the confederacy by agreeing to its conditions. Georgia, which had hitherto hesitated, soon joined the league, which thus extended from Nova Scotia to Florida.

Congress ordered the enlistment of troops, the construction of forts in various parts of the colonies, the provision of arms, ammunition, and military stores; while to defray the expense of these, and other measures, avowedly of self-defence, they authorized the emission of notes to the amount of three millions of dollars, bearing the inscription of "The United Colonies;" the faith of the confederacy being pledged for their redemption. The public sense of Washington's military talents and experience was evinced in his being chairman of all the committees appointed for military affairs. Most of the rules and regulations for the army, and the measures of defence, were devised by him.
The situation of the New England army, actually besieging Boston, became an early and absorbing consideration. It was without munitions of war, without arms, clothing or pay; in fact, without legislative countenance or encouragement. Unless sanctioned and assisted by Congress, there was danger of its dissolution. The disposition to uphold the army was general; but the difficult question was, who should be commander-in-chief? Adams, in his diary, gives us glimpses of the conflict of opinions and interests within doors. There was a southern party, he said, which could not brook the idea of a New England army, commanded by a New England general. "Whether this jealousy was sincere," writes he, "or whether it was mere pride, and a haughty ambition of furnishing a southern general to command the northern army, I cannot say; but the intention was very visible to me, that Colonel Washington was their object; and so many of our stanchest men were in the plan, that we could carry nothing without conceding to it."

General Charles Lee was at that time in Philadelphia. His former visit had made him well acquainted with the leading members of Congress. The active interest he had manifested in the cause was well known, and the public had an almost extravagant idea of his military qualifications. He was of foreign birth, however, and it was deemed improper to confide the supreme command to any but a native-born American. The opinion evidently inclined in favor of Washington; yet it was promoted by no clique of partisans or admirers. More than one of the Virginia delegates, says Adams, were cool on the subject of this appointment; and particularly Mr. Pendleton was clear and full against it. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Washington in this, as in every other situation in life, made no step in advance to clutch the impending honor. Adams, in his diary, claims the credit of bringing the members of Congress to a decision. Rising in his place, one day, and stating briefly, but earnestly, the exigencies of the case, he moved that Congress should adopt the army at Cambridge, and appoint a general. Though this was not the time to nominate the person, "yet," adds he, "as I had reason to believe this was a point of some difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare, that I had but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia, who was among us and very well known to all of us; a gentleman, whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union. Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the library-room. When the subject came under debate, several delegates opposed the appointment of Washington; not from personal objections, but because the army were all from New England, and had a general of their own, General Artemus Ward, with whom they appeared well satisfied; and under whose command they had proved themselves able to imprison the
British army in Boston; which was all that was to be expected or desired."

The subject was postponed to a future day. In the interim, pains were taken out of doors to obtain a unanimity, and the voices were in general so clearly in favor of Washington, that the dissentient members were persuaded to withdraw their opposition. On the 15th of June, the army was regularly adopted by Congress, and the pay of the commander-in-chief fixed at five hundred dollars a month. Many still clung to the idea, that in all these proceedings they were merely opposing the measures of the ministry, and not the authority of the crown, and thus the army before Boston was designated as the Continental Army, in contradistinction to that under General Gage, which was called the Ministerial Army.

In this stage of the business Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, rose, and nominated Washington for the station of commander-in-chief. The election was by ballot, and was unanimous. It was formally announced to him by the president, on the following day, when he had taken his seat in Congress. Rising in his place, he briefly expressed his high and grateful sense of the honor conferred on him, and his sincere devotion to the cause. "But," added he, "lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the 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, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit of it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

"There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington," writes Adams to a friend; "a gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and his friends, sacrificing his ease, and hazards all in the cause of his country. His views are noble and disinterested."

Four major-generals were to be appointed. General Ward was elected the second in command, and Lee the third. The other two major-generals were Philip Schuyler, of New York, and Israel Putnam, of Connecticut. Eight brigadier-generals were likewise appointed; Seth Pomeroy, Richard Montgomery, David Wooster, William Heath, Joseph Spencer, John Thomas, John Sullivan, and Nathaniel Greene. At Washington's express request, his old friend, Major Horatio Gates, then absent at his estate in Virginia, was appointed adjutant-general, with the rank of brigadier. Adams, according to his own account, was extremely loth to admit either Lee or Gates into the American service, although he considered them officers of great experience and confessed abilities. He apprehended difficulties, he said, from the "natural prejudices and virtuous attachment of our countrymen to their own officers."

"But," added he, "considering the earnest desire of General
Washington to have the assistance of those officers, the extreme attachment of many of our best friends in the southern colonies to them, the reputation they would give to our arms in Europe, and especially with the ministerial generals and army in Boston, as well as the real American merit of both, I could not withhold my vote from either."

In this momentous change in his condition, which suddenly altered all his course of life, and called him immediately to the camp, Washington's thoughts recurred to Mount Vernon, and its rural delights, so dear to his heart, whence he was to be again exiled. His chief concern, however, was on account of the distress it might cause to his wife. His letter to her on the subject is written in a tone of manly tenderness. "You may believe me," writes he, "when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; and I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. * * "I shall rely confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved, and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the Fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone."

On the 20th of June, he received his commission from the president of Congress. The following day was fixed upon for his departure for the army. He reviewed previously, at the request of their officers, several militia companies of horse and foot. Every one was anxious to see the new commander, and rarely has the public beau ideal of a commander been so fully answered. He was now in the vigor of his days, forty-three years of age, stately in person, noble in his demeanor, calm and dignified in his deportment; as he sat his horse, with manly grace, his military presence delighted every eye, and wherever he went the air rang with acclamations.

While Congress had been deliberating on the adoption of the army, and the nomination of a commander-in-chief, events had been thickening and drawing to a crisis in the excited region about Boston. The provincial troops which blockaded the town prevented supplies by land, the neighboring country refused to furnish them by water; fresh provisions and vegetables were no longer to be procured, and Boston began to experience the privations of a beseiged city. On the 25th of May, arrived ships of war and transports from England, bringing large reinforcements, under Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Henry Clinton, commanders of high reputation.

Inspired by these reinforcements General Gage determined to
take the field. Previously, however, in conformity to instructions from Lord Dartmouth, the head of the war department, he issued a proclamation (12th June), putting the province under martial law, threatening to treat as rebels and traitors all malcontents who should continue under arms, together with their aiders and abettors; but offering pardon to all who should lay down their arms and return to their allegiance. From this proffered amnesty, however, John Hancock and Samuel Adams were especially excepted; their offences being pronounced “too flagitious not to meet with condign punishment.”

The besieging force, in the mean time, was daily augmented by recruits and volunteers, and now amounted to about fifteen thousand men distributed at various points. Its character and organization were peculiar. It could not be called a national army, for, as yet, there was no nation to own it; it was not under the authority of the Continental Congress, the act of that body recognizing it not having as yet been passed, and the authority of that body itself not having been acknowledged. It was, in fact, a fortuitous assemblage of four distinct bodies of troops, belonging to different provinces, and each having a leader of its own election. About ten thousand belonged to Massachusetts, and were under the command of General Artemas Ward, whose head-quarters were at Cambridge. Another body of troops, under Colonel John Stark, already mentioned, came from New Hampshire. Rhode Island furnished a third, under the command of General Nathaniel Greene. A fourth was from Connecticut, under the veteran Putnam. These bodies of troops, being from different colonies, were independent of each other, and had their several commanders. Those from New Hampshire were instructed to obey General Ward as commander-in-chief; with the rest, it was a voluntary act, rendered in consideration of his being military chief of Massachusetts, the province which, as allies, they came to defend. The troops knew but little of military discipline. Almost all were familiar with the use of fire-arms in hunting and fowling; many had served in frontier campaigns against the French, and in “bush-fighting” with the Indians; but none were acquainted with regular service or the discipline of European armies. There was a regiment of artillery, partly organized by Colonel Gridley, a skillful engineer, and furnished with nine field-pieces; but the greater part of the troops were without military dress or accoutrements; most of them were hasty levies of yeomanry, some of whom had seized their rifles and fowling-pieces, and turned out in their working clothes and homespun country garbs. It was an army of volunteers, subordinate through inclination and respect to officers of their own choice, and depending for sustenance on supplies sent from their several towns.

Such was the army spread over an extent of ten or twelve miles, and keeping watch upon the town of Boston, containing at that time a population of seventeen thousand souls, and garrisoned with more than ten thousand British troops, disciplined and experienced in the wars of Europe. In the disposition of these forces, General Ward had stationed himself at Cambridge, with the main
body of about nine thousand men and four companies of artillery. Lieutenant-General Thomas, second in command, was posted, with five thousand Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island troops, and three or four companies of artillery, at Roxbury and Dorchester, forming the right wing of the army; while the left, composed in a great measure of New Hampshire troops, stretched through Medford to the hills of Chelsea. It was a great annoyance to the British officers and soldiers, to be thus hemmed in by what they termed a rustic rout with calico frocks and fowling-pieces. The same scornful and taunting spirit prevailed among them, that the cavaliers of yore indulged toward the Covenanters. Considering episcopacy as the only loyal and royal faith, they insulted and desecrated the 'sectarian' places of worship. One was turned into a riding school for the cavalry, and the fire in the stove was kindled with books from the library of its pastor. The provincials retaliated by turning the Episcopal church at Cambridge into a barrack, and melting down its organ-pipes into bullets. Both parties panted for action; the British through impatience of their humiliating position, and an eagerness to chastise what they considered the presumption of their besiegers; the provincials through enthusiasm in their cause, a thirst for enterprise and exploit, and, it must be added, an unconsciousness of their own military deficiencies.

We have already mentioned the peninsula of Charlestown (called from a village of the same name), which lies opposite to the north side of Boston. The heights, which swell up in rear of the village, overlook the town and shipping. The project was conceived in the besieging camp to seize and occupy those heights. A council of war was held upon the subject. The arguments in favor of the attempt were, that the army was anxious to be employed; that the country was dissatisfied with its inactivity, and that the enemy might thus be drawn out to ground where they might be fought to advantage. General Putnam was one of the most strenuous in favor of the measure. Some of the more wary and judicious, among whom were General Ward and Dr. Warren, doubted the expediency of intrenching themselves on those heights, and the possibility of maintaining so exposed a post, scantily furnished, as they were, with ordnance and ammunition. Besides, it might bring on a general engagement, which it was not safe to risk. Putnam made light of the danger. He was confident of the bravery of the militia if intrenched, having seen it tried in the old French War. "The Americans," said he, "are never afraid of their heads; they only think of their legs; shelter them, and they'll fight forever." The daring councils of such men are always captivating to the inexperienced; but in the present instance, they were sanctioned by one whose opinion in such matters, and in this vicinity, possessed peculiar weight. This was Colonel William Prescott, of Pepperell, who commanded a regiment of minute men. He, too, had seen service in the French war, and acquired reputation as a lieutenant of infantry at the capture of Cape Breton. This was sufficient to constitute him an oracle in the
present instance. He was now about fifty years of age, tall and commanding in his appearance, and retaining the port of a soldier. What was more, he had a military garb; being equipped with a three-cornered hat, a top wig, and a single-breasted blue coat, with facings and lapped up at the skirts. All this served to give him consequence among the rustic militia officers with whom he was in council. His opinion, probably, settled the question; and it was determined to seize on and fortify Bunker's Hill and Dorchester Heights, Secret intelligence hurried forward the project. General Gage, it was said, intended to take possession of Dorchester Heights on the night of the 18th of June. These heights lay on the opposite side of Boston, and the committee were ignorant of their localities. Those on Charlestown Neck, being near at hand, had sometime before been reconnoitered by Colonel Richard Gridley, and other of the engineers. It was determined to seize and fortify these heights on the night of Friday, the 16th of June, in anticipation of the movement of General Gage. Troops were drafted for the purpose from the Massachusetts regiments of Colonels Prescott, Frye and Bridges. There was also a fatigue party of about two hundred men from Putnam's Connecticut troops, led by his favorite officer, Captain Knowlton; together with a company of forty-nine artillery men, with two field-pieces, commanded by Captain Samuel Gridley. A little before sunset the troops, about twelve hundred in all, assembled on the common, in front of General Ward's quarters. They came provided with packs, blankets and provisions for four-and-twenty hours, but ignorant of the object of the expedition. Being all paraded, prayers were offered up by the reverend President Langdon, of Harvard College; after which they all set forward on their silent march. Colonel Prescott, from his experience in military matters, and his being an officer in the Massachusetts line, had been chosen by General Ward to conduct the enterprise. His written orders were to fortify Bunker's Hill, and defend the works until he should be relieved. Colonel Richard Gridley, the chief engineer, who had likewise served in the French war, was to accompany him and plan the fortifications.

The detachment left Cambridge about 9 o'clock, Colonel Prescott taking the lead, preceded by two sergeants with dark lanterns. At Charlestown Neck they were joined by Major Brooks, of Bridges' regiment, and General Putnam; and here were the wagons laden with intrenching tools, which first gave the men an indication of the nature of the enterprise. Charlestown Neck is a narrow isthmus, connecting the peninsula with the main land; having the Mystic River, about half a mile wide, on the north, and a large embayment of Charles River on the south or right side.

It was now necessary to proceed with the utmost caution, for they were coming on ground over which the British kept jealous watch. They had erected a battery at Boston on Copp's Hill, immediately opposite to Charlestown. Five of their vessels of war were stationed so as to bear upon the peninsula from different directions, and the guns of one of them swept the isthmus or narrow
neck just mentioned. Across this isthmus, Colonel Prescott conducted the detachment undiscovered, and up the ascent of Bunker's Hill. This commences at the neck, and slopes up for about three hundred yards to its summit, which is about one hundred and twelve feet high. It then declines toward the south, and is connected by a ridge with Breed's Hill, about sixty or seventy feet high. The crests of the two hills are about seven hundred yards apart.

On attaining the heights, a question rose which of the two they should proceed to fortify. Bunker's Hill was specified in the written orders given to Colonel Prescott by General Ward, but Breed's Hill was much nearer to Boston, and had a better command of the town and shipping. Bunker's Hill, also, being on the upper and narrower part of the peninsula, was itself commanded by the same ship which raked the Neck. Putnam was clear for commencing at Breed's Hill and making the principal work there, while a minor work might be thrown up at Bunker's Hill, as a protection in the rear, and a rallying point, in case of being driven out of the main work. Others concurred with this opinion, yet there was a hesitation in deviating from the letter of their orders. At length Colonel Gridley became impatient: the night was waning; delay might prostrate the whole enterprise. Breed's Hill was then determined on. Gridley marked out the lines for the fortifications; the men stacked their guns; threw off their packs; seized their trenching tools, and set to work with great spirit; but so much time had been wasted in discussion, that it was midnight before they struck the first spade into the ground.

Prescott, who felt the responsibility of his charge, almost despair'd of carrying on these operations undiscovered. A party was sent out by him silently to patrol the shore at the foot of the heights, and watch for any movement of the enemy. Not willing to trust entirely to the vigilance of others, he twice went down during the night to the water's edge; reconnoitering everything scrupulously, and noting every sight and sound. It was a warm, still, summer's night; the stars shone brightly, but everything was quiet. Boston was buried in sleep. The sentry's cry of "All's well" could be heard distinctly from its shores, together with the drowsy calling of the watch on board of the ships of war, and then all would relapse into silence. Satisfied that the enemy were perfectly unconscious of what was going on upon the hill, he returned to the works, and a little before daybreak called in the patrolling party. So spiritedly, though silently, had the labor been carried on, that by morning a strong redoubt was thrown up as a main work, flanked on the left by a breast-work, partly cannon-proof, extending down the crest of Breed's Hill to a piece of marshy ground called the Slough. To support the right of the redoubt, some troops were thrown into the village of Charlestown, at the southern foot of the hill. The great object of Prescott's solicitude was now attained, a sufficient bulwark to screen his men before they should be discovered; for he doubted the possibility of keeping raw recruits to their post, if openly exposed to the fire of artillery, and the attack of disciplined troops.
At dawn of day, the Americans at work were espied by the sailors on board of the ships of war, and the alarm was given. The captain of the Lively, the nearest ship, without waiting for orders, put a spring upon her cable, and bringing her guns to bear, opened a fire upon the hill. The other ships and a floating battery followed his example. Their shot did no mischief to the works, but one man, among a number who had incautiously ventured outside, was killed. A subaltern reported his death to Colonel Prescott, and asked what was to be done. "Bury him," was the reply. The chaplain gathered some of his military flock around him, and was proceeding to perform suitable obsequies over the "first martyr," but Prescott ordered that the men should disperse to their work, and the deceased be buried immediately.

To inspire confidence by example, Prescott now mounted the parapet, and walked leisurely about, inspecting the works, giving directions, and talking cheerfully with the men. The cannonading roused the town of Boston. General Gage could scarcely believe his eyes when he beheld on the opposite hill a fortification full of men, which had sprung up in the course of the night. As he reconnoitered it through a glass from Copp's Hill, the tall figure of Prescott, in military garb, walking the parapet, caught his eye. "Who is that officer who appears in command?" asked he. The question was answered by Counselor Willard, Prescott's brother-in-law, who was at hand, and recognized his relative. "Will he fight?" demanded Gage, quickly. "Yes, sir! he is an old soldier, and will fight to the last drop of blood; but I cannot answer for his men."

"The works must be carried!" exclaimed Gage. He called a council of war. The Americans might intend to cannonade Boston from this new fortification; it was unanimously resolved to dislodge them. How was this to be done? A majority of the council, including Clinton and Grant, advised that a force should be landed on Charlestown Neck, under the protection of their batteries, so as to attack the Americans in rear, and cut off their retreat. General Gage objected that it would place his troops between two armies; one at Cambridge, superior in numbers, the other on the heights, strongly fortified. He was for landing in front of the works, and pushing directly up the hill; a plan adopted through a confidence that raw militia would never stand their ground against the assault of veteran troops; another instance of undervaluing the American spirit, which was to cost the enemy a lamentable loss of life.
CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL—SIEGE OF BOSTON.

The sound of drum and trumpet, the clatter of hoofs, the rattling of gun-carriages, and all the other military din and bustle in the streets of Boston, soon apprised the Americans on their rudely fortified height of an impending attack. They were ill fitted to withstand it, being jaded by the night's labor, and want of sleep; hungry and thirsty, having brought but scanty supplies, and oppressed by the heat of the weather. Prescott sent repeated messages to General Ward, asking reinforcements and provisions. Putnam seconded the request in person, urging the exigencies of the case. Ward hesitated. He feared to weaken his main body at Cambridge, as his military stores were deposited there, and it might have to sustain the principal attack. At length, having taken advice of the council of safety, he issued orders for Colonels Stark and Read, then at Medford, to march to the relief of Prescott with their New Hampshire regiments. The orders reached Medford about 11 o'clock. Ammunition was distributed in all haste; two flints, a gill of powder, and fifteen balls to each man. The balls had to be suited to the different calibers of the guns; the powder to be carried in powder-horns, or loose in the pocket, for there were no cartridges prepared. It was the rude turn-out of yeoman soldiery destitute of regular accouterments. In the mean while, the Americans on Breed's Hill were sustaining the fire from the ships, and from the battery on Copp's Hill, which opened upon them about ten o'clock. They returned an occasional shot from one corner of the redoubt, without much harm to the enemy, and continued strengthening their position until 11 o'clock, when they ceased to work, piled their intrenching tools in the rear, and looked out anxiously and impatiently for the anticipated reinforcements and supplies.

About noon the Americans descried twenty-eight barges crossing from Boston in parallel lines. They contained a large detachment of grenadiers, rangers, and light infantry, admirably equipped, and commanded by Major-General Howe. They made a splendid and formidable appearance with their scarlet uniforms, and the sun flashing upon muskets and bayonets, and brass field-pieces. A heavy fire from the ships and batteries covered their advance, but no attempt was made to oppose them, and they landed about 1 o'clock at Moulton's Point, a little to the north of Breed's Hill. Here General Howe made a pause. On reconnoitering the works from this point, the Americans appeared to be much more strongly posted than he had imagined. He descried troops also hastening to their assistance. These were the New Hampshire troops, led on by Stark. Howe immediately sent over to General Gage for more
forces, and a supply of cannon-balls; those brought by him being found, through some egregious oversight, too large for the ordnance. While awaiting their arrival, refreshments were served out to the troops, with "grog," by the bucketful; and tantalizing it was, to the hungry and thirsty provincials, to look down from their ramparts of earth, and see their invaders seated in groups upon the grass eating and drinking, and preparing themselves by a hearty meal for the coming encounter. Their only consolation was to take advantage of the delay, while the enemy were carousing, to strengthen their position. The breast-work on the left of the redoubt extended to what was called the Slough, but beyond this, the ridge of the hill, and the slope toward Mystic River, were undefended, leaving a pass by which the enemy might turn the left flank of the position, and seize upon Bunker's Hill. Putnam ordered his chosen officer, Captain Knowlton, to cover this pass with the Connecticut troops under his command. A novel kind of rampart, savoring of rural device, was suggested by the rustic general. About six hundred feet in the rear of the redoubt, and about one hundred feet to the left of the breast-work, was a post and rail-fence, set in a low foot-wall of stone, and extending down to Mystic River. The posts and rails of another fence were hastily pulled up, and set a few feet in behind this, and the intermediate space was filled up with new mown hay from the adjacent meadows. This double fence, it will be found, proved an important protection to the redoubt, although there still remained an unprotected interval of about seven hundred feet. While Knowlton and his men were putting up this fence, Putnam proceeded with other of his troops to throw up the work on Bunker's Hill, dispatching his son, Captain Putnam, on horseback, to hurry up the remainder of his men from Cambridge. By this time his compeer in French and Indian warfare, the veteran Stark, made his appearance with the New Hampshire troops, five hundred strong. He had grown cool and wary with age, and his march from Medford, a distance of five or six miles, had been in character. He led his men at a moderate pace to bring them into action fresh and vigorous. In crossing the Neck, which was enfiladed by the enemy's ships and batteries, Captain Dearborn, who was by his side, suggested a quick step. The veteran shook his head: "One fresh man in action is worth ten tired ones," replied he, and marched steadily on. Putnam detained some of Stark's men to aid in throwing up the works on Bunker's Hill, and directed him to reinforce Knowlton with the rest. Stark made a short speech to his men now that they were likely to have warm work. He then pushed on, and did good service that day at the rustic bulwark. About 2 o'clock, Warren arrived on the heights, ready to engage in their perilous defence, although he had opposed the scheme of their occupation. He had recently been elected a major-general, but had not received his commission; like Pomeroy, he came to serve in the ranks with a musket on his shoulder. Putnam offered him the command at the fence; he declined it, and merely asked where he could be of most service as a volunteer. Putnam pointed to the redoubt, ob-
serving that there he would be under cover. "Don't think I seek
a place of safety," replied Warren, quickly; "where will the
attack be hottest?" Putnam still pointed to the redoubt. "That
is the enemy's object; if that can be maintained, the day is ours." Warren was cheered by the troops as he entered the redoubt.
Colonel Prescott tendered him the command. He again declined.
"I have come to serve only as a volunteer, and shall be happy to
learn from a soldier of your experience." Such were the noble
spirits assembled on these perilous heights.

The British now prepared for a general assault. An easy victory
was anticipated; the main thought was, how to make it most effec-
tual. General Pigot advanced up the hill under cover of a fire
from field-pieces and howitzers planted on a small height near the
landing-place on Moulton's Point. His troops commenced a dis-
charge of musketry while yet at a long distance from the redoubts.
The Americans within the works, obedient to strict command,
retained their fire until the enemy were within thirty or forty paces,
when they opened upon them with a tremendous volley. Being
all marksmen, accustomed to take deliberate aim, the slaughter
was immense, and especially fatal to officers. The assailants fell
back in some confusion; but, rallied on by their officers, advanced
within pistol shot. Another volley, more effective than the first,
made them again recoil. To add to their confusion, they were
galled by a flanking fire from the handful of provincials posted in
Charlestown. Shocked at the carnage, and seeing the confusion of
his troops, General Pigot was urged to give the word for a
retreat.

In the mean time, General Howe, with the right wing, advanced
along the Mystic River toward the fence where Stark, Read and
Knowlton were stationed, thinking to carry this slight breastwork
with ease, and so get in the rear of the fortress. His artillery
proved of little avail, being stopped by a swampy piece of ground,
while his columns suffered from two or three field-pieces with which
Putnam had fortified the fence. Howe's men kept up a fire of
musketry as they advanced; but, not taking aim, their shot passed
over the heads of the Americans. The latter had received the
same orders with those in the redoubt, not to fire until the enemy
should be within thirty paces. Some few transgressed the com-
mand. Putnam rode up and swore he would cut down the next
man that fired contrary to orders. When the British arrived
within the stated distance a sheeted fire opened upon them from
rifles, muskets, and fouling-pieces, all leveled with deadly aim.
The carnage, as in the other instance, was horrible. The British
were thrown into confusion and fell back; some even retreated to
the boats. The American officers availed themselves of it to pre-
pare for another attack, which must soon be made. Prescott min-
gled among his men in the redoubt, who were all in high spirits at
the severe check they had given "the regulars." He praised
them for their steadfastness in maintaining their post, and their
good conduct in reserving their fire until the word of command,
and exhorted them to do the same in the next attack. Putnam
rode about Bunker's Hill and its skirts, to rally and bring on reinforcements which had been checked or scattered in crossing Charlestown Neck by the raking fire from the ships and batteries. Before many could be brought to the scene of action the British had commenced their second attack. They again ascended the hill to storm the redoubt; their advance was covered as before by discharges of artillery. Charlestown, which had annoyed them on their first attack by a flanking fire, was in flames, by shells thrown from Copp's Hill, and by marines from the ships. Being built of wood, the place was soon wrapped in a general conflagration. The thunder of artillery from batteries and ships, the bursting of bomb-shells; the sharp discharges of musketry; the shouts and yells of the combatants; the crash of burning buildings, and the dense volumes of smoke, which obscured the summer sun, all formed a tremendous spectacle. "Sure I am," said Burgoyne in one of his letters,—"Sure I am nothing ever has or ever 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 by mortal ears."

The American troops, although unused to war, stood undismayed amidst a scene where it was bursting upon them with all its horrors. Reserving their fire, as before, until the enemy was close at hand, they again poured forth repeated volleys with the fatal aim of sharpshooters. The British stood the first shock, and continued to advance; but the incessant stream of fire staggered them. Their officers remonstrated, threatened, and even attempted to goad them on with their swords, but the havoc was too deadly; whole ranks were mowed down; many of the officers were either slain or wounded, and among them several of the staff of General Howe. The troops again gave way and retreated down the hill. All this passed under the eye of thousands of spectators of both sexes and all ages, watching from afar every turn of a battle in which the lives of those most dear to them were at hazard. The British soldiery in Boston gazed with astonishment and almost incredulity at the resolute and protracted stand of raw militia whom they had been taught to despise, and at the havoc made among their own veteran troops. Every convoy of wounded brought over to the town increased their consternation, and General Clinton, who had watched the action from Copp's Hill, embarking in a boat, hurried over as a volunteer, taking with him reinforcements.

A third attack was now determined on, though some of Howe's officers remonstrated, declaring it would be downright butchery. A different plan was adopted. Instead of advancing in front of the redoubt, it was to be taken in flank on the left, where the open space between the breast-work and the fortified fence presented a weak point. It having been accidentally discovered that the ammunition of the Americans was nearly expended, preparations were made to carry the works at the point of the bayonet; and the soldiery threw off their knapsacks, and some even their coats, to be more light for action. General Howe, with the main body, now made a feint of attacking the fortified fence; but, while a part of
his force was thus engaged, the rest brought some of the field-pieces to enfilade the breastwork on the left of the redoubt. A raking fire soon drove the Americans out of this exposed place into the inclosure. Much damage, too, was done in the latter by balls which entered the sally-port. The troops were now led on to assail the works; those who flinched were, as before, goaded on by the swords of the officers. The Americans again reserved their fire until their assailants were close at hand, and then made a murderous volley, by which several officers were laid low, and General Howe himself was wounded in the foot. The British soldiery this time likewise reserved their fire and rushed on with fixed bayonets. Clinton and Pigot had reached the southern and eastern sides of the redoubt, and it was now assailed on three sides at once. Prescott ordered those who had no bayonets to retire to the back part of the redoubt and fire on the enemy as they showed themselves on the parapet. The first who mounted exclaimed in triumph, "The day is ours!" He was instantly shot down, and so were several others who mounted about the same time. The Americans, however, had fired their last round, their ammunition was exhausted; and now succeeded a desperate and deadly struggle, hand to hand, with bayonets, stones, and the stocks of their muskets. At length, as the British continued to pour in, Prescott gave the order to retreat. His men had to cut their way through two divisions of the enemy who were getting in rear of the redoubt, and they received a destructive volley from those who had formed on the captured works. By that volley fell the patriot Warren, who had distinguished himself throughout the action. He was among the last to leave the redoubt, and had scarce done so when he was shot through the head with a musket-ball, and fell dead on the spot.

While the Americans were thus slowly dislodged from the redoubt, Stark, Read and Knowlton maintained their ground at the fortified fence; which, indeed, had been nobly defended throughout the action. Pomeroy distinguished himself here by his sharpshooting until his musket was shattered by a ball. The resistance at this hastily constructed work was kept up after the troops in the redoubt had given way, and until Colonel Prescott had left the hill; thus defeating General Howe's design of cutting off the retreat of the main body; which would have produced a scene of direful confusion and slaughter. Having effected their purpose, the brave associates at the fence abandoned their weak outpost, retiring slowly, and disputing the ground inch by inch, with a regularity remarkable in troops many of whom had never before been in action. The main retreat was across Bunker's Hill, where Putnam had endeavored to throw up a breast-work. The veteran, sword in hand, rode to the rear of the retreating troops, regardless of the balls whistling about him. His only thought was to rally them at the unfinished works. "Halt! make a stand here!" cried he, "we can check them yet. In God's name, form and give them one shot more." Pomeroy, wielding his shattered musket as a truncheon, seconded him in his efforts to stay the torrent. It was
impossible, however, to bring the troops to a stand. They continued on down the hill to the Neck and across it to Cambridge, exposed to a raking fire from the ships and batteries, and only protected by a single piece of ordnance. The British were too exhausted to pursue them; they contented themselves with taking possession of Bunker’s Hill, were reinforced from Boston, and threw up additional works during the night.

It was the first regular battle between the British and the Americans, and most eventful in its consequences. The former had gained the ground for which they contended; but, if a victory, it was more disastrous and humiliating to them than an ordinary defeat. They had ridiculed and despised their enemy, representing them as dastardly and inefficient; yet here their best troops, led on by experienced officers, had repeatedly been repulsed by an inferior force of that enemy—mere yeomanry—from works thrown up in a single night, and had suffered a loss rarely paralleled in battle with the most veteran soldierly; for, according to their own returns, their killed and wounded, out of a detachment of two thousand men, amounted to one thousand and fifty-four, and a large proportion of them officers. The loss of the Americans did not exceed four hundred and fifty. To the latter this defeat, if defeat it might be called, had the effect of a triumph. It gave them confidence in themselves and consequence in the eyes of their enemies. They had proved to themselves and to others that they could measure weapons with the disciplined soldiers of Europe, and inflict the most harm in the conflict.

Among the British officers slain was Major Pitcairn, who, at Lexington, had shed the first blood in the revolutionary war. In the death of Warren the Americans had to lament the loss of a distinguished patriot and a most estimable man. It was deplored as a public calamity. His friend Elbridge Gerry had endeavored to dissuade him from risking his life in this perilous conflict, “Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,” replied Warren, as if he had foreseen his fate—a fate to be envied by those ambitious of an honorable fame. He was one of the first who fell in the glorious cause of his country, and his name has become consecrated in its history.

Prescott conducted the troops in the night enterprise; he superintended the building of the redoubt, and defended it throughout the battle; his name, therefore, will ever shine most conspicuous, and deservedly so, on this bright page of our Revolutionary history. Putnam was a leading spirit throughout the affair; one of the first to prompt and of the last to maintain it. He appears to have been active and efficient at every point; sometimes fortifying; sometimes hurrying up reinforcements; inspiriting the men by his presence while they were able to maintain their ground, and fighting gallantly at the outpost to cover their retreat. The brave old man, riding about in the heat of the action, on this sultry day, “with a hanger belted across his brawny shoulders, over a waistcoat without sleeves,” has been sneered at by a contemporary, as “much fitter to head a band of sickle men or ditchers than mus-
keteers." But this very description illustrates his character, and identifies him with the times and the service. A yeoman warrior fresh from the plow, in the garb of rural labor; a patriot brave and generous, but rough and ready, who thought not of himself in time of danger, but was ready to serve in any way, and to sacrifice official rank and self-glorification to the good of the cause. He was eminently a soldier for the occasion. His name has long been a favorite one with young and old; one of the talismanic names of the Revolution, the very mention of which is like the sound of a trumpet. Such names are the precious jewels of our history, to be garnered up among the treasures of the nation, and kept immaculate from the tarnishing breath of the cynic and the doubter.

CHAPTER X.

WASHINGTON ARRIVES IN THE CAMP AND TAKES COMMAND.

In a preceding chapter we left Washington preparing to depart from Philadelphia for the army before Boston. He set out on horseback on the 21st of June, having for military companions of his journey Major-Generals Lee and Schuyler, and being accompanied for a distance by several private friends. As an escort he had a "gentleman troop" of Philadelphia, commanded by Captain Markoe; the whole formed a brilliant cavalcade. In fact, the journey of Washington with his associate generals, experienced like him in the wild expeditions of the old French war, was a revival of early campaigning feelings. They had scarcely proceeded twenty miles from Philadelphia when they were met by a courier, spurring with all speed, bearing dispatches from the army to Congress, communicating tidings of the battle of Bunker's Hill. Washington eagerly inquired particulars; above all, how acted the militia? When told that they stood their ground bravely; sustained the enemy's fire—reserved their own until at close quarters, and then delivered it with deadly effect; it seemed as if a weight of doubt and solicitude were lifted from his heart. "The liberties of the country are safe!" exclaimed he. The news of the battle of Bunker's Hill had startled the whole country; and this clattering cavalcade, escorting the commander-in-chief to the army, was the gaze and wonder of every town and village.

The journey may be said to have been a continual council of war between Washington and the two generals. Even the contrast in character of the two latter made them regard questions from different points of view. Schuyler, a warm-hearted patriot, with everything staked on the cause; Lee, a soldier of fortune, indifferent to the ties of home and country, drawing his sword without enthusiasm; more through resentment against a government which had disappointed him, than zeal for liberty or for colonial rights.
The population of New York was more varied in its elements than that of almost any other of the provinces, and had to be cautiously studied. The New Yorkers were of a mixed origin, and stamped with the peculiarities of their respective ancestors. The descendants of the old Dutch and Huguenot families, the earliest settlers, were still among the soundest and best of the population. They inherited the love of liberty, civil and religious, of their forefathers, and were those who stood foremost in the present struggle for popular rights. Such were the Jays, the Bensons, the Beekmans, the Hoffmans, the Van Hornes, the Roosevelts, the Duyc-kinks, the Pintards, the Yateses, and others whose names figure in the patriotic documents of the day. Some of them, doubtless, cherished a remembrance of the time when their forefathers were lords of the land, and felt an innate propensity to join in resistance to the government by which their supremacy had been overturned. A great proportion of the more modern families, dating from the downfall of the Dutch government in 1664, were English and Scotch, and among these were many loyal adherents to the crown. Then there was a mixture of the whole, produced by the intermarriages of upward of a century, which partook of every shade of character and sentiment. The operations of foreign commerce, and the regular communications with the mother country through packets and ships of war, kept these elements in constant action, and contributed to produce that mercurial temperament, that fondness for excitement, and proneness to pleasure, which distinguished them from their neighbors on either side—the austere Puritans of New England, and the quiet "Friends" of Pennsylvania.

There was a power, too, of a formidable kind within the interior of the province, which was an object of much solicitude. This was the "Johnson Family." We have repeatedly had occasion to speak of Sir William Johnson, his majesty's general agent for Indian affairs, of his great wealth, and his almost sovereign sway over the Six Nations. He had originally received that appointment through the influence of the Schuyler family. Both Generals Schuyler and Lee, when young men, had campaigned with him; and it was among the Mohawk warriors, who rallied under his standard, that Lee had beheld his vaunted models of good-breeding.

In the recent difficulties between the crown and colonies, Sir William had naturally been in favor of the government which had enriched and honored him, but he had viewed with deep concern the acts of Parliament which were goading the colonists to armed resistance. In the height of his solicitude, he received dispatches ordering him, in case of hostilities, to enlist the Indians in the cause of government. To the agitation of feelings produced by these orders many have attributed a stroke of apoplexy, of which he died, on the 11th of July, 1774, about a year before the time of which we are treating. His son and heir, Sir John Johnson and his sons-in-law, Colonel Guy Johnson and Colonel Claus, felt none of the reluctance of Sir William to use harsh measures in support of royalty. They lived in a degree of rude feudal style in stone mansions capable of defense, situated on the Mohawk River and in its vicin-
ity; they had many Scottish Highlanders for tenants; and among their adherents were violent men, such as the Butlers of Tryon County, and Brant, the Mohawk sachem since famous in Indian warfare. They had recently gone about with armed retainers, overawing and breaking up patriotic assemblages, and it was known they could at any time bring a force of warriors in the field. Recent accounts stated that Sir John was fortifying the old family hall at Johnstown with swivels, and had a hundred and fifty Roman Catholic Highlanders quartered in and about it, all armed and ready to obey his orders.

Colonel Guy Johnson, however, was the most active and zealous of the family. Pretending to apprehend a design on the part of the New England people to surprise and carry him off, he fortified his stone mansion on the Mohawk, called Guy's Park, and assembled there a part of his militia regiment, and other of his adherents, to the number of five hundred. He held a great Indian council there, likewise, in which the chiefs of the Six Nations recalled the friendship and good deeds of the late Sir William Johnson, and avowed their determination to stand by and defend every branch of his family.

Tryon, the governor of New York, was at present absent in England, having been called home by the ministry to give an account of the affairs of the province, and to receive instructions for its management. He was a tory in heart, and had been a zealous opponent of all colonial movements, and his talents and address gave him great influence over an important part of the community. Should he return with hostile instructions, and should he and the Johnsons cooperate, the one controlling the bay and harbor of New York and the waters of the Hudson by means of ships and land forces; the others overrunning the valley of the Mohawk and the regions beyond Albany with savage hordes, this great central province might be wrested from the confederacy, and all intercourse broken off between the eastern and southern colonies. All these circumstances and considerations, many of which came under discussion in the course of this military journey, rendered the command of New York a post of especial trust and importance, and determined Washington to confide it to General Schuyler. He was peculiarly fitted for it by his military talents, his intimate knowledge of the province and its concerns, especially what related to the upper parts of it, and his experience in Indian affairs.

At Newark, in the Jerseys, Washington was met on the 25th by a committee of the provincial Congress, sent to conduct him to the city. The Congress was in a perplexity. It had in a manner usurped and exercised the powers of Governor Tryon during his absence, while at the same time it professed allegiance to the crown which had appointed him. He was now in the harbor, just arrived from England, and hourly expected to land. Washington, too, was approaching. How were these double claims to ceremonious respect happening at the same time to be managed?

In this dilemma a regiment of militia was turned out, and the colonel instructed to pay military honors to whichever of the dis-
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tingished functionaries should first arrive. Washington was earlier than the governor by several hours, and received those honors. The landing of Governor Tryon took place about eight o'clock in the evening. The military honors were repeated. A ship of war, the Asia, lay anchored opposite the city; its grim batteries bearing upon it, greatly to the disquiet of the faint-hearted among its inhabitants. In this situation of affairs Washington was happy to leave such an efficient person as General Schuyler in command of the place. At New York, Washington had learned all the details of the battle of Bunker's Hill; they quickened his impatience to arrive at the camp. In the mean time the provincial Congress of Massachusetts, then in session at Watertown, had made arrangements for the expected arrival of Washington. According to a resolve of that body, "the president's house in Cambridge, excepting one room reserved by the president for his own use, was to be taken, cleared, prepared, and furnished for the reception of the Commander-in-Chief and General Lee. The Congress had likewise sent on a deputation which met Washington at Springfield, on the frontiers of the province, and provided escorts and accommodations for him along the road. Washington proceeded to the head-quarters provided for him at Cambridge, three miles distant. As he entered the confines of the camp the shouts of the multitude and the thundering of artillery gave note to the enemy beleaguered in Boston of his arrival. His military reputation had preceded him and excited great expectations. They were not disappointed. His personal appearance, notwithstanding the dust of travel, was calculated to captivate the public eye. As he rode through the camp, amidst a throng of officers, he was the admiration of the soldiery and of a curious throng collected from the surrounding country. Happy was the countryman who could get a full view of him to carry home an account of it to his neighbors. "I have been much gratified this day with a view of General Washington," writes a contemporary chronicler. "His excellency was on horseback, in company with several military gentlemen. It was not difficult to distinguish him from all others. He is tall and well-proportioned, and his personal appearance truly noble and majestic." The fair sex were still more enthusiastic in their admiration, if we may judge from the following passage of a letter written by the intelligent and accomplished wife of John Adams to her husband: "Dignity, ease, and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me:

"Mark his majestic fabric! He's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
His soul's the deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God."

With Washington, modest at all times, there was no false excitement on the present occasion; nothing to call forth emotions of self-glorification. The honors and congratulations with which he was received, the acclamations of the public, the cheerings of the army, only told him how much was expected from him; and when he looked round upon the raw and rustic levies he was to
command, "a mixed multitude of people, under very little discipline, order, or government," scattered in rough encampments about hill and dale, beleaguering a city garrisoned by veteran troops, with ships of war anchored about its harbor, and strong outposts guarding it, he felt the awful responsibility of his situation, and the complicated and stupendous task before him. He spoke of it, however, not despondingly nor boastfully and with defiance; but with that solemn and sedate resolution, and that hopeful reliance on Supreme Goodness, which belonged to his magnanimous nature. The cause of his country, he observed, had called him to an active and dangerous duty, but he trusted that Divine Providence, which wisely orders the affairs of men, would enable him to discharge it with fidelity and success.

On the 3d of July, the morning after his arrival at Cambridge, Washington took formal command of the army. It was drawn up on the Common about half a mile from head-quarters. A multitude had assembled there, for as yet military spectacles were novelties, and the camp was full of visitors, men, women, and children, from all parts of the country, who had relatives among the yeoman soldiery. An ancient elm is still pointed out, under which Washington, as he arrived from head-quarters accompanied by General Lee and a numerous suite, wheeled his horse, and drew his sword as commander-in-chief of the armies. Washington visited the different American posts, and rode to the heights, commanding views over Boston and its environs, being anxious to make himself acquainted with the strength and relative position of both armies; and here we will give a few particulars concerning the distinguished commanders with whom he was brought immediately in competition.

Congress, speaking of them reproachfully, observed, "Three of England's most experienced generals are sent to wage war with their fellow-subjects." The first here alluded to was the Honorable William Howe, next in command to Gage. He was a man of a fine presence, six feet high, well proportioned, and of graceful deportment. He is said to have been not unlike Washington in appearance, though wanting his energy and activity. He lacked also his air of authority; but affability of manners, and a generous disposition, made him popular with both officers and soldiers.

There was a sentiment in his favor even among Americans at the time when he arrived at Boston. It was remembered that he was brother to the gallant and generous youth, Lord Howe, who fell in the flower of his days, on the banks of Lake George, and whose untimely death had been lamented throughout the colonies. It was remembered that the general himself had won reputation in the same campaign, commanding the light infantry under Wolfe, on the famous plains of Abraham. A mournful feeling had therefore gone through the country, when General Howe was cited as one of the British commanders who had most distinguished themselves in the bloody battle of Bunker's Hill. General Henry Clinton, the next in command, was grand-son of the Earl of Lincoln, and son of George Clinton, who had been Governor of
the province of New York for ten years, from 1743. The general had seen service on the continent in the Seven Years' War. He was of short stature, and inclined to corpulence; with a full face and prominent nose. His manners were reserved, and altogether he was in strong contrast with Howe, and by no means so popular.

Burgoyne, the other British general of note, had entered the army at an early age. In 1758, Burgoyne was a lieutenant-colonel of light dragoons. In 1761, he was sent with a force to aid the Portuguese against the Spaniards, joined the army commanded by the Count de la Lippe, and signalized himself by surprising and capturing the town of Alcantara. He had since been elected to Parliament for the borough of Middlesex, and displayed considerable parliamentary talents. In 1772, he was made a major-general. Such were the three British commanders at Boston, who were considered especially formidable; and they had with them eleven thousand veteran troops, well appointed and well disciplined.

In visiting the different posts, Washington halted for a time at Prospect Hill, which, as its name denotes, commanded a wide view over Boston and the surrounding country. Here Putnam had taken his position after the battle of Bunker's Hill, fortifying himself with works which he deemed impregnable; and here the veteran was enabled to point out to the commander-in-chief, and to Lee, the main features of the belligerent region, which lay spread out like a map before them. Bunker's Hill was but a mile distant to the east; the British standard floating as if in triumph on its summit. The main force under General Howe was intrenching itself strongly about half a mile beyond the place of the recent battle. Scarlet uniforms gleamed about the hill; tents and marquees whitened its sides. All up there was bright, brilliant, and triumphant. At the base of the hill lay Charlestown in ashes, "nothing to be seen of that fine town but chimneys and rubbish." Howe's sentries extended a hundred and fifty yards beyond the neck or isthmus, over which the Americans retreated after the battle. Three floating batteries in Mystic River commanded this isthmus, and a twenty-gun ship was anchored between the peninsula and Boston. General Gage, the commander-in-chief, still had his head-quarters in the town, but there were few troops there besides Burgoyne's light-horse. A large force however, was intrenched south of the town on the neck leading to Roxbury—the only entrance to Boston by land.

The American troops were irregularly distributed in a kind of semicircle eight or nine miles in extent; the left resting on Winter Hill, the most northern post; the right extending on the south to Roxbury and Dorchester Neck.

Washington reconnoitered the British posts from various points of view. Everything about them was in admirable order. The works appeared to be constructed with military science, the troops to be in high state of discipline. The American camp, on the contrary, disappointed him. He had expected to find eighteen or twenty thousand men under arms; there were not much more than
fourteen thousand. He had expected to find some degree of system and discipline; whereas all were raw militia. He had expected to find works scientifically constructed, and proofs of knowledge and skill in engineering; whereas, what he saw of the latter was very imperfect, and confined to the mere manual exercise of cannon. There was abundant evidence of aptness at trenching and throwing up rough defences; and in that way General Thomas had fortified Roxbury Neck, and Putman had strengthened Prospect Hill. But the semicircular line which linked the extreme posts, was formed of rudely-constructed works, far too extensive for the troops which were at hand to man them. Within this attenuated semicircle, the British forces lay concentrated and compact; and having command of the water, might suddenly bring their main strength to bear upon some weak points, force it, and sever the American camp. In fact, when we consider the scanty, ill-conditioned and irregular force which had thus stretched itself out to beleaguer a town and harbor defended by ships and floating batteries, and garrisoned by eleven thousand strongly posted veterans, we are at a loss whether to attribute its hazardous position to ignorance, or to that daring self-confidence, which at times, in our military history, has snatched success in defiance of scientific rules. One of the encampments, however, was in striking contrast with the rest, and might vie with those of the British for order and exactness. Here were tents and marquees pitched in the English style; soldiers well drilled and well equipped; everything had an air of discipline and subordination. It was a body of Rhode Island troops, which had been raised, drilled, and brought to the camp by Brigadier-General Greene, of that province, whose subsequent renown entitles him to an introduction to the reader. Nathaniel Greene was born in Rhode Island, on the 26th of May, 1742. His father was a miller, an anchor-smith, and a Quaker preacher. The waters of the Potowhammet turned the wheels of the mill, and raised the ponderous sledge hammer of the forge. Greene, in his boyhood, followed the plow, and occasionally worked at the forge of his father. His education was of an ordinary kind; but having an early thirst for knowledge, he applied himself sedulously to various studies, while subsisting by the labor of his hands. Nature had endowed him with quick parts, and a sound judgment, and his assiduity was crowned with success. He became fluent and instructive in conversation, and his letters, still extant, show that he held an able pen. In the late turn of public affairs, he had caught the belligerent spirit prevalent throughout the country. Plutarch and Cæsar's Commentaries became his delight. He applied himself to military studies, for which he was prepared by some knowledge of mathematics. His ambition was to organize and discipline a corps of militia to which he belonged. For this purpose, during a visit to Boston, he had taken note of everything about the discipline of the British troops. Greene made a soldier-like address to Washington, welcoming him to the camp. His appearance and manner were calculated to make a favorable impression. He was about thirty-nine years of
age, nearly six feet high, well built and vigorous, with an open, animated, intelligent countenance, and a frank, manly demeanor. He may be said to have stepped at once into the confidence of the commander-in-chief, which he never forfeited, but became one of his most attached, faithful, and efficient coadjuitors throughout the war.

Having taken his survey of the army, Washington wrote to the President of Congress, representing its various deficiencies, and, among other things, urging the appointment of a commissary-general, a quartermaster-general, a commissary of musters, and a commissary of artillery. Above all things, he requested a supply of money as soon as possible. "I find myself already much embarrassed for want of a military chest." In one of his recommendations we have an instance of frontier expediency, learned in his early campaigns. Speaking of the ragged condition of the army, and the difficulty of procuring the requisite kind of clothing, he advises that a number of hunting-shirts, not less than ten thousand, should be provided; as being the cheapest and quickest mode of supplying this necessity. "I know nothing in a speculative view more trivial," observes he, "yet which, if put in practice would have a happier tendency to unite the men, and abolish those provincial distinctions that lead to jealousy and dissatisfaction." Among the troops most destitute, were those belonging to Massachusetts, which formed the larger part of the army. Washington made a noble apology for them. "This unhappy and devoted province," said he, "has been so long in a state of anarchy, and the yoke has been laid so heavily on it, that great allowances are to be made for troops raised under such circumstances. The deficiency of numbers, discipline, and stores, can only lead to this conclusion, that their spirits had exceeded their strength."

One of the most efficient coöperators of Washington at this time, and throughout the war, was Jonathan Trumbull, the Governor of Connecticut. He was a well-educated man, experienced in public business, who had sat for many years in the legislative councils of his native province. Misfortune had cast him down from affluence, at an advanced period of life, but had not subdued his native energy. He had been one of the leading spirits of the Revolution, and the only colonial governor who, at its commencement, proved true to the popular cause. He was now sixty-five years of age, active, zealous, devout, a patriot of the primitive New England stamp, whose religion sanctified his patriotism. A letter addressed by him to Washington, just after the latter had entered upon the command, is worthy of the purest days of the Covenanters. "Congress," writes he, "have, with one united voice, appointed you to the high station you possess. The Supreme Director of all events hath caused a wonderful union of hearts and counsels to subsist among us. Now, therefore, be strong, and very courageous. May the God of the armies of Israel shower down the blessings of his Divine providence on you; give you wisdom and fortitude, cover your head in the day of battle and danger, add success, convince our enemies of their mistaken measures, and that all
their attempts to deprive these colonies of their inestimable constitutional rights and liberties, are injurious and vain."

The justice and impartiality of Washington were called into exercise as soon as he entered upon his command, in allaying discontent among his general officers caused by the recent appointments and promotions made by the Continental Congress. General Spencer was so offended that Putnam should be promoted over his head, that he left the army, without visiting the commander-in-chief; but was subsequently induced to return. General Thomas felt aggrieved by being outranked by the veteran Pomeroy; the latter, however, declining to serve, he found himself senior brigadier, and was appeased. The sterling merits of Putnam soon made every one acquiesce in his promotion. There was a generosity and buoyancy about the brave old man that made him a favorite throughout the army; especially with the younger officers, who spoke of him familiarly and fondly as "Old Put;" a sobriquet by which he is called even in one of the private letters of the commander-in-chief.

The member of Washington's family most deserving of mention at present, was his secretary, Mr. Joseph Reed. With this gentleman he had formed an intimacy in the course of his visits to attend the sessions of the Continental Congress. Mr. Reed was an accomplished man, had studied law in America, and at the Temple in London, and had gained a high reputation at the Philadelphia bar. In the dawning of the Revolution he had embraced the popular cause, and carried on a correspondence with the Earl of Dartmouth, endeavoring to enlighten that minister on the subject of colonial affairs. He had since been highly instrumental in rousing the Philadelphians to cooperate with the patriots of Boston. A sympathy of views and feelings had attached him to Washington, and induced him to accompany him to the camp. He had no definite purpose when he left home, and his friends in Philadelphia were surprised, on receiving a letter from him written from Cambridge, to find, that he had accepted the post of secretary to the commander-in-chief. Washington has occasionally been represented as cold and reserved; yet his intercourse with Mr. Reed is a proof to the contrary. His friendship toward him, was frank and cordial, and the confidence he reposed in him full and implicit. Reed, in fact, became, in a little time, the intimate companion of his thoughts, his bosom counselor.

The arrival of Gates in camp was heartily welcomed by the commander-in-chief, who had received a letter from that officer, gratefully acknowledging his friendly influence in procuring him the appointment of adjutant-general.

The hazardous position of the army from the great extent and weakness of its lines, was what most pressed on the immediate attention of Washington; and he hastened to improve the defences of the camp, strengthen the weak parts of the line, and throw up additional works around the main forts. No one seconded him more effectually in this matter than General Putnam. No works
were thrown up with equal rapidity to those under his superintendence. "You infuse your own spirit into your workmen," said Washington.

The army was distributed by Washington into three grand divisions. One, forming the right wing, was stationed on the heights of Roxbury. It was commanded by Major-General Ward, who had under him Brigadier-General Spencer and Thomas. Another, forming the left wing under Major-General Lee, having with him Brigadier-Generals Sullivan and Greene, was stationed on Winter and Prospect Hills; while the center, under Major-General Putnam and Brigadier-General Heath, was stationed at Cambridge. With Putnam was encamped his favorite officer Knowlton, who had been promoted by Congress to the rank of major for his gallantry at Bunker's Hill. At Washington's recommendation, Joseph Trumbull, the eldest son of the governor, received on the 24th of July the appointment of commissary-general of the continental army. He had already officiated with talent in that capacity in the Connecticut militia.

Nothing excited more gaze and wonder among the rustic visitors to the camp, than the arrival of several rifle companies, fourteen hundred men in all, from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia; such stalwart fellows as Washington had known in his early campaigns. Stark hunters and bush fighters; many of them upward of six feet high, and of vigorous frame; dressed in fringed frocks, or rifle shirts, and round hats. Their displays of sharp shooting were soon among the marvels of the camp. We are told that while advancing at quick step, they could hit a mark of seven inches diameter, at the distance of two hundred and fifty yards. One of these companies was commanded by Captain Daniel Morgan, a native of New Jersey, whose first experience in war had been to accompany Braddock's army as a wagoner. He had since carried arms on the frontier and obtained a command. He and his riflemen in coming to the camp had marched six hundred miles in three weeks.

The great object of Washington at present, was to force the enemy to come out of Boston and try a decisive action. His lines had for some time cut off all communication of the town with the country, and he had caused the live stock within a considerable distance of the place to be driven back from the coast, out of reach of the men-of-war's boats. Fresh provisions and vegetables were consequently growing more and more scarce and extravagantly dear, and sickness began to prevail. At this critical juncture, when Washington was pressing the siege, and endeavoring to provoke a general action, a startling fact came to light; the whole amount of powder in the camp would not furnish more than nine cartridges to a man! A gross error had been made by the committee of supplies when Washington, on taking command, had required a return of the ammunition. They had returned the whole amount of powder collected by the province, upward of three hundred barrels; without stating what had been expended. The blunder was detected on an order being issued for a new supply of cartridges.
It was found that there were but thirty-two barrels of powder in store. This was an astounding discovery. Washington instantly dispatched letters and expresses to Rhode Island, the Jerseys, Ticonderoga and elsewhere, urging immediate supplies of powder and lead, no quantity, however small, to be considered beneath notice. Day after day elapsed without the arrival of any supplies; for in these irregular times, the munitions of war were not readily procured. It seemed hardly possible that the matter could be kept concealed from the enemy. Their work on Bunker's Hill commanded a full view of those of the Americans on Winter and Prospect Hill. Each camp could see what was passing in the other. The sentries were almost near enough to converse. There was furtive intercourse occasionally between the men. In this critical state, the American camp remained for a fortnight; the anxious commander incessantly apprehending an attack. At length a partial supply from the Jerseys put an end to this imminent risk. Washington's secretary, Reed, who had been the confidant of his troubles and anxieties, gives a vivid expression of his feelings on the arrival of this relief. "I can hardly look back, without shuddering, at our situation before this increase of our stock. Stock did I say? it was next to nothing. Almost the whole powder of the army was in the cartridge-boxes."

Notwithstanding the supply from the Jerseys, there was not more powder in camp than would serve the artillery for one day of general action. None, therefore, was allowed to be wasted; the troops were even obliged to bear in silence an occasional cannonading.

Washington issued orders that British officers at Watertown and Cape Ann, who were at large on parole, should be confined in Northampton jail; explaining to them that this conduct, which might appear to them harsh and cruel, was contrary to his disposition, but according to the rule of treatment observed by General Gage toward the American prisoners in his hands; making no distinction of rank. Circumstances, of which we have no explanation, induced subsequently a revocation of this order; the officers were permitted to remain as before, at large upon parole, experiencing every indulgence and civility consistent with their security.

Letters from General Schuyler, received in the course of July, had awakened apprehensions of danger from the interior. The Johnsons were said to be stirring up the Indians in the western parts of New York to hostility, and preparing to join the British forces in Canada; so that, while the patriots were battling for their rights along the seaboard, they were menaced by a powerful combination in rear.

Both Allen and Arnold were ambitious of further laurels. Both were anxious to lead an expedition into Canada; and Ticonderoga and Crown Point would open the way to it. "The Key is ours," writes Allen to the New York Congress. "If the colonies would suddenly push an army of two or three thousand men into Canada, they might make an easy conquest of all that would oppose them, in the extensive province of Quebec, except a reinforcement from
England should prevent it. Such a diversion would weaken Gage, and insure us Canada. I wish to God America would, at this critical juncture, exert herself agreeably to the indignity offered her by a tyrannical ministry. She might rise on eagles' wings, and mount up to glory, freedom, and immortal honor, if she did but know and exert her strength. Fame is now hovering over her head. A vast continent must now sink to slavery, poverty, horror and bondage, or rise to unconquerable freedom, immense wealth, inexpressible felicity, and immortal fame. I will lay my life on it, that with fifteen hundred men, and a proper train of artillery, I will take Montreal. Provided I could be thus furnished, and if an army could command the field, it would be no insuperable difficulty to take Quebec."

Arnold urged the same project, but in less magniloquent language, upon the attention of the Continental Congress. His letter was dated from Crown Point; where he had a little squadron, composed of the sloop captured at St. Johns, a schooner, and a flotilla of bateaux. All these he had equipped, armed, manned, and officered; and his crews were devoted to him. In his letter to the Continental Congress he gave information concerning Canada, collected through spies and agents. Carleton, he said, had not six hundred effective men under him. The Canadians and Indians were disaffected to the British Government, and Montreal was ready to throw open its gates to a patriot force. Two thousand men, he was certain, would be sufficient to get possession of the province.

At this juncture arrived a committee of three members of the Congress of Massachusetts, sent by that body to inquire into the manner in which he had executed his instructions; complaints having been made of his arrogant and undue assumption of command. Arnold was thunderstruck at being subjected to inquiry, when he had expected an ovation. He requested a sight of the committee's instructions. The sight of them only increased his indignation. They were to acquaint themselves with the manner in which he had executed his commission; with his spirit, capacity, and conduct. Should they think proper, they might order him to return to Massachusetts, to render account of the moneys, ammunition and stores he had received, and the debts he had contracted on behalf of the colony. While at Ticonderoga, he and his men were to be under command of the principal officer from Connecticut.

Arnold was furious. He swore he would be second in command to no one, disbanded his men, and threw up his commission. Quite a scene ensued. His men became turbulent; some refused to serve under any other leader; others clamored for their pay, which was in arrears. Part joined Arnold on board of the vessels which were drawn out into the lake; and among other ebullitions of passion, there was a threat of sailing for St. Johns. At length the storm was allayed by the interference of several of the officers, and the assurances of the committee that every man should be paid. A part of them enlisted under Colonel Easton, and Arnold
MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.
set off for Cambridge to settle his accounts with the committee of safety.

The project of an invasion of Canada, urged by Allen and Arnold, had at first met with no favor, the Continental Congress having formally resolved to make no hostile attempts upon that province. Intelligence subsequently received, induced it to change its plans. Carleton was said to be strengthening the fortifications and garrison at St. Johns, and preparing to launch vessels on the lake wherewith to regain command of it, and retake the captured posts. Powerful reinforcements were coming from England and elsewhere. Guy Johnson was holding councils with the fierce Cayugas and Senecas, and stirring up the Six Nations to hostility. On the other hand, Canada was full of religious and political dissensions. The late exploits of the Americans on Lake Champlain had produced a favorable effect on the Canadians, who would flock to the patriot standard if unfurled among them by an imposing force. Now was the time to strike a blow to paralyze all hostility from this quarter; now, while Carleton's regular force was weak, and before the arrival of additional troops. Influenced by these considerations, Congress now determined to extend the revolution into Canada, but it was an enterprise too important to be intrusted to any but discreet hands. General Schuyler, then in New York, was accordingly ordered, on the 27th of June, to proceed to Ticonderoga, and "should he find it practicable, and not disagreeable to the Canadians, immediately to take possession of St. Johns and Montreal, and pursue such other measures in Canada as might have a tendency to promote the peace and security of these provinces."

Schuyler arrived at Ticonderoga on the 18th of July. A letter, to Washington, to whom, as commander-in-chief, he made constant reports, gives a striking picture of a frontier post in those crude days of the Revolution.

"You will expect that I should say something about this place and the troops here. Not one earthly thing for offence or defence has been done; the commanding officer has no orders; he only came to reinforce the garrison, and he expected the general. About ten last night I arrived at the landing-place, at the north end of Lake George; a post occupied by a captain and one hundred men. A sentinel, on being informed that I was in the boat, quitted his post to go and awaken the guard, consisting of three men, in which he had no success. I walked up and came to another, a sergeant's guard. Here the sentinel challenged, but suffered me to come up to him; the whole guard, like the first, in the soundest sleep. With a penknife only I could have cut off both guards, and then have set fire to the block house, destroyed the stores, and starved the people here. At this post I had pointedly recommended vigilance and care, as all the stores from Lake George must necessarily be landed here. But I hope to get the better of this inattention. The officers and men are all good-looking people and decent in their deportment, and I really believe will make good soldiers as soon as I can get the better of this
nonchalance of theirs. Bravery, I believe, they are far from want-
ing."

Colonel Hinman was in temporary command at Ticonderoga, if
that could be called a command where none seemed to obey. The
garrison was about twelve hundred strong; the greater part Con-
necticut men brought by himself; some were New York troops,
and some few Green Mountain Boys. Schuyler, on taking com-
mand, dispatched a confidential agent into Canada, Major John
Brown, an American, who resided on the Sorel River, and was
popular among the Canadians. He was to collect information as
to the British forces and fortifications, and to ascertain how an in-
vasion and an attack on St. Johns would be considered by the peo-
ple of the province: in the mean time, Schuyler set diligently to work
to build boats and prepare for the enterprise, should it ultimately
be ordered by Congress. Ethan Allen arrived, as a volunteer, and
was accepted by Schuyler, to act as a pioneer on the Canadian
frontier. From his agent Major Brown, and from other sources,
had learned that there were but about three hundred troops at
St. Johns, about fifty at Quebec, and three hundred and fifty at
Montreal, Chamblee, and the upper posts. Colonel Guy Johnson
was at Montreal with three hundred men, mostly his tenants, and
with a number of Indians. Two batteries had been finished at St.
John, mounting nine guns each; other works were intrenched
and spicketed. Two large row galleys were on the stocks, and
would soon be finished. Now was the time, according to his in-
formants to carry Canada. It might be done with great ease and
little cost. The Canadians were disaffected to British rule, and
would join the Americans, and so would many of the Indians. "I
am prepared," writes he to Washington, "to move against the
enemy, unless your Excellency and Congress should direct other-
wise. In the course of a few days I expect to receive the ultimate
determination. Whatever it may be, I shall try to execute it in
such a manner as will promote the just cause in which we are en-
gaged."

While awaiting orders on this head, he repaired to Albany, to
hold a conference and negotiate a treaty with the Caughnawagas,
and the warriors of the Six Nations, whom, as one of the com-
mmissioners of Indian affairs, he had invited to meet him at that
place. General Richard Montgomery was to remain in command
at Ticonderoga during his absence, and to urge forward the mili-
tary preparations.

General Montgomery was of a good family in the north of Ire-
land, where he was born in 1736. He entered the army when
about eighteen years of age; served in America in the French
war; won a lieutenancy by gallant conduct at Louisburg; followed
General Amherst to Lake Champlain, and, after the conquest of
Canada, was promoted to a captaincy for his services in the West
Indies. After the peace of Versailles he resided in England; but
about three years before the breaking out of the Revolution, he
sold out his commission in the army and emigrated to New York.
Here he married the eldest daughter of Judge Robert R. Livings-
ton, of the Clermont branch of that family; and took up his residence on an estate which he had purchased in Dutchess County on the banks of the Hudson. Being known to be in favor of the popular cause, he was drawn reluctantly from his rural abode, to represent his county in the first convention of the province; and on the recent organization of the army, his military reputation gained him the unsought commission of Brigadier-General. He was about thirty-nine years of age, and the beau ideal of a soldier. His form was well proportioned and vigorous; his countenance expressive and prepossessing; he was cool and discriminating in council, energetic and fearless in action. His principles commanded the respect of friends and foes, and he was noted for winning the affections of the soldiery.

While these things were occurring at Ticonderoga, several Indian chiefs made their appearance in the camp at Cambridge. They came in savage state and costume, as ambassadors from their respective tribes, to have a talk about the impending invasion of Canada. One was chief of the Caughnawaga tribe, whose residence was on the banks of the St. Lawrence, six miles above Montreal. Others were from St. Francis, about forty-five leagues above Quebec, and were of a warlike tribe, from which hostilities had been especially apprehended. Washington, accustomed to deal with the red warriors of the wilderness, received them with great ceremonial. They dined at head-quarters among his officers, and it is observed that to some of the latter they might have served as models; such was their grave dignity and decorum. A council fire was held. The sachems all offered, on behalf of their tribes, to take up the hatchet for the Americans, should the latter invade Canada. The offer was embarrassing. Congress had publicly resolved to seek nothing but neutrality from the Indian nations, unless the ministerial agents should make an offensive alliance with them. The chief of the St. Francis tribe declared that Governor Carleton had endeavored to persuade him to take up the hatchet against the Americans, but in vain. "As our ancestors gave this country to you," added he grandly, "we would not have you destroyed by England; but are ready to afford you our assistance." Washington wished to be certain of the conduct of the enemy, before he gave a reply to these Indian overtures. He wrote by express, therefore, to General Schuyler, requesting him to ascertain the intentions of the British governor with respect to the native tribes. He also proposed an expedition against Quebec, by way of Kennebec river. The express found Schuyler in Albany, where he had been attending the conference with the Six Nations. He declared his conviction, from various accounts which he had received, that Carleton and his agents were exciting the Indian tribes to hostility. "I should, therefore not hesitate one moment," to employ any savages that might be willing to join us."

The siege of Boston had been kept up for several weeks without any remarkable occurrence. The British remained within their lines, diligently strengthening them; the besiegers, having received further supplies of ammunition, were growing impatient of a state
of inactivity. Washington detached fourteen hundred men to seize at night upon a height within musket shot of the enemy's line on Charlestown Neck. The task was executed with silence and celerity, and by daybreak the hill presented to the astonished foe the aspect of a fortified post. The British opened a heavy cannonade from Bunker's Hill, but kept within their works. The Americans, scant of ammunition, could only reply with a single nine-pounder; this, however, sank one of the floating batteries which guarded the neck. They went on to complete and strengthen this advanced post, exposed to daily cannonade and bombardment, which, however, did but little injury.

In the meantime, as it was evident the enemy did not intend to come out, but were only strengthening their defences and preparing for winter, Washington was enabled to turn his attention to the expedition to be sent into Canada by the way of the Kennebec River. A detachment of about eleven hundred men, chosen for the purpose, was soon encamped on Cambridge Common. There were ten companies of New England infantry, some of them from General Greene's Rhode Island regiments; three rifle companies from Pennsylvania and Virginia, one of them Captain Daniel Morgan's famous company; and a number of volunteers; among whom was Aaron Burr, then but twenty years of age, and just commencing his varied, brilliant, but ultimately unfortunate career.

The proposed expedition was wild and perilous, and required a hardy, skillful and intrepid leader. Such a one was at hand. Benedict Arnold was at Cambridge, occupied in settling his accounts with the Massachusetts committee of safety. These were nearly adjusted. Whatever faults may have been found with his conduct in some particulars, his exploits on Lake Champlain had atoned for them; for valor in time of war covers a multitude of sins. Washington had given him an honorable reception at headquarters, and now considered him the very man for the present enterprise. He had shown aptness for military service, whether on land or water. He was acquainted, too, with Canada, and especially with Quebec, having, in the course of his checkered life traded in horses between that place and the West Indies. With these considerations he intrusted him with the command of the expedition, giving him the commission of lieutenant-colonel in the continental army. As he would be intrusted with dangerous powers, Washington, beside a general letter of instructions, addressed a special one to him individually, full of cautious and considerate advice. In the general letter of instructions, Washington, inserted the following clause. "If Lord Chatham's son should be in Canada, and in any way fall into your power, you are enjoined to treat him with all possible deference and respect. You cannot err in paying too much honor to the son of so illustrious a character and so true a friend to America."

Arnold was furnished with hand-bills for distribution in Canada, setting forth the friendly objects of the present expedition, as well as of that under General Schuyler; and calling on the Canadians
to furnish necessaries and accommodations of every kind; for
which they were assured ample compensation.

On the 13th of September, Arnold struck his tents, and set out in
high spirits. Washington enjoined upon him to push forward as
rapidly as possible, success depending upon celerity; and counted
the days as they elapsed after his departure, impatient to receive
tidings of his progress up the Kennebec, and expecting that the
expedition would reach Quebec about the middle of October. In
the interim came letters from General Schuyler, giving particulars
of the main expedition.

In a preceding chapter we left the general and his little army at
the Isle aux Noix, near the Sorel River, the outlet of the lake.
Thence, on the 5th of September, he sent Colonel Ethan Allen and
Major Brown to reconnoiter the country between that river and the
St. Lawrence, to distribute friendly addresses among the people
and ascertain their feelings. This done, and having landed his
baggage and provisions, the general proceeded along the Sorel River
the next day with his boats, until within two miles of St.
Johns, when a cannonade was opened from the fort.

In the night the camp was visited secretly, by a person who
informed General Schuyler of the state of the fort. The works
were completed, and furnished with cannon. A vessel pierced for six-
ten guns was launched, and would be ready to sail in three or four
days. It was not probable that any Canadians would join the
army, being disposed to remain neutral. This intelligence being
discussed in a council of war in the morning, it was determined that
they had neither men nor artillery sufficient to undertake a siege.
They returned, therefore, to the Isle aux Noix, cast up fortifica-
tions, and threw a boom across the channel of the river to prevent
the passage of the enemy's vessels into the lake, and awaited the
arrival of artillery and reinforcements from Ticonderoga. In the
course of a few days the expected reinforcements arrived and with
them a small train of artillery. Ethan Allen also returned from
his reconnoitering expedition, of which he made a most encourag-
ing report. The Canadian captains of militia were ready, he said,
to join the Americans, whenever they should appear with sufficient
force. He had held talks, too, with the Indians, and found them
well disposed. Preparations were now made for the investment of
St. Johns by land and water. Major Brown, who had already
acted as a scout, was sent with one hundred Americans, and about
thirty Canadians toward Chamblee, to make friends in that quarter,
and to join the army as soon as it should arrive at St. Johns. To
quiet the restless activity of Ethan Allen, who had no command
in the army, he was sent with an escort of thirty men to retrace his
steps, penetrate to La Prairie, and beat up for recruits among the
people whom he had recently visited. For some time past, Gen-
eral Schuyler had been struggling with a complication of maladies,
but exerting himself to the utmost in the harassing business of the
camp, still hoping to be able to move with the army. When every-
thing was nearly ready, he was attacked in the night by a severe
access of his disorder, which confined him to his bed, and com-
pelied him to surrender the conduct of the expedition to General Montgomery. Since he could be of no further use, therefore, in this quarter, he caused his bed to be placed on a broad covered bateau, and set off for Ticonderoga, to hasten forward reinforcements and supplies.

On the 16th of September, the day after Schuyler's departure for Ticonderoga, Montgomery proceeded to carry out the plans which had been concerted between them. Landing on the 17th at the place where they had formerly encamped, within a mile and a half of the fort, he detached a force of five hundred men.

St. Johns had a garrison of five or six hundred regulars and two hundred Canadian militia. Its commander, Major Preston, made a brave resistance. Montgomery had not proper battering cannon; his mortars were defective; his artillerists unpracticed, and the engineer ignorant of the first principles of his art. The siege went on slowly, until the arrival of an artillery company under Captain Lamb, expedited from Saratoga by General Schuyler. Lamb, who was an able officer, immediately bedded a thirteen-inch mortar, and commenced a fire of shot and shells upon the fort. The distance, however, was too great, and the positions of the batteries were ill chosen.

Allen was on his way towards St. Johns, when, between Longueil and La Prairie, he met Colonel Brown with his party of Americans and Canadians. A conversation took place between them. Brown assured him that the garrison at Montreal did not exceed thirty men, and might easily be surprised. Allen's partisan spirit was instantly excited. Here was a chance for another bold stroke equal to that at Ticonderoga. A plan was forthwith agreed upon. Allen was to return to Longueil, which is nearly opposite Montreal, and cross the St. Lawrence in canoes in the night, so as to land a little below the town. Brown, with two hundred men, was to cross above, and Montreal was to be attacked simultaneously at opposite points.

All this was arranged and put in action without the consent or knowledge of General Montgomery; Allen was again the partisan leader, acting from individual impulse. His late letter also to General Montgomery, would seem to have partaken of fanfaronade; for the whole force with which he undertook his part of this inconsiderate enterprise, was thirty Americans, and eighty Canadians. With these he crossed the river on the 24th of September, the few canoes found at Longueil having to pass to and fro repeatedly, before his petty force could be landed. Guards were stationed on the roads to prevent any one passing and giving the alarm in Montreal. Day dawned, but there was no signal of Major Brown having performed his part of the scheme. The enterprise seems to have been as ill concerted, as it was ill advised. The day advanced, but still no signal; it was evident Major Brown had not crossed. Allen would gladly have recrossed the river, but it was too late. An alarm had been given to the town, and he soon found himself encountered by about forty regular soldiers, and a hasty levy of Canadians and Indians. A smart action ensued; most of Allen's Canadian
recruits gave way and fled, a number of Americans were slain, and he at length surrendered to Maj. Campbell, the British officer, who considered them as little better than a band of freebooters on a maraud. Their leader, albeit a colonel, must have seemed worthy of the band; for Allen was arrayed in rough frontier style; a deerskin jacket, a vest and breeches of coarse serge, worsted stockings, stout shoes, and a red woolen cap.

We give Allen's own account of his reception by the British officer. "He asked me my name, which I told him. He then asked me whether I was that Colonel Allen who took Ticonderoga. I told him I was the very man. Then he shook his cane over my head, calling me many hard names, among which, he frequently used the word rebel, and put himself in a great rage." Ethan Allen, according to his own account, answered with becoming spirit. Indeed, he gives somewhat of a melodramatic scene, which ended by his being sent on board of the Gaspee schooner of war, heavily ironed, to be transported to England for trial; Prescott giving him the parting assurance, sealed with an emphatic oath, that he would grace a halter at Tyburn.

Neither Allen's courage nor his rhetorical vein deserted him on this trying occasion. From his place of confinement, he indited the following epistle to the general:

"HONORABLE SIR,—In the wheel of transitory events I find myself prisoner, and in irons. Probably your honor has certain reasons to me inconceivable, though I challenge an instance of this sort of economy of the Americans during the late war to any officers of the crown. On my part, I have to assure your honor, that when I had the command and took Captain Delaplace and Lieutenant Fulton, with the garrison of Ticonderoga, I treated them with every mark of friendship and generosity, the evidence of which is notorious, even in Canada. I have only to add, that I expect an honorable and humane treatment, as an officer of my rank and merit should have, and subscribe myself your honor's most obedient servant,

"Ethan Allen."

In the British publication from which we cite the above, the following note is appended to the letter, probably on the authority of General Prescott: "N. B.—The author of the above letter is an outlaw, and a reward is offered by the New York Assembly for apprehending him."—[Remembrancer, ii, 51].

The reckless dash at Montreal was viewed with concern by the American commander. "I am apprehensive of disagreeable consequences arising from Mr. Allen's imprudence," writes General Schuyler. "I always dreaded his impatience of subordination, and it was not until after a solemn promise made me in the presence of several officers, that he would demean himself with propriety, that I would permit him to attend the army; nor would I have consented then, had not his solicitations been backed by several officers." The conduct of Allen was also severely censured by Washington. "His misfortune," said he, "will, I hope, teach a lesson of
prudence and subordination to others who may be ambitious to outshine their general officers, and, regardless of order and duty, rush into enterprises which have unfavorable effects on the public, and are destructive to themselves.

Washington received a dispatch from Arnold dated October 13th, from the great portage or carrying-place between the Kennebec and Dead Rivers. The toils of the expedition up the Kennebec River had indeed been excessive. Part of the men of each division managed the boats—part marched along the banks. Those on board had to labor against swift currents; to unload at rapids, transport the cargoes, and sometimes the boats themselves, for some distance on their shoulders, and then to reload. They were days in making their way round stupendous cataracts; several times their boats were upset and filled with water, to the loss or damage of arms, ammunition, and provisions.

Those on land had to scramble over rocks and precipices, to struggle through swamps and fenny streams; or cut their way through tangled thickets, which reduced their clothes to rags. With all their efforts, their progress was but from four to ten miles a day. At night the men of each division encamped together. By the time they arrived at the place whence the letter was written, fatigue, swamp fevers and desertion had reduced their numbers to about nine hundred and fifty effective men. Arnold, however, wrote in good heart. "The last division," said he, "is just arrived; three divisions are over the first carrying-place, and as the men are in high spirits, I make no doubt of reaching the river Chaudiere in eight or ten days, the greatest difficulty being, I hope, already past."

While the two expeditions were threatening Canada from different quarters, the war was going on along the seaboard. The British in Boston, cut off from supplies by land, fitted out small armed vessels to seek them along the coast of New England. The inhabitants drove their cattle into the interior, or boldly resisted the aggressors. Parties landing to forage were often repulsed by hasty levies of the yeomanry. Scenes of ravage and violence occurred. Stonington was cannonaded, and further measures of vengeance were threatened by Captain Wallace of the Rose man-of-war, a naval officer, who had acquired an almost piratical reputation along the coast, and had his rendezvous in the harbor of Newport, domineering over the waters of Rhode Island.

To check these maraudings, and to capture the enemy's transports laden with supplies, the provinces of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, fitted out two armed vessels each, at their own expense, without seeking the sanction or aid of Congress. Washington, also, on his own responsibility, ordered several to be equipped for like purpose, which were to be manned by hardy mariners, and commanded by able sea captains, actually serving in the army. Among the sturdy little New England seaports, which had become obnoxious to punishment by resistance to nautical exactions, was Falmouth (now Portland), in Maine. On the evening of the 11th of October, Lieutenant Mowat, of the royal
navy, appeared before it with several armed vessels, and sent a letter on shore, apprising the inhabitants that he was come to execute a just punishment on them for their "premeditated attacks on the legal prerogatives of the best of sovereigns." The lieutenant next offered to spare the town on certain conditions, which were refused. About half-past nine o'clock Oct 12, the red pendant was run up to the mast-head, and the signal gun fired. Within five minutes several houses were in flames, from a discharge of carcasses and bombshells, which continued throughout the day. The inhabitants, "standing on the heights, were spectators of the conflagration, which reduced many of them to penury and despair." 139 houses and 228 stores are said to have been burned.

General Sullivan was sent to Portsmouth, where there was a fortification of some strength, to give the inhabitants his advice and assistance in warning off the menaced blow. Newport, also, was put on the alert, and recommended to fortify itself. "I expect every hour," writes Washington, "to hear that Newport has shared the same fate of unhappy Falmouth." Under the feeling roused by these reports, the General Court of Massachusetts, exercising a sovereign power, passed an act for encouraging the fitting out of armed vessels to defend the sea-coast of America, and for erecting a court to try and condemn all vessels that should be found infesting the same. This act, granting letters of marque and reprisal, anticipated any measure of the kind on the part of the General Government, and was pronounced by John Adams, "one of the most important documents in history." General Gage sailed for England on the 10th of October. The tides of the battle of Bunker's Hill had withered his laurels as a commander. He never returned to America.

General Howe took command in Boston. He proceeded to strengthen the works on Bunker's Hill and Boston Neck, and to clear away houses and throw up redoubts on eminences within the town. The patriot inhabitants were shocked by the desecration of the Old South Church, which for more than a hundred years had been a favorite place of worship, where some of the most eminent divines had officiated. The pulpit and pews were now removed, the floor was covered with earth, and the sacred edifice was converted into a riding-school for Burgoyne's light dragoons. The North Church, another "meeting-house," was entirely demolished and used for fuel.

Washington had recently been incensed by the conflagration of Falmouth; the conduct of Governor Dunmore, who had proclaimed martial law in Virginia, and threatened ruin to the patriots, had added to his provocation; the measures of General Howe seemed of the same harsh character, and he determined to retaliate.

In this spirit he ordered General Sullivan, who was fortifying Portsmouth, "to seize upon such persons as held commissions under the crown, and were acting as open and avowed enemies to their country, and hold them as hostages for the security of the town." Still he was moderate in his retaliation, and stopped short of private individuals. Washington had been embarrassed through-
out the siege by the want of artillery and ordnance stores; but never more so than at the present moment. In this juncture, Mr. Henry Knox stepped forward, and offered to proceed to the frontier forts on Champlain in quest of a supply. He was one of those providential characters which spring up in emergencies, as if they were formed by and for the occasion. A thriving bookseller in Boston, he had thrown up business to take up arms for the liberties of his country. He was one of the patriots who had fought on Bunker's Hill, since when he had aided in planning the defences of the camp before Boston.

No one drew closer to Washington in this time of his troubles and perplexities than General Greene. He had a real veneration for his character, and thought himself "happy in an opportunity to serve under so good a General." He grieved at Washington's annoyances, but attributed them in part to his being somewhat of a stranger in New England.

Dispatches from Schuyler dated October 26th gave Washington another chapter of the Canada expedition. Chamblee, an inferior fort, within five miles of St. Johns, had been taken by Majors Brown and Livingston at the head of fifty Americans and three hundred Canadians. A large quantity of gunpowder and other military stores found there was a seasonable supply to the army before St. Johns, and consoled General Montgomery for his disappointment in regard to the aid promised by Colonel Ethan Allen. He now pressed the siege of St. Johns with vigor. The garrison, cut off from supplies, were suffering from want of provisions; but the brave commander, Major Preston, still held out manfully, hoping speedy relief from General Carleton, who on the 30th of September, had embarked a motley force at Montreal in thirty-four boats, to cross the St. Lawrence, land at Longueil, and push on for St. Johns, where, as concerted, he was to be joined by Maclean and his Highlanders. As the boats approached the right bank of the river at Longueil, a terrible fire of artillery and musketry was unexpectedly opened upon them, and threw them into confusion. It was from Colonel Seth Warner's detachment of Green Mountain Boys and New Yorkers. Some of the boats were disabled, some were driven on shore on an island; Carleton retreated with the rest to Montreal, with some loss in killed and wounded. Four prisoners carried the tidings to the camp. Aware that the garrison held out merely in expectation of the relief thus intercepted, Montgomery ceased his fire, and sent a flag by one of the Canadian prisoners with a letter informing Major Preston of the event, and inviting a surrender to spare the effusion of blood. The gallant major was obliged to capitulate. His garrison consisted of five hundred regulars and one hundred Canadians, including several provincial noblesse. Montgomery treated Preston and his garrison with the courtesy inspired by their gallant resistance. Having sent his prisoners up Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, he prepared to proceed immediately to Montreal; requesting General Schuyler to forward all the men he could possibly spare.
BARON STEUBEN.
The transportation of troops and effects across the carrying-place between the Kennebec and Dead Rivers had been a work of severe toil and difficulty to Arnold and his men, but performed with admirable spirit. There were ponds and streams full of trout and salmon, which furnished them with fresh provisions. Launching their boats on the sluggish waters of the Dead River, they navigated it in divisions, as before, to the foot of snow-crowned mountains; a part of the great granite chain which extends from south-west to north-east throughout our continent. Here, while Arnold and the first division were encamped to repose themselves, heavy rains set in, and they came near being swept away by sudden torrents from the mountains. Several of their boats were overturned, much of their provisions was lost, the sick list increased, and the good spirits which had hitherto sustained them began to give away. They were on scanty allowance, with a prospect of harder times, for there were still twelve or fifteen days of wilderness before them, where no supplies were to be had. A council of war was now held, in which it was determined to send back the sick and disabled, who were mere incumbrances. Arnold, accordingly, wrote to the commanders of the other divisions, to press on with as many of their men as they could furnish with provisions for fifteen days, and to send the rest back to a place on the route called Norridgewock. This order was misunderstood, or misinterpreted by Colonel Enos, who commanded the rear division; he gave all the provisions he could spare to Colonel Greene of the third division, retaining merely enough to supply his own corps of three hundred men on their way back to Norridgewock, whither he immediately returned.

Washington was not mistaken in the confidence he had placed in the energy of Arnold. Though the latter found his petty force greatly reduced by the retrograde move of Enos and his party, and although snow and ice rendered his march still more bleak among the mountains, he kept on with unflinching spirit until he arrived at the ridge which divides the streams of New England and Canada. Here, at Lake Megantic, the source of the Chaudiere, he met an emissary whom he had sent in advance to ascertain the feelings of the habitants, or French yeomanry, in the fertile valley of that stream. His report being favorable, Arnold shared out among the different companies the scanty provisions which remained, directing them to make the best of their way for the Chaudiere settlements; while he, with a light foraging party, would push rapidly ahead, to procure and send back supplies. He accordingly embarked with his little party in five bateaux and a birch canoe, and launched forth without a guide on the swift current of the Chaudiere. It was little better than a mountain torrent, full of rocks and rapids. Three of their boats were dashed to pieces, the cargoes lost, and the crews saved with difficulty. At one time, the whole party came near being precipitated over a cataract, where all might have perished; at length they reached Sertigan, the first French settlement, where they were cordially received. Here Arnold bought provisions, which he sent back by the Cana-
dians and Indians to his troops. The latter were in a state of starvation. Some had not tasted food for eight and forty hours; others had cooked two dogs, followers of the camp; and others had boiled their moccasins, cartouch boxes, and other articles of leather, in the hope of rendering them eatable. Arnold halted for a short time in the hospitable valleys of the Chaudiere, to give his troops repose, and distributed among the inhabitants the printed manifesto with which he had been furnished by Washington. Here he was joined by about forty Norridgewock Indians. On the 9th of November, the little army emerged from the woods at Point Levi, on the St. Lawrence, opposite to Quebec. Montgomery appeared before Montreal on the 12th of November. General Carleton had embarked with his little garrison, and several of the civil officers of the place, on board of a flotilla of ten or eleven small vessels, and made sail in the night, with a favorable breeze, carrying away with them the powder and other important stores. The town capitulated, of course; and Montgomery took quiet possession. His urbanity and kindness soon won the good will of the inhabitants, both English and French, and made the Canadians sensible that he really came to secure their rights, not to molest them. Intercepted letters acquainted him with Arnold's arrival in the neighborhood of Quebec. The flotilla in which Carleton was embarked had made repeated attempts to escape down the St. Lawrence; but had as often been driven back by the batteries thrown up by the Americans at the mouth of the Sorel. It now lay anchored about fifteen miles above that river; and Montgomery prepared to attack it with bateaux and light artillery, so as to force it down upon the batteries. Carleton saw his imminent peril. Disguising himself as a Canadian voyager, he set off on a dark night accompanied by six peasants, in a boat with muffled oars, which he assisted to pull; slipped quietly and silently past all the batteries and guard-boats, and effected his escape to Three Rivers, where he embarked in a vessel for Quebec. After his departure the flotilla surrendered.

Montgomery now placed garrisons in Montreal, St. Johns and Chamblee, and made final preparations for descending the St. Lawrence, and co-operating with Arnold against Quebec. To his disappointment and deep chagrin, he found but a handful of his troops disposed to accompany him.

On Dec. 2d, a long, lumbering train of wagons, laden with ordnance and military stores, and decorated with flags, came wheeling into Washington's camp, escorted by continental troops and militia. They were part of the cargo of a large brigantine laden with munitions of war, captured and sent in to Cape Ann by the schooner Lee; Captain Manly, one of the cruisers sent out by Washington. "Such universal joy ran through the whole camp," writes an officer, "as if each one grasped a victory in his own hands." Beside the ordnance captured, there were two thousand stand of arms, one hundred thousand flints, thirty thousand round shot, and thirty-two tons of musket balls.

Amid the various concerns of the war, and the multiplied per-
plexities of the camp, the thoughts of Washington continually reverted to his home on the banks of the Potomac. A constant correspondence was kept up between him and his agent, Mr. Lund Washington, who had charge of his various estates. The general gave clear and minute directions as to their management. He wrote: "Let the hospitality of the house with respect to the poor be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessaries, provided it does not encourage them to idleness; and I have no objection to your giving my money in charity to the amount of forty or fifty pounds a year, when you think it well bestowed. What I mean by having no objection is, that it is my desire it should be done. You are to consider that neither myself nor wife is now in the way to do those good offices."

Mrs. Washington came on in November, with her own carriage and horses, accompanied by her son, Mr. Custis, and his wife, to join Washington at the camp. She traveled by very easy stages, partly on account of the badness of the roads, partly out of regard to the horses, of which Washington was always very careful, and which were generally remarkable for beauty and excellence. Escorts and guards of honor attended her from place to place, and she was detained some time at Philadelphia, by the devoted attention of the inhabitants. Her arrival at Cambridge was a glad event in the army. Incidental mention is made of the equipage in which she appeared there. A chariot and four, with black postilions in scarlet and white liveries. It has been suggested that this was an English style of equipage, derived from the Fairfaxes; but in truth it was a style still prevalent at that day in Virginia.

It would appear that dinner invitations to head-quarters were becoming matters of pride and solicitude. "I am much obliged to you," writes Washington to Reed, "for the hints respecting the jealousies which you say are gone abroad. I cannot charge myself with incivility, or what in my opinion is tantamount, ceremonious civility to gentlemen of this colony; but if such my conduct appears, I will endeavor at a reformation; as I can assure you, my dear Reed, that I wish to walk in such a line as will give most general satisfaction. You know that it was my wish at first to invite a certain number to dinner, but unintentionally we somehow or other missed of it. If this has given rise to the jealousy, I can only say that I am very sorry for it; at the same time I add, that it was rather owing to inattention, or more properly, too much attention to other matters, which caused me to neglect it." The presence of Mrs. Washington soon relieved the general from this kind of perplexity. She presided at head-quarters with mingled dignity and affability. Washington had prayers morning and evening, and was regular in his attendance at the church in which he was a communicant. Not long after her arrival in camp, Mrs. Washington claimed to keep twelfth-night in due style, as the anniversary of her wedding. "The general," says the same informant, "was somewhat thoughtful, and said he was afraid he must refuse it."
objections were overcome, and twelfth-night and the wedding anniversary were duly celebrated.

John Adams gives us a picture of festivities at head-quarters, where he was a visitant on the recess of Congress. "I dined at Col. Mifflin's with the general (Washington) and lady and a vast collection of other company, among whom were six or seven sachems and warriors of the French Caughnawaga Indians, with their wives and children. A savage feast they made of it; yet were very polite in the Indian style. I was introduced to them by the general as one of the grand council at Philadelphia, which made them prick up their ears. They came and shook hands with me."

We subjoin an anecdote from the manuscript memoir of an eye witness. A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments, and fringed and ruffled hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trowsers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snowballs began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed, and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at fisticuffs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. "At this juncture," writes our informant, "Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design, I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him; his black servant was just behind him mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the mêlée, seized two tall brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's-length, talking to and shaking them." As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged, too, in one of those sectional brawl which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand must, therefore, have been a vehement one. He was commanding in his serenest moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.

Washington's last accounts of the movements of Arnold, left him at Point Levi, opposite to Quebec. Something brilliant from that daring officer was anticipated. It was his intention to cross the river immediately. Had he done so, he might have carried the town by a coup de main; for terror as well as disaffection prevailed among the inhabitants. At Point Levi, however, he was brought to a stand; not a boat was to be found there. Letters which he had dispatched some days previously, by two Indians, to Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, had been carried by his faithless messengers to Caramb, the lieutenant-governor, who, thus
apprised of the impending danger, had caused all the boats of Point Levi to be either removed or destroyed. Arnold was not a man to be disheartened by difficulties. With great exertions he procured about forty birch canoes from the Canadians and Indians, with forty of the latter to navigate them; but stormy winds arose, and for some days the river was too boisterous for such frail craft. In the mean time the garrison at Quebec was gaining strength. The prospect of a successful attack upon the place was growing desperate.

On the 13th of November, Arnold received intelligence that Montgomery had captured St. Johns. He was instantly roused to emulation. His men, too, were inspired by the news. The wind had abated: he determined to cross the river that very night. At a late hour in the evening he embarked with the first division, principally riflemen. The river was wide; the current rapid; the birch canoes, easy to be upset, required skilful management. By four o'clock in the morning, a large part of his force had crossed without being perceived, and landed about a mile and a half above Cape Diamond, at Wolfe's Cove, so called from being the landing-place of that gallant commander. Without waiting the arrival of the residue of his men, for whom the canoes had been dispatched, Arnold led those who had landed to the foot of the cragged defile, once scaled by the intrepid Wolfe, and scrambled up it in all haste. By daylight he had planted his daring flag on the far-famed Heights of Abraham. Here the main difficulty stared him in the face. A strong line of walls and bastions traversed the promontory from one of its precipitous sides to the other; inclosing the upper and lower towns. On the right, the great bastion of Cape Diamond crowned the rocky height of that name. On the left was the bastion of La Potasse, close by the gate of St. Johns opening upon the barracks; the gate where Wolfe's antagonist, the gallant Montcalm, received his death wound. A council of war was now held. Arnold, who had some knowledge of the place, was for dashing forward at once and storming the gate of St. Johns. Had they done so, they might have been successful. The gate was open and unguarded. The formidable aspect of the place, however, awed Arnold's associates in council. They considered that their whole force was but between seven and eight hundred men; that nearly one-third of their fire-arms had been rendered useless, and much of their ammunition damaged in their march through the wilderness; they had no artillery, and the fortress looked too strong to be carried by a coup de main. Cautious counsel is often fatal to a daring enterprise. While the council of war deliberated, the favorable moment passed away. The din of arms now resounded through the streets. The cry was up—"The enemy are on the Heights of Abraham! The gate of St. Johns is open!" There was an attempt to shut it. The keys were not to be found. It was hastily secured by ropes and handspikes, and the walls looking upon the heights were soon manned by the military, and thronged by the populace. Arnold paraded his men within a hundred yards of the walls, and caused them to give three hearty cheers; hoping to excite a revolt
in the place, or to provoke the scanty garrison to a sally. There were a few scattered cheerings in return; but the taunting bravado failed to produce a sortie; the governor dared not venture beyond the walls with part of his garrison, having too little confidence in the loyalty of those who would remain behind. There was some firing on the part of the Americans, but merely as an additional taunt; they were too far off for their musketry to have effect. A large cannon on the ramparts was brought to bear on them. A few shots obliged the Americans to retire and encamp. Several days elapsed. Arnold's flags of truce were repeatedly insulted, but he saw the futility of resenting it, and attacking the place with his present means. He heard about the same time of the capture of Montreal, and that General Carleton, having escaped from that place, was on his way down to Quebec. He, therefore, drew off on the 19th to Point aux Trembles (Aspen-tree Point), twenty miles above Quebec, there to await the arrival of General Montgomery with troops and artillery. As his little army wended its way along the high bank of the river toward its destined encampment, a vessel passed below, which had just touched at Point aux Trembles. On board of it was General Carleton, hurrying on to Quebec.

Of the constant anxiety, yet enduring hope, with which Washington watched this hazardous enterprise, we have evidence in his various letters. To Arnold, when at Point Levi, baffled in the expectation of finding the means of making a dash upon Quebec, he writes: "It is not in the power of any man to command success, but you have done more, you have deserved it; and before this time (Dec. 5th), I have no doubt but a junction of your detachment with the army under General Montgomery is effected. If so, you will put yourself under his command and will, I am persuaded, give him all the assistance in your power, to finish the glorious work you have begun."

In the month of December a vessel had been captured, bearing supplies from Lord Dunmore to the army at Boston. A letter on board, from his lordship to General Howe, invited him to transfer the war to the southern colonies; or, at all events, to send reinforcements thither; intimating at the same time his plan of proclaiming liberty to indentured servants, negroes, and others appertaining to rebels, and inviting them to join his majesty's troops. In a word—to inflict upon Virginia the horrors of a servile war. "If this man is not crushed before spring," writes Washington, "he will become the most formidable enemy America has." His strength will increase as a snowball. Motives of resentment actuate his conduct to a degree equal to the destruction of the colony."

December had been throughout a month of severe trial to Washington; during which he saw his army dropping away piece-meal before his eyes. Scarce could the disbanding troops be kept a few days in camp until militia could be procured to supply their place. He made repeated and animated appeals to their patriotism; they were almost unheeded. He caused popular and patriot songs to be sung about the camp. They passed by like the idle wind.
Home! home! home! throbbed in every heart. "The desire of retiring into a chimney-corner," says Washington reproachfully, "seized the troops as soon as their terms expired." Can we wonder at it? They were for the most part yeomanry, unused to military restraint, and suffering all the hardships of a starving camp, almost within sight of the smoke of their own firesides.

Greene, throughout this trying month, was continually by Washington's side. His letters expressing the same cares and apprehensions, and occasionally in the same language with those of the commander-in-chief, show how completely he was in his councils. He could well sympathize with him in his solicitudes. Some of his own Rhode Island troops were with Arnold in his Canada expedition. Others encamped on Prospect Hill, and whose order and discipline had been his pride, were evincing the prevalent disposition to disband. "They seem to be so sick of this way of life, and so homesick," writes he, "that I fear the greater part of the best troops from our colony will soon go home."

The thirty-first of December arrived, the crisis of the army; for with that month expired the last of the old terms of enlistment. "We never have been so weak," writes Greene, "as we shall be to-morrow, when we dismiss the old troops." On this day Washington received cheering intelligence from Canada. A junction had taken place, a month previously, between Arnold and Montgomery at Point aux Trembles. They were about two thousand strong, and were making every preparation for attacking Quebec.

January 1st, 1776, Washington's army did not amount to ten thousand men, and was composed of but half-filled regiments. Even in raising this inadequate force, it had been necessary to indulge many of the men with furloughs, that they might visit their families and friends. The expedients resorted to in equipping the army show the prevailing lack of arms. Those soldiers who retired from service were obliged to leave their weapons for their successors; receiving their appraised value. Those who enlisted, were required to bring a gun, or were charged a dollar for the use of one during the campaign. He who brought a blanket was allowed two dollars. It was impossible to furnish uniforms; the troops, therefore, presented a motley appearance, in garments of divers cuts and colors; the price of each man's garb being deducted from his pay. The anxiety of Washington, in this critical state of the army, may be judged from his correspondence with Reed. "It is easier to conceive than to describe the situation of my mind for some time past, and my feelings under our present circumstances," writes he on the 4th of January. "Search the volumes of history through, and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the power of the British troops for six months together, without powder, and then to have one army disbanded and another raised within the same distance (musket shot) of a reinforced enemy. What may be the issue of the last maneuver, time only can unfold." What can be more touching than the picture he draws of himself and his lonely vigils about his sleeping camp? "The reflection on my situation
and that of this army produces many an unhappy hour when all around me are wrapped in sleep. Few people know the predicament we are in on a thousand accounts; fewer still will believe, if any disaster happens to these lines, from what cause it flows. I have often thought how much happier I should have been, if, instead of accepting the command, under such circumstances, I had taken my musket on my shoulder and entered the ranks; or, if I could have justified the measure to posterity and my own conscience, had retired to the back country and lived in a wigwam. If I shall be able to rise superior to these and many other difficulties, which might be enumerated, I shall most religiously believe that the finger of Providence is in it, to blind the eyes of our enemies; for surely if we get well through this month, it must be for want of their knowing the disadvantages which we labor under.” Recurring to the project of an attack upon Boston, which he had reluctantly abandoned in deference to the adverse opinions of a council of war—“Could I have foreseen the difficulties which have come upon us; could I have known that such a backwardness would have been discovered among the old soldiers to the service, all the generals upon earth should not have convinced me of the propriety of delaying an attack upon Boston till this time. In the midst of his discouragements, Washington received letters from Knox, showing the spirit and energy with which he was executing his mission, in quest of cannon and ordnance stores. He had struggled manfully and successfully with all kinds of difficulties, from the advanced season, and head winds, in getting them from Ticonderoga to the head of Lake George. “Three days ago,” writes he, on the 17th of December, “it was very uncertain whether we could get them over until next spring; but now, please God, they shall go. I have made forty-two exceedingly strong sleds, and have provided eighty yoke of oxen to drag them as far as Springfield, where I shall get fresh cattle to take them to camp.” It was thus that hardships and emergencies were bringing out the merits of the self-made soldiers of the Revolution; and showing their commander-in-chief on whom he might rely.

On the 18th of January came dispatches from General Schuyler, containing withering tidings. Montgomery on the 2d of December, the day after his arrival at Point aux Trembles, set off in face of a driving snow-storm for Quebec, and arrived before it on the 5th. According to his own account, his whole force did not exceed nine hundred effective men, three hundred of whom he had brought with him; the rest he found with Col. Arnold. The latter he pronounced an exceeding fine corps, inured to fatigue, and well accustomed to a cannon shot, having served at Cambridge. On the day of his arrival, he sent a flag with a summons to surrender. It was fired upon, and obliged to retire. He now prepared for an attack. The ground was frozen to a great depth, and covered with snow; he was scantily provided with intrenching tools; and had only a field train of artillery, and a few mortars. By dint of excessive labor a breast-work was thrown up, four hundred yards distant from the walls and opposite to the gate of St.
Louis, which is nearly in the center. It was formed of gabions, ranged side by side, and filled with snow, over which water was thrown until thoroughly frozen. Here Captain Lamb mounted five light pieces and a howitzer and opened a well-sustained and well-directed fire upon the walls, but his field pieces were too light to be effective. With his howitzer he threw shells into the town and set it on fire in several places. For five days and nights the garrison was kept on the alert by the teasing fire of this battery. The object of Montgomery was to harass the town and increase the dissatisfaction of the inhabitants. On the evening of the fifth day, he paid a visit to the ice battery. The heavy artillery from the wall had repaid its ineffectual fire with ample usury. The brittle ramparts had been shivered like glass; several of the guns had been rendered useless. The general saw the insufficiency of the battery, and, on retiring, gave Captain Lamb permission to leave it whenever he thought proper. The veteran waited until after dark, when, securing all the guns, he abandoned the ruined redoubt. The general in this visit was attended by Aaron Burr, whom he had appointed his aide-de-camp. The perfect coolness and self-possession with which the youth mingled in this dangerous scene, and the fire which sparkled in his eye, soon convinced Lamb, according to his own account, that "the young volunteer was no ordinary man."

Nearly three weeks had been consumed in these futile operations. The army ill-clothed and ill-provided, was becoming impatient of the rigors of a Canadian winter; the term for which part of the troops had enlisted would expire with the year, and they already talked of returning home. Montgomery was sadly conscious of the insufficiency of his means; still he could not endure the thoughts of retiring from before the place without striking a blow. He determined, therefore, to attempt to carry the place by escalade, and on the 31st of December at two o'clock in the morning, the troops repaired to their several destinations, under cover of a violent snow-storm. Montgomery led his division along the shore of the St. Lawrence, round the beetling promontory of Cape Diamond. The narrow approach to the lower town in that direction was traversed by a picket or stockade, defended by Canadian militia; beyond which was a second defence, a kind of blockhouse, forming a battery of small pieces, manned by Canadian militia, and a few seamen, and commanded by the captain of a transport. The aim of Montgomery was to come upon these barriers by surprise. The pass which they defended is formidable at all times, having a swift river on one side, and over-hanging precipices on the other; but at this time was rendered peculiarly difficult by drifting snow, and by great masses of ice piled on each other at the foot of the cliffs. The troops made their way painfully, in extended and straggling files, along the narrow footway, and over the slippery piles of ice. Among the foremost, were some of the first New York regiment, led on by Captain Cheeseman. Montgomery, who was familiar with them, urged them on. "Forward, men of New York!" cried he. "You are not the men to
flinch when your general leads you on!". In his eagerness, he threw himself far in the advance, with his pioneers and a few officers, and made a dash at the first barrier. The Canadians stationed there, taken by surprise, made a few random shots, then threw down their muskets and fled. Montgomery sprang forward, aided with his own hand to pluck down the pickets which the pioneers were sawing, and having made a breach sufficiently wide to admit three or four men abreast, entered sword in hand, followed by his staff, Captain Cheeseman, and some of his men. The Canadians had fled from the picket to the battery or block-house, but seemed to have carried the panic with them, for the battery remained silent. Montgomery felt for a moment as if the surprise had been complete. He paused in the breach to rally on the troops, who were stumbling along the difficult pass. "Push on, my brave boys," cried he, "Quebec is ours!" He again dashed forward, but, when within forty paces of the battery, a discharge of grape-shot from a single cannon, made deadly havoc. Montgomery, and McPherson, one of his aides, were killed on the spot. Captain Cheeseman, who was leading on his New Yorkers, received a canister shot through the body; made an effort to rise and push forward, but fell back a corpse; with him fell his orderly sergeant and several of his men. This fearful slaughter, and the death of their general, threw everything in confusion. The officer next in lineal rank to the general, was far in the rear; in this emergency, Colonel Campbell, quartermaster-general, took the command, but, instead of rallying the men, and endeavoring to effect the junction with Arnold, ordered a retreat, and abandoned the half-won field, leaving behind him the bodies of the slain.

While all this was occurring on the side of Cape Diamond, Arnold led his division against the opposite side of the lower town along the suburb and street of St. Roque. Like Montgomery, he took the advance at the head of a forlorn hope of twenty-five men. Captain Lamb and his artillery company came next, with a field-piece mounted on a sledge. Then came a company with ladders and scaling implements, followed by Morgan and his riflemen. In the rear of all these came the main body. The troops, as they straggled along in lengthened file through the drifting snow, were sadly galled by a flanking fire on the right, from walls and pickets. The field-piece at length became so deeply embedded in a snow-drift, that it could not be moved. Lamb sent word to Arnold of the impediment; in the mean time, he and his artillery company were brought to a halt. The company with the scaling ladders would have halted also, having been told to keep in the rear of the artillery; but they were urged on by Morgan with a thundering oath, who pushed on after them with his riflemen, the artillery company opening to the right and left to let them pass. They arrived in the advance, just as Arnold was leading on his forlorn hope to attack the barrier. Before he reached it, a severe wound in the right leg with a musket ball completely disabled him, and he had to be borne from the field. Morgan instantly took the command. Just then Lamb came up with his company, armed
with muskets and bayonets, having received orders to abandon the field-piece, and support the advance. There was a discharge of grape-shot when the assailants were close under the muzzles of the guns, yet but one man was killed. Before there could be a second discharge, the battery was carried by assault, some firing into the embrasures; others scaling the walls. The captain and thirty of his men were taken prisoners. The day was just dawning as Morgan led on to attack the second barrier, and his men had to advance under a fire from the town walls on their right, which incessantly thinned their ranks. The second barrier was reached; they applied their scaling ladders to storm it. The defence was brave and obstinate, but the defenders were at length driven from their guns, and the battery was gained. At the last moment one of the gunners ran back, linstock in hand, to give one more shot. Captain Lamb snapped a fusee at him. It missed fire. The cannon was discharged, and a grape-shot wounded Lamb in the head, carrying away part of the cheek bone. He was borne off senseless, to a neighboring shed.

The two barriers being now taken, the way on this side into the lower town seemed open. Morgan prepared to enter it with the victorious vanguard: first stationing Capt. Dearborn and some provincials at Palace Gate, which opened down into the defile from the upper town. By this time, however, the death of Montgomery and retreat of Campbell had enabled the enemy to turn all their attention in this direction. A large detachment sent by Gen. Carleton, sailed out of Palace Gate after Morgan had passed it, surprised and captured Dearborn and the guard, and completely cut off the advance party. The main body, informed of the death of Montgomery, and giving up the game as lost, retreated to the camp, leaving behind the field-piece which Lamb’s company had abandoned, and the mortars in the battery of St. Roque. Morgan and his men were now hemmed in on all sides, and obliged to take refuge in a stone house, from the inveterate fire which assailed them. From the windows of this house they kept up a desperate defence, until cannon were brought to bear upon it. Then, hearing of the death of Montgomery, and seeing that there was no prospect of relief, Morgan and his gallant handful of followers were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners of war.

Thus foiled at every point, the wreck of the little army abandoned their camp, and retreated about three miles from the town, where they hastily fortified themselves. The remains of the gallant Montgomery received a soldier’s grave, within the fortifications of Quebec, by the care of Cramahè, the lieutenant-governor, who had formerly known him. Arnold, wounded and disabled, had been assisted back to the camp, dragging one foot after the other for nearly a mile in great agony, and exposed continually to the musketry from the walls at fifty yards’ distance, which shot down several men at his side. He took temporary command of the shattered army until Gen. Wooster should arrive from Montreal, to whom he sent an express, urging him to bring on succor. “On this occasion,” says a contemporary writer, “he discovered the utmost vigor of a
determined mind, and a genius full of resources. Defeated and wounded, as he was, he put his troops into such a situation as to keep them still formidable. With a mere handful of men, at one time not exceeding five hundred, he maintained a blockade of the strong fortress from which he had just been repulsed. "I have no thoughts," writes he, "of leaving this proud town until I enter it in triumph. I am in the way of my duty, and I know no fear!" Happy for him had he fallen at this moment.—Happy for him had he found a soldier's and a patriot's grave, beneath the rock-built walls of Quebec. Those walls would have remained enduring monuments of his renown. His name, like that of Montgomery, would have been treasured up among the dearest though most mournful recollections of his country, and that country would have been spared the single traitorous blot that dims the bright page of its revolutionary history.

General Schuyler, who was now in Albany, urged the necessity of an immediate reinforcement of three thousand men for the army in Canada. Washington had not a man to spare from the army before Boston. He applied, therefore, on his own responsibility, to Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, for three regiments, which were granted. His prompt measure received the approbation of Congress. Solicitude was awakened about the interior of the province of New York. Arms and ammunition were said to be concealed in Tryon County, and numbers of the Tories in that neighborhood preparing for hostilities. Sir John Johnson had fortified Johnson Hall, gathered about him his Scotch Highland tenants and Indian allies, and it was rumored he intended to carry fire and sword along the valley of the Mohawk. Schuyler, forthwith hastened from Albany, at the head of a body of soldiers; was joined by Colonel Herkimer, with the militia of Tryon County marshaled forth on the frozen bosom of the Mohawk River, and appeared before Sir John's stronghold, near Johnstown, on the 19th of January. Thus beleaguered, Sir John, after much negotiation, capitulated. He was to surrender all weapons of war and military stores in his possession, and to give his parole not to take arms against America. On these conditions he was to be at liberty to go as far westward in Tryon County as the German Flats and Kingsland districts and to every part of the colony to the southward and eastward of these districts; provided he did not go into any seaport town. The capitulation being adjusted, Schuyler ordered his troops to be drawn up in line at noon (Jan. 20), between his quarters and the Court House, to receive the surrender of the Highlanders, enjoining profound silence on his officers and men, when the surrender should be made. Everything was conducted with great regard to the feelings of Sir John's Scottish adherents; they marched to the front, grounded their arms, and were dismissed with exhortations to good behavior.

The siege of Boston continued through the winter, without any striking incident to enliven its monotony. The British remained within their works, leaving the beleaguering army slowly to augment its forces. The country was dissatisfied with the inaction of
the latter. Even Congress was anxious for some successful blow that might revive popular enthusiasm. Washington shared this anxiety, and had repeatedly, in councils of war, suggested an attack upon the town, but had found a majority of his general officers opposed to it. He had hoped some favorable opportunity would present, when, the harbor being frozen, the troops might approach the town upon the ice. The winter, however, though severe at first, proved a mild one, and the bay continued open. General Putnam, in the mean time, having completed the new works at Lechmere Point, and being desirous of keeping up the spirit of his men, resolved to treat them to an exploit. Accordingly, from his "impregnable fortress" of Cobble Hill, he detached a party of about two hundred, under his favorite officer, Major Knowlton, to surprise and capture a British guard stationed at Charlestown. It was a daring enterprise, and executed with spirit. As Charlestown Neck was completely protected, Knowlton led his men across the mill-dam, round the base of the hill, and immediately below the fort; set fire to the guard-house and some buildings in its vicinity; made several prisoners, and retired without loss; although thundered upon by the cannon of the fort.

The condition of the besieged town was daily becoming more and more distressing. The inhabitants were without flour, pulse, or vegetables; the troops were nearly as destitute. There was a lack of fuel, too, as well as food. The small-pox broke out, and it was necessary to inoculate the army. Men, women and children either left the city voluntarily, or were sent out of it; yet the distress increased. Washington still adhered to his opinion in favor of an attempt upon the town. He was aware that it would be attended with considerable loss, but believed it would be successful if the men should behave well. His proposition was too bold for the field-officers assembled in council (Feb. 16th), who objected that there was not force, nor arms and ammunition sufficient in camp for such an attempt. Washington acquiesced in the decision, it being almost unanimous; yet he felt the irksomeness of his situation. "To have the eyes of the whole continent," said he, "fixed with anxious expectation of hearing of some great event, and to be restrained in every military operation for want of the necessary means of carrying it on is not very pleasing, especially as the means used to conceal my weakness from the enemy, conceal it also from our friends and add to their wonder."

At length the camp was rejoiced by the arrival of Colonel Knox with his long train of sledges drawn by oxen, bringing more than fifty cannon, mortars, and howitzers, beside supplies of lead and flints. The zeal and perseverance which he had displayed in his wintry expedition across frozen lakes and snowy wastes, and the intelligence with which he had fulfilled his instructions, won him the entire confidence of Washington. His conduct in this enterprise was but an earnest of that energy and ability which he displayed throughout the war. Further ammunition being received from the royal arsenal at New York and other quarters, and a reinforcement of ten regiments of militia, Washington no longer
met with opposition to his warlike measures. Lechmere Point, which Putnam had fortified, was immediately to be supplied with mortars and heavy cannon, so as to command Boston on the north; and Dorchester Heights, on the south of the town, were forthwith to be taken possession of. "If anything," said Washington, "will induce the enemy to hazard an engagement, it will be our attempting to fortify those heights, as, in that event taking place, we shall be able to command a great part of the town, and almost the whole harbor."

He was painfully aware how much depended upon the success of this attempt. There was a cloud of gloom and distrust lowering upon the public mind. Danger threatened on the north and the south. Montgomery had fallen before the walls of Quebec. The army in Canada was shattered. Tryon and the tories were plotting mischief in New York. Dunmore was harassing the lower part of Virginia, and Clinton and his fleet were prowling along the coast, on a secret errand of mischief. Washington's general orders evince the solemn and anxious state of his feelings. In those of the 26th of February, he forbade all playing at cards and other games of chance. "At this time of public distress," writes he, "men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality. It is a noble cause we are engaged in; it is the cause of virtue and mankind; every advantage and comfort to us and our posterity depend upon the vigor of our exertions; in short, freedom or slavery must be the result of our conduct; there can, therefore, be no greater inducement to men to behave well. But it may not be amiss to the troops to know, that, if any man in action shall presume to skulk, hide himself, or retreat from the enemy without the orders of his commanding officer, he will be instantly shot down as an example of cowardice; cowards having too frequently disconcerted the best formed troops by their dastardly behavior."

The evening of Monday the 4th of March was fixed upon for the occupation of Dorchester Heights. The ground was frozen too hard to be easily intrenched; fascines therefore and gabions and bundles of screwed hay were collected during the two preceding nights with which to form breastworks and redoubts. During these two busy nights the enemy's batteries were cannonaded and bombarded from opposite points to occupy their attention and prevent their noticing these preparations. They replied with spirit, and the incessant roar of artillery thus kept up, covered completely the rumbling of wagons and ordnance.

The wife of John Adams, who resided in the vicinity of the American camp, and knew that a general action was meditated, expresses in a letter to her husband the feelings of a patriot woman during the suspense of these nights. "I have been in a constant state of anxiety, since you left me," writes she on Saturday. "It has been said to-morrow, and to-morrow for this month, and when the dreadful to-morrow will be, I know not. But hark! The house this instant shakes with the roar of cannon. I have been to the door, and find it is a cannonade from our army. Orders, I find,
are come, for all the remaining militia to repair to the lines Monday night, by twelve o'clock. "No sleep for me to-night."

On Monday, the appointed evening, she continues: "I have just returned from Penn's Hill, where I have been sitting to hear the amazing roar of cannon, and from whence I could see every shell which was thrown. The sound, I think, is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime. 'Tis now an incessant roar; but oh, the fatal ideas which are connected with the sound! How many of our dear countrymen must fall!"

On the Monday evening thus graphically described, as soon as the firing commenced, the detachment under General Thomas set out on its cautious and secret march from the lines of Roxbury and Dorchester. Fortunately, although the moon, as Washington writes, was shining in its full lustre, the flash and roar of cannonry from opposite points, and the bursting of bomb-shells high in the air, so engaged and diverted the attention of the enemy, that the detachment reached the heights about eight o'clock, without being heard or perceived. The working party commenced to fortify, under the directions of Gridley, the veteran engineer, who had planned the works on Bunker's Hill. It was severe labor, for the earth was frozen eighteen inches deep; but the men worked with more than their usual spirit; for the eye of the commander-in-chief was upon them. Though not called there by his duties, Washington could not be absent from this eventful operation. An eloquent orator (Edward Everett, at Dorchester, July 4th, 1855), has imagined his situation—"All around him intense movement; while nothing was to be heard excepting the tread of busy feet, and the dull sound of the mattock upon the frozen soil. Beneath him the slumbering batteries of the castle; the roadsteads and harbor filled with the vessels of the royal fleet, motionless, except as they swung round at their moorings at the turn of the midnight tide; the beleaguered city occupied with a powerful army, and a considerable non-combatant population, startled into unnatural vigilance by the incessant and destructive cannonade, yet unobservant of the great operations in progress so near them; the surrounding country, dotted with a hundred rural settlements, roused from the deep sleep of a New England village, by the unwonted glare and tumult."
The same plastic fancy suggests the crowd of visions, phantoms of the past, which may have passed through Washington's mind, on this night of feverish excitement. "His early training in the wilderness; his escape from drowning, and the deadly rifle of the savage in the perilous mission to Venango; the shower of iron hail through which he rode unharmed on Braddock's field; the early stages of the great conflict now brought to its crisis, and still more solemnly, the possibilities of the future for himself and for America—the ruin of the patriot cause if he failed at the outset; the triumphant consolidation of the Revolution if he prevailed."
The labors of the night were carried on by the Americans with their usual activity and address. When a relief party arrived at four o'clock in the morning, two forts were in sufficient forwardness to furnish protection against small-arms and grapeshot; and
such use was made of fascines and bundles of screwed hay, that, at dawn, a formidable-looking fortress frowned along the height. We have the testimony of a British officer for the fact. "This morning at daybreak we discovered two redoubts on Dorchester Point, and two smaller ones on their flanks. They were all raised during the two months, with an expedition equal to that of the genii belonging to Aladdin's wonderful lamp. From these hills they command the whole town, so that we must drive them from their posts, or desert the place." Howe gazed at the mushroom fortress with astonishment, as it loomed indistinctly, but grandly, through a morning fog. "The rebels," exclaimed he, "have done more work in one night, than my whole army would have done in one month."

An American, who was on Dorchester Heights, gives a picture of the scene. A tremendous cannonade was commenced from the forts in Boston, and the shipping in the harbor. "Cannon shot," writes he, "are continually rolling and rebounding over the hill, and it is astonishing to observe how little our soldiers are terrified by them. The royal troops are perceived to be in motion, as if embarking to pass the harbor and land on Dorchester shore, to attack our works. The hills and elevations in this vicinity are covered with spectators to witness deeds of horror in the expected conflict. His excellency, General Washington, is present, animating and encouraging the soldiers, and they in return manifest their joy; and express a warm desire for the approach of the enemy; each man knows his own place. Our breast-works are strengthened, and among the means of defence are a great number of barrels, filled with stones and sand, and arranged in front of our works, which are to be put in motion, and made to roll down the hill, to break the legs of the assailants as they advance."

General Thomas was reinforced with two thousand men. Old Putnam stood ready to make a descent upon the north side of the town, with his four thousand picked men, as soon as the heights on the south should be assailed. As Washington rode about the heights, he reminded the troops that it was the 5th of March, the anniversary of the Boston massacre, and called on them to revenge the slaughter of their brethren. They answered him with shouts.

Howe, in the mean time, was perplexed between his pride and the hazards of his position. He must dislodge the Americans from Dorchester Heights or evacuate Boston. In the evening the British began to move. Twenty-five hundred men were embarked in transports, which were to convey them to the rendezvous at Castle Williams. A violent storm set in from the east. The transports could not reach their place of destination. The men-of-war could not cover and support them. A furious surf beat on the shore where the boats would have to land. The attack was consequently postponed until the following day. That day was equally unpropitious. The storm continued with torrents of rain. The attack was again postponed. In the mean time, the Americans went on strengthening their works; by the time the storm subsided, General Howe deemed them too strong to be easily carried; the
attempt, therefore, was relinquished altogether. What was to be done? The shells thrown from the heights into the town, proved that it was no longer tenable. The fleet was equally exposed. Admiral Shuldham, the successor to Graves, assured Howe that if the Americans maintained possession of the heights, his ships could not remain in the harbor. It was determined, therefore, in a council of war, to evacuate the place as soon as possible. But now came on a humiliating fire. The troops, in embarking, would be exposed to a destructive fire. How was this to be prevented? General Howe endeavored to work on the fears of the Bostonians, by hinting that if his troops were molested while embarking, he might be obliged to cover their retreat, by setting fire to the town.

Daily preparations were now made by the enemy for departure. By proclamation, the inhabitants, were ordered to deliver up all linen and woolen goods, and all other goods, that, in possession of the rebels, would aid them in carrying on the war. Crean Bush, a New York tory, was authorized to take possession of such goods, and put them on board of two of the transports. Under cover of his commission, he and his myrmidons broke open stores, and stripped them of their contents. Marauding gangs from the fleet and army followed their example, and extended their depredations to private houses. On the 14th, Howe, in a general order, declared that the first soldier caught plundering should be hanged on the spot. Still on the 16th houses were broken open, goods destroyed, and furniture defaced by the troops. For some days the embarkation of the troops was delayed by adverse winds. Washington, who was imperfectly informed of affairs in Boston, feared that the movements there might be a feint. Determined to bring things to a crisis, he detached a force to Nook's Hill on Saturday, the 16th, which threw up a breastwork in the night regardless of the cannonading of the enemy. This commanded Boston Neck, and the south part of the town, and a deserter brought a false report to the British that a general assault was intended. The embarkation, so long delayed, began with hurry and confusion at four o'clock in the morning. The harbor of Boston soon presented a striking and tumultuous scene. There were seventy-eight ships and transports casting loose for sea, and eleven or twelve thousand men, soldiers, sailors, and refugees, hurrying to embark; many, especially of the latter, with their families and personal effects. While this tumultuous embarkation was going on, the Americans looked on in silence from their batteries on Dorchester Heights, without firing a shot. "It was lucky for the inhabitants now left in Boston, that they did not," writes a British officer; "for I am informed everything was prepared to set the town in a blaze, had they fired one cannon."

At an early hour of the morning, the troops stationed at Cambridge and Roxbury had paraded, and several regiments under Putnam had embarked in boats, and dropped down Charles River, to Sewall's Point, to watch the movements of the enemy by land and water. About nine o'clock a large body of troops was seen
marching down Bunker's Hill, while boats full of soldiers were putting off for the shipping. Two scouts were sent from the camp to reconnoiter. The works appeared still to be occupied, for sentries were posted about them with shouldered muskets. Observing them to be motionless, the scouts made nearer scrutiny, and discovered them to be mere effigies, set up to delay the advance of the Americans. Pushing on, they found the works deserted, and gave signal of the fact; whereupon, a detachment was sent from the camp to take possession.

By ten o'clock the enemy were all embarked and under way: Putnam had taken command of the city, and occupied the important points, and the flag of thirteen stripes, the standard of the Union, floated above all the forts. On the following day, Washington himself entered the town, where he was joyfully welcomed. He beheld around him sad traces of the devastation caused by the bombardment, though not to the extent that he had apprehended. There were evidences, also, of the haste with which the British had retreated—five pieces of ordnance with their trunnions knocked off; others hastily spiked; others thrown off the wharf. "General Howe's retreat," writes Washington, "was precipitate beyond anything I could have conceived. The destruction of the stores at Dunbar's camp, after Braddock's defeat, was but a faint image of what may be seen at Boston; artillery carts cut to pieces in one place, gun carriages in another; shells broke here, shots buried there, and every thing carrying with it the face of disorder and confusion, as also of distress." As the small-pox prevailed in some parts of the town, precautions were taken by Washington for its purification; and the main body of the army did not march in until the 20th.

Notwithstanding the haste with which the British army was embarked, the fleet lingered for some days in Nantucket Road. Apprehensive that the enemy, now that their forces were collected in one body, might attempt by some blow to retrieve their late disgrace, Washington hastily threw up works on Fort Hill, which commanded the harbor, and demolished those which protected the town from the neighboring country. The fleet at length disappeared entirely from the coast, and the deliverance of Boston was assured.

The eminent services of Washington throughout this arduous siege, his admirable management, by which, "in the course of a few months, an undisciplined band of husbandmen became soldiers, and were enabled to invest, for nearly a year, and finally to expel a brave army of veterans, commanded by the most experienced generals," drew forth the enthusiastic applause of the nation. No higher illustration of this great achievement need be given, than the summary of it contained in the speech of a British statesman, the Duke of Manchester, in the House of Lords. "The army of Britain," said he, "equipped with every possible essential of war; a chosen army, with chosen officers, backed by the power of a mighty fleet, sent to correct revolted subjects; sent to chastise a resisting city; sent to assert Britain's authority;—has, for
many tedious months, been imprisoned within that town by the Provincial army; who, their watchful guards, permitted them no inlet to the country; who braved all their efforts, and defied all their skill and ability in war could ever attempt. One way, indeed, of escape was left; the fleet is yet respected; to the fleet the army has recourse; and British generals, whose name never met with a blot of dishonor, are forced to quote that town which was the first object of the war, the immediate cause of hostilities, the place of arms, which has cost this nation more than a million to defend.'

We close this eventful chapter of Washington's history, with the honor decreed to him by the highest authority of his country. On motion of John Adams, who had first moved his nomination as commander-in-chief, a unanimous vote of thanks to him was passed in Congress; and it was ordered that a gold medal be struck, commemorating the evacuation of Boston, bearing the effigy of Washington as its deliverer.

CHAPTER XI.

OPERATIONS IN CANADA.

General Howe had steered for Halifax, there to wait the arrival of strong reinforcements from England, and the fleet of his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, who was to be commander-in-chief of the naval forces on the North American station. It was thought these brothers would cooperate admirably in the exercise of their relative functions on land and water. Yet they were widely different in their habits and dispositions. Sir William, easy, indolent, and self-indulgent, "hated business," we are told, "and never did any. Lord Howe loved it, dwelt upon it, never could leave it." Beside his nautical commands, he had been treasurer of the navy, member of the board of admiralty, and had held a seat in Parliament; where, according to Walpole, he was "silent as a rock," excepting when naval affairs were under discussion; when he spoke briefly and to the point "My Lord Howe," said George II., "your life has been a continued series of services to your country." He was now about fifty-one years of age, tall, and well proportioned like his brother; but wanting his ease of deportment. His complexion was dark, his countenance grave and strongly marked, and he had a shy reserve, occasionally mistaken for haughtiness. As a naval officer, he was esteemed resolute and enterprising, yet cool and firm. In his younger days he had contracted a friendship for Wolfe; "it was like the union of cannon and gunpowder," said Walpole. Howe, strong in mind, solid in judgment, firm of purpose, was said to be the cannon; Wolfe, quick in conception, prompt in execution, impetuous in action—the gunpowder.
General Lee was appointed to the command of the Southern department, where he was to keep watch upon the movements of Sir Henry Clinton. He was somewhat dissatisfied with the change in his destination. "As I am the only general officer on the continent," writes he to Washington, "who can speak or think in French, I confess I think it would have been more prudent to have sent me to Canada; but I shall obey with alacrity, and I hope with success." On his departure, Brig-Gen. Lord Stirling had remained in temporary command at New York. Washington hastened detachments thither under Generals Heath and Sullivan, and wrote for three thousand additional men to be furnished by Connecticut. The command of the whole he gave to Gen. Putnam, who was ordered to fortify the city and the passes of the Hudson, according to the plans of General Lee. The veteran Putnam put the city under rigorous military rule. The soldiers were to retire to their barracks and quarters at the beating of the tattoo, and remain there until the reveille in the morning. The inhabitants were subjected to the same rule. None would be permitted to pass a sentry, without the countersign, which would be furnished to them on applying to any of the brigade majors. All communication between the "ministerial fleet" and shore was stopped; the ships were no longer to be furnished with provisions. Any person taken in the act of holding communication with them would be considered an enemy, and treated accordingly.

Washington came on by the way of Providence, Norwich and New London, expediting the embarkation of troops from these posts, and arrived at New York on the 13th of April. Many of the works which Lee had commenced were by this time finished; others were in progress. It was apprehended the principal operations of the enemy would be on Long Island, the high grounds of which, in the neighborhood of Brooklyn, commanded the City. Washington saw that an able and efficient officer was needed at that place. Greene was accordingly stationed there, with a division of the army. He immediately proceeded to complete the fortifications of that important post, and to make himself acquainted with the topography, and the defensive points of the surrounding country. The aggregate force distributed at several extensive posts in New York and its environs, and on Long Island, Staten Island and elsewhere, amounted to little more than ten thousand men; some of those were on the sick list, others absent on command, or on furlough; there were but about eight thousand available and fit for duty. These, too, were without pay; those recently enlisted, without arms, and no one could say where arms were to be procured. Washington saw the inadequacy of the force to the purposes required, and was full of solicitude about the security of a place, the central point of the Confederacy, and the grand deposit of ordnance and military stores. He was aware too, of the disaffection to the cause among many of the inhabitants; and apprehensive of treachery. The process of fortifying the place had induced the ships of war to fall down into the outer bay, within the Hook, upward of twenty miles from the city; but Governor Tryon was still on board.
of one of them, keeping up an active correspondence with the
tories on Staten and Long Islands, and in other parts of the neigh-
borhood. Washington addressed an urgent letter to the committee
of safety, and procured the passage of a resolution prohibiting,
under severe penalties, all intercourse with the king’s ships. In
addition to his cares about the security of New York, he had to
provide for the perilous exigencies of the army in Canada. Since
his arrival in the city, four regiments of troops, a company of rifle-
men and another of artisans had been detached under the com-
mand of Brigadier-General Thompson, and a further corps, of six
regiments under Brigadier-General Sullivan, with orders to join
General Thomas as soon as possible.

Washington at that time was not aware of the extraordinary ex-
pedients England had recently resorted to, against the next cam-
paign. The Duke of Brunswick, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel,
and the Hereditary Prince of Cassel, Count of Hanau, had been
subsidized to furnish troops to assist in the subjugation of her col-
onies. Four thousand three hundred Brunswick troops, and nearly
thirteen thousand Hessians, had entered the British service. Beside
the subsidy exacted by the German princes, they were to be paid
seven pounds four shillings and four pence sterling for every soldier
furnished by them, and as much more for every one slain.

We left Arnold before the walls of Quebec, wounded, crippled,
almost disabled, yet not disheartened; blockading that “proud
town” with a force inferior, by half, in number to that of the gar-
rison. For his gallant services, Congress promoted him in January
to the rank of brigadier-general. Throughout the winter he kept
up the blockade with his shattered army. Carleton remained
within his walls. He was sure of reinforcements from England in
the spring, and, in the mean time, trusted to the elements of dis-
solution at work in the besieging army. Arnold, in truth, had diffi-
culties of all kinds to contend with. His military chest was
exhausted; his troops were in want of necessaries; to procure sup-
plies, he was compelled to resort to the paper money issued by
Congress, which was uncurrenct among the Canadians; he issued
a proclamation making the refusal to take it in payment a penal
offence. This only produced irritation and disgust. As the terms
of their enlistment expired, his men claimed their discharge and
returned home. Sickness also thinned his ranks; so that, at one
time, his force was reduced to five hundred men, and for two
months, with all his recruitments of raw militia, did not exceed
seven hundred. The failure of the attack on Quebec had weak-
ened the cause among the Canadians; the peasantry had been dis-
pleased by the conduct of the American troops; they had once
welcomed them as deliverers; they now began to regard them as
intruders. The seigneurs, or noblesse, also, feared to give further
countenance to an invasion, which, if defeated, might involve
them in ruin. Notwithstanding all these discouragements, Arnold
still kept up a bold face; cut off supplies occasionally, and har-
assted the place with alarms. Having repaired his batteries, he
opened a fire upon the town, but with little effect; the best part of
the artillerists, with Lamb, their capable commander, were prisoners within the walls. On the 1st day of April, General Wooster arrived from Montreal, with reinforcements, and took the command. The day after his arrival, Arnold, by the falling of his horse, again received an injury on the leg recently wounded, and was disabled for upward of a week. Considering himself slighted by General Wooster, who did not consult him in military affairs, he obtained leave of absence until he should be recovered from his lameness, and repaired to Montreal, where he took command.

General Thomas who had been appointed to the command, arrived at the camp in the course of April, and found the army in a forlorn condition, scattered at different posts, and on the island of Orleans. It was numerically increased to upward of two thousand men, but several hundred were unfit for service. The smallpox had made great ravages. They had inoculated each other. In their sick and debilitated state, they were without barracks, and almost without medicine. The winter was over, the river was breaking up, reinforcements to the garrison might immediately be expected, and then the case would be desperate. Observing that the river about Quebec was clear of ice, General Thomas determined on a bold effort. It was, to send up a fire-ship with the flood, and, while the ships in the harbor were in flames, and the town in confusion, to scale the walls. Accordingly, on the third of May, the troops turned out with scaling ladders; the fire-ship came up the river under easy sail, and arrived near the shipping before it was discovered. It was fired into. The crew applied a slow match to the train and pulled off. The ship was soon in a blaze, but the flames caught and consumed the sails; her way was checked, and she drifted off harmlessly with the ebbing tide. The rest of the plan was, of course, abandoned.

Nothing now remained but to retreat before the enemy should be reinforced. Preparations were made in all haste, to embark the sick and the military stores. While this was taking place, five ships made their way into the harbor, on the 6th of May, and began to land troops. Thus reinforced, General Carleton sallied forth, with eight hundred or a thousand men. The Americans were in no condition to withstand his attack. They had no intrenchments, and could not muster three hundred men at any point. A precipitate retreat was the consequence, in which baggage, artillery, everything was abandoned. Even the sick were left behind; many of whom crawled away from the camp hospitals, and took refuge in the woods, or among the Canadian peasantry. General Carleton did not think it prudent to engage in a pursuit with his newly-landed troops. He treated the prisoners with great humanity, and caused the sick to be sought out in their hiding-places, and brought to the general hospitals; with assurances that, when healed, they should have liberty to return to their homes.

General Thomas came to a halt at Point Deschambault, about sixty miles above Quebec, and called a council of war to consider what was to be done. The enemy's ships were hastening up the
St. Lawrence; some were already but two or three leagues distant. The camp was without cannon; powder, forwarded by General Schuyler, had fallen into the enemy's hands; there were not provisions enough to subsist the army for more than two or three days; the men-of-war too, might run up the river, intercept all their resources, and reduce them to the same extremity they had experienced before Quebec. It was resolved, therefore, to ascend the river still further. General Thomas, however, determined to send forward the invalids, but to remain at Point Deschambault with about five hundred men, until he should receive orders from Montreal, and learn whether such supplies could be forwarded immediately as would enable him to defend his position.

Washington received a summons to Philadelphia, to advise with Congress concerning the opening campaign. He was informed also that Gates, on the 16th of May, had been promoted to the rank of major-general, and Mifflin to that of brigadier-general, and a wish was intimated that they might take the command of Boston. The general, accompanied by Mrs. Washington, departed from New York on the 21st of May, and they were invited by Mr. Hancock, the president of Congress, to be his guests during their sojourn at Philadelphia. Washington, in his conferences with Congress, expressed his conviction, that no accommodations could be effected with Great Britain, on acceptable terms. Ministerialists had declared in Parliament that, the sword being drawn, the most coercive measures would be persevered in, until there was complete submission. The recent subsidizing of foreign troops was a part of this policy, and indicated unsparing hostility. A protracted war, therefore, was inevitable; but it would be impossible to carry it on successfully, with the scanty force actually embodied, and with transient enlistments of militia. In consequence of his representations, resolutions were passed in Congress that soldiers should be enlisted for three years, with a bounty of ten dollars for each recruit; that the army at New York should be reinforced until the 1st of December, with thirteen thousand eight hundred militia; that gondolas and fire-rafts should be built, to prevent the men-of-war and enemy's ships from coming into New York Bay, or the Narrows; and that a flying camp of ten thousand militia, furnished by Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and likewise engaged until the 1st December, should be stationed in the Jerseys for the defence of the Middle colonies. Washington was, moreover, empowered, in case of emergency, to call on the neighboring colonies for temporary aid with their militia. Military affairs had hitherto been referred in Congress to committees casually appointed, and had consequently been subject to great irregularity and neglect. Henceforth a permanent committee, entitled the Board of War and Ordnance, was to take cognizance of them. The first board was composed of five members; John Adams, Colonel Benjamin Harrison, Roger Sherman, James Wilson, and Edward Rutledge; with Richard Peters as secretary. It went into operation on the 12th of June.

While at Philadelphia, Washington had frequent consultations
with George Clinton, one of the delegates from New York, concerning the interior defences of that province, especially those connected with the security of the Highlands of the Hudson, where part of the regiment of Colonel James Clinton, the brother of the delegate, was stationed. These brothers were of the old Clinton stock of England; being descended from General James Clinton, an adherent of royalty in the time of the civil wars, but who passed over to Ireland, after the death of Charles I. Their father, Charles Clinton, grandson of the general, emigrated to America in 1729, and settled in Ulster, now Orange County, just above the Highlands of the Hudson. Though not more than fifty miles from the city of New York, it was at that time on the borders of a wilderness, where every house had at times to be a fortress. Charles Clinton, like most men on our savage frontier in those days, was a warrior by necessity, if not by choice. He took an active part in Indian and French wars, commanded a provincial regiment stationed at Fort Herkimer, joined in the expedition under General Bradstreet, when it passed up the valley of the Mohawk, and was present at the capture of Fort Frontenac. His sons, James and George, one twenty, the other seventeen years of age, served in the same campaign, the one as captain, the other as lieutenant; thus taking an early lesson in that school of American soldiers, the French war. James, whose propensities were always military, continued in the provincial army until the close of that war; and afterward, when settled on an estate in Ulster County, was able and active in organizing its militia. George applied himself to the law, and became successful at the bar, in the same county. Their father, having laid aside the sword, occupied for many years, with discernment and integrity, the honorable station of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He died in Ulster County, in 1773, in the eighty-third year of his age, "in full view of that revolution in which his sons were to act distinguished parts." With his latest breath he charged them "to stand by the liberties of their country." They needed no such admonition. From the very first, they had been heart and hand in the cause. George had championed it for years in the New York legislature, signalizing himself by his zeal as one of an intrepid minority in opposing ministerial oppression. He had but recently taken his seat as delegate to the Continental Congress. James Clinton, appointed colonel on the 30th of June, 1775, had served with his regiment of New York troops under Montgomery at the siege of St. Johns, and the capture of Montreal, after which he had returned home. He had subsequently been appointed to the command of a regiment in one of the four battalions raised for the defence of New York.

The prevalence of the small-pox had frequently rendered Washington uneasy on Mrs. Washington's account during her visits to the army; he was relieved, therefore, by her submitting to inoculation during their sojourn in Philadelphia. He was gratified, also, by procuring the appointment of his late secretary, Joseph Reed, to the post of adjutant-general, vacated by the promotion of General Gates, thus placing him once more by his side.
Operations in Canada were drawing to a disastrous close. General Thomas, finding it impossible to make a stand at Point Deschambault, had continued his retreat to the mouth of the Sorel, where he found General Thompson with part of the troops detached by Washington, from New York, who were making some preparations for defence. Shortly after his arrival, he was taken ill with the small-pox, and died on June 2nd. On his death, General Sullivan, who had recently arrived with the main detachment of troops from New York, succeeded to the command; General Wooster having been recalled. General Thompson was sending off his sick and his heavy baggage, to be prepared for a retreat, if necessary. "It really was affecting," writes Sullivan to Washington, "to see the banks of the Sorel lined with men, women and children, leaping and clapping their hands for joy, to see me arrive; it gave no less joy to General Thompson, who seemed to be wholly forsaken, and left to fight against an unequal force or retreat before them."

The actual force of the enemy in Canada had recently been augmented to about 13,000 men; several regiments having arrived from Ireland, one from England, another from General Howe, and a body of Brunswick troops under the Baron Reidesel. Of these, the greater part were on the way up from Quebec in divisions, by land and water, with Generals Carleton, Burgoyne, Philips and Reidesel; while a considerable number under General Frazer had arrived at Three Rivers, and others, under General Nesbit, lay near them on board of transports. Sullivan retreated with his artillery and stores, just before the arrival of the enemy, and was followed, step by step along the Sorel, by strong columns under General Burgoyne. On the 18th of June he was joined by General Arnold with three hundred men, the garrison of Montreal, who had crossed at Longueil just in time to escape a large detachment of the enemy. Thus reinforced, and the evacuation of Canada being determined on in a council of war, Sullivan succeeded in destroying everything at Chamblee and St. Johns that he could not carry away, breaking down bridges, and leaving forts and vessels in flames, and continued his retreat to the Isle aux Noix, where he made a halt for some days, until he should receive positive orders from Washington or General Schuyler. The low, unhealthy situation of the Isle aux Noix obliged him soon to remove his camp to the Isle la Motte, whence, on receiving orders to that effect from General Schuyler, he ultimately embarked with his forces, sick and well, for Crown Point. Thus ended this famous invasion; an enterprise bold in its conceptions, daring and hardy in its execution; full of ingenious expedients and hazardous exploits; and which, had not unforeseen circumstances counteracted its well-devised plans, might have added all Canada to the American confederacy.
CHAPTER XII.

THE BRITISH IN NEW YORK.—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The great aim of the British, at present, was to get possession of New York and the Hudson, and make them the basis of military operations. This they hoped to effect on the arrival of a powerful armament, hourly expected, and designed for operations on the seaboard. At this critical juncture there was an alarm of a conspiracy among the tories in the city and on Long Island, suddenly to take up arms and coöperate with the British troops on their arrival. The wildest reports were in circulation concerning it. Some of the tories were to break down King's Bridge, others were to blow up the magazines, spike the guns, and massacre all the field-officers. Washington was to be killed or delivered up to the enemy. Some of his own body-guard were said to be in the plot. Several publicans of the city were pointed out, as having aided or abetted the plot. One was landlord of the Highlander, at the corner of Beaver street and Broadway. Another dispensed liquor under the sign of Robin Hood. Another, named Lowry, described as a "fat man in a blue coat," kept tavern in a low house opposite the Oswego market. Another, James Houlding, kept a beer house in Tryon Row, opposite the gates of the upper barracks. It would seem as if a network of corruption and treachery had been woven throughout the city by means of these liquor dealers. Numerous arrests took place, and among the number, some of Washington's body-guard. A great dismay fell upon the tories. Some of those on Long Island who had proceeded to arm themselves, finding the plot discovered, sought refuge in woods and morasses. Washington directed that those arrested, who belonged to the army, should be tried by a court-martial, and the rest handed over to the secular power. Corbie's tavern, near Washington's quarters, was a kind of rendezvous of the conspirators. There one Gilbert Forbes, a gunsmith, "a short, thick man, with a white coat," enlisted men, gave them money, and "swore them on the book to secrecy." From this house a correspondence was kept up with Governor Tryon on shipboard, through a "mulatto-colored negro, dressed in blue clothes." At this tavern it was supposed Washington's body-guards were tampered with. Thomas Hickey, one of the guards, a dark-complexioned man, five feet six inches high, and well set, was said not only to be enlisted, but to have aided in corrupting his comrades; among others, Greene the drummer, and Johnson the fifer. He was tried before a court-martial. He was an Irishman, and had been a deserter from the British army. The court-martial found him guilty of mutiny and sedition, and treacherous correspondence with the enemy, and sentenced him to be hanged. The sentence was approved by Washington, and was carried
promptly into effect June 28th, in the most solemn and impressive manner, to serve as a warning and example in this time of treachery and danger.

While the city was still brooding over this doleful spectacle, four ships-of-war, portentous visitants, appeared off the Hook, stood quietly in at the Narrows, and dropped anchor in the bay. On the 29th of June an express from the look-out on Staten Island announced that forty sail were in sight. They were, in fact, ships from Halifax, bringing between nine and ten thousand of the troops recently expelled from Boston; together with six transports filled with Highland troops, which had joined the fleet at sea. At sight of this formidable armament standing into the harbor, Washington instantly sent notice of its arrival to Colonel James Clinton, who had command of the posts in the Highlands, and urged all possible preparations to give the enemy a warm reception should they push their frigates up the river. Other arrivals swelled the number of ships in the bay of New York to one hundred and thirty men-of-war and transports. They made no movement to ascend the Hudson, but anchored off Staten Island, where they landed their troops, and the hill sides were soon whitened with their tents. Washington beheld the gathering storm with an anxious eye, aware that General Howe only awaited the arrival of his brother, the admiral, to commence hostile operations. He wrote to the President of Congress, urging a call on the Massachusetts government for its quota of continental troops; and the formation of a flying camp of ten thousand men, to be stationed in the Jerseys as a central force, ready to act in any direction as circumstances might require. On the 2d of July, he issued a general order, calling upon the troops to prepare for a momentous conflict which was to decide their liberties and fortunes. Those who should signalize themselves by acts of bravery, would be noticed and rewarded; those who proved craven would be exposed and punished. No favor would be shown to such as refused or neglected to do their duty at so important a crisis.

About this time, we have the first appearance in the military ranks of the Revolution, of one destined to take an active and distinguished part in public affairs; and to leave the impress of his genius on the institutions of the country. As General Greene one day, on his way to Washington's head-quarters, was passing through a field—then on the outskirts of the city, now in the heart of its busiest quarter, and known as "the Park"—he paused to notice a provincial company of artillery, and was struck with its able performances, and with the tact and talent of its commander. He was a mere youth, apparently about twenty years of age; small in person and stature, but remarkable for his alert and manly bearing. It was Alexander Hamilton. Greene was an able tactician, and quick to appreciate any display of military science; a little conversation sufficed to convince him that the youth before him had a mind of no ordinary grasp and quickness. He invited him to his quarters, and from that time, cultivated his friendship.

Hamilton was a native of the island of Nevis, in the West Indies,
and at a very early age had been put in a counting-house at Santa Cruz. His nature, however, was aspiring. "I contemn the groveling condition of a clerk to which my fortune condemns me," writes he to a youthful friend, "and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I mean to prepare the way for futurity. I am no philosopher, and may be justly said to build castles in the air; yet we have seen such schemes succeed, when the projector is constant. I shall conclude by saying, I wish there was a war." Still he applied himself with zeal and fidelity to the duties of his station, and such were the precocity of his judgment, and his aptness at accounts, that, before he was fourteen years of age, he was left for a brief interval, during the absence of the principal, at the head of the establishment. While his situation in the house gave him a practical knowledge of business, and experience in finance, his leisure hours were devoted to self-cultivation. He made himself acquainted with mathematics and chemistry, and indulged a strong propensity to literature. Some early achievements of his pen attracted attention, and showed such proof of talent, that it was determined to give him the advantage of a regular education. He was accordingly sent to Elizabeth-town, in the Jerseys, in the autumn of 1772, to prepare, by a course of studies, for admission into King's (now Columbia) College, at New York. He entered the college as a private student, in the latter part of 1773, and endeavored, by diligent application, to fit himself for the medical profession. The contentions of the colonies with the mother country gave a different direction and impulse to his ardent and aspiring mind. He soon signalized himself by the exercise of his pen, sometimes in a grave, sometimes in a satirical manner. On the 6th of July, 1774, there was a general meeting of the citizens in the "Fields," to express their abhorrence of the Boston Port Bill. Hamilton was present, and, prompted by his excited feelings and the instigation of youthful companions, ventured to address the multitude. The vigor and maturity of his intellect contrasted with his youthful appearance, won the admiration of his auditors; even his diminutive size gave additional effect to his eloquence. The war, for which in his boyish days he had sighed, was approaching. He now devoted himself to military studies, especially pyrotechnics and gunnery, and formed an amateur corps out of a number of his fellow students, and the young gentlemen of the city. In the month of March, 1776, he became captain of artillery, in a provincial corps, newly raised, and soon, by able drilling, rendered it conspicuous for discipline.

A valuable accession to the army, at this anxious time, was Washington's neighbor, and former companion in arms, Hugh Mercer, the veteran of Culloden and Fort Duquesne. His military spirit was alert as ever; and on the 5th of June he had received from Congress the commission of brigadier-general. He was greeted by Washington with the right hand of fellowship. He sent him over to Paulus Hook, in the Jerseys, to make arrangements for the Pennsylvania militia as they should come in; recommend-
ing him to Brig. Gen. William Livingston, as an officer on whose experience and judgment great confidence might be reposed. Livingston was a man inexperienced in arms, but of education, talent, sagacity and ready wit. He was of the New York family of the same name, but had resided for some time in the Jerseys, having a spacious mansion in Elizabethtown, which he had named Liberty Hall. Mercer and he were to consult together, and concert plans to repel invasions. New Jersey's greatest danger of invasion was from Staten Island, where the British were throwing up works, and whence they might attempt to cross to Amboy. The flying camp was therefore to be stationed in the neighborhood of that place. "The known dissatisfaction of the people of Amboy," writes Washington, "and the treachery of those on Staten Island, who, after the fairest professions, have shown themselves our most inveterate enemies, have induced me to give directions that all persons of known enmity and doubtful character, should be removed from those places." According to General Livingston's humorous account, his own village of Elizabethtown was not much more reliable, being peopled in those agitated times by "unknown, unrecommended strangers, guilty-looking tories, and very knavish whigs."

While danger was gathering round New York, and its inhabitants were in mute suspense and fearful anticipations, the General Congress at Philadelphia was discussing, with closed doors, what John Adams pronounced—"The greatest question ever debated in America, and as great as ever was or will be debated among men." The result was, a resolution passed unanimously, on the 2d of July "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." "The 2d of July," adds the same patriotic statesman, "will be the most 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. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other from this time forth for evermore." The glorious event has, indeed, given rise to an annual jubilee, but not on the day designated by Adams. The fourth of July is the day of national rejoicing, for on that day, the "Declaration of Independence," that solemn and sublime document, was adopted. Tradition gives a dramatic effect to its announcement. It was known to be under discussion, but the closed doors of Congress excluded the populace. They awaited, in throngs, an appointed signal. In the steeple of the state-house was a bell, imported twenty-three years previously from London by the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania. It bore the portentous text from scripture: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." A joyous peal from that bell gave notice that the bill had been passed. It was the knell of British domination. No one felt the importance of the event more deeply than John Adams, for no one
had been more active in producing it. We quote his words written at the moment. "When I look back to the year 1761, and recollect the argument concerning writs of assistance in the superior court, which I have hitherto considered as the commencement of the controversy between Great Britain and America, and run through the whole period from that time to this, and recollect the series of political events, the chain of causes and effects; I am surprised at the suddenness, as well as the greatness of this Revolution; Great Britain has been filled with folly, America with wisdom." His only regret was, that the declaration of independence had not been made sooner. "Had it been made seven months ago," said he, "we should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada, and might before this hour have formed alliances with foreign states. Many gentlemen in high stations, and of great influence, have been duped by the ministerial bubble of commissioners to treat, and have been slow and languid in promoting measures for the reduction of that province." Washington hailed the declaration with joy. It is true, it was but a formal recognition of a state of things which had long existed, but it put an end to all those temporizing hopes of reconciliation which had clogged the military action of the country. On the 9th of July, he caused it to be read at six o'clock in the evening, at the head of each brigade of the army. "The general hopes," said he in his orders, "that this important event will serve as a fresh 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."

The exultation of the patriots of New York was soon overclouded. On the 12th of July, several ships stood in from sea, and joined the naval force below. Every nautical movement was now a matter of speculation and alarm, and all the spy-glasses in the city were incessantly reconnoitering the bay. Two ships-of-war were observed getting under way, and standing toward the city. One was the Phœnix, of forty guns; the other the Rose, of twenty guns, commanded by Captain Wallace, of unenviable renown, who had marauded the New England coast, and domineered over Rhode Island. The troops were immediately at their alarm posts. It was about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, as the ships and three tenders came sweeping up the bay with the advantage of wind and tide, and shaped their course up the Hudson. The batteries of the city and of Paulus Hook on the opposite Jersey shore, opened a fire upon them. They answered it with broadsides. There was a panic throughout the city. Women and children ran hither and thither about the streets, mingling their shrieks and cries with the thundering of the cannon. "The attack has begun! The city is to be destroyed! What will become of us?" The Phœnix and the Rose continued their course up the Hudson. They had merely fired upon the batteries as they
passed; and on their own part had sustained but little damage, their decks having ramparts of sand-bags. The ships below remained in sullen quiet at their anchors, and showed no intention of following them. The firing ceased. The fear of a general attack upon the city died away, and the agitated citizens breathed more freely. Washington, however, apprehended this movement of the ships might be with a different object. They might be sent to land troops and seize upon the passes of the Highlands. He sent off an express to put Gen. Mifflin on the alert, who was stationed with his Philadelphia troops at Fort Washington and King’s Bridge. The same express carried a letter from him to the New York Convention, at that time holding its sessions at White Plains in Westchester County, apprising it of the impending danger. His immediate solicitude was for the safety of Forts Constitution and Montgomery. Fortunately George Clinton, the patriotic legislator, had recently been appointed brigadier-general of the militia of Ulster and Orange counties. Called to his native State by his military duties in this time of danger, he had only remained in Congress to vote for the declaration of independence, and then hastened home. He was now at New Windsor, in Ulster County, just above the Highlands. Washington wrote to him on the afternoon of the 12th, urging him to collect as great a force as possible of the New York militia, for the protection of the Highlands against this hostile irruption, and to solicit aid, if requisite, from the western parts of Connecticut. “I have the strongest reason to believe,” added he, “it will be absolutely necessary, if it were only to prevent an insurrection of your own tories.” Long before the receipt of Washington’s letter, Clinton had been put on the alert. About nine o’clock in the morning of the 13th, an alarm gun from his brother at Fort Constitution, thundered through the echoing defiles of the mountains. Shortly afterward, two river sloops came to anchor above the Highlands before the general’s residence. Their captains informed him that New York had been attacked on the preceding afternoon. They had seen the cannonade from a distance, and judged from the subsequent firing, that the enemy’s ships were up the river as far as King’s Bridge. Clinton was as prompt a soldier as he had been an intrepid legislator. The neighboring militia were forthwith put in motion. Three regiments were ordered out; one was to repair to Fort Montgomery; another to Fort Constitution; the third to rendezvous at Newburgh, just above the Highlands, ready to hasten to the assistance of Fort Constitution, should another signal be given. Another of his sagacious measures was to send expresses to all the owners of sloops and boats twenty miles up the west side of the river, to haul them off so as to prevent their grounding. Part of them were to be ready to carry over the militia to the fort; the rest were ordered down to Fort Constitution, where a chain of them might be drawn across the narrowest part of the river, to be set on fire, should the enemy’s ships attempt to pass. He proceeded early in the afternoon of the same day, with about forty of his neighbors, to Fort Constitution; whence he pushed down on the same evening to
Fort Montgomery, where he fixed his head-quarters, as being nearer the enemy and better situated to discover their motions. On July 14th, two or three hundred of the hardy Ulster yeomanry, roughly equipped, part of one of the regiments he had ordered out, marched into Fort Montgomery, headed by their colonel (Woodhull). Early the next morning five hundred of another regiment arrived, and he was told that parts of two other regiments were on the way. "The men," writes he to Washington, "turn out of their harvest fields to defend their country with surprising alacrity. The absence of so many of them, however, at this time, when their harvests are perishing for want of the sickle, will greatly distress the country." On no one could this prompt and brave gathering of the yeomanry produce a more gratifying effect, than upon the commander-in-chief: and no one could be more feelingly alive, in the midst of stern military duties, to the appeal in behalf of the peaceful interests of the husbandman.

New York has always been a city prone to agitations. That into which it was thrown on the afternoon of the 12th of July, by the broadsides of the Phoenix and the Rose, was almost immediately followed by another. On the same evening there was a great booming of cannon, with clouds of smoke, from the shipping at anchor at Staten Island. Every spy-glass was again in requisition. The British fleet were saluting a ship of the line, just arrived from sea. She advanced grandly, every man-of-war thundering a salute as she passed. At her foretop masthead she bore St. George's flag. "It is the admiral's ship!" cried the nautical men on the look-out at the Battery. "It is the admiral's ship!" was echoed from mouth to mouth, and the word soon flew throughout the city, "Lord Howe is come!"

Affairs now appeared to be approaching a crisis. In consequence of the recent conspiracy, the Convention of New York, seated at White Plains in Westchester County, had a secret committee stationed in New York for the purpose of taking cognizance of traitorous machinations. To this committee Washington addressed a letter the day after his lordship's arrival, suggesting the policy of removing from the city and its environs, "all persons of known disaffection and enmity to the cause of America;" especially those confined in jail for treasonable offences; who might become extremely dangerous in case of an attack and alarm. He took this step with great reluctance; but felt compelled to it by circumstances. The late conspiracy had shown him that treason might be lurking in his camp. And he was well aware that the city and the neighboring country, especially Westchester County, and Queens and Suffolk counties on Long Island, abounded with "tories," ready to rally under the royal standard whenever backed by a commanding force. In consequence of his suggestion, thirteen persons in confinement for traitorous offences, were removed to the jail of Litchfield in Connecticut. Among the number was the late mayor; but as his offence was not of so deep a dye as those whereof the rest stood charged, it was recommended by the
The proceedings of Lord Howe soon showed the policy of these precautions. His lordship had prepared a declaration, addressed to the people at large, informing them of the powers vested in his brother and himself as commissioners for restoring peace; and inviting communities as well as individuals, who, in the tumult and disasters of the times, had deviated from their allegiance to the crown, to merit and receive pardon by a prompt return to their duty. It was added, that proper consideration would be had of the services of all who should contribute to the restoration of public tranquillity.

Washington, in his correspondence with Generals Gage and Howe, exacted the consideration and deference due to him as commander-in-chief of the American armies; he did this not from official pride and punctilio, but as the guardian of American rights and dignities. The British officers, considering the Americans in arms rebels without valid commissions, were in the habit of denying them all military title. Washington's general officers had urged him not to submit to this tacit indignity, but to reject all letters directed to him without a specification of his official rank. Within a day or two an officer of the British navy, Lieut. Brown, came with a flag from Lord Howe, seeking a conference with Washington. Colonel Reed, the adjutant-general, embarked in a barge, and met him half way between Governor's and Staten Islands. The lieutenant informed him that he was the bearer of a letter from Lord Howe to Mr. Washington. Colonel Reed replied, that he knew no such person in the American army. The lieutenant produced and offered the letter. It was addressed to George Washington, Esquire. He was informed that it could not be received with such a direction. The lieutenant expressed much concern. The letter, he said, was of a civil, rather than a military nature—Lord Howe regretted he had not arrived sooner—he had great powers—it was much to be wished the letter could be received. While the lieutenant was embarrassed and agitated, Reed maintained his coolness, politely declining to receive the letter, as inconsistent with his duty. They parted; but after the lieutenant had been rowed some little distance, his barge was put about, and Reed waited to hear what further he had to say. It was to ask by what title General—but, catching himself, Mr. Washington chose to be addressed. Reed replied that the general's station in the army was well known; and they could not be at a loss as to the proper mode of addressing him, especially as this matter had been discussed in the preceding summer, of which, he presumed, the admiral could not be ignorant. The lieutenant again expressed his disappointment and regret, and their interview closed. On the 19th, an aide-de-camp of General Howe came with a flag, and requested to know, as there appeared to be an obstacle to a correspondence between the two generals, whether Colonel Patterson, the British adjutant-general, could be admitted to an interview with General Washington. Colonel Reed, who met the flag, consented
in the name of the general, and pledged his honor for the safety of
the adjutant-general during the interview, which was fixed for the
following morning. At the appointed time, Colonel Reed and Colonel
Webb, one of Washington's aides, met the flag in the harbor, took
Colonel Patterson into their barge, and escorted him to town, pass-
ing in front of the grand battery. The customary precaution of
blindfolding was dispensed with; and there was a lively and sociab-
le conversation the whole way. Washington received the
adjutant-general at headquarters with much form and ceremony,
in full military array, with his officers and guards about him. Col-
onel Patterson, addressing him by the title of your excellency,
endeavored to explain the address of the letter as consistent with
propriety, and founded on a similar address in the previous sum-
mer, to General Howe. That General Howe did not mean to
derogue from the respect or rank of General Washington, but con-
ceived such an address consistent with what had been used by
ambassadors or plenipotentiaries where difficulties of rank had
arisen. He then produced, but did not offer, a letter addressed to
George Washington, Esquire, &c., &c., hoping that the et ceteras,
which implied everything, would remove all impediments. Wash-
ington replied, that it was true, the et ceteras implied everything,
but they also implied anything. His letter alluded to, of the pre-
vious summer, was in reply to one addressed in like manner. A
letter, he added, addressed to a person acting in a public character,
should have some inscriptions to designate it from a mere private
letter; and he should absolutely decline any letter addressed to
himself as a private person, when it related to his public station.
Colonel Patterson, finding the letter would not be received, endeav-
ored, as far as he could recollect, to communicate the scope of it
in the course of a somewhat desultory conversation. What he
chiefly dwelt upon was, that Lord Howe and his brother had been
specially nominated commissioners for the promotion of peace,
which was esteemed a mark of favor and regard to America;
that they had great powers, and would derive the highest pleasure
from effecting an accommodation; and he concluded by adding,
that he wished his visit to be considered as making the first advance
toward that desirable object. Washington replied that their pow-
ers, it would seem, were only to grant pardons. Now those who
had committed no fault needed no pardon; and such was the case
with the Americans, who were only defending what they consid-
ered their indisputable rights. Colonel Patterson avoided a dis-
cussion of this matter, which, he observed, would open a very
wide field; so here the conference, which had been conducted on
both sides with great courtesy, terminated. The colonel took his
leave, excusing himself from partaking of a collation, having made
a late breakfast, and was again conducted to his boat. He
expressed himself highly sensible of the courtesy of his treatment,
in having the usual ceremony of blindfolding dispensed with.
Washington received the applause of Congress and of the public
for sustaining the dignity of his station. His conduct in this par-
ticular was recommended as a model to all American officers in
corresponding with the enemy; and Lord Howe informed his government that, thenceforward, it would be politic to change the superscription of his letters.

In the mean time the irruption of the Phoenix and the Rose into the waters of the Hudson had roused a belligerent spirit along its borders. The lower part of that noble river is commanded on the eastern side by the bold woody heights of Manhattan Island and Westchester County, and on the western side by the rocky cliffs of the Palisades. Beyond those cliffs, the river expands into a succession of what may almost be termed lakes; first the Tappan Sea, then Haverstraw Bay, then the Bay of Peekskill; separated from each other by long stretching points, or high beetling promontories, but affording ample sea room and safe anchorage. Then come the redoubtable Highlands, that strait, fifteen miles in length, where the river bends its course, narrow and deep, between rocky, forest-clad mountains. "He who has command of that grand defile," said an old navigator, "may at any time throttle the Hudson." The New York Convention, aware of the impending danger, dispatched military envoys to stir up the yeomanry along the river, and order out militia. Powder and ball were sent to Tarrytown, before which the hostile ships were anchored, and yeoman troops were stationed there and along the neighboring shores of the Tappan Sea. In a little while the militia of Dutchess County and Cortlandt's Manor were hastening, rudely armed, to protect the public stores at Peekskill, and mount guard at the entrance of the Highlands. No one showed more zeal in this time of alarm, than Colonel Pierre Van Cortlandt, of an old colonial family, which held its manorial residence at the mouth of the Croton. With his regiment he kept a dragon watch along the eastern shore of the Tappan Sea and Haverstraw Bay; while equal vigilance was maintained night and day along the western shore, from Nyack quite up to the Donderberg, by Colonel Hay and his regiment of Haverstraw. Sheep and cattle were driven inland. Sentinels were posted to keep a lookout from heights and headlands and give the alarm should any boats approach the shore, and rustic marksmen were ready to assemble in a moment, and give them a warm reception.

The ships-of-war which caused this alarm and turmoil, lay quietly anchored in the broad expanses of the Tappan Sea and Haverstraw Bay; shifting their ground occasionally, and keeping out of musket shot of the shore, apparently sleeping in the summer sunshine, with awnings stretched above their decks; while their boats were out taking soundings quite up to the Highlands. One of the tenders stood into the Bay of Peekskill, and beat up within long shot of Fort Montgomery, where General George Clinton was ensconced with six hundred of the militia of Orange and Ulster counties. As the tender approached, a thirty-two pounder was brought to range upon her. The ball passed through her quarter; whereupon she put about, and ran round the point of the Donderberg, where the boat landed, plundered a solitary house at the foot of the mountain, and left it in flames. The marauders, on their way back to the ships, were severely galled by rustic marks-
men, from a neighboring promontory. The ships now moved up within six miles of Fort Montgomery. General Clinton apprehended they might mean to take advantage of a dark night, and slip by him in the deep shadows of the mountains. The shores were high and bold, the river was deep, the navigation of course safe and easy. Once above the Highlands, they might ravage the country beyond, and destroy certain vessels of war which were being constructed at Poughkeepsie. To prevent this, he stationed a guard at night on the furthest point in view, about two miles and a half below the fort, prepared to kindle a blazing fire should the ships appear in sight. Large piles of dry brushwood mixed with combustibles, were prepared at various places up and down the shore opposite to the fort, and men stationed to set fire to them as soon as a signal should be given from the lower point. The fort, therefore, while it remained in darkness, would have a fair chance with its batteries as the ships passed between it and these conflagrations. Fire rafts were to be brought from Poughkeepsie and kept at hand ready for action. These were to be lashed two together, with chains, between old sloops filled with combustibles, and sent down with a strong wind and tide, to drive upon the ships. An iron chain, also, was to be stretched obliquely across the river from Fort Montgomery to the foot of Anthony's Nose, thus, as it were, chaining up the gate of the Highlands. For a protection below the Highlands, it was proposed to station whale-boats about the coves and promontories of Tappan Sea and Haverstraw Bay; to reconnoiter the enemy, cruise about at night, carry intelligence from post to post, seize any river craft that might bring the ships supplies, and cut off their boats when attempting to land. Galleys, also, were prepared, with nine-pounders mounted at the bows.

Washington was anxious to prevent an irruption of the enemy from Canada. He was grieved, therefore, to find there was a clashing of authorities between the generals who had charge of the Northern frontier. Gates, on his way to take command of the army in Canada, had heard with surprise in Albany, of its retreat across the New York frontier. He still considered it under his orders, and was proceeding to act accordingly; when General Schuyler observed, that the resolution of Congress, and the instructions of Washington, applied to the army only while in Canada; the moment it retreated within the limits of New York, it came within his (Schuyler's) command. That there might be no delay in the service at this critical juncture, the two generals agreed to refer the question of command to Congress, and in the mean time to act in concert. They accordingly departed together for Lake Champlain, to prepare against an anticipated invasion by Sir Guy Carleton. They arrived at Crown Point on the 6th of July, and found there the wrecks of the army recently driven out of Canada. They had been harassed in their retreat by land; their transportation on the lake had been in leaky boats, without awnings, where the sick, suffering from small-pox, lay on straw, exposed to a burning July sun; no food but salt pork, often rancid, hard biscuit or unbaked flour, and scarcely any medicine. Not more than six thousand
men had reached Crown Point, and half of those were on the sick list; the shattered remains of twelve or fifteen very fine battalions. Some few were sheltered in tents, some under sheds, and others in huts hastily formed of bushes; scarce one of which but contained a dead or dying man. Two thousand eight hundred were to be sent to a hospital recently established at the south end of Lake George, a distance of fifty miles; when they were gone, with those who were to row them in boats, there would remain but the shadow of an army. In a council of war, it was determined that, under present circumstances, the post of Crown Point was not tenable; and that, therefore, it was expedient to fall back, and take a strong position at Ticonderoga.

On the 9th of July, Schuyler and Gates returned to Ticonderoga, accompanied by Arnold. Instant arrangements were made to encamp the troops, and land the artillery and stores as fast as they should arrive. Great exertions, also, were made to strengthen the defences of the place. Preparations were made, also, to augment the naval force on the lakes. Ship carpenters from the Eastern States were employed at Skenesborough, to build the hulls of galleys and boats, which, when launched, were to be sent down to Ticonderoga for equipment and armament, under the superintendence of General Arnold.

A letter from the President of Congress, dated July 8th, informed General Gates, that according to the resolution of that body under which he had been appointed, his command was totally independent of General Schuyler, while the army was in Canada, but no longer. Congress had no design to divest General Schuyler of the command while the troops were on this side of Canada. To Schuyler, under the same date, the president writes: “The Congress highly approve of your patriotism and magnanimity in not suffering any difference of opinion to hurt the public service.” Gates professed himself entirely satisfied with the explanation he had received, and perfectly disposed to obey the commands of Schuyler. “I am confident,” added he, “we shall, as the Congress wish, go hand in hand to promote the public welfare.” Schuyler, too, assured both Congress and Washington, “that the difference in opinion between Gates and himself had not caused the least ill-will, nor interrupted that harmony necessary to subsist between their officers.” Samuel Adams, however, who was at that time in Congress, had strong doubts in the matter. “Schuyler and Gates are to command the troops,” writes he, “the former while they are without, the latter while they are within the bounds of Canada. Admitting these generals to have the accomplishments of a Marlborough, or a Eugene, I cannot conceive that such a disposition of them will be attended with any good effects, unless harmony subsists between them. Alas, I fear this is not the case. Already disputes have arisen, which they have referred to Congress; and, although they affect to treat each other with a politeness becoming their rank, in my mind, altercations between commanders who have pretensions nearly equal (I mean in point of command), forbode a repetition of misfortune. I sincerely wish
my apprehensions may prove groundless." John Adams, speaking of the violent passions and discordant interests at work throughout the country, from Florida to Canada, observes: "It requires more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding, and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlborough, to ride in this whirlwind."

Letters from Gen. Lee gave Washington intelligence of the fate of Sir Henry Clinton's expedition, which had been the subject of so much surmise and perplexity. Sir Henry in his cruise along the coast had been repeatedly foiled by Lee. First, when he looked in at New York; next, when he paused at Norfolk in Virginia; and lastly, when he made a bold attempt at Charleston in South Carolina; for scarce did his ships appear off the bar of the harbor, than the omnipresent Lee was marching his troops into the city. Within a year past, Charleston had been fortified at various points. Fort Johnson, on James Island, three miles from the city, and commanding the breadth of the channel, was garrisoned by a regiment of South Carolina regulars under Colonel Gadsden. A strong fort had recently been constructed nearly opposite, on the southwest point of Sullivan's Island, about six miles below the city. It was mounted with twenty-six guns, and garrisoned by three hundred and seventy-five regulars and a few militia, and commanded by Col. William Moultrie, of South Carolina, who had constructed it. This fort, in connection with that on James Island, was considered the key of the harbor. Cannon had also been mounted on Haddrell's Point on the mainland, to the north-west of Sullivan's Island, and along the bay in front of the town. The arrival of Gen. Lee gave great joy to the people of Charleston, from his high reputation for military skill and experience. According to his own account, the town on his arrival was "utterly defenceless." He was rejoiced therefore, when the enemy, instead of immediately attacking it, directed his whole force against the fort on Sullivan's Island. "He has lost an opportunity," said Lee, "such as I hope will never occur again, of taking the town." The British ships, in fact, having passed the bar with some difficulty, landed their troops on Long Island, situated to the east of Sullivan's Island, and separated from it by a small creek called the Breach. Clinton meditated a combined attack with his land and naval forces on the fort commanded by Moultrie; the capture of which, he thought, would insure the reduction of Charleston. The Americans immediately threw up works on the north-eastern extremity of Sullivan's Island, to prevent the passage of the enemy over the Breach, stationing a force of regulars and militia there, under Col. Thompson. Gen. Lee encamped on Haddrell's Point, on the mainland, to the north of the island, whence he intended to keep up a communication by a bridge of boats, so as to be ready at any moment to aid either Moultrie or Thompson. Clinton, on the other hand, had to construct batteries on Long Island, to oppose those of Thompson, and cover the passage of his troops by boats or by the ford. Thus time was consumed, and the enemy were, from the 1st to the 28th of June, preparing for the attack; their troops suffering from the intense heat of the sun on the burning sands of Long Island, and
both fleet and army complaining of brackish water and scanty and bad provisions. At length on the 28th of June, the Thunder Bomb commenced the attack, throwing shells at the fort as the fleet, under Sir Peter Parker, advanced. About eleven o'clock the ships dropped their anchors directly before the front battery. "I was at this time in a boat," writes Lee, "endeavoring to make the island; but the wind and tide being violently against us, drove us on the main. They immediately commenced the most furious fire I ever heard or saw. I confess I was in pain, from the little confidence I reposed in our troops; the officers being all boys, and the men raw recruits. What augmented my anxiety was, that we had no bridge finished for retreat or communication; and the creek or cove which separates it from the continent is near a mile wide. I had received, likewise, intelligence that their land troops intended at the same time to land and assault. I never in my life felt myself so uneasy; and what added to my uneasiness was, that I knew our stock of ammunition was miserably low. I passed the creek or cove in a small boat, in order to animate the garrison in propria personâ; but I found they had no occasion for such an encouragement. They were pleased with my visit, and assured me they never would abandon the post but with their lives. The cool courage they displayed astonished and enraptured me. The noble fellows who were mortally wounded, conjured their brethren never to abandon the standard of liberty. Those who lost their limbs deserted not their posts. Upon the whole, they acted like Romans in the third century." The fire from the ships did not produce the expected effect. The fortifications were low, composed of earth and palmetto wood, which is soft, and makes no splinters, and the merlons were extremely thick. At one time there was a considerable pause in the American fire, because the powder was exhausted. As soon as a supply could be forwarded from the mainland by General Lee, the fort resumed its fire with still more deadly effect. Through unskilful pilotage, several of the ships ran aground, where one, the frigate Actaeon, remained; the rest were extricated with difficulty. Those which bore the brunt of the action were much cut up. One hundred and seventy-five men were killed, and nearly as many wounded. Captain Scott, commanding the Experiment, of fifty guns, lost an arm, and was otherwise wounded. Captain Morris, commanding the Actaeon, was slain. So also was Lord Campbell, late governor of the province, who served as a volunteer on board of the squadron. Sir Henry Clinton, with two thousand troops and five or six hundred seamen, attempted repeatedly to cross from Long Island, and cooperate in the attack upon the fort, but was as often foiled by Col. Thompson, with his battery of two cannon, and a body of South Carolina rangers and North Carolina regulars. The combat slackened before sunset, and ceased before ten o'clock. Sir Peter Parker, who had received a severe contusion in the engagement, then slipped his cables, and drew off his shattered ships to Five Fathom Hole. The Actaeon remained aground. On the following morning Clinton made another attempt to cross from Long Island to
Sullivan's Island; but was again repulsed, and obliged to take shelter behind his breastworks. Sir Peter Parker, too, giving up all hope of reducing the fort in the shattered condition of his ships, ordered that the Actaeon should be set on fire and abandoned. The crew left her in flames, with the guns loaded, and the colors flying. The Americans boarded her in time to haul down her colors, and secure them as a trophy, discharge her guns at one of the enemy's ships, and load three boats with stores. They then abandoned her to her fate, and in half an hour she blew up. Within a few days the troops were reëmbarked from Long Island; the attempt upon Charleston was for the present abandoned, and the fleet once more put to sea. In this action, one of the severest in the whole course of the war, the loss of the Americans in killed and wounded, was but thirty-five men. Col. Moultrie derived the greatest glory from the defence of Sullivan's Island; though the thanks of Congress were voted as well to Gen. Lee, Col. Thompson, and those under their command. The tidings of this signal repulse of the enemy came most opportunely to Washington, when he was apprehending an attack upon New York. He announced it to the army in a general order of the 21st July. "This generous example of our troops under the like circumstances with us, the General hopes, will animate every officer and soldier to imitate, and even outdo them, when the enemy shall make the same attempt on us. With such a bright example before us of what can be done by brave men fighting in defence of their country, we shall be loaded with a double share of shame and infamy if we do not acquit ourselves with courage, and manifest a determined resolution to conquer or die."

In the course of a few days arrived a hundred sail, with large reinforcements, among which were one thousand Hessians, and as many more were reported to be on the way. The troops were disembarked on Staten Island, and fortifications thrown up on some of the most commanding hills. All projects of attack upon the enemy were now out of the question. Indeed, some of Washington's ablest advisers questioned the policy of remaining in New York, where they might be entrapped as the British had been in Boston. Reed, the adjutant-general, observed that, as the communication by the Hudson was interrupted, there was nothing now to keep them at New York but a mere point of honor; in the mean time, they endangered the loss of the army and its military stores. During the latter part of July, and the early part of August, ships of war with their tenders continued to arrive, and Scotch Highlanders, Hessians, and other troops to be landed on Staten Island. At the beginning of August, the squadron with Sir Henry Clinton, recently repulsed at Charleston, anchored in the bay. "His coming," writes Col. Reed, "was as unexpected as if he had dropped from the clouds." He was accompanied by Lord Cornwallis, and brought three thousand troops.

The force of the enemy collected in the neighborhood of New York was about thirty thousand men; that of the Americans a little more than seventeen thousand, but was subsequently increased to
twenty thousand, for the most part raw and undisciplined. One fourth were on the sick list with bilious and putrid fevers and dysentery; others were absent on furlough or command; the rest had to be distributed over posts and stations fifteen miles apart. The sectional jealousies prevalent among them were more and more a subject of uneasiness to Washington. In one of his general orders he observes: "It is with great concern that the General understands that jealousies have arisen among the troops from the different provinces, and reflections are frequently thrown out which can only tend to irritate each other, and injure the noble cause in which we are engaged, and which we ought to support with one hand and one heart. The General most earnestly entreats the officers and soldiers to consider the consequences; that they can no way assist our enemies more effectually than by making divisions among ourselves; that the honor and success of the army, and the safety of our bleeding country, depend upon harmony and good agreement with each other; that the provinces are all united to oppose the common enemy, and all distinctions sunk in the name of an American. To make this name honorable, and to preserve the liberty of our country, ought to be our only emulation; and he will be the best soldier and the best patriot, who contributes most to this glorious work, whatever be his station, or from whatever part of the continent he may come. Let all distinction of nations, countries and provinces, therefore, be lost in the generous contest, who shall behave with the most courage against the enemy, and the most kindness and good-humor to each other. If there be any officers or soldiers so lost to virtue and a love of their country, as to continue in such practices after this order, the general assures them, and is authorized by Congress to declare to the whole army, that such persons shall be severely punished, and dismissed from the service with disgrace." The urgency of such a general order is apparent in that early period of our confederation, when its various parts had not as yet been sufficiently welded together to acquire a thorough feeling of nationality; yet what an enduring lesson does it furnish for every stage of our Union!

Washington kept the most watchful eye upon the movements of the enemy. Beside their great superiority in point of numbers as well as discipline, to his own crude and scanty legions, they possessed a vast advantage in their fleet. "They would not be half the enemy they are," observed Colonel Reed, "if they were once separated from their ships." Every arrival and departure of these, therefore, was a subject of speculation and conjecture. Aaron Burr, at that time in New York, aide-de-camp to General Putnam, speaks, in a letter to an uncle, of thirty transports, which, under convoy of three frigates, had put to sea on the 7th of August, with the intention of sailing round Long Island and coming through the Sound, and thus investing the city by the North and East Rivers. "They are then to land on both sides of the island," writes he, "join their forces, and draw a line across, which will hem us in, and totally cut off all communication; after which, they will have their own fun." He adds: "They hold us
in the utmost contempt. Talk of forcing all our lines without firing a
gun. The bayonet is their pride. They have forgot Bunker’s
Hill.” The Convention of the State ordered out hasty levies of
country militia, to form temporary camps on the shore of the
Sound, and on that of the Hudson above King’s Bridge, to annoy
the enemy, should they attempt to land from their ships on either
of these waters. Others were sent to reinforce the posts on Long
Island. As Kings County on Long Island was noted for being a
stronghold of the disaffected, the Convention ordered that, should
any of the militia of that county refuse to serve, they should be dis-
armed and secured, and their possessions laid waste. Many of
the yeomen of the country, thus hastily summoned from the plow,
were destitute of arms, in lieu of which they were ordered to bring
with them a shovel, spade, or pickaxe, or a scythe straightened
and fastened to a pole. This rustic array may have provoked the
thoughtless sneers of scoffers; but it was in truth one of the glori-
ilous features of the Revolution, to be thus aided in its emergen-
cies by “hasty levies of husbandmen.” Washington had
appointed General George Clinton to the command of the levies
on both sides of the Hudson. He now ordered him to hasten
down with them to the fort just erected on the north side of King’s
Bridge; leaving two hundred men under the command of a brave
and alert officer to throw up works at the pass of Anthony’s Nose,
where the main road to Albany crosses that mountain. Troops of
horse also were to be posted by him along the river to watch the
motions of the enemy. Washington now made the last solemn
preparations for the impending conflict. All suspected persons,
whose presence might promote the plans of the enemy, were
removed to a distance. All papers respecting affairs of State were
put up in a large case, to be delivered to Congress. As to his
domestic arrangements, Mrs. Washington had some time previously
gone to Philadelphia, with the intention of returning to Virginia, as
there was no prospect of her being with him any part of the sum-
mer, which threatened to be one of turmoil and danger. The other
ladies, wives of general officers, who used to grace and enliven
headquarters, had all been sent out of the way of the storm which
was lowering over this devoted city.

Reports from different quarters gave Washington reason to
apprehend that the design of the enemy might be to land part of
their force on Long Island, and endeavor to get possession of the
heights of Brooklyn, which overlooked New York; while another
part should land above the city, as General Heath suggested. Thus,
various disconnected points distant from each other, and a great
extent of intervening country, had to be defended by raw troops,
against a superior force, well disciplined, and possessed of every
facility for operating by land and water. Gen. Greene, with a
considerable force, was stationed at Brooklyn. He had acquainted
himself with all the localities of the island, from Hell Gate to the
Narrows, and made his plan of defence accordingly. His troops
were diligently occupied in works which he laid out, about a
mile beyond the village of Brooklyn, and facing the interior of the
island, whence a land attack might be attempted. Brooklyn was immediately opposite to New York. The Sound, commonly called the East River, in that place about three quarters of a mile in width, swept its rapid tides between them. The village stood on a kind of peninsula, formed by the deep inlets of Wallabout Bay on the north, and Gowanus Cove on the south. A line of intrenchments and strong redoubts extended across the neck of the peninsula, from the bay to a swamp and creek emptying into the cove. To protect the rear of the works from the enemy's ships, a battery was erected at Red Hook, the south-west corner of the peninsula, and a fort on Governor's Island, nearly opposite. About two miles and a half in front of the line of intrenchments and redoubts, a range of hills, densely wooded, extended from southwest to northeast, forming a natural barrier across the island. It was traversed by three roads. One, on the left of the works, stretched eastwardly to Bedford, and then by a pass through the Bedford Hills to the village of Jamaica; another, central and direct, led through the woody heights to Flatbush; a third, on the right of the lines, passed by Gowanus Cove to the Narrows and Gravesend Bay. The occupation of this range of hills, and the protection of its passes, had been designed by Gen. Greene; but unfortunately, in the midst of his arduous toils, he was taken down by a raging fever, which confined him to his bed; and Gen. Sullivan, just returned from Lake Champlain, had the temporary command. Washington saw that to prevent the enemy from landing on Long Island would be impossible, its great extent affording so many places favorable for that purpose, and the American works being at the part opposite to New York. On August 22d the enemy appeared to be carrying their plans into execution. The reports of cannon and musketry were heard from Long Island, and columns of smoke were descried rising above the groves and orchards at a distance. The city, as usual, was alarmed, and had reason to be so; for word soon came that several thousand men, with artillery and light-horse, were landed at Gravesend; and that Colonel Hand, stationed there with the Pennsylvania rifle regiment, had retreated to the lines, setting fire to stacks of wheat, and other articles, to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands. Washington apprehended an attempt of the foe by a forced march, to surprise the lines at Brooklyn. He immediately sent over a reinforcement of six battalions. It was all that he could spare, as with the next tide the ships might bring up the residue of the army, and attack the city. Five battalions more, however, were ordered to be ready as a reinforcement, if required. "Be cool, but determined," was the exhortation given to the departing troops. "Do not fire at a distance, but wait the commands of your officers. It is the General's express orders, that if any man attempt to skulk, lie down, or retreat without orders, he be instantly shot down for an example." In justice to the poor fellows, most of whom were going for the first time on a service of life and death, Washington observes, that "they went off in high spirits."
Nine thousand of the enemy had landed, with forty pieces of cannon. Sir Henry Clinton had the chief command, and led the first division. His associate officers were the Earls of Cornwallis and Percy, Gen. Grant, and Gen. Sir William Erskine. As their boats approached the shore, Col. Hand retreated to the chain of wooded hills, and took post on a height commanding the central road leading from Flatbush. The enemy having landed without opposition, Lord Cornwallis was detached with the reserve to Flatbush, while the rest of the army extended itself from the ferry at the Narrows through Utrecht and Gravesend, to the village of Flatland. Cornwallis, with two battalions of light-infantry, Colonel Donop’s corps of Hessians, and six field-pieces, advanced rapidly to seize upon the central pass through the hills. He found Hand and his riflemen ready to make a vigorous defence. This brought him to a halt, having been ordered not to risk an attack should the pass be occupied. He took post for the night, therefore, in the village of Flatbush. It was evidently the aim of the enemy to force the lines at Brooklyn, and get possession of the heights. Should they succeed, New York would be at their mercy. The panic and distress of the inhabitants went on increasing. Most of those who could afford it, had already removed to the country. Headquarters were besieged by applicants for safeguard from the impending danger; and Washington was even beset in his walks by supplicating women with their children. The patriot’s heart throbbed feelingly under the soldier’s belt. Nothing could surpass the patience and benignant sympathy with which he listened to them, and endeavored to allay their fears. Again he urged the Convention to carry out their measures for the removal of these defenceless beings. “There are many,” writes he, “who anxiously wish to remove, but have not the means.” On the 24th he crossed over to Brooklyn, to inspect the lines and reconnoiter the neighborhood. The American advanced posts were in the wooded hills. Col. Hand kept watch over the central road, and a strong redoubt had been thrown up in front of the pass, to check any advance of the enemy from Flatbush. Another road leading from Flatbush to Bedford, by which the enemy might get round to the left of the works at Brooklyn, was guarded by two regiments, one under Col. Williams, posted on the north side of the ridge, the other by a Pennsylvanian rifle regiment, under Col. Miles, posted on the south side. The enemy were stretched along the country beyond the chain of hills. It was with deep concern Washington noticed a prevalent disorder and confusion in the camp. There was a want of system among the officers, and coöperation among the troops, each corps seeming to act independently of the rest. Few of the men had any military experience, except, perchance, in bush-fighting with the Indians. Unaccustomed to discipline and the restraint of camps, they sallied forth whenever they pleased, singly or in squads, prowling about and firing upon the enemy, like hunters after game. Much of this was no doubt owing to the protracted illness of Gen. Greene. On returning to the city, therefore, Washington gave the command on Long Island to Gen. Putnam,
warning him, however, in his letter of instructions, to summon the
officers together, and enjoin them to put a stop to the irregularities
which he had observed among the troops. Lines of defence were
to be formed round the encampment, and works on the most
advantageous ground. Especial attention was called to the
wooded hills between the works and the enemy’s camp. The passes
through them were to be secured by abatis, and defended by the
best troops, who should, at all hazards, prevent the approach of
the enemy. Putnam crossed with alacrity to his post. "He was
made happy," writes Col. Reed, "by obtaining leave to go over.
The brave old man was quite miserable at being kept here." In
the mean time, the enemy were augmenting their forces on the
island. Two brigades of Hessians, under Lieutenant-General De
Heister, were transferred from the camp on Staten Island on the
25th. This movement did not escape the vigilant eye of Wash-
ington. By the aid of his telescope, he had noticed that from time
to time tents were struck on Staten Island, and portions of the
encampment broken up; while ship after ship weighed anchor, and
dropped down to the Narrows. He now concluded that the enemy
were about to make a push with their main force for the possession
of Brooklyn Heights. He accordingly sent over additional rein-
forcements, and among them Col. John Haslet’s well equipped and
well disciplined Delaware regiment; which was joined to Lord
Stirling’s brigade, chiefly composed of Southern troops, and sta-
tioned outside of the lines. These were troops which Washington
regarded with peculiar satisfaction, on account of their soldierlike
appearance and discipline. On the 26th, he crossed over to
Brooklyn, accompanied by Reed, the adjutant-general. There
was much movement among the enemy’s troops, and their
number was evidently augmented. In fact, Gen. De Heister
had reached Flatbush with his Hessians, and taken command
of the center; whereupon Clinton, with the right wing, drew
off to Flatlands, in a diagonal line to the right of De Heister,
while the left wing, commanded by General Grant, extended to
the place of landing on Gravesend Bay. Washington remained
all day, aiding Gen. Putnam with his counsels, who, new to the
command, had not been able to make himself well acquainted
with the fortified posts beyond the lines. In the evening, Wash-
ington returned to the city, full of anxious thought. A general
attack was evidently at hand. Where would it be made? How
would his inexperienced troops stand the encounter? What would
be the defence of the city if assailed by the ships? It was a night
of intense solicitude, and well might it be; for during that night a
plan was carried into effect, fraught with disaster to the Amer-
icans. About nine o’clock, Clinton began his march from Flat-
lands with the vanguard, composed of light infantry. Lord Percy
followed with the grenadiers, artillery, and light dragoons, form-
ing the center. Lord Cornwallis brought up the rear-guard with
the heavy ordnance. Gen. Howe accompanied this division. It
was a silent march, without beat of drum or sound of trumpet,
under guidance of a Long Island tory, along by-roads traversing
a swamp by a narrow causeway, and so across the country to the Jamaica road. About two hours before daybreak, they arrived within half a mile of the pass through the Bedford Hills, and halted to prepare for an attack. At this juncture they captured an American patrol, and learned, to their surprise, that the Bedford pass was unoccupied. In fact, the whole road beyond Bedford, leading to Jamaica, had been left unguarded, except by some light volunteer troops. Colonels Williams and Miles, who were stationed to the left of Col. Hand, among the wooded hills, had been instructed to send out parties occasionally to patrol the road, but no troops had been stationed at the Bedford pass. The road and pass may not have been included in Gen. Greene's plan of defence, or may have been thought too far out of the way to need special precaution. The neglect of them, however, proved fatal. Clinton immediately detached a battalion of light infantry to secure the pass; and, advancing with his corps at the first break of day, possessed himself of the heights. He was now within three miles of Bedford, and his march had been undiscovered.

About midnight Gen. Grant moved from Gravesend Bay, with the left wing, composed of two brigades and a regiment of regulars, a battalion of New York loyalists, and ten field-pieces. He proceeded along the road leading past the Narrows and Gowanus Cove, toward the right of the American works. A picket guard of Pennsylvanian and New York militia, under Col. Atlee, retired before him, fighting, to a position on the skirts of the wooded hills. In the mean time scouts had brought in word to the American lines that the enemy were approaching in force upon the right. Gen. Putnam instantly ordered Lord Stirling to hasten with the two regiments nearest at hand, and hold them in check. These were Haslet's Delaware, and Smallwood's Maryland regiments; the latter the macaronis, in scarlet and buff, who had outshone, in camp, their yeoman fellow-soldiers in homespun. They turned out with great alacrity, and Stirling pushed forward with them on the road toward the Narrows. By the time he had passed Gowanus Cove, daylight began to appear. Here, on a rising ground, he met Col. Atlee with his Pennsylvania Provincials, and learned that the enemy were near. Indeed, their front began to appear in the uncertain twilight. Stirling ordered Atlee to place himself in ambush in an orchard on the left of the road, and await their coming up, while he formed the Delaware and Maryland regiments along a ridge from the road up to a piece of woods on the top of the hill. Atlee gave the enemy two or three volleys as they approached, and then retreated and formed in the wood on Lord Stirling's left. By this time his lordship was reinforced by Kich-line's riflemen, part of whom he placed along a hedge at the foot of the hill, and part in front of the wood. Gen. Grant threw his light troops in the advance, and posted them in an orchard and behind hedges, extending in front of the Americans, and about one hundred and fifty yards distant. It was now broad daylight. A rattling fire commenced between the British light troops and the American riflemen, which continued for about two hours, when the
former retired to their main body. In the mean time, Stirling's position had been strengthened by the arrival of Capt. Carpenter with two field-pieces. These were placed on the side of the hill, so as to command the road and the approach for some hundred yards. Gen. Grant, likewise, brought up his artillery within three hundred yards, and formed his brigades on opposite hills, about six hundred yards distant. There was occasional cannonading on both sides, but neither party sought a general action. Lord Stirling's object was merely to hold the enemy in check; and the instructions of Gen. Grant were not to press an attack until aware that Clinton was on the left flank of the Americans. During this time, De Heister had commenced his part of the plan by opening a cannonade from his camp at Flatbush, upon the redoubt, at the pass of the wooded hills, where Hand and his riflemen were stationed. On hearing this, Gen. Sullivan, who was within the lines, rode forth to Col. Hand's post to reconnoiter. De Heister, however, according to the plan of operations, did not advance from Flatbush, but kept up a brisk fire from his artillery on the redoubt in front of the pass, which replied as briskly. At the same time, a cannonade from a British ship upon the battery at Red Hook, contributed to distract the attention of the Americans.

Seeing no likelihood of an immediate attack upon the city, Washington hastened over to Brooklyn in his barge, and galloped up to the works. He arrived there in time to witness the catastrophe for which all the movements of the enemy had been concerted. The thundering of artillery in the direction of Bedford had given notice that Sir Henry had turned the left of the Americans. De Heister immediately ordered Count Donop to advance with his Hessian regiment, and storm the redoubt, while he followed with his whole division. Sullivan did not remain to defend the redoubt. Sir Henry's cannon had apprised him of the fatal truth, that his flank was turned, and he in danger of being surrounded. He ordered a retreat to the lines, but it was already too late. Scarce had he descended from the height, and emerged into the plain, when he was met by the British light infantry and dragoons, and driven back into the woods. By this time De Heister and his Hessians had come up, and now commenced a scene of confusion, consternation, and slaughter, in which the troops under Williams and Miles were involved. Hemmed in and entrapped between the British and Hessians, and driven from one to the other, the Americans fought for a time bravely, or rather desperately. Some were cut down and trampled by the cavalry, others bayonetted without mercy by the Hessians. Some rallied in groups, and made a brief stand with their rifles from rocks or behind trees. The whole pass was a scene of carnage, resounding with the clash of arms, the tramp of horses, the volleying of firearms and the cries of the combatants, with now and then the dreary braying of the trumpet. We give the words of one who mingled in the fight, and whom we have heard speak with horror of the sanguinary fury with which the Hessians plied the bayonet. At length some of the Americans, by a desperate effort, cut their
way through the host of foes, and effected a retreat to the lines, fighting as they went. Others took refuge among the woods and fastnesses of the hills, but a great part were either killed or taken prisoners. Among the latter was General Sullivan.

Washington had heard the din of the battle in the woods, and seen the smoke rising from among the trees; but a deep column of the enemy was descending from the hills on the left; his choicest troops were all in action, and he had none but militia to man the works. His solicitude was now awakened for the safety of Lord Stirling and his corps, who had been all the morning exchanging cannonades with General Grant. He saw the danger to which these brave fellows were exposed, though they could not. Stationed on a hill within the lines, he commanded, with his telescope, a view of the whole field, and saw the enemy’s reserve, under Cornwallis, marching down by a cross-road to get in their rear and thus place them between two fires. With breathless anxiety he watched the result. The sound of Clinton’s cannon apprised Stirling that the enemy was between him and the lines. Gen. Grant, too, aware that the time had come for earnest action, was closing up, and had already taken Col. Atlee prisoner. His lordship now thought to effect a circuitous retreat to the lines, by crossing the creek which empties into Gowanus Cove, near what was called the Yellow Mills. There was a bridge and mill-dam, and the creek might be forded at low water, but no time was to be lost, for the tide was rising. Leaving part of his men to keep face toward Gen. Grant, Stirling advanced with the rest to pass the creek, but was suddenly checked by the appearance of Cornwallis and his grenadiers, Washington supposed that Stirling and his troops, finding the case desperate, would surrender in a body, without firing. On the contrary, his lordship boldly attacked Cornwallis with half of Smallwood’s battalion, while the rest of his troops retreated across the creek. Washington wrung his hands in agony at the sight. “Good God!” cried he, “what brave fellows I must this day lose!” It was, indeed, a desperate fight; and now Smallwood’s macaronis showed their game spirit. They were repeatedly broken, but as often rallied, and renewed the fight. “We were on the point of driving Lord Cornwallis from his station,” writes Lord Stirling “but large reinforcements arriving, rendered it impossible to do more than provide for safety.” More than two hundred and fifty brave fellows, most of them of Smallwood’s regiment, perished in this deadly struggle, within sight of the lines of Brooklyn. That part of the Delaware troops who had first crossed the creek and swamp, made good their retreat to the lines with a trifling loss, and entered the camp covered with mud and drenched with water, but bringing with them twenty-three prisoners, and their standard tattered by grapeshot.

The enemy now concentrated their forces within a few hundred yards of the redoubts. The grenadiers were within musket shot. Washington expected they would storm the works, and prepared for a desperate defence. The discharge of a cannon and volleys of musketry from the part of the lines nearest to them, seemed to
bring them to a pause. It was, in truth, the forbearance of the British commander that prevented a bloody conflict. His troops, heated with action and flushed with success, were eager to storm the works; but he was unwilling to risk the loss of life that must attend an assault, when the object might be attained at a cheaper rate, by regular approaches. Checking the ardor of his men, therefore, though with some difficulty, he drew them off to a hollow way, in front of the lines, but out of reach of the musketry, and encamped there for the night.

The loss of the Americans in this disastrous battle has been variously stated, but is thought in killed, wounded and prisoners, to have been nearly two thousand; a large number, considering that not above five thousand were engaged. The enemy acknowledged a loss of 380 killed and wounded. The success of the enemy was attributed, in some measure, to the doubt in which Washington was kept as to the nature of the intended attack, and at what point it would chiefly be made. This obliged him to keep a great part of his forces in New York, and to distribute those at Brooklyn over a wide extent of country, and at widely distant places. In fact, he knew not the superior number of the enemy encamped on Long Island, a majority of them having been furiously landed in the night, some days after the debarkation of the first division. Much of the day’s disaster has been attributed, also, to a confusion in the command, caused by the illness of Gen. Greene. Putnam, who had supplied his place in the emergency after the enemy had landed, had not time to make himself acquainted with the post, and the surrounding country. The fatal error, however, and one probably arising from all these causes, consisted in leaving the passes through the wooded hills too weakly fortified and guarded; and especially in neglecting the eastern road, by which Sir Henry Clinton got in the rear of the advanced troops, cut them off from the lines, and subjected them to a cross fire of his own men and De Heister’s Hessians. This able and fatal scheme of the enemy might have been thwarted, had the army been provided with a few troops of light-horse, to serve as vedettes. With these to scour the roads and bring intelligence, the night march of Clinton, so decisive of the fortunes of the day, could hardly have failed to be discovered and reported. The Connecticut horsemen, therefore, ridiculed by the Southerners for their homely equipments, sneered at as useless, and dismissed for standing on their dignity and privileges as troopers, might, if retained, have saved the army from being surprised and severed, its advanced guards routed, and those very Southern troops cut up, captured, and almost annihilated.

The night after the battle was a weary, yet almost sleepless one to the Americans. Fatigued, dispirited, many of them sick and wounded, yet they were, for the most part, without tent or other shelter. To Washington it was a night of anxious vigil. Every-boded a close and deadly conflict. The enemy had pitched a number of tents about a mile distant. Their sentries were but a quarter of a mile off, and close to the American sentries. At four
o'clock in the morning, Washington went the round of the works, to see that all was right, and to speak words of encouragement. The morning broke lowering and dreary. Large encampments were gradually descried; to appearance, the enemy were twenty thousand strong. As the day advanced, their ordinance began to play upon the works. They were proceeding to intrench themselves, but were driven into their tents by a drenching rain.

Early in the morning General Mifflin arrived in camp, with part of the troops which had been stationed at Fort Washington and King's Bridge. He brought with him Shee's prime Philadelphia regiment, and Magaw's Pennsylvania regiment, both well disciplined and officered, and accustomed to act together. They were so much reduced in number, however, by sickness, that they did not amount in the whole to more than eight hundred men. With Mifflin came also Col. Glover's Massachusetts regiment, composed chiefly of Marblehead fishermen, and sailors, hardy, adroit, and weather-proof; trimly clad in blue jackets and trousers. The detachment numbered, in the whole, about thirteen hundred men, all fresh and full of spirits. Every eye brightened as they marched briskly along the line with alert step and cheery aspect. They were posted at the left extremity of the intrenchments toward the Wallabout.

On the 29th, there was a dense fog over the island, that wrapped everything in mystery. In the course of the morning, Gen. Mifflin, with Adj. Gen. Reed, and Col. Grayson of Virginia, one of Washington's aides-de-camp, rode to the western outposts, in the neighborhood of Red Hook. While they were there, a light breeze lifted the fog from a part of the New York bay, and revealed the British ships at their anchorage opposite Staten Island. There appeared to be an unusual bustle among them. Boats were passing to and from the admiral's ship, as if seeking or carrying orders. Some movement was apparently in agitation. The idea occurred to the reconnoitering party that the fleet was preparing, should the wind hold and the fog clear away, to come up the bay at the turn of the tide, silence the feeble batteries at Red Hook and the city, and anchor in the East River. In that case the army on Long Island would be completely surrounded and entrapped. Alarmed at this perilous probability, they spurred back to head-quarters, to urge the immediate withdrawal of the army. Washington instantly summoned a council of war. The difficulty was already apparent, of guarding such extensive works with troops fatigued and dispirited, and exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. Other dangers now presented themselves. Their communication with New York might be cut off by the fleet from below. Other ships had passed round Long Island, and were at Flushing Bay on the Sound. These might land troops on the east side of Harlem River, and make themselves masters of King's Bridge; that key of Manhattan Island. Taking all these things into consideration, it was resolved to cross with the troops to the city that very night. Never did retreat require greater secrecy and circumspection. Nine thousand men, with all the
munitions of war, were to be withdrawn from before a victorious army, encamped so near, that every stroke of spade and pick-axe from their trenches could be heard. The retreating troops, moreover, were to be embarked and conveyed across a strait three quarters of a mile wide, swept by rapid tides. The least alarm of their movement would bring the enemy upon them, and produce a terrible scene of confusion and carnage at the place of embarkation. Washington made the preparatory arrangements with great alertness, yet profound secrecy. Verbal orders were sent to Col. Hughes, who acted as quartermaster-general, to impress all water craft, large and small, from Spuyten Dnyvil on the Hudson round to Hell Gate on the Sound, and have them on the east side of the city by evening. The order was issued at noon, and so promptly executed, that, although some of the vessels had to be brought a distance of fifteen miles, they were all at Brooklyn at eight o’clock in the evening, and put under the management of Col. Glover’s amphibious Marblehead regiment. To prepare the army for a general movement without betraying the object, orders were issued for the troops to hold themselves in readiness for a night attack upon the enemy. The orders caused surprise, for the poor fellows were exhausted, and their arms rendered nearly useless by the rain; all, however, prepared to obey; but several made nuncupative wills; as is customary among soldiers on the eve of sudden and deadly peril. It was late in the evening when the troops began to retire from the breastworks. As one regiment quietly withdrew from their station on guard, the troops on the right and left moved up and filled the vacancy. There was a stifled murmur in the camp, unavoidable in a movement of the kind; but it gradually died away in the direction of the river, as the main body moved on in silence and order. The youthful Hamilton, whose military merits had won the favor of Gen. Greene, and who had lost his baggage and a field-piece in the battle, brought up the rear of the retreating party. In the dead of the night, and in the midst of this hushed and anxious movement, a cannon went off with a tremendous roar. “The effect,” says an American who was present, “was at once alarming and sublime. If the explosion was within our lines, the gun was probably discharged in the act of spiking it, and could have been no less a matter of speculation to the enemy than to ourselves. What with the greatness of the stake, the darkness of the night, the uncertainty of the design, and the extreme hazard of the issue, it would be difficult to conceive a more deeply solemn and interesting scene.” The meaning of this midnight gun was never ascertained; fortunately, though it startled the Americans, it failed to rouse the British camp. In the mean time the embarkation went on with all possible dispatch, under the vigilant eye of Washington, who stationed himself at the ferry, superintending every movement. By this time the tide had turned; there was a strong wind from the northeast; the boats with oars were insufficient to convey the troops; those with sails could not make headway against wind and tide. There was some confusion at the ferry,
and in the midst of it, Gen. Mifflin came down with the whole covering party; adding to the embarrassment and uproar. "Good God! General Mifflin!" cried Washington, "I am afraid you have ruined us by so unseasonably withdrawing the troops from the lines." "I did so by your order," replied Mifflin with some warmth. "It cannot be!" exclaimed Washington. "Did Scammel act as aide-de-camp for the day, or did he not?" "He did." "Then," said Mifflin, "I had orders through him." "It is a dreadful mistake," rejoined Washington, "and unless the troops can regain the lines before their absence is discovered by the enemy, the most disastrous consequences are to be apprehended."

Mifflin led back his men to the lines, which had been completely deserted for three-quarters of an hour. Fortunately, the dense fog had prevented the enemy from discovering that they were unoccupied. The men resumed their former posts, and remained at them until called off to cross the ferry. "Whoever has seen troops in a similar situation," writes Gen. Heath, "or duly contemplates the human heart in such trials, will know how to appreciate the conduct of these brave men on this occasion."

The fog which prevailed all this time, seemed almost providential. While it hung over Long Island, and concealed the movements of the Americans, the atmosphere was clear on the New York side of the river. The adverse wind, too, died away, the river became so smooth that the row-boats could be laden almost to the gunwale; and a favoring breeze sprang up for the sail-boats. The whole embarkation of troops, artillery, ammunition, provisions, cattle, horses and carts, was happily effected, and by daybreak the greater part had safely reached the city, thanks to the aid of Glover's Marblehead men. Scarce anything was abandoned to the enemy, excepting a few heavy pieces of artillery. At a proper time, Mifflin with his covering party left the lines, and effected a silent retreat to the ferry. Washington, though repeatedly entreated, refused to enter a boat until all the troops were embarked; and crossed the river with the last. A Long Island tradition tells how the British camp became aware of the march which had been stolen upon it. Near the ferry resided a Mrs. Rapelye, whose husband, suspected of favoring the enemy, had been removed to the interior of New Jersey. On seeing the embarkation of the first detachment, she, out of loyalty or revenge, sent off a black servant to inform the first British officer he could find, of what was going on. The negro succeeded in passing the American sentinels, but arrived at a Hessian outpost, where he could not make himself understood, and was put under guard as a suspicious person. There he was kept until daybreak, when an officer visiting the post, examined him, and was astounded by his story. An alarm was given, the troops were called to arms; Capt. Montresor, aide-de-camp of Gen. Howe, followed by a handful of men, climbed cautiously over the crest of the works and found them deserted. Advanced parties were hurried down to the ferry. The fog had cleared away, sufficiently for them to see the rear boats of the retreating army half way across the river. This ex-
extraordinary retreat, which, in its silence and celerity, equaled the midnight fortifying of Bunker’s Hill, was one of the most signal achievements of the war, and redounded greatly to the reputation of Washington, who, we are told, for forty-eight hours preceding the safe extricating of his army from their perilous situation, scarce closed his eyes, and was the greater part of the time on horseback. Many, however, who considered the variety of risks and dangers which surrounded the camp, and the apparently fortuitous circumstances which averted them all, were disposed to attribute the safe retreat of the patriot army to a peculiar Providence.

The enemy had now possession of Long Island. British and Hessian troops garrisoned the works at Brooklyn, or were distributed at Bushwick, Newton, Hell Gate and Flushing. Admiral Howe came up with the main body of the fleet, and anchored close to Governor’s Island, within cannon shot of the city. On the night of Monday (Sept. 2d), a forty-gun ship, taking advantage of a favorable wind and tide, passed between Governor’s Island and Long Island, swept unharmed by the batteries which opened upon her, and anchored in Turtle Bay, above the city. In the morning Washington dispatched Major Crane of the artillery, with two twelve-pounders and a howitzer to annoy her from the New York shore. They hulled her several times, and obliged her to take shelter behind Blackwell’s Island. Several other ships-of-war, with transports and store-ships, had made their appearance in the upper part of the Sound, having gone round Long Island. As the city might speedily be attacked, Washington caused all the sick and wounded to be conveyed to Orangetown, in the Jerseys, and such military stores and baggage as were not immediately needed, to be removed, as fast as conveyances could be procured, to a post partially fortified at Dobbs Ferry, on the eastern bank of the Hudson, about twenty-two miles above the city.

The British, in the mean time, forbore to press further hostilities. Lord Howe was really desirous of a peaceful adjustment of the strife between the colonies and the mother country, and supposed this a propitious moment for a new attempt at pacification. He accordingly sent off Gen. Sullivan on parole, charged with an overture to Congress. In this he declared himself empowered and disposed to compromise the dispute between Great Britain and America on the most favorable terms, and, though he could not treat with Congress as a legally organized body, he was desirous of a conference with some of its members. These, for the time, he should consider only as private gentlemen, but if in the conference any probable scheme of accommodation should be agreed upon, the authority of Congress would afterward be acknowledged, to render the compact complete. After much debate, Congress, on the 5th September, replied, that being the representatives of the free and independent States of America, they could not send any members to confer with his lordship in their private characters, but that, ever desirous of establishing peace on reasonable terms, they would send a committee of their body to ascertain what authority he had to treat with persons authorized by Congress, and what
propositional he had to offer. A committee was chosen on the 6th of September, composed of John Adams, Edward Rutledge, and Doctor Franklin. The latter, in the preceding year, during his residence in England, had become acquainted with Lord Howe, at the house of his lordship's sister, the honorable Mrs. Howe, and they held frequent conversations on the subject of American affairs, in the course of which, his lordship had intimated the possibility of his being sent commissioner to settle the difference in America. Franklin had recently adverted to this in a letter to Lord Howe.

"Your lordship may possibly remember the tears of joy that wet my cheek, when, at your good sister's in Loudon, you gave me expectations that a reconciliation might soon take place. I had the misfortune to find those expectations disappointed."

The proposed conference was to take place on the 11th, at a house on Staten Island, opposite to Amboy; at which latter place the veteran Mercer was stationed with his flying camp. At Amboy, the committee found Lord Howe's barge waiting to receive them. The admiral met them on their landing, and conducted them through his guards to his house. On opening the conference, his lordship again intimated that he could not treat with them as a committee of Congress, but only confer with them as private gentlemen of influence in the colonies, on the means of restoring peace between the two countries. The commissioners replied that, as their business was to hear, he might consider them in what light he pleased; but that they should consider themselves in no other character than that in which they were placed by order of Congress. Lord Howe then entered into a discourse of considerable length, but made no explicit proposition of peace, nor promise of redress of grievances, excepting on condition that the colonies should return to their allegiance. This, the commissioners replied, was not now to be expected. Their repeated humble petitions to the king and parliament having been treated with contempt, and answered by additional injuries, and war having been declared against them, the colonies had declared their independence, and it was not in the power of Congress to agree for them that they should return to their former dependent state. His lordship expressed his sorrow that no accommodation was likely to take place; and, on breaking up the conference, assured his old friend, Dr. Franklin, that he should suffer great pain in being obliged to distress those for whom he had so much regard. "I feel thankful to your lordship for your regard," replied Franklin good-humoredly; "the Americans, on their part, will endeavor to lessen the pain you may feel, by taking good care of themselves."

Since the retreat from Brooklyn, Washington had narrowly watched the movements of the enemy to discover their further plans. Their whole force, excepting about four thousand men, had been transferred from Staten to Long Island. A great part was encamped on the peninsula between Newtown Inlet and Flushing Bay. A battery had been thrown up near the extremity of the peninsula, to check an American battery at Horen's Hook opposite, and to command the mouth of Harlem River. Troops
were subsequently stationed on the islands about Hell Gate. "It is evident," writes Washington, "the enemy mean to inclose us on the island of New York, by taking post in our rear, while the shipping secures the front, and thus, by cutting off our communica-
tion with the country, oblige us to fight them on their own terms, or surrender at discretion; or by a brilliant stroke endeavor to cut this army in pieces, and secure the collection of arms and stores, which, they well know, we shall not be able soon to replace." In a council of war, held on the 7th of September, the question was discussed, whether the city should be defended or evacuated. All admitted that it would not be tenable, should it be cannonaded and bombarded. By removing, they would deprive the enemy of the advantage of their ships; they would keep them at bay; put nothing at hazard; keep the army together to be recruited another year, and preserve the unspent stores and the heavy artillery. Washington himself inclined to this opinion. Gen. Greene, in a letter to Washington, dated Sept. 5th, advised that the army should abandon both city and island, and post itself at King's Bridge and along the Westchester shore. That there was no object to be obtained by holding any position below King's Bridge. The city and island, he observed, were objects not to be put in competition with the general interests of America. Two-thirds of the city and suburbs belonged to tories, there was no great reason, therefore, to run any considerable risk in its defence. The honor and interest of America required a general and speedy re-
treat. But as the enemy, once in possession, could never be dis-
lodged without a superior naval force; as the place would furnish them with excellent winter quarters and barrack room, and an abundant market, he advised to burn both city and suburbs before retreating. Well might the poor, harassed citizens feel hysterical, threatened as they were by sea and land, and their very defenders debating the policy of burning their houses over their heads. Fortunately for them, Congress had expressly forbidden that any harm should be done to New York, trusting, that though the enemy might occupy it for a time, it would ultimately be regained. After much discussion a middle course was adopted. Putnam, with five thousand men, was to be stationed in the city. Heath, with nine thousand, was to keep guard on the upper part of the island, and oppose any attempt of the enemy to land. The third division, composed principally of militia, was under the command of Generals Greene and Spencer, the former of whom, however, was still unwell. It was stationed about the cen-
ter of the island, chiefly along Turtle Bay and Kip's Bay, where strong works had been thrown up, to guard against any landing of troops from the ships or from the encampments on Long Island. It was also to hold itself ready to support either of the other divisions. Washington himself had his headquarters at a short dis-
tance from the city. A resolution of Congress, passed the 10th of September, left the occupation or abandonment of the city entirely at Washington's discretion. Convinced of the propriety of evacu-
ation, Washington prepared for it by ordering the removal of all
stores, excepting such as were indispensable for the subsistence of the troops while they remained. About sunset of the 14th of September, six ships, two of them men-of-war, passed up the Sound and joined those above. Within half an hour came expresses spurring to headquarters, one from Mifflin at King's Bridge, the other from Col. Sargent at Horen's Hook. Three or four thousand of the enemy were crossing at Hell Gate to the islands at the mouth of Harlem River, where numbers were already encamped. An immediate landing at Harlem, or Morrisania, was apprehended. Washington was instantly in the saddle, spurring to Harlem Heights. The night, however, passed away quietly. In the morning the enemy commenced operations. Three ships of war stood up the Hudson, "causing a most tremendous firing, assisted by the cannons of Governor's Island, which firing was returned from the city as well as the scarcity of heavy cannon would allow." The ships anchored opposite Bloomingdale, a few miles above the city, and put a stop to the removal by water of stores and provisions to Dobbs' Ferry. About eleven o'clock, the ships in the East River commenced a heavy cannonade upon the breastworks between Turtle Bay and the city. At the same time two divisions of the troops encamped on Long Island, one British, under Sir Henry Clinton, the other Hessian, under Col. Donop, emerged in boats from the deep, woody recesses of Newton Inlet, under cover of the fire from the ships, began to land at two points between Turtle and Kip's Bays. The breastworks were manned by militia who had recently served at Brooklyn. Disheartened by their late defeat, they fled at the first advance of the enemy. Two brigades of Putnam's Connecticut troops (Parsons' and Fellows') which had been sent that morning to support them, caught the panic, and regardless of the commands and entreaties of their officers, joined in the general scamper. At this moment Washington, who had mounted his horse at the first sound of the cannonade, came galloping to the scene of confusion; riding in among the fugitives, he endeavored to rally and restore them to order. All in vain. At the first appearance of sixty or seventy red coats, they broke again without firing a shot, and fled in headlong terror. Losing all self-command at the sight of such dastardly conduct, he dashed his hat upon the ground in a transport of rage. "Are these the men," exclaimed he, "with whom I am to defend America!" In a paroxysm of passion and despair he snapped his pistols at some of them, threatened others with his sword, and was so heedless of his own danger, that he might have fallen into the hands of the enemy, who were not eighty yards distant, had not an aide-de-camp seized the bridle of his horse, and absolutely hurried him away. It was one of the rare moments of his life, when the vehement element of his nature was stirred up from its deep recesses. He soon recovered his self-possession, and took measures against the general peril. The enemy might land another force about Hell Gate, seize upon Harlem Heights, the strong central portion of the island, cut off all retreat of the lower divisions, and effectually sever his army. In all haste, there-
fore, he sent off an express to the forces encamped above, direct-
ing them to secure that position immediately; while another
express to Putnam, ordered an immediate retreat from the city to
those heights. Putnam called in his pickets and guards, and
abandoned the city in all haste, leaving behind him a large quan-
tity of provisions and military stores, and most of the heavy
cannon. To avoid the enemy he took the Bloomingdale road, 
though this exposed him to be raked by the ships anchored in the
Hudson. It was a forced march, on a sultry day, under a burning
sun and amid clouds of dust. His army was encumbered with
women and children and all kinds of baggage. Many were over-
come by fatigue and thirst, some perished by hastily drinking cold
water; but Putnam rode backward and forward, hurrying every
one on. Col. Humphreys, at that time a volunteer in his division,
writes: "I had frequent opportunities that day of beholding him,
for the purpose of issuing orders and encouraging the troops, flying
on his horse covered with foam, wherever his presence was most
necessary. Without his extraordinary exertions, the guards must
have been inevitably lost, and it is probable the entire corps would
have been cut in pieces. When we were not far from Blooming-
dale, an aide-de-camp came to him at full speed, to inform him
that a column of British infantry was descending upon our right.
Our rear was soon fired upon, and the colonel of our regiment,
whose order was just communicated for the front to file off to the
left, was killed upon the spot. With no other loss, we joined the
army after dark upon the heights of Harlem." Tradition gives a
circumstance which favored Putnam's retreat. The British gen-
erals, in passing by Murray Hill, the country residence of a
patriot of that name who was of the Society of Friends, made a
halt to seek some refreshments. The proprietor of the house was
absent; but his wife set cake and wine before them in abundance.
So grateful were these refreshments in the heat of the day, that
they lingered over their wine, quaffing and laughing, and bantering
their patriotic hostess about the ludicrous panic and discom-
fiture of her countrymen. In the mean time, before they were
roused from their regale, Putnam and his forces had nearly passed
by, within a mile of them. All the loss sustained by him in his
perilous retreat, was fifteen killed, and about three hundred taken
prisoners. It became, adds the tradition, a common saying among
the American officers, that Mrs. Murray saved Putnam's division
of the army.

The fortified camp, where the main body of the army was now
assembled, was upon that neck of land several miles long, and for
the most part not above a mile wide, which forms the upper part
of Manhattan or New York Island. It forms a chain of rocky
heights, and is separated from the mainland by Harlem River, a
narrow strait, extending from Hell Gate on the Sound, to Spuyten
Duyvil, a creek or inlet of the Hudson. Fort Washington occu-
pied the crest of one of the rocky heights above mentioned, over-
looking the Hudson, and about two miles north of it was King's
Bridge, crossing Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and forming at that time
the only pass from Manhattan Island to the mainland. About a mile and a half south of the fort, a double row of lines extended across the neck from Harlem River to the Hudson. They faced south toward New York, were about a quarter of a mile apart, and were defended by batteries. There were strong advanced posts, about two miles south of the outer line; one on the left of Harlem, commanded by Gen. Spencer, the other on the right, at what was called McGowan's Pass, commanded by General Putnam. About a mile and a half beyond these posts the British lines extended across the island from Horen's Hook to the Hudson, being a continuous encampment, two miles in length, with both flanks covered by shipping. An open plain intervened between the hostile camps. Washington had established his headquarter about a quarter of a mile within the inner line; at a country-seat, the owners of which were absent. It belonged in fact to Col. Roger Morris, his early companion in arms in Braddock's campaign, and his successful competitor for the hand of Miss Mary Philipse. Morris had remained in America, enjoying the wealth he had acquired by his marriage; but had adhered to the royal party, and was a member of the council of the colony. It is said that at this time he was residing in the Highlands at Beverly, the seat of his brother-in-law, Washington's old friend, Beverly Robinson. While thus posted, Washington was incessantly occupied in fortifying the approaches to his camp by redoubts, abatis, and deep intrenchments. "Here," said he, "I should hope the enemy, in case of attack, would meet a defeat, if the generality of our troops would behave with tolerable bravery; I trust there are many who will act like men worthy of the blessings of freedom." In the course of his rounds of inspection, he was struck with the skill and science displayed in the construction of some of the works, which were thrown up under the direction of a youthful captain of artillery. It proved to be the same young officer, Alexander Hamilton, whom Greene had recommended to his notice. After some conversation with him, Washington invited him to his marquee, and thus commenced that intercourse which has indissolubly linked their memories together.

On the morning of the 16th, word was brought to headquarters that the enemy were advancing in three large columns. There had been so many false reports, that Reed, the adjutant-general, obtained leave to sally out and ascertain the truth. Washington himself soon mounted his horse and rode toward the advanced posts. On arriving there he heard a brisk firing. It was kept up for a time with great spirit. There was evidently a sharp conflict. At length Reed came galloping back with information. A strong detachment of the enemy had attacked the most advanced post, which was situated on a hill skirted by a wood. It had been bravely defended by Lieut.-Col. Knowlton, Putnam's favorite officer, who had distinguished himself at Bunker's Hill; he had under him a party of Connecticut rangers, volunteers from different regiments. After skirmishing for a time, the party had been overpowered by numbers and driven in, and the outpost was taken
A SUCCESSFUL SKIRMISH.

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possession of by the enemy. Washington ordered out three companies from Colonel Weedon's regiment just arrived from Virginia, and sent them under Major Leitch, to join Knowlton's rangers. The troops thus united were to get in the rear of the enemy, while a feigned attack was made upon them in front. As the force advanced to make the false attack, the enemy ran down the hill, and took what they considered an advantageous position behind some fences and bushes which skirted it. A firing commenced between them and the advancing party, but at too great distance to do much harm on either side. In the mean time, Knowlton and Leitch, ignorant of this change in the enemy's position, having made a circuit, came upon them in flank instead of in rear. They were sharply received. A vivid contest took place, in which Connecticut vied with Virginia in bravery. In a little while Major Leitch received three bullets in his side, and was borne off the field. Shortly afterward, a wound in the head from a musket ball brought Knowlton to the ground. Col. Reed placed him on his horse, and conveyed him to a distant redoubt. The men, undismayed by the fall of their leaders, fought with unflinching resolution under the command of their captains. The enemy were reinforced by a battalion of Hessians and a company of chasseurs. Washington likewise sent reinforcements of New England and Maryland troops. The action waxed hotter and hotter; the enemy were driven from the wood into the plain, and pushed for some distance; the Americans were pursuing them with ardor, when Washington, having effected the object of this casual encounter, and being unwilling to risk a general action, ordered a retreat to be sounded. His men retired in good order; and, as it subsequently appeared, in good season, for the main body of the enemy were advancing at a rapid rate; and might have effectually reversed the scene. Col. Knowlton did not long survive the action. "When gasping in the agonies of death," says Col. Reed, "all his inquiry was whether he had driven in the enemy." He was anxious for the tarnished honor of Connecticut. He had the dyng satisfaction of knowing that his men had behaved bravely, and driven the enemy in an open field-fight. So closed his gallant career.

The encounter thus detailed was the first gleam of success in the campaign, and revived the spirits of the army. Washington sought to turn it to the greatest advantage. In his general orders, he skilfully distributed praise and censure. The troops under Leitch were thanked for being the first to advance upon the enemy; and the New England troops for gallantly supporting them. Of Knowlton, who had fallen while gloriously fighting, he spoke as "one who would have done honor to any country." The name of Leitch was given by him for the next day's parole. That brave officer died of his wounds on the 1st of October, soothed in his last moments by that recompense so dear to a soldier's heart, the encomium of a beloved commander.

In the dead of the night, on the 20th Sept., a great light was beheld by the picket guards, looming up from behind the hills in
the direction of the city. It continued throughout the night, and was at times so strong that the heavens in that direction appeared to them, they said, as if in flames. At daybreak huge columns of smoke were still rising. It was evident there had been a great conflagration in New York. In the course of the morning Capt. Montresor, aide-de-camp to Gen. Howe, came out with a flag, bearing a letter to Washington on the subject of an exchange of prisoners. According to Montresor's account a great part of the city had been burned down, and as the night was extremely windy, the whole might have been so, but for the exertions of the officers and men of the British army.

The enemy were now bringing up their heavy cannon, preparatory to an attack upon the American camp by the troops and by the ships. What was the state of Washington's army? The terms of engagement of many of his men would soon be at an end, most of them would terminate with the year, nor did Congress hold out offers to encourage reënlistments. "We are now, as it were, upon the eve of another dissolution of the army," writes he, "and unless some speedy and effectual measures are adopted by Congress, our cause will be lost." Under these gloomy apprehensions, he borrowed, as he said, "a few moments from the hours allotted to sleep," and on the night of the 24th of September, penned an admirable letter to the President of Congress, setting forth the total inefficiency of the existing military system, the total insubordination, waste, confusion, and discontent produced by it among the men, and the harassing cares and vexations to which it subjected the commanders. Nor did he content himself with complaining, but, in his full, clear, and sagacious manner, pointed out the remedies. To the achievements of his indefatigable pen, we may trace the most fortunate turns in the current of our revolutionary affairs. In the present instance his representations, illustrated by sad experience, produced at length a reorganization of the army, and the establishment of it on a permanent footing. It was decreed that eighty-eight battalions should be furnished in quotas, by the different States, according to their abilities. The pay of the officers was raised. The troops which engaged to serve throughout the war were to receive a bounty of twenty dollars and one hundred acres of land, besides a yearly suit of clothes while in service. Those who enlisted for but three years, received no bounty in land.

Washington was gratified, by effecting, after a long correspondence with the British commander, an exchange of prisoners, in which those captured in Canada were included. Among those restored to the service were Lord Stirling and Captain Daniel Morgan. The latter, in reward of his good conduct in the expedition with Arnold, and of "his intrepid behavior in the assault upon Quebec where the brave Montgomery fell," was recommended to Congress by Washington for the command of a rifle regiment about to be raised.

Nothing perplexed Washington at this juncture more than the conduct of the enemy. He beheld before him a hostile army,
armed and equipped at all points, superior in numbers, thoroughly disciplined, flushed with success, and abounding in the means of pushing a vigorous campaign, yet suffering day after day to elapse unimproved. In this uncertainty, he wrote to General Mercer, of the flying camp, to keep a vigilant watch from the Jersey shore on the movements of the enemy, by sea and land, and to station vedettes on the Neversink Heights, to give immediate intelligence should any of the British fleet put to sea. At the same time he himself practiced unceasing vigilance, visiting the different parts of his camp on horseback. Occasionally he crossed over to Fort Constitution, on the Jersey shore, of which Major-Gen. Greene had charge, and, accompanied by him, extended his reconnoiterings down to Paulus Hook, to observe what was going on in the city and among the enemy's ships.

The security of the Hudson was at this time an object of great solicitude with Congress, and much reliance was placed on Putnam's obstructions at Fort Washington. Four galleys, mounted with heavy guns and swivels, were stationed at the chevaux-de-frise, and two new ships were at hand, which, filled with stones, were to be sunk where they would block up the channel. The obstructions were so commanded by batteries on each shore, that it was thought no hostile ship would be able to pass. On the 9th of October, however, the Roebuck and Phoenix, each of forty-four guns, and the Tartar, of twenty guns, which had been lying for some time opposite Bloomingdale, broke through the vaunted barriers as through a cobweb. Seven batteries kept up a constant fire upon them, yet a gentleman was observed walking the deck of the second ship as coolly as if nothing were the matter. The hostile ships kept on their course, the American vessels scudding before them. The two new ships drove ashore at Philips' Mills at Yonkers. Two of the galleys got into a place of safety, where they were protected from the shore; the other two trusted to outsail their pursuers. The breeze freshened, and the frigates gained on them fast; at 11 o'clock began to fire on them with their bow-chasers, and at 12 o'clock overreached them, which caused them to bear inshore; at half-past one the galleys ran aground just above Dobbs' Ferry, and lay exposed to a shower of grape-shot. The crews, without stopping to burn or bilge them, swam on shore, and the enemy took possession of the two galleys, which were likely to be formidable means of annoyance in their hands. Washington sent off a party of rifle and artillery men, with two twelve-pounders, to secure the new ships which had run aground at Yonkers, and ordered Col. Sargent to march up along the eastern shore with five hundred infantry, a troop of light-horse, and a detachment of artillery, to prevent the landing of the enemy. He also gave orders to complete the obstructions. Two hulks which lay in Spuyten Duyvil Creek were hastily ballasted by men from General Heath's division, and men were sent up to get off the ships which had run aground at Philips' Mills, that they might be brought down and sunk immediately. Brig. Gen. James Clinton, (promoted by Congress, on the 8th of August), was charged to
have all boats passing up and down the river rigidly searched, and the passengers examined. A barge, was to patrol the river opposite to each fort every night; all barges, row-boats, and other small craft, between the forts in the Highlands and the army, were to be secured in a place of safety, to prevent their falling into the enemy’s hand and giving intelligence. A French engineer was sent up to aid in strengthening and securing the passes. October 11th a small vessel, sloop-rigged, with a topsail, was descried from Mount Washington, coming down the river with a fresh breeze. It was suspected by those on the look-out to be one of the British tenders, and they gave it a shot from a twelve-pounder. Their aim was unfortunately too true. Three of the crew were killed and the captain wounded. It proved to be Washington’s yacht, which had run up the river previously to the enemy’s ships, and was now on its return.

Washington received intelligence by express from General Heath, stationed above King’s Bridge, that the enemy were landing with artillery on Throg’s Neck in the Sound, about nine miles from the camp. He surmised that Howe was pursuing his original plan of getting into the rear of the American army, cutting off its supplies, which were chiefly derived from the East, and interrupting its communication with the main country. He mounted his horse, and rode over toward Throg’s Neck, a peninsula in Westchester County, stretching upward of two miles into the Sound. It was separated from the mainland by a narrow creek and a marsh, and was surrounded by water every high tide. A bridge across a creek connecting with a ruined causeway across the marsh, led to the mainland, and the upper end of the creek was fordable at low water. Early in the morning, eighty or ninety boats full of men had stood up the Sound from Montresor’s Island, and Long Island, and had landed troops to the number of four thousand on Throg’s Point, the extremity of the neck. Thence their advance pushed forward toward the causeway and bridge, to secure that pass to the mainland. Gen. Heath had been too rapid for them. Col. Hand and his Philadelphia riflemen, the same who had checked the British advance on Long Island, had taken up the planks of the bridge, and posted themselves opposite the end of the causeway, whence they commenced firing with their rifles. They were soon reinforced by Col. Prescott, of Bunkers Hill renown, with his regiment, and Lieut. Bryant of the artillery, with a three-pounder. Checked at this pass, the British moved toward the head of the creek; here they found the Americans in possession of the ford, where they were reinforced by Col. Graham, of the New York line, with his regiment, and Lieut. Jackson of the artillery, with a six-pounder. These skillful dispositions of his troops by Gen. Heath had brought the enemy to a stand. Washington ordered works to be thrown up at the passes from the neck to the mainland. The British also threw up a work at the end of the causeway. In the afternoon nine ships, with a great number of schooners, sloops, and flat-bottomed boats full of men, passed through Hell Gate, toward
Throg's Point; and information received from two deserters, gave Washington reason to believe that the greater part of the enemy's forces were gathering in that quarter. Gen. McDougall's brigade, in which were Col. Smallwood and the independent companies, was sent in the evening to strengthen Heath's division at King's Bridge, and to throw up works opposite the ford of Harlem river. On the 14th, Gen. Lee arrived in camp, where he was welcomed as the harbinger of good luck. Washington was absent, visiting the posts beyond King's Bridge, and the passes leading from Throg's Neck; Lee immediately rode forth to join him. No one gave him a sincerer greeting than the commander-in-chief; who, diffident of his own military knowledge, had a high opinion of that of Lee. He immediately gave him command of the troops above King's Bridge, now the greatest part of the army, but desired that he would not exercise it for a day or two, until he had time to acquaint himself with the localities and arrangements of the post; Heath, in the interim, held the command. A strong garrison was placed in Fort Washington, composed chiefly of troops from Magaw's and Shee's Pennsylvania regiments, the latter under Lieut. Col. Lambert Cadwalader, of Philadelphia. Col. Magaw was put in command of the post, and solemnly charged by Washington to defend it to the last extremity. The name of the opposite post on the Jersey shore, where Greene was stationed, was changed from Fort Constitution to Fort Lee, in honor of the General.

Previous to decamping from Manhattan Island, Washington formed four divisions of the army, which were respectively assigned to Generals Lee, Heath, Sullivan (recently obtained in exchange for General Prescott), and Lincoln. Lee was stationed on Valentine's Hill on the mainland, immediately opposite King's Bridge, to cover the transportation across it of the military stores and heavy baggage. The other divisions were to form a chain of fortified posts, extending about thirteen miles along a ridge of hills on the west side of the Bronx, from Lee's camp up to the village of White Plains. Washington was continually in the saddle, riding about a broken, woody, and half wild country, forming posts, and choosing sites for breastworks and redoubts. By his skilful disposition of the army, it was protected in its whole length by the Bronx, a narrow, but deep stream, fringed with trees, which ran along the foot of the ridge; at the same time his troops faced and outflanked the enemy, and covered the roads along which the stores and baggage had to be transported. On the 21st, he shifted his head-quarters to Valentine's Hill, and on the 23d to White Plains, where he stationed himself in a fortified camp. While he was thus incessantly in action, General, now Sir William Howe, remained for six days passive in his camp on Throg's Point, awaiting the arrival of supplies and reinforcements, instead of pushing across to the Hudson, and throwing himself between Washington's army and the upper country. His inaction lost him a golden opportunity. By the time his supplies arrived, the Americans had broken up the causeway leading to the mainland, and taken positions too strong to be easily forced. Finding himself headed in
this direction, Sir William reëmbarked part of his troops in flat boats on the 18th, crossed Eastchester Bay, and landed on Pell's Point, at the mouth of Hutchinson's River. Here he was joined in a few hours by the main body, with the baggage and artillery, and proceeded through the manor of Pelham toward New Rochelle; still with a view to get above Washington's army. In their march, the British were waylaid and harassed by Col. Glover of Massa- chusetts, with his own, Reed's, and Shepard's regiments of infantry. Twice the British advance guard were thrown into confu-sion and driven back with severe loss, by a sharp fire from behind stone fences. A third time they advanced in solid columns. The Americans gave them repeated volleys, and then retreated with the loss of eight killed and thirteen wounded, among whom was Col. Shepard. Col. Glover, and the officers and soldiers who were with him in this skirmish, received the public thanks of Washington for their merit and good behav-ior. On the 21st, Gen. Howe was encamped about two miles north of New Rochelle, with his outposts extending to Mamaroneck on the Sound. At the latter place was posted Col. Rogers, the renegade, as he was called, with the Queen's Rangers, his newly-raised corps of loyalists. Hearing of this, Lord Stirling resolved, if possible, to cut off this outpost and entrap the old hunter. Col. Haslet, of his brigade, always prompt on such occasions, under-took the exploit at the head of seven hundred and fifty of the Delaware troops, who had fought so bravely on Long Island. With these he crossed the line of the British march; came undis-covered upon the post; drove in the guard; killed a lieutenant and several men, and brought away thirty-six prisoners, with a pair of colors, sixty stands of arms, and other spoils. He missed the main prize, however. Rogers skulked off in the dark at the first fire. He was too old a partisan to be easily entrapped. These, and other spirited and successful skirmishes, while they retarded the advance of the enemy, had the far more important effect of exercising and animating the American troops, and accustoming them to danger.

While in this neighborhood, Howe was reinforced by a second division of Hessians under General Knyphausen, and a regiment of Waldeckers, both of which had recently arrived in New York. He was joined, also, by the whole of the seventeenth light dragoons, and a part of the sixteenth, which had arrived on the 3d instant from Ireland, with Lieut. Col. (afterward Earl) Harcourt. Some of their horses had been brought with them across the sea. The Americans at first regarded these troopers with great dread. Washington, therefore, took pains to convince them, that in a rough, broken country, like the present, full of stone fences, no troops were so inefficient as cavalry. They could be waylaid and picked off by sharp-shooters from behind walls and thickets, while they could not leave the road to pursue their covert foe. Further to inspirit them against this new enemy, he proclaimed, in general orders, a reward of one hundred dollars for every trooper brought in with his horse and accoutrements. On the 25th, about two
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o'clock in the afternoon, intelligence was brought to headquarters that three or four detachments of the enemy were within four miles of the camp and the main army following in columns. Washington drew all his troops from the posts along the Bronx into the fortified camp at White Plains. Here everything remained quiet but expectant, throughout the 26th. In the morning of the 27th, which was Sunday, the heavy booming of cannon was heard from the direction of Fort Washington. Two of the British frigates, at seven o'clock in the morning, had moved up the Hudson, and come to anchor near Bourdett's Ferry, below the Morris House, Washington's old headquarters, apparently with the intention of stopping the ferry, and cutting off the communication between Fort Lee and Fort Washington. At the same time, troops made their appearance on Harlem Plains, where Lord Percy held command. Col. Morgan immediately manned the lines with troops from the garrison of Fort Washington. The ships opened a fire to enfilade and dislodge them. A barbette battery on the cliffs of the Jersey shore, left of the ferry, fired down upon the frigate, but with little effect. An eighteen-pounder near the Morris House fired fifty or sixty rounds, two balls at a time. Two eighteen-pounders were likewise brought down from Fort Lee, and planted opposite the ships. By the fire from both shores they were hulled repeatedly. It was the thundering of these cannonades which had reached Washington's camp at White Plains, and even startled the Highlands of the Hudson. The ships soon hoisted all sail. The foremost slipped her cable, and appeared to be in the greatest confusion. She could make no way, though towed by two boats. The other ship, seeing her distress, sent two barges to her assistance, and by the four boats she was dragged out of the reach of the American fire, her pumps going all the time. At the time that the fire from the ships began, Lord Percy brought up his field-pieces and mortars, and made an attack upon the lines. He was resolutely answered by the troops sent down from Fort Washington, and several Hessians were killed. An occasional firing was kept up until evening, when the ships fell down the river, and the troops which had advanced on Harlem Plains drew within their lines again. The celebrated Thomas Paine, author of "The Rights of Man," and other political works, was a spectator of the affair from the rocky summit of the Palisades, on the Jersey shore.

While these things were passing at Fort Washington, Lee had struck his tents, and with the rear division, eight thousand strong, the baggage and artillery, and a train of wagons four miles long, laden with stores and ammunition, was lumbering along the rough country roads to join the main army. It was not until Monday morning, after being on the road all night, that he arrived at White Plains.

Washington's camp was situated on high ground, facing the east. The right wing stretched toward the south along a rocky hill, at the foot of which the Bronx, making an elbow, protected it in flank and rear. The left wing rested on a small, deep lake among the hills. The camp was strongly intrenched in front.
About a quarter of a mile to the right of the camp, and separated from the height on which it stood by the Bronx and a marshy interval, was a corresponding height called Chatterton's Hill. As this partly commanded the right flank, and as the intervening bend of the Bronx was easily possible, Washington had stationed on its summit a militia regiment. Apprehensive that the enemy might attempt to get possession of Chatterton's Hill, he detached Col. Haslet with his Delaware regiment, to reinforce the militia posted there. To these he soon added Gen. McDougall's brigade, composed of Smallwood's Marylanders, Ritzema's New Yorkers, and two other regiments. These were much reduced by sickness and absence. Gen. McDougall had command of the whole force upon the hill, which did not exceed 1,600 men. These dispositions were scarcely made, when the enemy appeared glistening on the high grounds beyond the village of White Plains. They advanced in two columns, the right commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, the left by the Hessian general, De Heister. There was also a troop of horse; so formidable in the inexperienced eyes of the Americans. For a time they halted in a wheat field, behind a rising ground, and the general officers rode up in the center to hold a consultation. Washington supposed they were preparing to attack him in front, and such indeed was their intention; but the commanding height of Chatterton's Hill had caught Sir William's eye, and he determined first to get possession of it. Col. Rahl was accordingly detached with a brigade of Hessians, to make a circuit southwardly round a piece of wood, cross the Bronx about a quarter of a mile below, and ascend the south side of the hill; while Gen. Leslie, with a large force, British and Hessians, should advance directly in front, throw a bridge across the stream, and charge up the hill. A furious cannonade was now opened by the British under cover of which, the troops of Gen. Leslie hastened to construct the bridge. In so doing, they were severely galled by two field-pieces, planted on a ledge of rock on Chatterton's Hill, and in charge of Alexander Hamilton, the youthful captain of artillery. Smallwood's Maryland battalion, also, kept up a sharp fire of small-arms. As soon as the bridge was finished, the British and Hessians under Leslie rushed over it, formed, and charged up the hill to take Hamilton's two field-pieces. Three times the field-pieces were discharged, plowing the ascending columns from hill-top to river, while Smallwood's "blue and buff" Marylanders kept up their volleys of musketry. In the mean time, Rahl and his Hessian brigade forded the Bronx lower down, pushed up the south side of the hill, and endeavored to turn McDougall's right flank. The militia gave the general but little support. They had been dismayed at the opening of the engagement by a shot from a British cannon, which wounded one of them in the thigh, and nearly put the whole to flight. It was with the utmost difficulty McDougall had rallied them, and posted them behind a stone wall. Here they did some service, until a troop of British cavalry, having gained the crest of the hill, came on, brandishing their sabers. At their first charge the militia gave a random, scattering fire, then
broke, and fled in complete confusion. A brave stand was made on the summit of the hill by Haslet, Ritzema, and Smallwood, with their troops. Twice they repulsed horse and foot, British and Hessians, until, cramped for room and greatly outnumbered, they slowly and sullenly retreated down the north side of the hill, where there was a bridge across the Bronx. Smallwood remained upon the ground for some time after the retreat had begun and received two flesh wounds, one in the hip, the other through the arm. At the bridge over the Bronx, the retreating troops were met by Gen. Putnam, who was coming to their assistance with Beall's brigade. In the rear of this they marched back into the camp. The loss on both sides, in this short but severe action, was nearly equal. That of the Americans was between three and four hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken prisoners.

The British army now rested with their left wing on the hill they had just taken, and which they were busy intrenching. They were extending their right wing to the left of the American lines, so that their two wings and center formed nearly a semicircle. It was evidently their design to outflank the American camp, and get in the rear of it. "The two armies," says Gen. Heath in his Memoirs, "lay looking at each other, within long cannon shot. In the night time the British lighted up a vast number of fires, the weather growing pretty cold. These fires, some on the level ground, some at the foot of the hills, and at all distances to their brows, some of which were lofty, seemed to the eye to mix with the stars. The American side doubtless exhibited to them a similar appearance. During this anxious night, Washington was assiduously occupied throwing back his right wing to stronger ground; doubling his intrenchments and constructing three redoubts, with a line in front, on the summit of his post. These works were principally intended for defence against small-arms, and were made of the stalks of Indian corn or maize taken from a neighboring corn-field and pulled up with the earth clinging in masses to the large roots. "The roots of the stalks," says Heath, "and earth on them placed in the face of the works, answered the purpose of sods and fascines. The tops being placed inward, as the loose earth was thrown upon them, became as so many trees to the work, which was carried up with a dispatch scarcely conceivable." In the morning of the 29th, when Howe beheld how greatly Washington had improved his position and strengthened it, by what appeared to be solidly constructed works, he postponed his meditated assault, ordered up Lord Percy from Harlem with the fourth brigade and two battalions of the sixth, and proceeded to throw up lines and redoubts in front of the American camp, as if preparing to cannonade it. As the enemy were endeavoring to outflank him, especially on his right wing, Washington apprehended one of their objects might be to advance a part of their force, and seize on Pine's Bridge over Croton River, which would cut off his communication with the upper country. Gen. Beall, with three Maryland regiments, was sent off with all expedition to secure that pass. Nothing could exceed the war-worn condition of the troops, unsea-
soned as they were to this kind of service. "The rebel army," wrote a British officer, "are in so wretched a condition, as to clothing and accouterments, that I believe no nation ever saw such a set of tatterdemalions. There are few coats among them but what are out at elbows; in a whole regiment there is scarce a pair of breeches. Judge, then, how they must be pinched by a winter's campaign. We, who are warmly clothed and well equipped, already feel it severely; for it is even now much colder than I ever felt it in England." Alas for the poor-naked, weather-beaten patriots, who had to cope with these well-armed, well-clad, well-appointed mercenaries.

On the night of the 31st, Washington made another of those moves which perplexed the worthy Clinton. In the course of the night he shifted his whole position, set fire to the barns and houses containing forage and stores, which there was no time to remove, and, leaving a strong rearguard on the heights, and in the neighboring wood, retired with his main army a distance of five miles, among the high, rocky hills about Northcastle. Here he immediately set to work to intrench and fortify himself; his policy at this time being, as he used to say, "to fight with the spade and mattock." Gen. Howe did not attempt to dislodge him from his fastness. He at one time ordered an attack on the rearguard, but a violent rain prevented it, and for two or three days he remained seemingly inactive. During the night of the 4th, this quiet was interrupted. A mysterious sound was heard in the direction of the British camp, like the rumbling of wagons and artillery. The enemy were decamping. Long trains were observed, defiling across the hilly country, along the roads leading to Dobbs' Ferry on the Hudson. The movement continued for three successive days, until their whole force, British and Hessians, disappeared from White Plains.

Affairs at Fort Washington soon settled the question of the enemy's intentions with regard to it. Lord Percy took his station with a body of troops before the lines to the south. Knyphausen advanced on the north. The Americans had previously abandoned Fort Independence, burned its barracks, and removed the stores and cannon. Crossing King's Bridge, Knyphausen took a position between it and Fort Washington. The approach to the fort, on this side, was exceedingly steep and rocky; as, indeed, were all its approaches excepting that on the south, where the country was more open, and the ascent gradual. The fort could not hold within its walls above one thousand men; the rest of the troops were distributed about the lines and outworks. While the fort was thus menaced, the chevaux-de-frise had again proved inefficient. On the night of the 5th, a frigate and two transports, bound up to Dobbs' Ferry, with supplies for Howe's army, had broken through; through, according to Greene's account, not without being considerably shattered by the batteries. Accounts had been received at headquarters of a considerable movement on the preceding evening (Nov. 7th), among the enemy's boats at Dobbs' Ferry. Washington, directed Greene to have all the stores not
necessary to the defence removed immediately, and to destroy all
the stock, the hay and grain, in the neighborhood, which the own-
ers refused to remove. "Experience has shown," adds he, "that
a contrary conduct is not of the least advantage to the poor inhab-
ants, from whom all their effects of every kind are taken without
distinction and without the least satisfaction."

On the 10th of November, Washington left the camp at
Northcastle, at 11 o'clock, and arrived at Peekskill at sunset;
whither General Heath, with his division, had preceded him by a
few hours. Lord Stirling was there, likewise, having effected the
transportation of the Maryland and Virginia troops across the
river, and landed them at the ferry south of Stony Point; though
a better landing was subsequently found north of the point. He
was now at the entrance of the Highlands, that grand defile of the
Hudson, the object of so much precaution and solicitude. On the
following morning, accompanied by Generals Heath, Stirling,
James and George Clinton, Mifflin, and others, he made a military
visit in boats to the Highland posts. Fort Montgomery was in a
considerable state of forwardness, and a work in the vicinity was
projected to cooperate with it. Fort Constitution commanded a
sudden bend of the river, but Lord Stirling, in his report of inspec-
tion, had intimated that the fort itself was commanded by West
Point opposite. A glance of the eye, without going on shore, was
sufficient to convince Washington of the fact. A fortress subse-
quently erected on that point, has been considered the Key of the
Highlands. On the morning of the 12th, at an early hour, Wash-
ington rode out with Gen. Heath to reconnoiter the east side of the
Hudson, at the gorge of the Highlands. Near Robinson's Bridge,
in this vicinity, about two miles from Peekskill, he chose a place
where troops should be stationed to cover the south entrance into
the mountains; and here, afterward, was established an important
military depot called Continental Village.

During his brief and busy sojourn at Peekskill, Washington
received important intelligence from the Northern army; especially
that part of it on Lake Champlain, under the command of Gen.
Gates. The preparations for the defence of Ticonderoga, and the
nautical service on the lake, had met with difficulties at every step.
At length, by the middle of August, a small flotilla was completed,
composed of a sloop and schooner each of twelve guns (six and
four pounders), two schooners mounting eight guns each, and five
gondolas, each of three guns. The flotilla was subsequently
augmented, and the command given by Gates to Arnold, in com-
pliance with the advice of Washington; who had a high opinion of
that officer's energy, intrepidity, and fertility in expedients. Sir
Guy Carleton, in the mean time, was straining every nerve for the
approaching conflict. Vessels were brought from England in
pieces and put together at St. Johns, boats of various kinds and
sizes were transported over land, or dragged up the rapids of the
Sorel. The soldiers shared with the seamen in the toil. The
Canadian farmers, also, were taken from their agricultural pursuits,
and compelled to aid in these, to them, unprofitable labors. Sir
Guy was full of hope and ardor. Should he get the command of Lakes Champlain and George, the northern part of New York would be at his mercy; before winter set in he might gain possession of Albany. He would then be able to cooperate with Gen. Howe in severing and subduing the northern and southern provinces, and bringing the war to a speedy and triumphant close. In despite of every exertion, three months elapsed before his armament was completed. Winter was fast approaching. Before it arrived, the success of his brilliant plan required that he should fight his way across Lake Champlain; carry the strong posts of Crown Point and Ticonderoga; traverse Lake George, and pursue a long and dangerous march through a wild and rugged country, beset with forests and morasses, to Albany. That was the first post to the southward where he expected to find rest and winter quarters for his troops. By the month of October, between twenty and thirty sail were afloat, and ready for action. The gunboats mounted brass field-pieces and howitzers. Seven hundred seamen navigated the fleet; two hundred of them were volunteers from the transports. The guns were worked by detachments from the corps of artillery. Capt. Pringle conducted the armament, but Sir Guy Carleton was too full of zeal, and too anxious for the event, not to head the enterprise; he accordingly took his station on the deck of the flag-ship *Inflexible.* They made sail early in October, in quest of the American squadron, which was said to be abroad upon the lake. Arnold, however, being ignorant of the strength of the enemy, and unwilling to encounter a superior force in the open lake, had taken his post under cover of Valcour Island, in the upper part of a deep channel, or strait between that island and the mainland. His force consisted of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys and eight gondolas; carrying in all seventy guns, many of them eighteen-pounders. The British ships, sweeping past Cumberland Head with a fair wind and flowing sail on the morning of the 11th, had left the southern end of Valcour Island astern, when they discovered Arnold’s flotilla anchored behind it, in a line extending across the strait so as not to be outflanked. They immediately hauled close to the wind, and tried to beat up into the channel. The wind, however, did not permit the largest of them to enter. Arnold took advantage of the circumstance. He was on board of the galley Congress, and, leaving the line, advanced with two other galleys and the schooner Royal Savage, to attack the smaller vessels as they entered before the large ones could come up. About twelve o’clock the enemy’s schooner Carleton opened a brisk fire upon the Royal Savage and the galleys. The Royal Savage ran aground. Her crew set her on fire and abandoned her. In about an hour the British brought all their gunboats in a range across the lower part of the channel, within musket shot of the Americans. They landed a large force of Indians on the island, to keep up a galling fire from the shore upon the Americans with their rifles. The action now became general, and was severe and sanguinary. The Americans, finding themselves thus hemmed in by a superior force, fought with des-
operation. Arnold pressed with his galley into the hottest of the fight. The Congress was hulled several times, received seven shots between wind and water, was shattered in mast and rigging, and many of the crew were killed or wounded. The ardor of Arnold increased with his danger. He cheered on his men by voice and example, often pointing the guns with his own hands. He was ably seconded by Brig.-Gen. Waterbury, in the Washington galley, which, like his own vessel, was terribly cut up. The contest lasted throughout the day. Carried on as it was within a narrow compass, and on a tranquil lake, almost every shot took effect. The fire of the Indians from the shore was less deadly than had been expected; but their whoops and yells, mingling with the rattling of the musketry, and the thundering of the cannon, increased the horrors of the scene. Volumes of smoke rose above the woody shores, which echoed with the usual din of war, and for a time this lovely recess of a beautiful and peaceful lake was rendered a perfect pandemonium. Arnold, sensible that with his inferior and crippled force all resistance would be unavailing, took advantage of a dark cloudy night, and a strong north wind; his vessels slipped silently through the enemy's line without being discovered, one following a light on the stern of the other; and by daylight they were out of sight. They had to anchor, however, at Schuyler's Island, about ten miles up the lake, to stop leaks and make repairs. Two of the gondolas were here sunk, being past remedy. Arnold's galley, the Congress, the Washington galley, and four gondolas, all which had suffered severely in the late fight, fell astern of the rest of the squadron in the course of the night. In the morning, when the sun lifted a fog which had covered the lake, they beheld the enemy within a few miles of them in full chase, while their own comrades were nearly out of sight, making the best of their way for Crown Point. Arnold, with the crippled relics of his squadron, managed by noon to get within a few leagues of Crown Point, when they were overtaken by the Inflexible, the Carleton, and the schooner Maria of 14 guns. As soon as they came up, they poured in a tremendous fire. The Washington galley, already shattered, and having lost most of her officers, was compelled to strike, and Gen. Waterbury and the crew were taken prisoners. Arnold had now to bear the brunt of the action. For a long time he was engaged within musket shot with the Inflexible, and the two schooners, until his galley was reduced to a wreck and one third of the crew were killed. The gondolas were nearly in the same desperate condition; yet the men stood stoutly to their guns. Seeing resistance vain, Arnold determined that neither vessels nor crews should fall into the hands of the enemy. He ordered the gondolas to run on shore, in a small creek in the neighborhood, the men to set fire to them as soon as they grounded, to wade on shore with their muskets, and keep off the enemy until they were consumed. He did the same with his own galley; remaining on board of her until she was in flames, lest the enemy should get possession and strike his flag, which was kept flying to the last. He now set off with his gallant crew, many of
whom were wounded, by a road through the woods to Crown Point, where he arrived at night, narrowly escaping an Indian ambush. Two schooners, two galleys, one sloop and one gondola, the remnant which had escaped of this squadron, were at anchor at the Point, and Gen. Waterbury and most of his men arrived there the next day on parole. Seeing that the place must soon fall into the hands of the enemy, they set fire to the house, destroyed everything they could not carry away, and embarking in the vessels made sail for Ticonderoga. The loss of the Americans in these two actions is said to have been between eighty and ninety men; that of the British about forty. Sir Guy Carleton took possession of the ruined works at Crown Point, where he was soon joined by the army. He made several movements by land and water, as if meditating an attack upon Ticonderoga. Gen. Gates strengthened his works with incessant assiduity, and made every preparation for an obstinate defence. A strong easterly wind prevented the enemy's ships from advancing to attack the lines, and gave time for the arrival of reinforcements of militia to the garrison. Carleton returned to St. Johns, and cantoned his troops in Canada for the winter. It was not until about the 1st of November, that a reconnoitering party, sent out from Ticonderoga by Gen. Gates, brought him back intelligence that Crown Point was abandoned by the enemy, and not a hostile sail in sight. All apprehensions of an attack upon Ticonderoga during the present year were at an end, and many of the troops stationed there were already on their march toward Albany.

On the morning of the 12th of November, Washington crossed the Hudson, to the ferry below Stony Point, with the residue of the troops destined for the Jerseys. Far below were to be descried the Phoenix, the Roebuck, and the Tartar, at anchor in the broad waters of Haverstraw Bay and the Tappan Sea, guarding the lower ferries. The army, thus shut out from the nearer passes, was slowly winding its way by a circuitous route through the gap in the mountains, which Lord Stirling had secured. Leaving the troops which had just landed, to pursue the same route to the Hackensack, Washington, accompanied by Col. Reed, struck a direct course for Fort Lee, being anxious about affairs at Fort Washington. He resolved to continue a few days in this neighborhood, during which he trusted the designs of the enemy would be more apparent. The capture of Fort Washington was at present, Howe's main object; and he was encamped on Fordham Heights, not far from King's Bridge, until preliminary steps should be taken. In the night of the 14th, thirty flat-bottomed boats stole quietly up the Hudson, passed the American forts undiscovered, and made their way through Spuyten Duyvil Creek into Harlem River. On the 15th, Howe sent in a summons to surrender, with a threat of extremities should he have to carry the place by assault. Magaw, in his reply, intimated a doubt that Gen. Howe would execute a threat "so unworthy of himself and the British nation; but give me leave," added he, "to assure his Excellency, that, actuated by the most glorious
ATTACK OF FORT WASHINGTON.

cause that mankind ever fought in, I am determined to defend this post to the very last extremity." Apprised by the Colonel of his peril, Gen. Greene sent over reinforcements, with an exhortation to him to persist in his defence; and dispatched an express to Washington, who was at Hackensack, where the troops which had crossed from Peekskill were encamped. It was nightfall when Washington arrived at Fort Lee. Greene and Putnam were over at the besieged fortress. He threw himself into a boat, and had partly crossed the river, when he met those generals returning. They informed him of the garrison's having been reinforced, and assured him that it was in high spirits, and capable of making a good defence. It was with difficulty, however, they could prevail on him to return with them to the Jersey shore, for he was excessively excited. Early the next morning (16th), Magaw made his disposition for the expected attack. His forces, with the recent addition amounted to nearly three thousand men. Howe had planned four simultaneous attacks; one on the north by Knyphausen, who was encamped on the York side of King's Bridge, within cannon shot of Fort Washington, but separated from it by high and rough hills, covered with almost impenetrable woods. He was to advance in two columns, formed by detachments made from the Hessians of his corps, the brigade of Rahl, and the regiment of Waldecker. The second attack was to be by two battalions of light infantry and two battalions of guards, under Brigadier-Gen. Mathew, who was to cross Harlem River in flat-boats, under cover of the redoubts above mentioned, and to land on the right of the fort. This attack was to be supported by the first and second grenadiers, and a regiment of light infantry under command of Cornwallis. The third attack, intended as a feint to distract the attention of the Americans, was to be by Col. Sterling, with the forty-second regiment, who was to drop down the Harlem River in bateaux, to the left of the American lines, facing New York. The fourth attack was to be on the south, by Lord Percy, with the English and Hessian troops under his command, on the right flank of the American entrenchments. About noon, a heavy cannonade thundering along the rocky hills, and sharp volleys of musketry, proclaimed that the action was commenced. Knyphausen's division was pushing on from the north in two columns, as had been arranged. The right was led by Col. Rahl, the left by himself. Rahl essayed to mount a steep, broken height called Cock Hill, which rises from Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and was covered with woods. Knyphausen undertook a hill rising from the King's Bridge road, but soon found himself entangled in a woody defile, difficult to penetrate, and where his Hessians were exposed to the fire of the three-gun battery, and Rawlings' riflemen. While this was going on at the north of the fort, Gen. Mathew, with his light infantry and guards, crossed the Harlem River in the flat-boats, under cover of a heavy fire from the redoubts. He made good his landing, after being severely handled by Baxter and his men, from behind rocks and trees, and the breastworks thrown up on the steep river bank. Baxter, while
bravely encouraging his men, was killed by a British officer. His troops, overpowered by numbers, retreated to the fort. Gen. Mathew now pushed on with his guards and light infantry to cut off Cadwalader. That officer had gallantly defended the lines against the attack of Lord Percy, until informed that Col. Sterling was dropping down Harlem River in bateaux to flank the lines, and take him in the rear. He sent off a detachment to oppose his landing. They did it manfully. About ninety of Sterling's men were killed or wounded in their boats, but he persevered, landed, and forced his way up a steep height, which was well defended, gained the summit, forced a redoubt, and took nearly two hundred prisoners. Thus doubly assailed, Cadwalader was obliged to retreat to the fort. He was closely pursued by Percy with his English troops and Hessians, but turned repeatedly on his pursuers. Thus he fought his way to the fort, with the loss of several killed and more taken prisoners; but marking his track by the number of Hessians slain. The defence on the north side of the fort was equally obstinate and unsuccessful. Rawlings, with his Maryland riflemen and the aid of the three-gun battery, had for some time kept the left column of Hessians and Waldeckers under Knyphausen at bay. At length Col. Rahl, with the right column of the division, having forced his way directly up the north side of the steep hill at Spuyten Duyvil Creek, came upon Rawlings' men, whose rifles from frequent discharges, had become foul and almost useless, drove them from their strong post, and followed them until within a hundred yards of the fort, where he was joined by Knyphausen, who had slowly made his way through dense forest and over felled trees. Here they took post behind a large stone house, and sent in a flag, with a second summons to surrender. Washington, surrounded by several of his officers, had been an anxious spectator of the battle from the opposite side of the Hudson. Much of it was hidden from him by intervening hills and forest; but the roar of cannonry from the valley of Harlem River, the sharp and incessant reports of rifles and the smoke rising above the tree tops, told him of the spirit with which the assault was received at various points, and gave him for a time a hope that the defence might be successful. The action about the lines to the south lay open to him, and could be distinctly seen through a telescope; and nothing encouraged him more than the gallant style in which Cadwalader with an inferior force maintained his position. When he saw him, however, assailed in flank, the line broken, and his troops, overpowered by numbers, retreating to the fort, he gave up the game as lost. The worst sight of all, was to behold his men cut down and bayoneted by the Hessians while begging quarter. It is said so completely to have overcome him, that he wept "with the tenderness of a child." It was no longer possible for Magaw to get his troops to man the lines; he was compelled, therefore, to yield himself and his garrison prisoners of war. The only terms granted them were, that the men should retain their baggage and the officers their swords.
The sight of the American flag hauled down, and the British flag waving in its place told Washington of the surrender. His instant care was for the safety of the upper country, now that the lower defences of the Hudson were at an end.

CHAPTER XIII.

WASHINGTON IN THE JERSEYS.

With the capture of Fort Washington, the project of obstructing the navigation of the Hudson, at that point, was at an end. Fort Lee, consequently, became useless, and Washington ordered all the ammunition and stores to be removed, preparatory to its abandonment. This was effected with the whole of the ammunition, and a part of the stores, and every exertion was making to hurry off the remainder, when, early in the morning of the 20th, intelligence was brought that the enemy had crossed the Hudson in two divisions, one diagonally upward from King's Bridge, landing on the west side, about eight o'clock; the other marched up the east bank, three or four miles, and then crossed to the opposite shore. The whole corps, six thousand strong, and under the command of Lord Cornwallis, were landed, with their cannon, by ten o'clock, at a place called Closter Dock, five or six miles above Fort Lee, and under that line of lofty and perpendicular cliffs known as the Palisades. Washington arrived at the fort in three-quarters of an hour. Being told that the enemy were extending themselves across the country, he at once saw that they intended to form a line from the Hudson to the Hackensack, and hem the whole garrison in between the two rivers. Nothing would save it but a prompt retreat to secure the bridge over the Hackensack. The retreat commenced in all haste. There was a want of horses and wagons; a great quantity of baggage, stores and provisions, therefore, was abandoned. So was all the artillery excepting two twelve-pounders. Even the tents were left standing, and camp-kettles on the fire. With all their speed they did not reach the Hackensack River before the vanguard of the enemy was close upon them. Expecting a brush, the greater part hurried over the bridge, others crossed at the ferry, and some higher up.

Washington wrote to Lee, Nov. 21st: "I am of opinion, and the gentlemen about me concur in it, that the public interest requires your coming over to this side of the Hudson with the Continental troops. Inhabitants of this country will expect the Continental army to give them what support they can; and failing in that, they will cease to depend upon, or support a force from which no protection is to be derived. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance, that at least an appearance of force should be made, to keep this province in connection with the others."

At Hackensack the army did not exceed three thousand men, and they were dispirited by ill success, and the loss of tents and
LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

baggage. They were without intrenching tools, in a flat country, where there were no natural fastnesses. Washington resolved, therefore, to avoid any attack from the enemy, though, by so doing, he must leave a fine and fertile region open to their ravages; or a plentiful storehouse, from which they would draw voluntary supplies. A second move was necessary, again to avoid the danger of being inclosed between two rivers. Leaving three regiments, therefore, to guard the passes of the Hackensack, and serve as covering parties, he again decamped, and threw himself on the West bank of the Passaic, in the neighborhood of Newark. His army, small as it was, would soon be less. The term of enlistment of those under General Mercer, from the flying-camp, was nearly expired; and it was not probable that, disheartened as they were by defeats and losses, exposed to inclement weather, and unaccustomed to military hardships, they would longer forego the comforts of their homes, to drag out the residuum of a ruinous campaign. In addition, too, to the superiority of the force that was following him, the rivers gave the enemy facilities, by means of their shipping, to throw troops in his rear. The situation of the little army was daily becoming more perilous. Breaking up his camp once more, Washington continued his retreat toward New Brunswick; but so close was Cornwallis upon him, that his advance entered one end of Newark, just as the American rear-guard had left the other. He wrote on the 29th to William Livingston, governor of the Jerseys, requesting him to have all boats and river craft, for seventy miles along the Delaware, removed to the western bank out of the reach of the enemy, and put under guard. All the force he could muster at Brunswick, including the New Jersey militia, did not exceed four thousand men. At this moment of care and perplexity, a letter, forwarded by express, arrived at headquarters. It was from Gen. Lee, dated from his camp at Northcastle, to Col. Reed, and was in reply to the letter written by that officer from Hackensack on the 21st, which we have already laid before the reader. Supposing that it related to official business, Washington opened it, and read as follows: "MY DEAR REED:—I received your most obliging, flattering letter; lament with you that fatal indecision of mind, which in war is a much greater disqualification that stupidity, or even want of personal courage. Accident may put a decisive blunderer in the right; but eternal defeat and miscarriage must attend the man of the best parts, if cursed with indecision. The General recommends in so pressing a manner as almost to amount to an order, to bring over the continental troops under my command, which recommendation, or order, throws me into the greatest dilemma. My reason for not having marched already is, that we have just received intelligence that Roger's corps, the light-horse, part of the Highlanders, and another brigade, lie in so exposed a situation as to give the fairest opportunity of being carried. I should have attempted it last night, but the rain was too violent, and when our pieces are wet, you know our troops are hors du combat. I really think our chief will be better with me than without me." A glance over this letter sufficed to show Washington
that, at this dark moment, when he most needed support and sympathy, his character and military conduct were the subject of disparaging comments, between the friend in whom he had so implicitly confided, and a sarcastic and apparently self-constituted rival. Whatever may have been his feelings of wounded pride and outraged friendship, he restrained them, and inclosed the letter to Reed, with the following chilling note: "DEAR SIR:—The inclosed was put into my hands by an express from White Plains. Having no idea of its being a private letter, much less suspecting the tendency of the correspondence, I opened it, as I have done all other letters to you from the same place, and Peekskill, upon the business of your office, as I conceived, and found them to be." The very calmness and coldness of this note must have had a greater effect upon Reed, than could have been produced by the most vehement reproaches. In subsequent communications, he endeavored to explain away the offensive paragraphs in Lee's letter, declaring there was nothing in his own inconsistent with the respect and affection he had ever borne for Washington's person and character. Fortunately for Reed, Washington never saw that letter. There were passages in it beyond the reach of softening explanation. As it was, the purport of it, as reflected in Lee's reply, had given him a sufficient shock. His magnanimous nature, however, was incapable of harboring long resentments; especially in matters relating solely to himself. His personal respect for Col. Reed continued; he invariably manifested a high sense of his merits, and consulted him, as before, on military affairs; but his hitherto affectionate confidence in him, as a sympathizing friend, had received an incurable wound. His letters, before so frequent, and such perfect outpourings of heart and mind, became few and far between, and confined to matters of business.—Washington lingered at Brunswick until the 1st of December, in the vain hope of being reinforced. The enemy, in the mean time, advanced through the country, impressing wagons and horses, and collecting cattle and sheep, as if for a distant march. At length their vanguard appeared on the opposite side of the Raritan. Washington immediately broke down the end of the bridge next the village, and after nightfall resumed his retreat. In the mean time, as the river was fordable, Capt. Alexander Hamilton planted his field-pieces on high, commanding ground, and opened a spirited fire to check any attempt of the enemy to cross. At Princeton, Washington left twelve hundred men in two brigades, under Lord Stirling and Gen. Adam Stephen, to cover the country, and watch the motions of the enemy. Stephen was the same officer that had served as a colonel under Washington in the French war, as second in command of the Virginia troops, and had charge of Fort Cumberland. In consideration of his courage and military capacity, he had, in 1764, been intrusted with the protection of the frontier. He had recently brought a detachment of Virginia troops to the army, and received from Congress, in September, the commission of brigadier-general. The harassed army reached Trenton on the 2d of December. Washington immediately proceeded to remove his baggage and
stores across the Delaware. In his letters from this place to the
President of Congress, he gives his reasons for his continued retreat.
"Nothing but necessity obliged me to retire before the enemy, and
leave so much of the Jerseys unprotected. If the militia of this
State had stepped forth in season we might have prevented the
enemy's crossing the Hackensack. We might, with equal possibil-
ity of success, have made a stand at Brunswick on the Raritan.
But as both these rivers were fordable in a variety of places, being
knee deep only, it required many men to guard the passes, and
these we had not." In excuse for the people of New Jersey, it
may be observed, that they inhabited an open, agricultural country,
where the sound of war had never been heard. Many of them
looked upon the Revolution as rebellion; others thought it a ruined
enterprise; the armies engaged in it had been defeated and
broken up. They beheld the commander-in-chief retreating
through their country with a handful of men, weary, wayworn,
dispirited; without tents, without clothing, many of them bare-
footed, exposed to wintry weather, and driven from post to post,
by a well-clad, well-fed, triumphant force, tricked out in all the
glittering bravery of war. Could it be wondered at, that peaceful
husbandmen, seeing their quiet fields thus suddenly overrun by ad-
verse hosts, and their very hearthstones threatened with outrage,
should, instead of flying to arms, seek for the safety of their wives
and little ones, and the protection of their humble means, from the
desolation which too often marks the course even of friendly
armies? Lord Howe and his brother sought to profit by this dis-
may and despondency. A proclamation, dated 30th of November,
commanded all persons in arms against his majesty's government,
to disband and return home, and all Congresses to desist from trea-
sonable acts: offering a free pardon to all who should comply
within fifty days. Many who had been prominent in the cause
hardened to take advantage of this proclamation. Those who had
most property to lose were the first to submit. The middle ranks
remained generally steadfast in this time of trial.

In this dark day of peril to the cause, and to himself, Washing-
ton remained firm and undaunted. In casting about for some
stronghold where he might make a desperate stand for the
liberties of his country, his thoughts reverted to the mountain
regions of his early campaigns. Gen. Mercer was at hand, who
had shared his perils among these mountains, and his presence
may have contributed to bring them to his mind. "What think
you," said Washington; "if we should retreat to the back parts of
Pennsylvania, would the Pennsylvanians support us?" "If the
lower counties give up, the back counties will do the same," was
the discouraging reply. "We must then retire to Augusta County
in Virginia," said Washington. "Numbers will repair to us for
safety, and we will try a predatory war. If overpowered, we must
cross the Alleghanies." Such was the indomitable spirit, rising un-
der difficulties, and buoyant in the darkest moment, that kept our
tempest-tossed cause from foundering. Notwithstanding the repeated
and pressing orders and entreaties of the commander-in-chief,
Lee did not reach Peekskill until the 30th of November. In a letter of that date to Washington, who had complained of his delay, he simply alleged difficulties, which he would explain when both had leisure. His scheme to entrap Rogers, the renegade, had failed; the old Indian hunter had been too much on the alert; he boasted, however, to have rendered more service by his delay, than he would have done had he moved sooner. His forces were thereby augmented, so that he expected to enter the Jerseys with four thousand firm and willing men, who would make a very important diversion. It was not until the 4th of December, that he crossed the Hudson and began a laggard march, though aware of the imminent peril of Washington and his army—how different from the celerity of his movements in his expedition to the South! In the mean time, Washington, who was at Trenton, had profited by a delay of the enemy at Brunswick, and removed most of the stores and baggage of the army across the Delaware; and, being reinforced by fifteen hundred of the Pennsylvania militia, procured by Mifflin, prepared to face about, and march back to Princeton with such of his troops as were fit for service, there to be governed by circumstances, and the movements of Gen. Lee. Accordingly, on the 5th of December he sent about twelve hundred men in the advance, to reinforce Lord Stirling, and the next day set off himself with the residue. Cornwallis, being strongly reinforced, made a forced march from Brunswick, and was within two miles of Prince- ton. Stirling, to avoid being surrounded, immediately set out with two brigades for Trenton. Washington hastened back to that place, and caused boats to be collected from all quarters, and the stores and troops transported across the Delaware. He himself crossed with the rear-guard on Sunday morning, and took up his quarters about a mile from the river; causing the boats to be destroyed, and troops to be posted opposite the fords. He was conscious, however, as he said, that with his small force he could make no great opposition, should the enemy bring boats with them. Fortunately they did not come thus provided. Not one was to be had there or elsewhere; for Washington had caused the boats, for an extent of seventy miles up and down the river, to be secured on the right bank. His lordship was effectually brought to a stand. He made some moves with two columns, as if he would cross the Delaware above and below, either to push on to Philadelphia, or to entrap Washington in the acute angle made by the bend of the river opposite Bordentown. An able disposition of American troops along the upper part of the river, and of a number of galleys below, discouraged any attempt of the kind. Cornwallis, therefore, gave up the pursuit, distributed the German troops in cantonments along the left bank of the river, and stationed his main force at Brunswick. Putnam was now detached to take command of Philadelphia, and put it in a state of defence, and General Mifflin to have charge of the munitions of war deposited there. By their advice Congress hastily adjourned on the 12th of December, to meet again on the 20th, at Baltimore. Washington’s whole force at this time was about five thousand five hundred men; one thousand of them
Jersey militia, fifteen hundred militia from Philadelphia, and a battalion of five hundred of the German yeomanry of Pennsylvania. Gates, however, he was informed, was coming on with seven regiments detached by Schuyler from the Northern department; reinforced by these, and the troops under Lee, he hoped to be able to attempt a stroke upon the enemy's forces, which lay a good deal scattered, and to all appearances, in a state of security. "A lucky blow in this quarter," writes he, "would be fatal to them, and would most certainly raise the spirits of the people, which are quite sunk by our late misfortunes." While cheering himself with these hopes, and trusting to speedy aid from Lee, that wayward commander, though nearly three weeks had elapsed since he had received Washington's orders and entreaties to join him with all possible dispatch, was no farther on his march than Morristown, in the Jerseys; where, with militia recruits, his force was about four thousand men. He now talked of crossing the great Brunswick post-road, and, by a forced night's march, making his way to the ferry above Burlington, where boats should be sent up from Philadelphia to receive him. "I am much surprised," writes Washington "that you should be in any doubt respecting the route you should take, after the information you have received upon that head. A large number of boats was procured, and is still retained at Tincum, under a strong guard, to facilitate your passage across the Delaware. I have so frequently mentioned our situation, and the necessity of your aid, that it is painful for me to add a word on the subject. Congress have directed Philadelphia to be defended to the last extremity. The fatal consequences that must attend its loss are but too obvious to every one; your arrival may be the means of saving it." Gen. Gates had been detached by Schuyler with seven regiments to reinforce Washington. Three of these regiments had descended the Hudson to Peekskill, and were ordered by Lee to Morristown. Gates had embarked with the remaining four, and landed with them at Esopus, whence he took a back route by the Delaware and the Minisink. On the 11th of December, he was detained by a heavy snow storm, in a sequestered valley near the Wallpeck in New Jersey. Being cut off from all information respecting the adverse armies, he detached Major Wilkinson to seek Washington's camp, with a letter, stating the force under his command, and inquiring what route he should take. Wilkinson crossed the hills on horseback to Sussex court-house, took a guide, and proceeded down the country. Washington had passed the Delaware several days before; the boats, he was told, had been removed from the ferries, so that he would find some difficulty in getting over, but Major-Gen. Lee was at Morristown. Finding such obstacles in his way to the commander-in-chief, he determined to seek the second in command, and ask orders from him for General Gates. Lee had decamped from Morristown on the 12th of December, but had marched no further than Vealtown, barely eight miles distant. There he left Gen. Sullivan with the troops, while he took up his quarters three miles off, at a tavern, at Baskingridge. As there was not a British cantonment within
twenty miles, he took but a small guard for his protection, thinking himself perfectly secure. About four o’clock in the morning, Wilkin-
son arrived at his quarters. He was presented to the general as he lay in bed, and delivered into his hands the letter of Gen. Gates. Lee, observing it was addressed to Washington, declined opening it, until apprised by Wilkinson of its contents, and the motives of his visit. He then broke the seal, and recommended Wilkinson to take repose. He lingered in bed until eight o’clock, and then came down in his usual slovenly style, half-dressed, in slippers and blanket coat, his collar open, and his linen apparently of some days’ wear. After some inquiries about the campaign in the North, he gave Wilkinson a brief account of the operations of the main army, which he condemned in strong terms, and in his usual sarcastic way. Col. Scammel, the adjutant-general, called from Gen. Sulli-
van for orders concerning the morning’s march. After musing a moment or two, Lee asked him if he had a manuscript map of the country. It was produced, and spread upon a table. Wilkinson observed Lee trace with his finger the route from Vealtown to Pluckamin, thence to Somerset court-house, and on, by Rocky Hill, to Princeton; he then returned to Pluckamin, and traced the route in the same manner by Boundbrook to Brunswick, and after a close inspection carelessly said to Scammel, “Tell Gen. Sullivan to move down toward Pluckamin; that I will soon be with him.” This, observes Wilkinson, was off his route to Alex-
andria on the Delaware, where he had been ordered to cross, and directly on that toward Brunswick and Princeton. He was con-
vincing, therefore, that Lee meditated an attack on the British post at the latter place. Wilkinson was looking out of a window down a lane, about a hundred yards in length, leading from the house to the main road. Suddenly a party of British dragoons turned a corner of the avenue at a full charge. The guards, unwary as their general, and chilled by the air of a frosty morning, had stacked their arms, and repaired to the south side of a house on the opposite side of the road to sun themselves, and were now chased by the dragoons in different directions. The general, bareheaded, and in his slippers and blanket coat, was mounted on Wilkinson’s horse, which stood at the door, and the troop clattered off with their prisoner to Brunswick. In three hours the booming of can-
non in that direction told the exultation of the enemy. They boasted of having taken the American Palladium; for they consid-
ered Lee the most scientific and experienced of the rebel generals. Gen. Sullivan being now in command, changed his route, and pressed forward to join the commander-in-chief.

Lee’s military reputation, originally very high, had been enhanced of late, by its being generally known that he had been opposed to the occupation of Fort Washington; while the fall of that fortress and other misfortunes of the campaign, though beyond the control-
of the commander-in-chief, had quickened the discontent which, according to Wilkinson, had been generated against him at Cam-
bridge, and raised a party against him in Congress. “It was con-
fidently asserted at the time,” adds he, “but is not worthy of credit,
that a motion had been made in that body tending to supersede him in the command of the army. In this temper of the times, if Lee had anticipated General Washington in cutting the cordon of the enemy between New York and the Delaware, the commander-in-chief would probably have been superseded. In this case, Lee would have succeeded him." What an unfortunate change would it have been for the country! Lee was undoubtedly a man of brilliant talents, shrewd sagacity, and much knowledge and experience in the art of war; but he was willful, and uncertain in his temper, self-indulgent in his habits, and an egotist in warfare; boldly dashing for a soldier’s glory rather than warily acting for a country’s good. He wanted those great moral qualities which, in addition to military capacity, inspired such universal confidence in the wisdom, rectitude and patriotism of Washington, enabling him to direct and control legislative bodies as well as armies; to harmonize the jarring passions and jealousies of a wide and imperfect confederacy, and to cope with the varied exigencies of the Revolution. The very retreat which Washington had just effected through the Jerseys bore evidence to his generalship. Thomas Paine, who had accompanied the army "from Fort Lee to the edge of Pennsylvania," thus speaks in one of his writings published at the time: "With a handful of men we sustained an orderly retreat for near a hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy, and remained out until dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp: and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys had never been ravaged." And this is his testimony to the moral qualities of the commander-in-chief, as evinced in this time of perils and hardships. "Voltaire has remarked, that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action. The same remark may be made by General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds, which cannot be unlocked by trifles; but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude, and I reckon it among those kinds of public blessings which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care."

Congress, prior to their adjournment, had resolved that "until they should otherwise order, General Washington should be possessed of all power to order and direct all things relative to the department and to the operations of war." "Thus empowered, he proceeded immediately to recruit three battalions of artillery. To those whose terms were expiring, he promised an augmentation of twenty-five per cent. upon their pay, and a bounty of ten dollars to the men for six weeks' service; "It was no time." he said, "to stand upon expense; nor in matters of self-evident exigency, to refer to Congress at the distance of a hundred and thirty or forty
miles. It may be thought that 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." The promise of increased pay and bounties had kept together for a time the dissolving army. The local militia began to turn out freely. Col. John Cadwalader, a gentleman of gallant spirit, and cultivated mind and manners, brought a large volunteer detachment, well equipped, and composed principally of Philadelphia troops. Washington, who held Cadwalader in high esteem, assigned him an important station at Bristol, with Col. Reed, who was his intimate friend, as an associate. They had it in charge to keep a watchful eye upon Count Donop's Hessians, who were cantoned along the opposite shore from Bordentown to the Black Horse. On the 20th of December arrived Gen. Sullivan in camp, with the troops recently commanded by the unlucky Lee. They were in a miserable plight; destitute of almost everything; many of them fit only for the hospital, and those whose terms were nearly out, thinking of nothing but their discharge. About four hundred of them, who were Rhode Islanders, were sent down under Col. Hitchcock to reinforce Cadwalader. On the same day arrived Gen. Gates, with the remnants of four regiments from the Northern army. With him came Wilkinson, who now resumed his station as brigade-major in St. Clair's brigade, to which he belonged. To his Memoirs we are indebted for notices of the commander-in-chief. "When the divisions of Sullivan and Gates joined General Washington," writes Wilkinson, "he found his numbers increased, yet his difficulties were not sensibly diminished; ten days would disband his corps and leave him 1,400 men, miserably provided in all things. I saw him in that gloomy period; dined with him, and attentively marked his aspect; always grave and thoughtful, he appeared at that time pensive and solemn in the extreme." There were vivid schemes forming under that solemn aspect. The time seemed now propitious for the coup de main which Washington had of late been meditating. Everything showed careless confidence on the part of the enemy. Howe was in winter quarters at New York. His troops were loosely cantoned about the Jerseys, from the Delaware to Brunswick, so that they could not readily be brought to act in concert on a sudden alarm. The Hessians were in the advance, stationed along the Delaware, facing the American lines, which were along the west bank. Cornwallis, thinking his work accomplished, had obtained leave of absence, and was likewise at New York, preparing to embark for England. Washington had now between five and six thousand men fit for service; with these he meditated to cross the river at night, at different points, and make simultaneous attacks upon the Hessian advance posts. He calculated upon the eager support of his troops, who were burning to revenge the outrages on their homes and families, committed by these foreign mercenaries. They considered the Hessians mere hirelings; slaves to a petty despot, fighting for sordid pay, and
actuated by no sentiment of patriotism or honor. They had rendered themselves the horror of the Jerseys, by rapine, brutality, and heartlessness. At first, their military discipline had inspired awe, but of late they had become careless and unguarded, knowing the broken and dispirited state of the Americans, and considering them incapable of any offensive enterprise.

A brigade of three Hessian regiments, those of Rahl, Lossberg, and Knyphausen, was stationed at Trenton. Col. Rahl had the command of the post at his own solicitation, and in consequence of the laurels he had gained at White Plains and Fort Washington. Whether his men when off duty were well or ill clad, whether they kept their muskets clean and bright, and their ammunition in good order, was of little moment to the colonel, he never inquired about it;—but the music! that was the thing! the hautboys—he never could have enough of them. The main guard was at no great distance from his quarters, and the music could not linger there long enough. He was a boon companion; made merry until a late hour in the night, and then lay in bed until nine o'clock in the morning. When the officers came to parade between ten and eleven o'clock, and presented themselves at headquarters, he was often in his bath, and the guard must be kept waiting half an hour longer. Such was the posture of affairs at Trenton at the time the coup de main was meditated. Whatever was to be done, however, must be done quickly, before the river was frozen. An intercepted letter had convinced Washington of what he had before suspected, that Howe was only waiting for that event to resume active operations, cross the river on the ice, and push on triumphantly to Philadelphia. A letter from Washington to Col. Reed, who was stationed with Cadwalader, shows the anxiety of his mind, and his consciousness of the peril of the enterprise. "Christmas day at night, one hour before day, is the time fixed upon for our attempt upon Trenton. For Heaven's sake keep this to yourself, as the discovery of it may prove fatal to us; our numbers, I am sorry to say, being less than I had any conception of; yet nothing but necessity, dire necessity, will, may must, justify an attack. Prepare, and in concert with Griffin, attack as many of their posts as you possibly can, with a prospect of success; the more we can attack at the same instant, the more confusion we shall spread, and the greater good will result from it. I have ordered our men to be provided with three days' provision ready cooked, with which, and their blankets, they are to march; for if we are successful, which Heaven grant, and the circumstances favor, we may push on. I shall direct every ferry and ford to be well guarded, and not a soul suffered to pass without an officer's going down with the permit." It has been said that Christmas night was fixed upon for the enterprise, because the Germans are prone to revel and carouse on that festival, and it was supposed a great part of the troops would be intoxicated, and in a state of disorder and confusion; but in truth Washington would have chosen an earlier day, had it been in his power. "We could not ripen matters for the attack before the time mentioned,"
said he in a letter to Reed, "so much out of sorts, and so much in want of everything are the troops under Sullivan."

Early on the eventful evening (Dec. 25th), the troops destined for Washington's part of the attack, about two thousand four hundred strong, with a train of twenty small pieces, were paraded near McKonkey's Ferry, ready to pass as soon as it grew dark, in the hope of being all on the other side by twelve o'clock. Washington repaired to the ground accompanied by Generals Greene, Sullivan, Mercer, Stephen, and Lord Stirling. Greene was full of ardor for the enterprise; eager, no doubt, to wipe out the recollection of Fort Washington. It was, indeed, an anxious moment for all. Wilkinson had returned from Philadelphia, and brought a letter from Gates to Washington. There was some snow on the ground, and he had traced the march of the troops for the last few miles by the blood from the feet of those whose shoes were broken. Being directed to Washington's quarters, he found him, he says, alone, with his whip in his hand, prepared to mount his horse. "When I presented the letter of Gen. Gates to him, before receiving it, he exclaimed with solemnity,—'What a time is this to hand me letters!' I answered that I had been charged with it by Gen. Gates. 'By Gen. Gates! Where is he?' 'I left him this morning in Philadelphia.' 'What was he doing there?' 'I understood him that he was on his way to Congress.' He earnestly repeated, 'On his way to Congress!' then broke the seal, and I made my bow, and joined Gen. St. Clair on the bank of the river."

Boats being in readiness, the troops began to cross about sunset. The weather was intensely cold; the wind was high, the current strong, and the river full of floating ice. Col. Glover, with his amphibious regiment of Marblehead fishermen, was in advance; the same who had navigated the army across the Sound, in its retreat from Brooklyn on Long Island, to New York. They were men accustomed to battle with the elements, yet with all their skill and experience, the crossing was difficult and perilous. Washington, who had crossed with the troops, stood anxiously, yet patiently, on the eastern bank, while one precious hour after another elapsed, until the transportation of the artillery should be effected. The night was dark and tempestuous, the drifting ice drove the boats out of their course, and threatened them with destruction. Col. Knox, who attended to the crossing of the artillery, assisted with his labors, but still more with his "stentorian lungs," giving orders and directions. It was three o'clock before the artillery was landed, and nearly four before the troops took up their line of march. Trenton was nine miles distant; and not to be reached before daylight. To surprise it, therefore, was out of the question. There was no making a retreat without being discovered, and harassed in repassing the river. Besides, the troops from the other points might have crossed, and cooperation was essential to their safety. Washington resolved to push forward, and trust to Providence. He formed the troops into two columns. The first he led himself, accompanied by Greene, Stirling, Mercer, and Stephen; it was to make a circuit by the upper or Pennington road,
to the north of Trenton. The other led by Sullivan, and including
the brigade of St. Clair, was to take the lower river road, leading
to the west end of the town. Sullivan’s column was to halt a few
moments at a cross-road leading to Howland’s Ferry, to give
Washington’s column time to effect its circuit, so that the attack
might be simultaneous. On arriving at Trenton, they were to
force the outer guards, and push directly into the town before the
enemy had time to form.—The garrison and its unwary com-
mander slept in fancied security, at the very time that Washing-
ton and his troops were making their toilsome way across the
Delaware. How perilous would have been their situation had their
enemy been more vigilant! It began to hail and snow as the troops
commenced their march, and increased in violence as they
advanced, the storm driving the sleet in their faces. So bitter was
the cold that two of the men were frozen to death that night. The
day dawned by the time Sullivan halted at the cross-road. It was
discovered that the storm had rendered many of the muskets wet
and useless. “What is to be done?” inquired Sullivan of St.
Clair. “You have nothing for it but to push on, and use the
bayonet,” was the reply. While some of the soldiers were
endeavoring to clear their muskets, and squibbing off priming,
Sullivan dispatched an officer to apprise the commander-in-chief
of the condition of their arms. He came back half-dismayed by
an indignant burst of Washington, who ordered him to return
instantly and tell Sullivan to “advance and charge.” It was
about eight o’clock when Washington’s column arrived in the
vicinity of the village. The storm, which had rendered the march
intolerable, had kept every one within doors, and the snow had
deadened the tread of the troops and the rumbling of the artillery.
As they approached the village, Washington, who was in front,
came to a man that was chopping wood by the road-side, and
inquired, “Which way is the Hessian picket?” “I don’t know,”
was the surly reply. “You may tell,” said Capt. Forest of the
artillery, “for that is General Washington.” The aspect of the
man changed in an instant. Raising his hands to heaven, “God
bless and prosper you!” cried he. “The picket is in that house,
and the sentry stands near that tree.” The advance guard was
led by a brave young officer, Capt. William A. Washington,
seconded by Lieut. James Monroe (in after years President of the
United States). They received orders to dislodge the picket. By
this time the American artillery was unlimbered; Washington kept
beside it, and the column proceeded. The report of fire-arms told
that Sullivan was at the lower end of the town. Col. Stark led
his advance guard in gallant style. The attacks, as concerted,
were simultaneous. The outposts were driven in; they retreated,
firing from behind houses. The Hessian drums beat to arms; the
trumpets of the light-horse sounded the alarm; the whole place
was in an uproar. Some of the enemy made a wild and undirected
fire from the windows of their quarters; others rushed forth in
disorder, and attempted to form in the main street, while dragoons
hastily mounted, and galloping about, added to the confusion.
Washington advanced with his column to the head of King street; riding beside Capt. Forest of the artillery. When Forest's battery of six guns was opened the general kept on the left and advanced with it, giving directions to the fire. His position was an exposed one, and he was repeatedly entreated to fall back; but all such entreaties were useless, when once he became heated in action. The enemy were training a couple of cannon in the main street to form a battery, which might have given the Americans a serious check; but Capt. Washington and Lieut. Monroe, with a part of the advance guard, rushed forward, drove the artillerists from their guns, and took the two pieces when on the point of being fired. Both of these officers were wounded; the captain in the wrist, the lieutenant in the shoulder. While Washington advanced on the north of the town, Sullivan approached on the west, and detached Stark to press on the lower or south end of the town. The British light-horse, and about five hundred Hessians and chasseurs, had been quartered in the lower part of the town. Seeing Washington's column pressing in front, and hearing Stark thundering in their rear, they took headlong flight by the bridge across the Assunpink, and so along the banks of the Delaware toward Count Donop's encampment at Bordentown. Colonel Rahl led his grenadiers bravely but rashly on, when, in the midst of his career, he received a fatal wound from a musket ball, and fell from his horse. His men, left without their chief, were struck with dismay; heedless of the orders of the second in command, they retreated by the right up the banks of the Assunpink, intending to escape to Princeton. Washington saw their design, and threw Hand's corps of Pennsylvania riflemen in their way; while a body of Virginia troops gained their left. Brought to a stand, and perfectly bewildered, Washington thought they were forming in order of battle, and ordered a discharge of canister shot. "Sir, they have struck," exclaimed Forest. "Struck!" echoed the general. "Yes, sir, their colors are down." "So they are!" replied Washington, and spurred in that direction, followed by Forest and his whole command. The men grounded their arms and surrendered at discretion; "but had not Col. Rahl been severely wounded," remarks his loyal corporal, "we would never have been taken alive!" The skirmishing had now ceased in every direction. Major Wilkinson, who was with the lower column, was sent to the commander-in-chief for orders. He rode up, he says, at the moment that Col. Rahl, supported by a file of sergeants, was presenting his sword. "On my approach," continues he, "the commander-in-chief took me by the hand, and observed, 'Major Wilkinson, this is a glorious day for our country!' his countenance beaming with complacency; while the unfortunate Rahl, who the day before would not have changed fortunes with him, now pale, bleeding, and covered with blood, in broken accents seemed to implore those attentions which the victor was well disposed to bestow on him.' He was conveyed with great care to his quarters, which were in the house of a kind and respectable Quaker family. The number of prisoners taken in this affair was nearly one
thousand, of which thirty-two were officers. The veteran Major Von Dechow, who had urged in vain the throwing up of breastworks, received a mortal wound, of which he died in Trenton. Washington's triumph, however, was impaired by the failure of the two simultaneous attacks. Gen. Ewing, who was to have crossed before day at Trenton Ferry, and taken possession of the bridge leading out of the town, over which the light-horse and Hessians retreated, was prevented by the quantity of ice in the river. Cadwalader was hindered by the same obstacle. He got part of his troops over, but found it impossible to embark his cannon, and was obliged, therefore, to return to the Pennsylvania side of the river. Had he and Ewing crossed, Donop's quarters would have been beaten up, and the fugitives from Trenton intercepted. By the failure of this part of his plan, Washington had been exposed to the most imminent hazard. The force with which he had crossed, twenty-four hundred men, raw troops, was not enough to cope with the veteran garrison, had it been properly on its guard; and then there were the troops under Donop at hand to cooperate with it. Nothing saved him but the utter panic of the enemy; their want of proper alarm places, and their exaggerated idea of his forces. Even now that the place was in his possession he dared not linger in it. There was a superior force under Donop below him, and a strong battalion of infantry at Princeton. His own troops were exhausted by the operations of the night and morning in cold, rain, snow and storm. They had to guard about a thousand prisoners, taken in action or found concealed in houses; there was little prospect of succor, owing to the season and the state of the river. Washington gave up, therefore, all idea of immediately pursuing the enemy or keeping possession of Trenton, and determined to recross the Delaware with his prisoners and captured artillery. Understanding that the brave but unfortunate Rahl was in a dying state, he paid him a visit before leaving Trenton, accompanied by Gen. Greene. They found him at his quarters in the house of a Quaker family. Their visit and the respectful consideration and unaffected sympathy manifested by them, evidently soothed the feelings of the unfortunate soldier; now stripped of his late won laurels, and resigned to die rather than outlive his honor. The Hessian prisoners were conveyed across the Delaware by Johnson's Ferry into Pennsylvania; the private soldiers were marched off immediately to Newtown; the officers, twenty-three in number, remained in a small chamber in the Ferry House, where, according to their own account, they passed a dismal night; sore at heart that their recent triumphs at White Plains and Fort Washington should be so suddenly eclipsed. On the following morning they were conducted to Newtown, where the officers were quartered in inns and private houses, the soldiers in the church and jail. The officers paid a visit to Lord Stirling, whom some of them had known from his being captured at Long Island. He received them with great kindness. "Your general, Van Heister," said he, "treated me like a brother when I was a prisoner, and so, gentlemen, will you be treated by me." "We had scarce seated ourselves,
continues Lieut. Piel, "when a long, meager, dark-looking man, whom we took for the parson of the place, stepped forth and held a discourse in German, in which he endeavored to set forth the justice of the American side in this war. He told us he was a Hanoverian born; called the king of England nothing but the Elector of Hanover, and spoke of him so contemptuously that his garrulity became intolerable. We answered that we had not come to America to inquire which party was in the right; but to fight for the king." The Hessian prisoners were subsequently transferred from place to place, until they reached Winchester in the interior of Virginia. Wherever they arrived, people thronged from far and near to see these terrible beings of whom they had received such formidable accounts; and were surprised and disappointed to find them looking like other men. At first they had to endure the hootings and revilings of the multitude, for having hired themselves out to the trade of blood; and they especially speak of the scoldings they received from old women in the villages, who upbraided them for coming to rob them of their liberty. "At length," writes the corporal in his journal, "General Washington had written notices put up in town and country, that we were innocent of this war and had joined in it not of our free will, but through compulsion. We should, therefore, be treated not as enemies, but friends. From this time," adds he, "things went better with us. Every day came many out of the towns, old and young, rich and poor, and brought us provisions, and treated us with kindness and humanity."—General Howe was taking his ease in winter quarters at New York, waiting for the freezing of the Delaware to pursue his triumphant march to Philadelphia, when tidings were brought him of the surprise and capture of the Hessians at Trenton. "That these old established regiments of a people who made war their profession, should lay down their arms to a ragged and undisciplined militia, and that with scarcely any loss on either side," was a matter of amazement. He instantly stopped Lord Cornwallis, who was on the point of embarking for England, and sent him back in all haste to resume the command in the Jerseys. The ice in the Delaware impeded the crossing of the American troops, and gave the British time to draw in their scattered cantonments and assemble their whole force at Princeton. While his troops were yet crossing, Washington sent out Col. Reed to reconnoitre the position and movements of the enemy and obtain information. Emerging from a wood almost within view of Princeton, they caught sight, from a rising ground, of two or three red coats passing from time to time from a barn to a dwelling house. Here must be an outpost. Keeping the barn in a line with the house so as to cover their approach, they dashed up to the latter without being discovered, and surrounded it. Twelve British dragoons were within, who, though well armed, were so panic-stricken that they surrendered without making a defence. Col. Reed and his six cavaliers returned in triumph to headquarters. Important information was obtained from their prisoners. Lord Cornwallis had joined Gen. Grant the day before at Princeton, with
a reinforcement of chosen troops. They had now seven or eight thousand men, and were pressing wagons for a march upon Trenton. The situation of Washington was growing critical. The enemy were beginning to advance their large pickets toward Trenton. Everything indicated an approaching attack. The force with him was small; to retreat across the river would destroy the dawn of hope awakened in the bosoms of the Jersey militia by the late exploit; but to make a stand without reinforcements was impossible. In this emergency, he called to his aid Gen. Cadwalader from Crosswicks, and Gen. Mifflin from Bordentown, with their collective forces, amounting to about three thousand six hundred men. They promptly answered to his call, and marching in the night, joined him on the 1st of January. He chose a position for his main body on the east side of the Assunpink. There was a narrow stone bridge across it, where the water was very deep; the same bridge over which part of Rahl's brigade had escaped in the recent affair. He planted his artillery so as to command the bridge and the fords. His advance guard stationed about three miles off in a wood, having in front a stream called Shabbakong Creek. Early on the morning of the 2d, came certain word that Cornwallis was approaching with all his force. Strong parties were sent out under Gen. Greene, who skirmished with the enemy and harassed them in their advance. By twelve o'clock they reached the Shabbakong. Then crossing it, and moving forward with rapidity, they drove the advance guard out of the woods, and pushed on until they reached a high ground near the town. Here Hand's corps of several battalions was drawn up, and held them for a time in check. It was nearly sunset before Cornwallis with the head of his army entered Trenton. His rear-guard under Gen. Leslie rested at Maiden Head, about six miles distant, and nearly half way between Trenton and Princeton. Forming his troops into columns, he now made repeated attempts to cross the Assunpink at the bridge and the fords, but was as often repulsed by the artillery. For a part of the time Washington, mounted on a white horse, stationed himself at the south end of the bridge, issuing his orders. Each time the enemy was repulsed there was a shout along the American lines. At length they drew off, came to a halt, and lighted their camp fires. The Americans did the same, using the neighboring fences for the purpose. Sir William Erskine, who was with Cornwallis, urged him it is said, to attack Washington that evening in his camp; but his lordship declined; he felt sure of the game which had so often escaped him; and he was willing to give his wearied troops a night's repose to prepare them for the closing struggle. A cannonade was kept up on both sides until dark; but with little damage to the Americans. It was the most gloomy and anxious night that had yet closed in on the American army, throughout its series of perils and disasters; for there was no concealing the impending danger. But what must have been the feelings of the commander-in-chief, as he anxiously patrolled his camp, and considered his desperate position? A small stream, fordable in several places, was all that separated his raw,
inexperienced army, from an enemy vastly superior in numbers and discipline, and stung to action by the mortification of a late defeat. A general action with them must be ruinous; but how was he to retreat? In this darkest of moments a gleam of hope flashed upon his mind; a bold expedient suggested itself. Almost the whole of the enemy's force must by this time be drawn out of Princeton, and advancing by detachments toward Trenton, while their baggage and principal stores must remain weakly guarded at Brunswick. Was it not possible by a rapid night-march along the Quaker road, a different road from that on which Gen. Leslie with the rear-guard was resting, to get past that force undiscovered, come by surprise upon those left at Princeton, capture or destroy what stores were left there, and then push on to Brunswick? This would save the army from being cut off; would avoid the appearance of a defeat; and might draw the enemy away from Trenton. Such was the plan which Washington revolved in his mind on the gloomy banks of the Assunpink, and which he laid before his officers in a council of war, held after nightfall, at the quarters of General Mercer. It met with instant concurrence, being of that hardy, adventurous kind, which seems congenial with the American character. One formidable difficulty presented itself. The weather was unusually mild; there was a thaw, by which the roads might be rendered deep and miry, and almost impassable. Fortunately, or rather providentially, as Washington was prone to consider it, the wind veered to the north in the course of the evening; the weather became intensely cold, and in two hours the roads were once more hard and frost-bound. In the meantime, the baggage of the army was silently removed to Burlington, and every other preparation was made for a rapid march. To deceive the enemy, men were employed to dig trenches near the bridge within hearing of the British sentries, with orders to continue noisily at work until daybreak; others were to go the rounds; relieve guards at the bridge and fords; keep up the camp fires, and maintain all the appearance of a regular encampment. At daybreak, they were to hasten after the army. In the dead of the night, the army drew quietly out of the encampment and began its march. Gen. Mercer, mounted on a favorite gray horse, was in the advance with the remnant of his flying camp, now but about three hundred and fifty men, principally relics of the brave Delaware and Maryland regiments, with some of the Pennsylvania militia. The main body followed, under Washington's immediate command. The Quaker road was a complete roundabout, joining the main road about two miles from Princeton, where Washington expected to arrive before daybreak. The road, however, was new and rugged; cut through woods, where the stumps of trees broke the wheels of some of the baggage trains, and retarded the march of the troops; so that it was near sunrise of a bright, frosty morning, when Washington reached the bridge over Stony Brook, about three miles from Princeton. After crossing the bridge, he led his troops along the bank of the brook to the edge of a wood, where a by-road led off on the right through low grounds. By this
road Washington defiled with the main body, ordering Mercer to continue along the brook with his brigade, until he should arrive at the main road, where he was to secure, and, if possible, destroy a bridge over which it passes; so as to intercept any fugitives from Princeton, and check any retrograde movements of the British troops which might have advanced toward Trenton. Three regiments, the 17th, 40th, and 55th, with three troops of dragoons, had been quartered all night in Princeton, under marching orders to join Lord Cornwallis in the morning. The 17th regiment, under Col. Mawhood, was already on the march; the 55th regiment was preparing to follow. Mawhood had crossed the bridge by which the old or main road to Trenton passes over Stony Brook, and was proceeding through a wood beyond, when, as he attained the summit of a hill about sunrise, the glittering of arms betrayed to him the movement of Mercer’s troops to the left, who were filing along the Quaker road to secure the bridge, as they had been ordered. The woods prevented him from seeing their number. He supposed them to be some broken portion of the American army flying before Lord Cornwallis. With this idea, he faced about and made a retrograde movement, to intercept them or hold them in check; while messengers spurred off at all speed, to hasten forward the regiments still lingering at Princeton, so as completely to surround them. The woods concealed him until he had recrossed the bridge of Stony Brook, when he came in full sight of the van of Mercer’s brigade. Both parties pushed to get possession of a rising ground on the right near the house of a Mr. Clark, of the peaceful Society of Friends. The Americans being nearest, reached it first, and formed behind a hedge fence which extended along a slope in front of the house; whence, being chiefly armed with rifles, they opened a destructive fire. It was returned with great spirit by the enemy. At the first discharge Mercer was dismounted, “his gallant gray” being crippled by a musket ball in the leg. One of his colonels, also, was mortally wounded and carried to the rear. Availing themselves of the confusion thus occasioned, the British charged with the bayonet; the American riflemen having no weapon of the kind, were thrown into disorder and retreated. Mercer, who was on foot, endeavored to rally them, when a blow from the butt end of a musket felled him to the ground. He rose and defended himself with his sword, but was surrounded, bayoneted repeatedly, and left for dead. Mawhood pursued the broken and retreating troops to the brow of the rising ground, on which Clark’s house was situated, when he beheld a large force emerging from a wood and advancing to the rescue. It was a body of Pennsylvania militia, which Washington, on hearing the firing, had detached to the support of Mercer. Mawhood instantly ceased pursuit, drew up his artillery, and by a heavy discharge brought the militia to a stand. At this moment Washington himself arrived at the scene of action, having galloped from the by-road in advance of his troops. From a rising ground he beheld Mercer’s troops retreating in confusion, and the detachment of militia checked by Mawhood’s artillery.
Everything was at peril. Putting spurs to his horse he dashed past the hesitating militia, waving his hat and cheering them on. His commanding figure and white horse made him a conspicuous object for the enemy's marksmen; but he heeded it not. Galloping forward under the fire of Mawhood's battery, he called upon Mercer's broken brigade. The Pennsylvanians rallied at the sound of his voice, and caught fire from his example. At the same time the 7th Virginia regiment emerged from the wood, and moved forward with loud cheers, while a fire of grape-shot was opened by Capt. Moulder of the American artillery, from the brow of a ridge to the south. Col. Mawhood, who a moment before had thought his triumph secure, found himself assailed on every side, and separated from the other British regiments. He fought, however, with great bravery, and for a short time the action was desperate. Washington was in the midst of it; equally endangered by the random fire of his own men, and the artillery and musketry of the enemy. His aide-de-camp, Col. Fitzgerald, a young and ardent Irishman, losing sight of him in the heat of the fight when enveloped in dust and smoke, dropped the bridle on the neck of his horse and drew his hat over his eyes; giving him up for lost. When he saw him, however, emerge from the cloud, waving his hat, and behold the enemy giving way, he spurred up to his side. "Thank God," cried he, "your excellency is safe!" "Away, my dear colonel, and bring up the troops," was the reply; "the day is our own!" It was one of those occasions in which the latent fire of Washington's character blazed forth. Mawhood, by this time, had forced his way, at the point of the bayonet, through gathering foes, though with heavy loss, back to the main road, and was in full retreat toward Trenton to join Cornwallis. Washington detached Major Kelly with a party of Pennsylvania troops, to destroy the bridge at Stony Brook, over which Mawhood had retreated, so as to impede the advance of Gen. Leslie from Maiden Head. In the meantime the 55th regiment, which had been on the left and nearer Princeton, had been encountered by the American advance-guard under Gen. St. Clair, and after some sharp fighting in a ravine had given way, and was retreating across fields and along a by-road to Brunswick. The remaining regiment, the 40th, had not been able to come up in time for the action; a part of it fled toward Brunswick; the residue took refuge in the college at Princeton, recently occupied by them as barracks. Artillery was now brought to bear on the college, and a few shot compelled those within to surrender. In this brief but brilliant action, about one hundred of the British were left dead on the field, and nearly three hundred taken prisoners, fourteen of whom were officers. Among the slain was Captain Leslie, son of the Earl of Leven. His death was greatly lamented by his captured companions. The loss of the Americans was about twenty-five or thirty men and several officers. Among the latter was Col. Haslet, who had distinguished himself throughout the campaign, by being among the foremost in services of danger. He was indeed a gallant officer, and gallantly seconded by his Delaware
troops. A greater loss was that of Gen. Mercer. He was said to be either dead or dying, in the house of Mr. Clark, whither he had been conveyed by his aide-de-camp, Major Armstrong, who found him, after the retreat of Mawhood's troops, lying on the field gashed with several wounds, and insensible from cold and loss of blood. Washington would have ridden back from Princeton to visit him, and have him conveyed to a place of greater security; but was assured, that, if alive, he was too desperately wounded to bear removal; in the meantime he was in good hands, being faithfully attended to by his aide-de-camp, Major Armstrong, and treated with the utmost care and kindness by Mr. Clark's family. Washington was called away by the exigencies of his command, having to pursue the routed regiments which were making a headlong retreat to Brunswick. In this pursuit he took the lead at the head of a detachment of cavalry. At Kingston, however, three miles to the north-east of Princeton, he pulled up, restrained his ardor, and held a council of war on horseback. Should he keep on to Brunswick or not? The capture of the British stores and baggage would make his triumph complete; but, on the other hand, his troops were excessively fatigued by their rapid march all night and hard fight in the morning. All of them had been one night without sleep, and some of them two, and many were half-starved. They were without blankets, thinly clad, some of them barefooted, and this in freezing weather. Cornwallis would be upon them before they could reach Brunswick. His rear-guard, under Gen. Leslie, had been quartered about six miles from Princeton, and the retreating troops must have roused them. Under these considerations, it was determined to discontinue the pursuit and push for Morristown. There they would be in a mountainous country, heavily wooded, in an abundant neighborhood, and on the flank of the enemy, with various defiles by which they might change their position according to his movements. Filing off to the left, therefore, from Kingston, and breaking down the bridge behind him, Washington took the narrow road by Rocky Hill to Pluckamin. His troops were so exhausted, that many in the course of the march would lie down in the woods on the frozen ground and fall asleep, and were with difficulty roused and cheered forward. At Pluckamin he halted for a time, to allow them a little repose and refreshment.—Cornwallis had retired to rest at Trenton with the sportman's vaunt that he would "bag the fox in the morning." Nothing could surpass his surprise and chagrin, when at daybreak the expiring watch-fires and deserted camp of the Americans told him that the prize had once more evaded his grasp; that the general whose military skill he had decried had outgeneraled him. By sunrise there was the booming of cannon, like the rumbling of distant thunder in the direction of Princeton. The idea flashed upon him that Washington had not merely escaped but was about to make a dash at the British magazines at Brunswick. Alarmed for the safety of his military stores his lordship forthwith broke up his camp and made a rapid march toward Princeton. As he arrived in sight of the bridge over Stony Brook he beheld Major
Kelly and his party busy in its destruction. A distant discharge of round shot from his field-pieces drove them away, but the bridge was already broken. It would take time to repair it for the passage of the artillery; so Cornwallis in his impatience urged his troops breast-high through the turbulent and icy stream and again pushed forward. He was brought to a stand by the discharge of a thirty-two pounder from a distant breastwork. Supposing the Americans to be there in force, and prepared to make resistance, he sent out some horsemen to reconnoiter, and advanced to storm the battery. There was no one there. The thirty-two pounder had been left behind by the Americans, as too unwieldy, and a match had been applied to it by some lingerer of Washington's rear-guard. Without further delay Cornwallis hurried forward, eager to save his magazines. Crossing the bridge at Kingston, he kept on along the Brunswick road. Washington had got far in the advance, during the delays caused by the broken bridge at Stony Brook, and the discharge of the thirty-two pounder; and the alteration of his course at Kingston had carried him completely out of the way of Cornwallis. His lordship reached Brunswick toward evening, and endeavored to console himself, by the safety of the military stores, for being so completely foiled and outmaneuvered.

Washington, in the mean-time, was all on the alert; the lion part of his nature was aroused; and while his weary troops were in a manner panting upon the ground around him, he was dispatching missives and calling out aid to enable him to follow up his successes. In a letter to Putnam, written from Pluckamin during the halt, he says: "The enemy appear to be panic-struck. I am in hopes of driving them out of the Jerseys." He continued forward to Morristown, where at length he came to a halt from his incessant and harassing marchings. There he learned that Gen. Mercer was still alive. He immediately sent his own nephew, Major George Lewis, under the protection of a flag, to attend upon him. Mercer had indeed been kindly nursed by a daughter of Mr. Clark and a negro woman, who had not been frightened from their home by the storm of battle which raged around it. At the time that the troops of Cornwallis approached, Major Armstrong was binding up Mercer's wounds. The latter insisted on his leaving him in the kind hands of Mr. Clark's household, and rejoining the army. Lewis found him languishing in great pain; he had been treated with respect by the enemy, and great tenderness by the benevolent family who had sheltered him. He expired in the arms of Major Lewis on the 12th of January, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Dr. Benjamin Rush, afterward celebrated as a physician, was with him when he died. He was upright, intelligent and brave; esteemed as a soldier and beloved as a man, and by none more so than by Washington. His career as a general had been brief; but long enough to secure him a lasting renown. His name remains one of the consecrated names of the Revolution.

Washington, having received reinforcements of militia, continued, with his scanty army, to carry on his system of annoyance. The situation of Cornwallis, who, but a short time before, traversed
the Jerseys so triumphantly, became daily more and more irksome. Spies were in his camp, to give notice of every movement, and foes without to take advantage of it; so that not a foraging party could sally forth without being waylaid. By degrees he drew in his troops which were posted about the country, and collected them at New Brunswick and Amboy, so as to have a communication by water with New York, whence he was now compelled to draw nearly all his supplies; "presenting," to use the words of Hamilton, "the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army, straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity." In fact, the recent operations in the Jerseys had suddenly changed the whole aspect of the war, and given a triumphant close to what had been a disastrous campaign. The troops, which for months had been driven from post to post, apparently an undisciplined rabble, had all at once turned upon their pursuers, and astounded them by brilliant stratagems and daring exploits. The commander, whose cautious policy had been sneered at by enemies, and regarded with impatience by misjudging friends, had all at once shown that he possessed enterprise, as well as circumspection, energy as well as endurance, and that beneath his wary coldness lurked a fire to break forth at the proper moment. This year's campaign, the most critical one of the war, and especially the part of it which occurred in the Jerseys, was the ordeal that made his great qualities fully appreciated by his countrymen, and gained for him from the statesmen and generals of Europe the appellation of the American Fabius.

The news of Washington's recrossing the Delaware and of his subsequent achievements in the Jerseys had not reached London on the 9th of January. "The affairs of America seem to be drawing to a crisis," writes Edmund Burke. "The Howes are at this time in possession of, or able to awe the whole middle coast of America, from Delaware to the western boundary of Massachusetts Bay; the naval barrier on the side of Canada is broken. A great tract is open for the supply of the troops; the river Hudson opens away into the heart of the provinces, and nothing can, in all probability, prevent an early and offensive campaign. What the Americans have done is, in their circumstances, truly astonishing; it is indeed infinitely more than I expected from them. But, having done so much for some short time, I began to entertain an opinion that they might do more." At the time when this was written, the Howes had learned to their mortification, that "the mere running through a province, is not subduing it." The British commanders had been outgeneraled, attacked and defeated. They had nearly been driven out of the Jerseys, and were now hemmed in and held in check by Washington and his handful of men castled among the heights of Morristown. So far from holding possession of the territory they had so recently overrun, they were fain to ask safe conduct across it for a convoy to their soldiers captured in battle. It must have been a severe trial to the pride of Cornwallis, when he had to inquire by letter of Washington,
whether money and stores could be sent to the Hessians captured at Trenton, and a surgeon and medicines to the wounded at Princeton; and Washington's reply must have conveyed a reproof still more mortifying: No molestation, he assured his lordship, would be offered to the convoy by any part of the regular army under his command; but "he could not answer for the militia, who were resorting to arms in most parts of the State, and were excessively exasperated at the treatment they had met with from both Hessian and British troops." In fact, the conduct of the enemy had roused the whole country against them. The proclamations and printed protections of the British commanders, on the faith of which the inhabitants in general had staid at home, and forebore to take up arms, had proved of no avail. The Hessians could not or would not understand them, but plundered friend and foe alike. The British soldiery often followed their example, and the plunderings of both were at times attended by those brutal outrages on the weaker sex, which inflame the dullest spirits to revenge. The whole State was thus roused against its invaders. In Washington's retreat of more than a hundred miles through the Jerseys, he had never been joined by more than one hundred of its inhabitants; now sufferers of both parties rose as one man to avenge their personal injuries. The late quiet yeomanry armed themselves, and scoured the country in small parties to seize on stragglers, and the militia began to signalize themselves in voluntary skirmishes with regular troops. Morristown, where the main army was encamped, was well situated for the system of petty warfare which Washington meditated, and induced him to remain there. It was protected by forests and rugged heights. All approach from the seaboard was rendered difficult and dangerous to a hostile force by a chain of sharp hills, extending from Pluckamin, by Boundbrook and Springfield, to the vicinity of the Passaic River, while various defiles in the rear afforded safer retreats into a fertile and well-peopled region. It was nearly equidistant from Amboy, Newark, and Brunswick, the principal posts of the enemy; so that any movement made from them could be met by a counter movement on his part; while the forays and skirmishes by which he might harass them, would school and season his own troops. He had three faithful generals with him: Greene, his reliance on all occasions; swarthy Sullivan, whose excitable temper and quick sensibilities he had sometimes to keep in cheek by friendly counsels and rebukes, but who was a good officer, and loyally attached to him; and brave, genial, generous Knox, never so happy as when by his side. He had lately been advanced to the rank of brigadier at his recommendation, and commanded the artillery. Washington's headquarters at first were in what was called the Freemasons' Tavern, on the north side of the village green. His troops were encamped about the vicinity of the village, at first in tents, until they could build log huts for shelter against the winter's cold. The main encampment was near Bottle Hill, in a sheltered valley which was thickly wooded, and had abundant springs. It extended south-easterly from Morristown; and was called the Lowan-
tica Valley, from the Indian name of a beautiful limpid brook which ran through it, and lost itself in a great swamp.

The enemy being now concentrated at New Brunswick and Amboy, Gen. Putnam was ordered by Washington to move from Crosswicks to Princeton, with the troops under his command. He was instructed to draw his forage as much as possible from the neighborhood of Brunswick, about eighteen miles off, thereby contributing to distress the enemy; and if compelled to leave Princeton, to retreat toward the mountains, so as to form a junction with the forces at Morristown. Cantonments were gradually formed between Princeton and the Highlands of the Hudson, which made the left flank of Washington's position, and where Gen. Heath had command. Gen. Philemon Dickinson, who commanded the New Jersey militia, was stationed on the west side of Millstone River, near Somerset court-house, one of the nearest posts to the enemy's camp at Brunswick. A British foraging party, of five or six hundred strong, sent out by Cornwallis with forty wagons and upward of a hundred draught horses, mostly of the English breed, having collected sheep and cattle about the country, were sacking a mill on the opposite side of the river, where a large quantity of flour was deposited. While thus employed, Dickinson set upon them with a force equal in number, but composed of raw militia and fifty Philadelphial riflemen. He dashed through the river, waist deep, with his men, and charged the enemy so suddenly and vigorously, that, though supported by three field-pieces, they gave way, left their convoy, and retreated so precipitately, that he made only nine prisoners. A number of killed and wounded were carried off by the fugitives on light wagons. These exploits of the militia were noticed with high encomiums by Washington, while at the same time he was rigid in prohibiting and punishing the excesses into which men are apt to run when suddenly clothed with military power.

To counteract the proclamation of the British commissioners, promising amnesty to all in rebellion who should, in a given time, return to their allegiance, Washington now issued a counter proclamation (Jan. 25th), commanding every person who had subscribed a declaration of fidelity to Great Britain, or taken an oath of allegiance, to repair within thirty days to headquarters, or the quarters of the nearest general officer of the Continental army or of the militia, and there take the oath of allegiance to the United States of America, and give up any protection, certificate, or passport he might have received from the enemy; at the same time granting full liberty to all such as preferred the interest and protection of Great Britain to the freedom and happiness of their country, forthwith to withdraw themselves and families within the enemy's lines. All who should neglect or refuse to comply with this order were to be considered adherents to the crown, and treated as common enemies.

The small-pox, which had been fatally prevalent in the preceding year, had again broken out, and Washington feared it might spread through the whole army. He took advantage of the inter-
val of comparative quiet to have his troops inoculated. Houses
were set apart in various places as hospitals for inoculation, and a
church was appropriated for the use of those who had taken the
malady in the natural way. Among these the ravages were fright-
ful. The traditions of the place and neighborhood give lamenta-
able pictures of the distress caused by this loathsome disease in the
camp and in the villages, wherever it had not been parried by
inoculation. "Washington," we are told, "was not an unmoved
spectator of the griefs around him, and might be seen in Hanover
and in Lowantica Valley, cheering the faith and inspiring the cour-
age of his suffering men." It was this paternal care and sympa-
thy which attached his troops personally to him. They saw that
he regarded them, not with the eye of a general, but of a patriot,
whose heart yearned toward them as countrymen suffering in one
common cause. A striking contrast was offered throughout the
winter and spring, between the rival commanders, Howe at New
York, and Washington at Morristown. Howe was a soldier by
profession. War, with him, was a career. The camp was, for
the time, country and home. Easy and indolent by nature, of
convivial and luxurious habits, and somewhat addicted to gaming,
he found himself in good quarters at New York, and was in no
hurry to leave them. The Tories rallied around him. The British
merchants residing there regarded him with profound devotion.
His officers, too, many of them young men of rank and fortune,
gave a gayety and brilliancy to the place; and the wealthy royal-
ists forgot in a round of dinners, balls and assemblies, the hysteri-
cal alarms they had once experienced under the military sway of
Lee. Washington, on the contrary, was a patriot soldier, grave,
earnest, thoughtful, self-sacrificing. War, to him, was a painful
remedy, hateful in itself, but adopted for a great national good.
To the prosecution of it, all his pleasures, his comforts, his natural
inclinations and private interests were sacrificed; and his chosen offi-
cers were earnest and anxious like himself, with their whole thoughts
directed to the success of the magnanimous struggle in which they
were engaged. So, too, the armies were contrasted. The British
troops, many of them, perchance, slightly metamorphosed from
vagabonds into soldiers, all mere men of the sword, were well clad,
well housed, and surrounded by all the conveniences of a thor-
oughly appointed army with a "rebel country" to forage. The
American troops for the most part were mere yeomanry, taken
from their rural homes; ill-sheltered, ill-clad, ill-fed and ill-paid,
with nothing to reconcile them to their hardships but love for
the soil they were defending, and the inspiring thought that it was
their country. Washington, with paternal care, endeavored to
protect them from the depraving influences of the camp. "Let
vice and immorality of every kind be discouraged as much as
possible in your brigade," writes he in a circular to his brigadier-
generals; "and, as a chaplain is allowed to each regiment, see
that the men regularly attend divine worship. Gaming of every
kind is expressly forbidden, as being the foundation of evil, and
the cause of many a brave and gallant officer's ruin."
A cartel for the exchange of prisoners had been a subject of negotiation previous to the affair of Trenton, without being adjusted. The British commanders were slow to recognize the claims to equality of those they considered rebels; Washington was tenacious in holding them up as patriots ennobled by their cause. Among the cases which came up for attention was that of Ethan Allen, the brave, but eccentric captor of Ticonderoga. His daring attempts in the "path of renown" had cost him a world of hardships. Thrown into irons as a felon; threatened with a halter; carried to England to be tried for treason; confined in Pendennis Castle; retransported to Halifax, and now a prisoner in New York. "I have suffered everything short of death," writes he to the Assembly of his native State, Connecticut. He had, however, recovered health and suppleness of limb, and with them all his swelling spirit and swelling rhetoric. "I am fired," writes he, "with adequate indignation to revenge both my own and my country's wrongs. Provided you can hit upon some measure to procure my liberty, I will appropriate my remaining days, and freely hazard my life in the service of the colony, and maintaining the American Empire. I thought to have enrolled my name in the list of illustrious American heroes, but was nipped in the bud!" Honest Ethan Allen! his name will ever stand enrolled on that list; not illustrious, perhaps, but eminently popular.

Lee was now reported to be in rigorous confinement in New York, and treated with harshness and indignity. The British professed to consider him a deserter, he having been a lieutenant-colonel in their service, although he alleged that he had resigned his commission before joining the American army. Two letters which he addressed to Gen. Howe, were returned to him unopened, inclosed in a cover directed to Lieut.-Col. Lee. On the 13th of January, Washington addressed the following letter to Sir William Howe. "I am directed by Congress to propose an exchange of five of the Hessian field-officers taken at Trenton for Major-General Lee; or if this proposal should not be accepted, to demand his liberty upon parole, within certain bounds, as has ever been granted to your officers in our custody. I give you warning that Major-General Lee is looked upon as an officer belonging to, and under the protection of the United Independent States of America, and that any violence you may commit upon his life and liberty, will be severely retaliated upon the lives or liberties of the British officers, or those of their foreign allies in our hands." In this letter he likewise adverted to the treatment of American prisoners in New York; several who had recently been released having given the most shocking account of the barbarities they had experienced, "which their miserable, emaciated countenances confirmed."—"I would beg," added he, "that some certain rule of conduct toward prisoners may be settled; and, if you are determined to make captivity as distressing as possible, let me know it, that we may be upon equal terms, for your conduct shall regulate mine." Sir William, in reply, proposed to send an officer of rank to Washington, to confer upon a mode of exchange and subsistence of prison-
WASHINGTON PREPARING TO CROSS THE DELAWARE.
ers. This led to the appointment of two officers for the purpose; Col. Walcott by Gen. Howe, and Col. Harrison, "the old secretary," by Washington. In the contemplated exchanges was that of one of the Hessian field-officers for Col. Ethan Allen.

Congress, in the meantime, had resorted to their threatened measure of retaliation. On the 20th of February, they had resolved that the Board of War be directed immediately to order the five Hessian field-officers and Lieut.-Col. Campbell into safe and close custody, "it being the unalterable resolution of Congress to retaliate on them the same punishment as may be inflicted on the person of Gen. Lee." The captive Americans who had been in the naval service were said to be confined, officers and men, in prison-ships, which, from their loathsome condition, and the horrors and sufferings of all kinds experienced on board of them, had acquired the appellation of floating hells. Those who had been in the land service, were crowded into jails and dungeons like the vilest malefactors, and were represented as pining in cold, in filth, in hunger and nakedness. According to popular account, the prisoners confined on shipboard, and on shore, were perishing by hundreds. A statement made by a Capt. Gamble, recently confined on board of a prison-ship, had especially roused the ire of Congress, and by their directions Washington wrote to Lord Howe on the subject of the "cruel treatment which our officers and men in the naval department, who are unhappy enough to fall into your hands, receive on board the prison-ships in the harbor of New York." "I will not suppose that you are privy to proceedings of so cruel and unjustifiable a nature; and I hope that the unhappy persons whose lot is captivity, may not in future have the miseries of cold, disease, and famine, added to their other misfortunes. My injured countrymen have long called upon me to endeavor to obtain a redress of their grievances, and I should think myself as culpable as those who inflict such severities upon them were I to continue silent." Lord Howe, in reply (Jan. 17), expressed himself surprised at the matter and language of Washington's letter "so different from the liberal vein of sentiment he had been habituated to expect on every occasion of personal intercourse or correspondence with him." He denied that prisoners were ill treated in his particular department (the naval). They had the same provisions in quality and quantity that were furnished to the seamen of his own ship, etc. The Jersey Prison-ship is proverbial in our revolutionary history; and the bones of the unfortunate patriots who perished on board, form a monument on the Long Island shore. The horrors of the Sugar House converted into a prison, are traditional in New York; and the brutal tyranny of Cunningham, the provost marshal, over men of worth confined in the common jail, for the sin of patriotism, has been handed down from generation to generation. That Lord Howe and Sir William were ignorant of the extent of these atrocities we really believe, but it was their duty to be well informed. War is, at best, a cruel trade, that habituates those who follow it to regard the sufferings of others with indifference. There is not a doubt, too, that a feeling of contumely deprived the patriot pris-
ners of all sympathy in the early stages of the Revolution. They were regarded as criminals rather than captives. The stigma of rebels seemed to take from them all the indulgences, scanty and miserable as they are, usually granted to prisoners of war. The British officers looked down with haughty contempt upon the American officers who had fallen into their hands. The British soldiery treated them with insolent scurrility. It seemed as if the very ties of consanguinity rendered their hostility more intolerant, for it was observed that American prisoners were better treated by the Hessians than by the British. It was not until our countrymen had made themselves formidable by their successes that they were treated, when prisoners, with common decency and humanity. The difficulties arising out of the case of Gen. Lee interrupted the operations with regard to the exchange of prisoners; and gallant men, on both sides, suffered prolonged detention in consequence; and among the number the brave, but ill-starred Ethan Allen. Events, however, had diminished Lee's importance in the eyes of the enemy; he was no longer considered the American palladium. "As the capture of the Hessians and the maneuvers against the British took place after the surprise of Gen. Lee," observes a London writer of the day, "we find that he is not the only efficient officer in the American service."

Notwithstanding all Washington's exertions in behalf of the army under his immediate command, it continued to be deplorably in want of reinforcements, and it was necessary to maintain the utmost vigilance at all his posts to prevent his camp from being surprised. The designs of the enemy being mere matter of conjecture, measures varied accordingly. As the season advanced, Washington was led to believe that Philadelphia would be their first object at the opening of the campaign, and that they would bring round all their troops from Canada by water to aid in the enterprise. On the 18th of March he dispatched Gen. Greene to Philadelphia, to lay before Congress such matters as he could not venture to communicate by letter. Greene had scarce departed when the enemy began to give signs of life. The delay in the arrival of artillery, more than his natural indolence, had kept Gen. Howe from formally taking the field; he now made preparations for the next campaign by detaching troops to destroy the American deposits of military stores. One of the chief of these was at Peekskill, where Washington had directed Heath to send troops from Massachusetts; and which he thought of making a central point of assemblage. Howe terms it "the port of that rough and mountainous tract called the Manor of Courtlandt." Brig.-Gen. McDougall had the command of it in the absence of Gen. Heath, but his force did not exceed two hundred and fifty men. As soon as the Hudson was clear of ice, a squadron of vessels of war and transports, with five hundred troops under Col. Bird, ascended the river. McDougall had intelligence of the intended attack, and while the ships were making their way across the Tappan Sea and Haverstraw Bay, exerted himself to remove as much as possible of the provisions and stores to Forts Montgomery and Constitution
in the Highlands. On the morning of the 23d, the whole squadron came to anchor in Peekskill Bay; and five hundred men landed in Lent's Cove, on the south side of the bay, whence they pushed forward with four light field-pieces drawn by sailors. On their approach, McDougall set fire to the barracks and principal storehouses, and retreated about two miles to a strong post, commanding the entrance to the Highlands, and the road to Continental Village, the place of the deposits. It was the post which had been noted by Washington in the preceding year, where a small force could make a stand, and hurl down masses of rock on their assailants. Hence McDougall sent an express to Lieut.-Col. Marinus Willet, who had charge of Fort Constitution, to hasten to his assistance. The British, finding the wharf in flames where they had intended to embark their spoils, completed the conflagration, besides destroying several small craft laden with provisions. They kept possession of the place until the following day, when a scouting party, which had advanced toward the entrance of the Highlands, was encountered by Col. Marinus Willet with a detachment from Fort Constitution, and driven back to the main body after a sharp skirmish, in which nine of the marauders were killed. Four more were slain on the banks of Canopas Creek as they were setting fire to some boats. The enemy were disappointed in the hope of carrying off a great deal of booty, and finding the country around was getting under arms, they contented themselves with the mischief they had done, and reëmbarked in the evening by moonlight, when the whole squadron swept down the Hudson.

The question of command between Schuyler and Gates, when settled as we have shown by Congress, had caused no interruption to the harmony of intercourse between these generals. Schuyler directed the affairs of the department with energy and activity from his headquarters at Albany, where they had been fixed by Congress, while Gates, subordinate to him, commanded the post of Ticonderoga. The disappointment of an independent command, however, still rankled in his mind, and was kept alive by the officious suggestions of meddling friends. In the course of the autumn, his hopes in this respect revived. Schuyler was again disgusted with the service. In the discharge of his various and harassing duties, he had been annoyed by sectional jealousies and ill will. His motives and measures had been maligned. The failures in Canada had been attributed to him, and he had repeatedly entreated Congress to order an inquiry into the many charges made against him, "that he might not any longer be insulted." On the 14th of Sept. he actually offered his resignation of his commission as major-general, and of every other office and appointment; still claiming a court of inquiry on his conduct, and expressing his determination to fulfill the duties of a good citizen, and promote the weal of his native country, but in some other capacity. "I trust," writes he, "that my successor, whoever he may be, will find that matters are as prosperously arranged in this department as the nature of the service will admit. I shall most readily give him any information and assistance in my power."
The hopes of Gates, inspired by this proffered resignation, were doomed to be again overclouded. Schuyler was informed by President Hancock, "that Congress, during the present state of affairs, could not consent to accept of his resignation; but requested that he would continue in the command he held, and be assured that the aspersions thrown out by his enemies against his character had no influence upon the minds of the members of that House; and that more effectually to put calumny to silence, they would at an early day appoint a committee to inquire fully into his conduct, which they trusted would establish his reputation in the opinion of all good men."

The fame of the American struggle for independence was bringing foreign officers as candidates for admission into the patriot army, and causing great embarrassment to the commander-in-chief. "They seldom," writes Washington, "bring more than a commission and a passport; which we know may belong to a bad as well as a good officer. Their ignorance of our language, and their inability to recruit men, are insurmountable obstacles to their being engrained in our Continental battalions; for our officers, who have raised their men, and have served through the war upon pay that has not hitherto borne their expenses, would be disgusted if foreigners were put over their head; and I assure you, few or none of these gentlemen look lower than field-officers' commissions. Congress determined that no foreign officers should receive commissions who were not well acquainted with the English language, and did not bring strong testimonials of their abilities; that their commissions should bear date on the day of their being filled up by Washington.

The gallant, generous-spirited, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, was a Pole, of an ancient and noble family of Lithuania, and had been educated for the profession of arms at the military school at Warsaw, and subsequently in France. Disappointed in a love affair with a beautiful lady of rank with whom he had attempted to elope, he had emigrated to this country, and came provided with a letter of introduction from Dr. Franklin to Washington. "What do you seek here?" inquired the commander-in-chief. "To fight for American independence." "What can you do?" "Try me." Washington was pleased with the curt, yet comprehensive reply, and with his chivalrous air and spirit, and at once received him into his family as an aide-de-camp. Congress shortly afterward appointed him an engineer, with the rank of colonel. He proved a valuable officer throughout the Revolution, and won an honorable and lasting name in our country.

In recent army promotions, Congress had advanced Stirling, Mifflin, St. Clair, Stephen, and Lincoln to the rank of major-general, while Arnold, their senior in service, and distinguished by so many brilliant exploits, was passed over and left to remain a brigadier. Washington was surprised at not seeing his name on the list, but supposing it might have been omitted through mistake, he wrote to Arnold, who was at Providence, Rhode Island, advising him not to take any hasty step in consequence, promising his own
endeavors to remedy any error that might have been made. An opportunity occurred before long, for Arnold again to signalize himself. The amount of stores destroyed at Peekskill had fallen far short of Howe's expectations. Something more must be done to cripple the Americans before the opening of the campaign. Accordingly, another expedition was set on foot against a still larger deposit at Danbury, within the borders of Connecticut, and between twenty and thirty miles from Peekskill. Ex-Gov. Tryon, recently commissioned major-general of provincials, conducted it, accompanied by Brig.-Gen. Agnew and Sir William Erskine. He had a mongrel force two thousand strong: American, Irish, and British refugees from various parts of the continent; and made his appearance on the Sound in the latter part of April, with a fleet of twenty-six sail, greatly to the disquiet of every assailable place along the coast. On the 25th, toward evening, he landed his troops on the beach at the foot of Canepo Hill, near the mouth of the Saugatuck River. The yeomanry of the neighborhood had assembled to resist them, but a few cannon shot made them give way, and the troops set off for Danbury, about twenty-three miles distant; galled at first by a scattering fire from behind a stone fence. They were in a patriotic neighborhood. Gen. Silliman, of the Connecticut militia, who resided at Fairfield, a few miles distant, sent out expressers to rouse the country. It so happened that Gen. Arnold was at New Haven, between twenty and thirty miles off, on his way to Philadelphia for the purpose of settling his accounts. At the alarm of a British inroad, he forgot his injuries and irritation, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by Gen. Wooster, hastened to join Gen. Silliman. As they spurred forward, every farm house sent out its warrior, until upward of a hundred were pressing on with them, full of the fighting spirit. Lieut. Oswald, Arnold's secretary in the Canada campaign, who had led the forlorn hope in the attempt upon Quebec, was at this time at New Haven, enlisting men for Lamb's regiment of artillery. He, too, heard the note of alarm, and mustering his recruits, marched off with three field-pieces for the scene of action. In the meanwhile the British, marching all night with short haltings, reached Danbury about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th. There were but fifty Continental soldiers and one hundred militia in the place. These retreated, as did most of the inhabitants, excepting such as remained to take care of the sick and aged. Four men, intoxicated, as it was said, fired upon the troops from the windows of a large house. The soldiers rushed in, drove them into the cellar, set fire to the house, and left them to perish in the flames. There was a great quantity of stores of all kinds in the village, and no vehicles to convey them to the ships. The work of destruction commenced. The soldiers made free with the liquors found in abundance; and throughout the greater part of the night there was revel, drunkenness, blasphemy, and devastation. Tryon, full of anxiety, and aware that the country was rising, ordered a retreat before daylight, setting fire to the magazines to complete the destruction of the stores. The flames spread to the
other edifices, and almost the whole village was soon in a blaze. The extreme darkness of a rainy night made the conflagration more balefully apparent throughout the country. Meanwhile the Connecticut yeomanry had been gathering. Fairfield and the adjacent counties had poured out their minute men. Gen. Silliman had advanced at the head of five hundred. Gen. Wooster and Arnold joined him with their chance followers, as did a few more militia. A heavy rain retarded their march; it was near midnight when they reached Bethel, within four miles of Danbury. Here they halted, to take a little repose and put their arms in order, rendered almost unserviceable by the rain. They were now about six hundred strong. Wooster took the command, as first major-general of the militia of the State. Though in the sixty-eighth year of his age, he was full of ardor, with almost youthful fire and daring. A plan was concerted to punish the enemy on their retreat; and the lurid light of Danbury in flames redoubled the provocation. At dawn of day, Wooster detached Arnold with four hundred men, to push across the country and take post at Ridgefield, by which the British must pass; while he with two hundred remained, to hang on and harass them in flank and rear. The British began their retreat early in the morning, conducting it in the regular style, with flanking parties, and a rear guard well furnished with artillery. As soon as they had passed his position, Wooster attacked the rear-guard with great spirit and effect; there was sharp skirmishing until within two miles of Ridgefield, when, as the veteran was cheering on his men, who began to waver, a musket ball brought him down from his horse, and finished his gallant career. On his fall his men retreated in disorder. The delay which his attack had occasioned to the enemy, had given Arnold time to throw up a kind of breastwork or barricade across the road at the north end of Ridgefield, protected by a house on the right, and a high rocky bank on the left, where he took his stand with his little force now increased to about five hundred men. About eleven o'clock the enemy advanced in column, with artillery and flanking parties. They were kept at bay for a time, and received several volleys from the barricade, until it was outflanked and carried. Arnold ordered a retreat, and was bringing off the rear-guard, when his horse was shot under him, and came down upon his knees. Arnold remained seated in the saddle, with one foot entangled in the stirrup. A tory soldier, seeing his plight, rushed toward him with fixed bayonet. He had just time to draw a pistol from the holster. "You're my prisoner," cried the tory. "Not yet!" exclaimed Arnold, and shot him dead. Then extricating his foot from the stirrup, he threw himself into the thickets of a neighboring swamp, and escaped, unharmed by the bullets that whistled after him, and joined his retreating troops. Gen. Tryon intrenched for the night in Ridgefield, his troops having suffered greatly in their harassed retreat. The next morning, after having set fire to four houses, he continued his march for the ships. Col. Huntingdon, of the Continental army, with the troops which had been stationed at Danbury, the scattered forces of
Wooster which had joined him, and a number of militia, hung on the rear of the enemy as soon as they were in motion. Arnold was again in the field, with his rallied forces, strengthened by Lieut.-Col. Oswald with two companies of Lamb’s artillery regiment and three field-pieces. With these he again posted himself on the enemy’s route. Difficulties and annoyances had multiplied upon the latter at every step. When they came in sight of the position where Arnold was waiting for them they changed their route, wheeled to the left, and made for a ford of Saugatuck River. Arnold hastened to cross the bridge and take them in flank, but they were too quick for him. Col. Lamb had now reached the scene of action, as had about two hundred volunteers. Leaving to Oswald the charge of the artillery, he put himself at the head of the volunteers, and led them up to Arnold’s assistance. The enemy, finding themselves hard pressed, pushed for Canepo Hill. They reached it in the evening, without a round of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes. As they were now within cannon shot of their ships, the Americans ceased the pursuit. The British formed upon the high ground, brought their artillery to the front, and sent off to the ships for reinforcements. Sir William Erskine landed a large body of marines and sailors, who drove the Americans back for some distance, and covered the embarkation of the troops. Col. Lamb, while leading on his men gallantly to capture the British field-pieces, was wounded by a grape-shot, and Arnold, while cheering on the militia, had another horse shot under him. In the meantime, the harassed marauders effected their embarkation, and the fleet got under way. In this inroad the enemy destroyed a considerable amount of military stores, and seventeen hundred tents prepared for the use of Washington’s army in the ensuing campaign. The loss of Gen. Wooster was deeply deplored. He survived the action long enough to be consoled in his dying moments at Danbury, by the presence of his wife and son, who hastened thither from New Haven. As to Arnold, his gallantry in this affair gained him fresh laurels, and Congress, to remedy their late error, promoted him to the rank of major-general. Still this promotion did not restore him to his proper position. He was at the bottom of the list of major-generals, with four officers above him, his juniors in service. Washington felt this injustice on the part of Congress, and wrote about it to the president. “He has certainly discovered,” said he, “in every instance where he has had an opportunity, much bravery, activity, and enterprise.” As an additional balm to Arnold’s wounded pride, Congress a few days afterward voted that a horse, properly caparisoned, should be presented to him in their name, as a token of their approbation of his gallant conduct in the late action, “in which he had one horse shot under him and another wounded.”

The destructive expeditions against the American depôts of military stores, were retaliated in kind by Col. Meigs, a spirited officer, who had accompanied Arnold in his expedition through the wilderness against Quebec, and had caught something of his love for hardy exploit. Having received intelligence that the British com-
missaries had collected a great amount of grain, forage and other supplies at Sag Harbor, a small port in the deep bay which forks the east end of Long Island, he crossed the Sound on the 23rd of May from Guilford in Connecticut, with about one hundred and seventy men in whale-boats convoyed by two armed sloops; landed on the island near Southold; carried the boats a distance of fifteen miles across the north fork of the bay, launched them into the latter, crossed it, landed within four miles of Sag Harbor, and before daybreak carried the place, which was guarded by a company of foot. A furious fire of round and grape-shot was opened upon the Americans from an armed schooner, anchored about one hundred and fifty yards from shore; and stout defence was made by the crews of a dozen brigs and sloops lying at the wharf to take in freight; but Meigs succeeded in burning these vessels, destroying everything on shore, and carrying off ninety prisoners; among whom were the officer of the company of foot, the commissaries, and the captains of most of the small vessels. With these he and his party recrossed the bay, transported their boats again across the fork of land, launched them on the Sound, and got safe back to Guilford; having achieved all this, and traversed about ninety miles of land and water, in twenty-five hours. Washington was highly pleased with the spirit and success of this enterprise, and he publicly returned thanks to Col. Meigs and the officers and men engaged in it. It could not fail, he said, greatly to distress the enemy in the important and essential article of forage. But it was the moral effect of the enterprise which gave it the most value. It cheered the spirit of the people; depressed by overshadowing dangers and severe privations, and kept alive the military spark that was to kindle into the future flame.

The Highland passes of the Hudson, always objects of anxious thought to Washington, were especially so at this juncture. Gen. McDougall still commanded at Peekskill, and Gen. George Clinton, who resided at New Windsor, had command of the Highland forts. The latter, at the earnest request of the New York Convention, had received from Congress the command of brigadier-general in the Continental army. He was one of the soldiers of the Revolution who served from a sense of duty, not from military inclination or a thirst for glory. A long career of public service in various capacities illustrated his modest worth and devoted patriotism. A few days later came word that several transports were anchored at Dobb's Ferry in the Tappan Sea. Washington ordered Clinton to post as good a number of troops from his garrison as he could spare, on the mountains west of the river. On the 12th of May, Gen. Greene received instructions from Washington to proceed to the Highlands, and examine the state and condition of the forts, especially Fort Montgomery; the probability of an attack by water, the practicability of an approach by land; where and how this could be effected, and the eminences whence the forts could be annoyed. When reconnoitring the Highlands in the preceding year, Washington had remarked a wild and rugged pass on the western side of the Hudson round Bull Hill, a rocky, forestclad
mountain, forming an advance rampart at the entrance to Peekskill Bay. "This pass," he observed, "should also be attended to, lest the enemy by a coup de main should possess themselves of it, before a sufficient force could be assembled to oppose them." Gen. Knox was associated with Gen. Greene in this visit of inspection. They examined the river and the passes of the Highlands in company with Gens. McDougall, George Clinton, and Anthony Wayne. The latter, recently promoted to the rank of brigadier, had just returned from Ticonderoga. The five generals made a joint report to Washington, in which they recommended the completion of the obstructions in the river already commenced. These consisted of a boom, or heavy iron chain, across the river from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose, with cables stretched in front to break the force of any ship under way, before she could strike it. The boom was to be protected by the guns of two ships and two row galleys stationed just above it, and by batteries on shore.

The general command of the Hudson, from the number of troops to be assembled there, and the variety of points to be guarded, was one of the most important in the service, and required an officer of consummate energy, activity and judgment. It was a major-general's command, and as such was offered by Washington to Arnold; intending thus publicly to manifest his opinion of his deserts, and hoping, by giving him so important a post, to appease his irritated feelings. The command being declined by Arnold, was now given to Putnam, who repaired forthwith to Peekskill. Gen. McDougall was requested by Washington to aid the veteran in gaining a knowledge of the post. "You are well acquainted," writes he, "with the old gentleman's temper; he is active, disinterested, and open to conviction." Putnam set about promptly to carry into effect the measures of security which Greene and Knox had recommended; especially the boom and chain at Fort Montgomery.

Toward the end of May Washington broke up his cantonments at Morristown and shifted his camp to Middlebrook, within ten miles of Brunswick. His whole force fit for duty was now about seven thousand three hundred men, all from the States south of the Hudson. There were forty-three regiments, forming ten brigades, commanded by Brigadiers Muhlenberg, Weedon, Woodford, Scott, Smallwood, Deborre, Wayne, Dehaas, Conway and Maxwell. These were apportioned into five divisions of two brigades each under Major-Generals Greene, Stephen, Sullivan, Lincoln and Stirling. The artillery was commanded by Knox. Sullivan, with his division, was stationed on the right at Princeton. With the rest of his force Washington fortified himself in a position naturally strong, among hills, in the rear of the village of Middlebrook. His camp was, on all sides, difficult of approach, and he rendered it still more so by intrenchments. The high grounds about it commanded a wide view of the country around Brunswick, the road to Philadelphia, and the course of the Raritan, so that the enemy could make no important movement on land, without his perceiv-
ing it. It was now the beautiful season of the year, and the troops from their height beheld a fertile and well cultivated country spread before them. "Painted with meadows, green fields and orchards, studded with villages, and affording abundant supplies and forage." A part of their duty was to guard it from the ravage of the enemy, while they held themselves ready to counteract his movements in every direction. On the 31st of May, reports were brought to camp that a fleet of a hundred sail had left New York, and stood out to sea. Whither bound, and how freighted, was unknown. If they carried troops, their destination might be Delaware Bay. Eighteen transports, also, had arrived at New York, with troops in foreign uniforms. These proved to be Ansperchers, and other German mercenaries; there were British reinforcements also; and, what was particularly needed, a supply of tents and camp equipage. Sir William Howe had been waiting for the latter, and likewise until the ground should be covered with grass. Early in June, therefore, he gave up ease and gayety, and luxurious life at New York, and crossing into the Jerseys, set up his headquarters at Brunswick.

Arnold, in this critical juncture, had been put in command of Philadelphia, a post which he had been induced to accept, although the question of rank had not been adjusted to his satisfaction. On the night of the 13th of June, Gen. Howe sallied forth in great force from Brunswick, as if pushing directly for the Delaware, but his advanced guard halted at Somerset court-house, about eight or nine miles distant. Washington drew out his army in battle array along the heights, but kept quiet. In the present state of his forces it was his plan not to risk a general action; but, should the enemy really march toward the Delaware, to hang heavily upon their rear. Their principal difficulty would be in crossing that river, and there, he trusted, they would meet with spirited opposition from the Continental troops and militia stationed on the western side under Arnold and Mifflin. The British took up a strong position, having Millstone Creek on their left, the Raritan all along their front, and their right resting on Brunswick, and proceeded to fortify themselves with bastions. The American and British armies remained four days grimly regarding each other; both waiting to be attacked. The Jersey militia, which now turned out with alacrity, repaired, some to Washington's camp, others to that of Sullivan. The latter had fallen back from Princeton, and taken a position behind the Sourland Hills. Howe pushed out detachments, and made several feints as if to pass by the American camp and march to the Delaware; but Washington was not to be deceived. "The enemy will not move that way," said he, "until they have given this army a severe blow. The risk would be too great to attempt to cross a river where they must expect to meet a formidable opposition in front, and would have such a force as ours in their rear." He kept on the heights, therefore, and strengthened his intrenchments. Baffled in these attempts to draw his cautious adversary into a general action, Howe, on the 19th, suddenly broke up his camp, and pretended to return with some
precipitation to Brunswick, burning as he went several valuable dwelling houses. Washington's light troops hovered round the enemy as far as the Raritan and Millstone, which secured their flanks, would permit; but the main army kept to its stronghold on the heights. On the 22d, Sir William again marched out of Brunswick, but this time proceeded toward Amboy. Washington sent out three brigades under General Greene to fall upon the rear of the enemy, while Morgan hung upon their skirts with his riflemen. At the same time the army remained paraded on the heights ready to yield support, if necessary. Finding that Howe had actually sent his heavy baggage and part of his troops over to Staten Island by a bridge of boats which he had thrown across, Washington, on the 24th, left the heights and descended to Quibbletown (now New Market), six or seven miles on the road to Amboy, to be nearer at hand for the protection of his advanced parties; while Lord Stirling, with his division and some light troops, was at Matouchin church, closer to the enemy's lines, to watch their motions, and be ready to harass them while crossing to the island. Howe now thought he had gained his point. Recalling those who had crossed, he formed his troops into two columns, the right led by Cornwallis, the left by himself, and marched back rapidly by different routes from Amboy. Washington, however, had timely notice of his movements, and penetrating his design, regained his fortified camp at Middlebrook, and secured the passes of the mountains. He then detached a body of light troops under Brig.-Gen. Scott, together with Morgan's riflemen, to hang on the flank of the enemy and watch their motions. Cornwallis, making a considerable circuit to the right, dispersed the light parties of the advance, but fell in with Lord Stirling's division, strongly posted in a woody country, and well covered by artillery judiciously disposed. A sharp skirmish ensued, when the Americans gave way and retreated to the hills, with the loss of a few men and three field-pieces; while the British halted at Westfield, disappointed in the main objects of their enterprise. They remained at Westfield until the afternoon of the 27th, when they moved toward Spanktown (now Rahway), plundering all before them, but pursued and harassed the whole way by the American light troops. Perceiving that every scheme of bringing the Americans to a general action, or at least of withdrawing them from their strongholds, was rendered abortive by the caution and prudence of Washington, and aware of the madness of attempting to march to the Delaware through a hostile country, with such a force in his rear, Sir William Howe broke up his headquarters at Amboy on the last of June, and crossed over to Staten Island on the floating bridge; his troops marched off to the old camping ground on the Bay of New York; the ships got under way, and moved down round the island; and it was soon apparent, that at length the enemy had really evacuated the Jerseys.

Scarce had the last tent been struck and the last transport disappeared from before Amboy, when intelligence arrived from Gen. St. Clair, announcing the appearance of a hostile fleet on Lake
Champlain, and that Gen. Burgoyne with the whole Canada army was approaching Ticonderoga. The judgment and circumspection of Washington were never more severely put to the proof. Gen. Burgoyne was a man of too much spirit and enterprise to return from England merely to execute a plan from which no honor was to be derived. Did he really intend to break through by the way of Ticonderoga? In that case it must be Howe’s plan to cooperate with him. If so, Sir William must soon throw off the mask. His next move, in such case, would be to ascend the Hudson, seize on the Highland passes before Washington could form a union with the troops stationed there, and thus open the way for the junction with Burgoyne. Should Washington, however, on such a presumption, hasten with his troops to Peekskill, leaving Howe on Staten Island, what would prevent the latter from pushing to Philadelphia by South Amboy or any other route? In this dilemma he sent Gens. Parsons and Varnum with a couple of brigades in all haste to Peekskill; and wrote to Gens. George Clinton and Putnam; the former to call out the New York militia from Orange and Ulster counties; the latter to summon the militia from Connecticut; and as soon as such reinforcements should be at hand, to dispatch four of the strongest Massachusetts regiments to the aid of Ticonderoga; at the same time the expediency was suggested to Gen. Schuyler, of having all the cattle and vehicles removed from parts of the country he might think the enemy intended to penetrate. Gen. Sullivan was ordered to advance with his division toward the Highlands as far as Pompton, while Washington moved his own camp back to Morristown, to be ready either to push on to the Highlands, or fall back upon his recent position at Middlebrook, according to the movements of the enemy. Deserters from Staten Island and New York soon brought word to the camp that transports were being fitted up with berths for horses, and taking in three weeks’ supply of water and provender. All this indicated some other destination than that of the Hudson.

The energy, skill, and intelligence displayed by Hamilton throughout the last year’s campaign, whenever his limited command gave him opportunity of evincing them, had won his entrance to headquarters; where his quick discernment and precocious judgment were soon fully appreciated. Strangers were surprised to see a youth, scarce twenty years of age, received into the implicit confidence, and admitted into the gravest counsels, of a man like Washington. While his uncommon talents thus commanded respect, rarely inspired by one of his years, his juvenile appearance and buoyant spirit made him a universal favorite. Harrison, the “old secretary,” much his senior, looked upon him with an almost paternal eye, and regarding his diminutive size and towering spirit, used to call him “the little lion”; while Washington would now and then speak of him by the cherishing appellation of “my boy.”
CHAPTER XIV.

BURGOYNE'S INVASION FROM CANADA.

The armament advancing against Ticonderoga was not a mere diversion, but a regular invasion; the plan of which had been devised by the king, Lord George Germain, and Gen. Burgoyne, the latter having returned to England from Canada in the preceding year. The junction of the two armies—that in Canada and that under General Howe in New York—was considered the speediest mode of quelling the rebellion; and as the security and good government of Canada required the presence of Governor Sir Guy Carleton, three thousand men were to remain there with him; the residue of the army was to be employed upon two expeditions: the one under Gen. Burgoyne, who was to force his way to Albany, the other under Lieut.-Col. St. Leger, who was to make a diversion on the Mohawk River. The invading army was composed of three thousand seven hundred and twenty-four British rank and file, three thousand and sixteen Germans, mostly Brunswickers, two hundred and fifty Canadians, and four hundred Indians; besides these there were four hundred and seventy-three artillery men, in all nearly eight thousand men. The army was admirably appointed. Its brass train of artillery was extolled as perhaps the finest ever allotted to an army of the size. Gen. Phillips, who commanded the artillery, had gained great reputation in the wars in Germany. Brig.-Gens. Fraser, Powel, and Hamilton, were also officers of distinguished merit. So was Maj.-General the Baron Riedesel, a Brunswicker, who commanded the German troops. While Burgoyne with the main force proceeded from St. Johns, Col. St. Leger, with a detachment of regulars and Canadians about seven hundred strong, was to land at Oswego and, guided by Sir John Johnson at the head of his loyalist volunteers, tory refugees from his former neighborhood, and a body of Indians, was to enter the Mohawk country, draw the attention of Gen. Schuyler in that direction, attack Fort Stanwix, and, having ravaged the valley of the Mohawk, rejoin Burgoyne at Albany; where it was expected they would make a triumphant junction with the army of Howe. Gen. Burgoyne left St. Johns on the 16th of June. Some idea may be formed of his buoyant anticipation of a triumphant progress through the country, by the manifold and lumbering appurtenances of a European camp with which his army was encumbered. In this respect he had committed the same error in his campaign through a wilderness of lakes and forests, that had once embarrassed the unfortunate Braddock in his march across the mountains of Virginia. On the following day Schuyler was at Ticonderoga. The works were not in such a state of forwardness as he had anticipated, owing to the tardy arrival of troops, and the want of a sufficient number of artificers. Mount
Independence, a high circular hill on the east side of the lake, immediately opposite to the old fort, was considered the most defensible. A star fort with pickets crowned the summit of the hill, which was table land; half way down the side of a hill was a battery, and at its foot were strongly intrenched works well mounted with cannon. Here the French General de Fermois, who had charge of this fort, was posted. As this part of Lake Champlain is narrow, a connection was kept up between the two forts by a floating bridge, supported on twenty-two sunken piers in caissons, formed of very strong timber. Between the piers were separate floats, fifty feet long and twelve feet wide, strongly connected by iron chains and rivets. On the north side of the bridge was a boom, composed of large pieces of timber, secured by riveted bolts, and besides this was a double iron chain with links an inch and a half square. The bridge, boom, and chain were four hundred yards in length. This immense work, the labor of months, on which no expense had been spared, was intended, while it afforded a communication between the two forts, to protect the upper part of the lake, presenting, under cover of their guns, a barrier, which it was presumed no hostile ship would be able to break through. Schuyler hastened to Fort George, whence he sent on provisions for upward of sixty days; and from the banks of the Hudson additional carpenters and working cattle.

In the meantime, Burgoyne, with his amphibious and semi-barbarous armament, was advancing up the lake. On the 21st of June he encamped at the river Boquet, several miles north of Crown Point; here he gave a war feast to his savage allies, and made them a speech in that pompous and half poetical vein in which it is the absurd practice to address our savages, and which is commonly reduced to flat prose by their interpreters. At the same time he was strenuous in enjoining humanity toward prisoners, dwelling on the differences between ordinary wars carried on against a common enemy, and this against a country in rebellion, where the hostile parties were of the same blood, and loyal subjects of the crown might be confounded with the rebellious.

The garrison at Ticonderoga, meanwhile, were anxiously on the look-out. Their fortress, built on a hill, commanded an extensive prospect over the bright and beautiful lake and its surrounding forests, but there were long points and promontories at a distance to intercept the view. The enemy came advancing up the lake on the 30th, their main body under Burgoyne on the west side, the German reserve under Baron Riedesel on the east; communication being maintained by frigates and gunboats, which, in a manner, kept pace between them. It was a magnificent array of warlike means; and the sound of drum and trumpet along the shores, and now and then the thundering of a cannon from the ships, were singularly in contrast with the usual silence of a region little better than a wilderness. On the 1st of July, Burgoyne encamped four miles north of Ticonderoga, and began to intrench, and to throw a boom across the lake. His advanced guard under Gen. Fraser took post at Three Mile Point, and the ships anchored
just out of gunshot of the fort. Here he issued a proclamation still more magniloquent than his speech to the Indians, denouncing woe to all who should persist in rebellion, and laying particular stress upon his means, with the aid of the Indians, to overtake the the hardesti enemi es of Great Britian and America wherever they might lurk.

Gen. St. Clair was a gallant Scotchman, who had seen service in the old French war as well as in this, and beheld the force arrayed against him without dismay. It is true his garrison did not exceed three thousand five hundred men, of whom nine hundred were militia. They were badly equipped, and few had bayonets; yet, as Major Livingston reported, they were in good heart. St. Clair confined, however, in the strength of his position and the works which had been constructed in connection with it, and trusted he should be able to resist any attempt to take it by storm. Schuyler at this time was at Albany, sending up reinforcements of Continental troops and militia, and awaiting the arrival of further reinforcements, for which sloops had been sent down to Peekskill. He was endeavoring also to provide for the security of the department in other quarters. The savages had been scalping in the neighborhood of Fort Schuyler; a set of renegade Indians were harassing the settlements on the Susquehanna; and the threatenings of Brant, the famous Indian chief, and the prospect of a British inroad by the way of Oswego, had spread terror through Tryon County, the inhabitants of which called upon him for support. On the 2d of July, Indian scouts made their appearance in the vicinity of a block-house and some outworks about the strait or channel leading to Lake George. As Gen. St. Clair did not think the garrison sufficient to defend all the outposts, these works with some adjacent saw-mills were set on fire and abandoned. The extreme left of Ticonderoga was weak, and might be easily turned; a post had therefore been established in the preceeding year, nearly half a mile in advance of the old French lines, on an eminence to the north of them. Gen. St. Clair, through singular remissness, had neglected to secure it. Burgoyne soon discovered this neglect, and fastened to detach Gen. Phillips and Fraser with a body of infantry and light artillery, to take possession of this post. They did so without opposition. Heavy guns were mounted upon it; Fraser's whole corps was stationed there; the post commanded the communication by land and water with Lake George, so as to cut off all supplies from that quarter. In fact, such were the advantages expected from this post, thus neglected by St. Clair, that the British gave it the significant name of Mount Hope. The enemy now proceeded gradually to invest Ticonderoga. A line of troops was drawn from the western part of Mount Hope round to Three Mile Point, where Gen. Fraser was posted with the advance guard, while Gen. Riedesel encamped with the German reserve in a parallel line, on the opposite side of Lake Champlain, at the foot of Mount Independence. For two days the enemy occupied themselves in making their advances and securing these positions, regardless of a cannonade kept up by the American batteries. St.
Clair began to apprehend that a regular siege was intended, which would be more difficult to withstand than a direct assault; he kept up a resolute aspect, however, and went about among his troops, encouraging them with the hope of a successful resistance, but enjoining incessant vigilance, and punctual attendance at the alarm posts at morning and evening roll-call. With all the pains and expense lavished by the Americans to render these works impregnable, they had strangely neglected the master key by which they were all commanded. This was Sugar Hill, a rugged height, the termination of a mountain ridge which separates Lake Champlain from Lake George. It stood to the south of Ticonderoga, beyond the narrow channel which connected the two lakes, and rose precipitously from the waters of Champlain to the height of six hundred feet. The British General Phillips, on taking his position, had regarded the hill with a practiced eye. He caused it to be reconnoitered by a skillful engineer. The report was, that it overlooked, and had the entire command of Fort Ticonderoga and Fort Independence; being about fourteen hundred yards from the former, and fifteen hundred from the latter; that the ground could be leveled for cannon, and a road cut up the defiles of the mountain in four and twenty hours. While the American garrisons were entirely engaged in a different direction, cannonading Mount Hope and the British lines without material effect, and without provoking a reply; the British troops were busy throughout the day and night cutting a road through rocks and trees and up rugged defiles. Guns, ammunition, and stores, all were carried up the hill in the night; the cannon were hauled up from tree to tree, and before morning the ground was leveled for the battery on which they were to be mounted. To this work, thus achieved by a coup de main, they gave the name of Fort Defiance. On the 5th of July, to their astonishment and consternation, the garrison beheld a legion of red-coats on the summit of this hill, constructing works which must soon lay the fortress at their mercy. In this sudden and appalling emergency, Gen. St. Clair called a council of war. What was to be done? The batteries from this new fort would probably be open the next day: by that time Ticonderoga might be completely invested, and the whole garrison exposed to capture. It was unanimously determined to evacuate both Ticonderoga and Mount Independence that very night, and retreat to Skenesborough (now Whitehall), at the upper part of the lake, about thirty miles distant, where there was a stockaded fort. The main body of the army, led by Gen. St. Clair, were to cross to Mount Independence and push for Skenesborough by land, taking a circuitous route through the woods on the east side of the lake, by the way of Castleton. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon; yet all the preparations were to be made for the coming night, and that with as little bustle and movement as possible; for they were overlooked by Fort Defiance, and their intentions might be suspected. Everything, therefore, was done quietly, but alertly; in the meantime, to amuse the enemy, a cannonade was kept up every half hour toward the
new battery on the hill. As soon as the evening closed, and their movements could not be discovered, they began in all haste to load the boats. Such of the cannon as could not be taken were ordered to be spiked. It would not do to knock off their trunnions, lest the noise should awaken suspicions. In the hurry several were left uninjured. The lights in the garrison being previously extinguished, their tents were struck and put on board of the boats, and the women and the sick embarked. Everything was conducted with such silence and address, that, although it was a moonlight night, the flotilla departed undiscovered; and was soon under the shadows of mountains and overhanging forests. The retreat by land was not conducted with equal discretion and mystery. Gen. St. Clair had crossed over the bridge to the Vermont side of the lake by three o'clock in the morning, and set forward with his advance through the woods toward Hubbardton; but, before the rear-guard under Col. Francis got in motion, the house at Fort Independence, which had been occupied by the French General de Ferbois, was set on fire. The consequences were disastrous. The British sentries at Mount Hope were astonished by a conflagration suddenly lighting up Mount Independence, and revealing the American troops in full retreat; for the rear-guard, disconcerted by this sudden exposure, pressed forward for the woods in the utmost haste and confusion. The drums beat to arms in the British camp. Alarm guns were fired from Mount Hope: Gen. Fraser dashed into Ticonderoga with his pickets, giving orders for his brigade to arm in all haste and follow. By daybreak he had hoisted the British flag over the deserted fortress; before sunrise he had passed the bridge, and was in full pursuit of the American rear-guard. Burgoyne was roused from his morning slumbers on board of the frigate Royal George, by the alarm guns from Fort Hope, and a message from Gen. Fraser, announcing the double retreat of the Americans by land and water. From the quarter-deck of the frigate he soon had confirmation of the news. The British colors were flying on Fort Ticonderoga, and Fraser’s troops were glittering on the opposite shore. Gen. Riedesel was ordered to follow and support Fraser with a part of the German troops; garrisons were thrown into Ticonderoga and Mount Independence; the main part of the army was embarked on board of the frigates and gunboats; the floating bridge with its boom and chain, which had cost months to construct, was broken through by nine o’clock; when Burgoyne set out with his squadron in pursuit of the flotilla.

About three o’clock in the afternoon of the succeeding day, the heavily laden bateaux arrived at Skenesborough. The disembarkation had scarcely commenced when the thundering of artillery was heard from below. The British gunboats having pushed on in advance of the frigates, had overtaken and were firing upon the galleys. The latter defended themselves for a while, but at length two struck, and three were blown up. The fugitives from them brought word that the British ships not being able to come up, troops and Indians were landing from them and scrambling up the hills; intending to get in the rear of the fort and cut off all
retreat. All now was consternation and confusion. The bateaux, the storehouses, the fort, the mill were all set on fire, and a general flight took place toward Fort Anne, about twelve miles distant, which was reached by daybreak. It was a small picketed fort, near the junction of Wood Creek and East Creek, about sixteen miles from Fort Edward. Gen. Schuyler arrived at the latter place on the following day. On the same day Col. Long's scouts brought in word that there were British red coats approaching. They were in fact a regiment under Lieut.-Col. Hill, detached from Skanesborough by Burgoyne in pursuit of the fugitives. Long sallied forth to meet them; posting himself at a rocky defile, where there was a narrow pathway along the border of Wood Creek. As the enemy advanced he opened a heavy fire upon them in front, while a part of his troops crossing and recrossing the creek, and availing themselves of their knowledge of the ground, kept up a shifting attack from the woods in flank and rear. The British took post upon a high hill to their right, where they were warmly besieged for nearly two hours, and, according to their own account, would certainly have been forced had not some of their Indian allies arrived and set up the much-dreaded war-whoop. The Americans had nearly expended their ammunition, and had not enough left to cope with this new enemy. They retreated, therefore, to Fort Anne, set fire to the fort and pushed on to Fort Edward.

St. Clair's retreat through the woods from Mount Independence continued the first day until night, when he arrived at Castleton, thirty miles from Ticonderoga. His rear-guard halted about six miles short, at Hubbardton, to await the arrival of stragglers. It was composed of three regiments, under Colonels Seth Warner, Francis and Hale; in all about thirteen hundred men. Early the next morning while they were taking their breakfast, they were startled by the report of fire-arms. Their sentries had discharged their muskets, and came running in with word that the enemy were at hand. It was Gen. Fraser, with his advance of eight hundred and fifty men, who had pressed forward in the latter part of the night, and now attacked the Americans, who met the British with great spirit; but at the very commencement of the action, Col. Hale, with a detachment placed under his command to protect the rear, gave way, leaving Warner and Francis with but seven hundred men to bear the brunt of the battle. These posted themselves behind logs and trees in "backwood" style, whence they kept up a destructive fire and were evidently gaining the advantage, when Gen. Riedesel came pressing into the action with his German troops; drums beating and colors flying. There was now an impetuous charge with the bayonet. Col. Francis was among the first who fell, gallantly fighting at the head of his men. The Americans, thinking the whole German force upon them, gave way and fled, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded. Many others who had been wounded perished in the woods, where they had taken refuge. Their whole loss in killed, wounded and taken, was upward of three hundred; that of the enemy one hundred and eighty-three. Several officers were lost on both
sides. At this juncture St. Clair received information of Burgoyne's arrival at Skenesborough, and the destruction of the American works there: fearing to be intercepted at Fort Anne, he immediately changed his route, struck into the woods on his left, and directed his march to Rutland, leaving word for Warner to follow him. The latter overtook him two days afterward, with his shattered force reduced to ninety men. As to Col. Hale, who had pressed toward Castleton at the beginning of the action, he and his men were overtaken the same day by the enemy, and the whole party captured, without making any fight. On the 12th St. Clair reached Fort Edward, his troops haggard and exhausted by their long retreat through the woods. The loss of artillery, ammunition, provisions and stores, in consequence of the evacuation of these northern posts, was prodigious; but the worst effect was the consternation spread throughout the country. A panic prevailed at Albany, the people running about as if distracted, sending off their goods and furniture. The great barriers of the North, it was said, were broken through, and there was nothing to check the triumphant career of the enemy.

A spirited exploit to the eastward was performed during the prevalence of adverse news from the North. Gen. Prescott had command of the British forces in Rhode Island. His harsh treatment of Col. Ethan Allen, and his haughty and arrogant conduct on various occasions, had rendered him peculiarly odious to the Americans. Lieut.-Col. Barton, who was stationed with a force of Rhode Island militia on the mainland, received word that Prescott was quartered at a country house near the western shore of the island, about four miles from Newport, totally unconscious of danger, though in a very exposed situation. He determined, if possible, to surprise and capture him. Forty resolute men joined him in the enterprise. Embarking at night in two boats at Warwick Neck, they pulled quietly across the bay with muffled oars, undiscovered by the ships of war and guard-boats; landed in silence; eluded the vigilance of the guard stationed near the house; captured the sentry at the door, and surprised the general in his bed. His aide-de-camp leaped from the window, but was likewise taken. Col. Barton returned with equal silence and address, and arrived safe at Warwick with his prisoners. A sword was voted to him by Congress, and he received a colonel's commission in the regular army. Washington hailed the capture of Prescott as a peculiarly fortunate circumstance, furnishing him with an equivalent for Gen. Lee. He accordingly wrote to Sir William Howe, proposing the exchange.

Schuyler had earnestly desired the assistance of an active officer well acquainted with the country. Washington sent him Arnold. "I need not," writes he, "enlarge upon his well-known activity, conduct and bravery. The proofs he has given of all these have gained him the confidence of the public and of the army, the Eastern troops in particular."—Schuyler, in the meantime, aided by Kosciuszko, who was engineer in his department, had selected two positions on Moses Creek, four miles below Fort
Edward; where the troops which had retreated from Ticonderoga, and part of the militia, were throwing up works. To impede the advance of the enemy, he had caused trees to be felled into Wood Creek, so as to render it unnavigable, and the roads between Fort Edward and Fort Anne to be broken up; the cattle in that direction to be brought away, and the forage destroyed. He had drawn off the garrison from Fort George, who left the buildings in flames. Washington wrote to Schuyler (July 22d), full of that confident hope, founded on sagacious forecast, with which he was prone to animate his generals in times of doubt and difficulty. "Though our affairs for some days past have worn a dark and gloomy aspect, I yet look forward to a fortunate and happy change. I trust Gen. Burgoyne's army will meet sooner or later an effectual check, and, as I suggested before, that the success he has had will precipitate his ruin. From your accounts, he appears to be pursuing that line of conduct, which, of all others, is most favorable to us; I mean acting in detachment. This conduct will certainly give room for enterprise on our part, and expose his parties to great hazard. Could we be so happy as to cut one of them off, supposing it should not exceed four, five, or six hundred men, it would inspire the people, and do away much of their present anxiety. In such an event they would lose sight of past misfortunes, and, urged at the same time by a regard to their own security, they would fly to arms and afford every aid in their power." While he thus suggested bold enterprises, he cautioned Schuyler not to repose too much confidence in the works he was projecting, so as to collect in them a large quantity of stores. "I begin to consider lines as a kind of trap;" writes he, "and not to answer the valuable purposes expected from them, unless they are in passes which cannot be avoided by the enemy." In circulars addressed to the brigadier-generals of militia in the western parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut, he warned them that the evacuation of Ticonderoga had opened a door by which the enemy, unless vigorously opposed, might penetrate the northern part of the State of New York, and the western parts of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and, forming a junction with Gen. Howe, cut off the communication between the Eastern and Northern States. He added: "I trust that you will march with at least one-third of the militia under your command, and rendezvous at Saratoga, unless directed to some other place by Gen. Schuyler or Gen. Arnold." He highly approved of a measure suggested by Schuyler, of stationing a body of troops somewhere about the Hampshire Grants (Vermont), so as to be in the rear or on the flank of Burgoyne, should he advance. It would make the latter, he said, very circumspect in his advances, if it did not entirely prevent them. It would keep him in continual anxiety for his rear, and oblige him to leave the posts behind him much stronger than he would otherwise do. The reader will find in the sequel what a propitious effect all these measures had upon the fortunes of the Northern campaign, and with what admirable foresight Washington calculated all its chances. Due credit must also be given to the saga-
cious counsels and executive energy of Schuyler; who suggested some of the best moves in the campaign, and carried them vigorously into action. Never was Washington more ably and loyally seconded by any of his generals.

On the 23d of July, the fleet, so long the object of watchful solicitude, actually put to sea. The force embarked, according to subsequent accounts, consisted of thirty-six British and Hessian battalions, including the light infantry and grenadiers, with a powerful artillery; a New York corps of provincials, or royalists, called the Queen's Rangers, and a regiment of light-horse; between fifteen and eighteen thousand men in all. The force left with Gen. Clinton for the protection of New York consisted of seventeen battalions, a regiment of light-horse, and the remainder of the provincial corps. Washington now set out with his army for the Delaware, ordering Sullivan and Stirling with their divisions to cross the Hudson from Peekskill, and proceed toward Philadelphia. Every movement and order showed his doubt and perplexity, and the circumspection with which he had to proceed. On the 31st, he was informed that the enemy's fleet of two hundred and twenty-eight sail had arrived the day previous at the Capes of Delaware. The very next day came word, by express, that the fleet had again sailed out of the Capes, and apparently shaped its course eastward. He wrote, to Gen. George Clinton, to reinforce Putnam with as many of the New York militia as could be collected. Clinton had just been installed Governor of the State of New York; the first person elevated to that office under the Constitution. He still continued in actual command of the militia of the State, and had determined to resume the command of Fort Montgomery in the Highlands. Washington requested Putnam to send an express to Governor Trumbull, urging assistance from the militia of his State without a moment's loss of time. "Connecticut cannot be in more danger through any channel than this, and every motive of its own interest and the general good demands its utmost endeavors to give you effectual assistance." There could be no surer reliance for aid in time of danger than the patriotism of Gov. Trumbull; nor were there men more ready to obey a sudden appeal to arms than the yeomanry of Connecticut; however much their hearts might subsequently yearn toward the farms and firesides they had so promptly abandoned. No portion of the Union was more severely tasked, throughout the Revolution, for military services; and Washington avowed, when the great struggle was over, that, "if all the States had done their duty as well as the little State of Connecticut, the war would have been ended long ago."

Washington remained at Germantown in painful uncertainty about the British fleet; whether gone to the south or to the east; and waited for further intelligence. Might it not be Howe's plan, by thus appearing with his ships at different places, to lure the army after him, and thereby leave the country open for Sir Henry Clinton with the troops at New York to form a junction with Burgoyne? With this idea Washington wrote forthwith to the veteran Putnam to be on the alert; collect all the force he could to strengthen his
post at Peekskill, and send down spies to ascertain whether Sir Henry Clinton was actually at New York, and what troops he had there. The old general, whose boast it was that he never slept but with one eye, was already on the alert. A circumstance had given him proof positive that Sir Henry was in New York, and had roused his military ire. A spy, sent by that commander, had been detected furtively collecting information of the force and condition of the post at Peekskill, and had undergone a military trial. A vessel of war came up the Hudson in all haste, and landed a flag of truce at Verplanck's Point, by which a message was transmitted to Putnam from Sir Henry Clinton, claiming Edmund Palmer as a lieutenant in the British service. The reply of the old general was brief but emphatic:

**HEADQUARTERS, 7th Aug., 1777.**

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately." *Israel Putnam.*

"P. S.—He has, accordingly, been executed."

One measure more was taken by Washington, during this interval, in aid of the Northern department. The Indians who accompanied Burgoyne were objects of great dread to the American troops, especially the militia. As a counterpoise to them, he now sent up Col. Morgan with five hundred riflemen, to fight them in their own way. "They are all chosen men," said he, "selected from the army at large, and well acquainted with the use of rifles and with that mode of fighting. I expect the most eminent services from them, and I shall be mistaken if their presence does not go far toward producing a general desertion among the savages." It was, indeed, an arm of strength, which he could but ill spare from his own army. He was thus, in a manner, carrying on two games at once, with Howe on the seaboard and with Burgoyne on the upper waters of the Hudson, and endeavoring by skillful movements to give check to both. It was an arduous and complicated task, especially with his scanty and fluctuating means, and the wide extent of country and great distances over which he had to move his men. His measures to throw a force in the rear of Burgoyne were now in a fair way of being carried into effect. Lincoln was at Bennington. Stark had joined him with a body of New Hampshire militia, and a corps of Massachusetts militia was arriving. "Such a force in his rear," observed Washington, "will oblige Burgoyne to leave such strong posts behind as must make his main body very weak, and extremely capable of being repulsed by the force we have in front."

During his encampment in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, Washington was repeatedly at that city, making himself acquainted with the military capabilities of the place and its surrounding country, and directing the construction of fortifications on the river. In one of these visits he became acquainted with the young Marquis de Lafayette, who had recently arrived from France, in company with a number of French, Polish, and German officers,
among whom was the Baron de Kalb. The marquis was not quite twenty years of age, yet had already been married nearly three years to a lady of rank and fortune. Full of the romance of liberty, he had torn himself from his youthful bride, turned his back upon the gayeties and splendors of a court, and in defiance of impediments and difficulties multiplied in his path, had made his way to America to join its hazardous fortunes. He sent in his letters of recommendation to Mr. Lovell, Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs; and applied the next day at the door of Congress to know his success. Mr. Lovell came forth, and gave him but little encouragement; Congress, in fact, was embarrassed by the number of foreign applications, many without merit. Lafayette immediately sent in the following note: "After my sacrifices, I have the right to ask two favors; one is to serve at my own expense; the other, to commence by serving as a volunteer." This simple appeal had its effect: it called attention to his peculiar case, and Congress resolved on the 31st of July, that in consideration of his zeal, his illustrious family and connections, he should have the rank of major-general in the army of the United States. Lafayette from the first, attached himself to Washington with an affectionate reverence, the sincerity of which could not be mistaken, and soon won his way into a heart, which, with all its apparent coldness, was naturally confiding, and required sympathy and friendship; and it is a picture well worthy to be hung up in history—this cordial and enduring alliance of the calm, dignified, sedate Washington, mature in years and wisdom, and the young, buoyant, enthusiastic Lafayette.

The British fleet had entered the Chesapeake, and anchored at Swan's Point at least two hundred miles within the capes. Gen. Howe meant to reach Philadelphia by that route—"though," writes Washington, "it is a strange one." The several divisions of the army had been summoned to the immediate neighborhood of Philadelphia, and the militia of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and the northern parts of Virginia were called out. Many of the militia, with Colonel Proctor's corps of artillery, had been ordered to rendezvous at Chester on the Delaware, about twelve miles below Philadelphia; and by Washington's orders, Gen. Wayne left his brigade under the next in command, and repaired to Chester, to arrange the troops assembling there. As there had been much disaffection to the cause evinced in Philadelphia, Washington, in order to encourage its friends and dishearten its enemies, marched with the whole army through the city, down Front and up Chestnut street. Great pains were taken to make the display as imposing as possible. All were charged to keep to their ranks, carry their arms well, and step in time to the music of the drums and fifes, collected in the center of each brigade. He rode at the head of the troops attended by his numerous staff, with the Marquis Lafayette by his side. The long column of the army, broken into divisions and brigades, the pioneers with their axes, the squadrons of horse, the extended trains of artillery, the tramp of steed, the bray of trumpet, and the spirit-stirring sound of
drum and fife, all had an imposing effect on a peaceful city unused to the sight of marshaled armies. The disaffected, who had been taught to believe the American forces much less than they were in reality, were astonished as they gazed on the lengthening procession of a host, which, to their unpracticed eyes, appeared innumerable; while the whigs, gaining fresh hope and animation from the sight, cheered the patriot squadrons as they passed. Having marched through Philadelphia, the army continued on to Wilmington, at the confluence of Christiana Creek and the Brandywine, where Washington set up his headquarters, his troops being encamped on the neighboring heights.

Burgoyne remained nearly three weeks at Skenesborough, awaiting the residue of his troops, with tents, baggage and provisions, and preparing for his grand move toward the Hudson River. Many royalists flocked to his standard. One of the most important was Major Skene, from whom the place was named, being its founder, and the owner of much land in its neighborhood. The progress of the army toward the Hudson was slow and difficult. Bridges broken down had to be rebuilt; great trees to be removed which had been felled across the roads and into Wood Creek, which stream was completely choked. It was not until the latter part of July that Burgoyne reached Fort Anne. At his approach, Gen. Schuyler retired from Fort Edward and took post at Fort Miller, a few miles lower down the Hudson. The Indian allies who had hitherto accompanied the British army, had been more troublesome than useful. Neither Burgoyne nor his officers understood their language, but were obliged to communicate with them through Canadian interpreters; too often designing knaves, who played false to both parties. The Indians, too, were of the tribes of Lower Canada, corrupted and debased by intercourse with white men. It had been found difficult to draw them from the plunder of Ticonderoga, or to restrain their murderous propensities. A party had recently arrived of a different stamp. Braves of the Ottawa and other tribes from the upper country; painted and decorated with savage magnificence, and bearing trophies of former triumphs. They were, in fact, according to Burgoyne, the very Indians who had aided the French in the defeat of Braddock, and were under the conduct of two French leaders; one, named Langlade, had command of them on that very occasion; the other, named St. Luc, is described by Burgoyne as a Canadian gentleman of honor and abilities, and one of the best partisans of the French in the war of 1756. Burgoyne trusted to his newly arrived Indians to give a check to the operations of Schuyler, knowing the terror they inspired throughout the country. He thought also to employ them in a wild foray to the Connecticut River, to force a supply of provisions, intercept reinforcements to the American army, and confirm the jealousy which he had, in many ways, endeavored to excite in the New England provinces. He was naturally a humane man, and disliked Indian allies, but these had hitherto served in company with civilized troops, and he trusted to the influence possessed over them by St.
Luc and Langlade, to keep them within the usages of war. A circumstance occurred, however, which showed how little the "wild honor" of these warriors of the tomahawk is to be depended upon. In Gen. Fraser's division was a young officer, Lieut. David Jones, an American loyalist. His family had their home in the vicinity of Fort Edward before the Revolution. A mutual attachment had taken place between the youth and a beautiful girl, Jane McCrea. She was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of the Jerseys, sometime deceased, and resided with her brother on the banks of the Hudson a few miles below Fort Edward. The lovers were engaged to be married, when the breaking out of the war severed families and disturbed all the relations of life. The Joneses were royalists; the brother of Miss McCrea was a stanch whig. The former removed to Canada, where David Jones was among the most respectable of those who joined the royal standard, and received a lieutenant's commission. The attachment between the lovers continued, and it is probable that a correspondence was kept up between them. Lieut. Jones was now in Fraser's camp; in his old neighborhood. Miss McCrea was on a visit to a widow lady, Mrs. O'Neil, residing at Fort Edward. The approach of Burgoyne's army had spread an alarm through the country; the inhabitants were flying from their homes. The brother of Miss McCrea determined to move to Albany, and sent for his sister to return home and make ready to accompany him. She hesitated to obey. He sent a more urgent message, representing the danger of lingering near the fort, which must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. Still she lingered. The lady with whom she was a guest was a royalist, a friend of Gen. Fraser; her roof would be respected. Even should Fort Edward be captured, what had Jane to fear? Her lover was in the British camp; the capture of the fort would reunite them. Her brother's messages now became peremptory. She prepared, reluctantly, to obey, and was to embark in a large bateau which was to convey several families down the river. The very morning when the embarkation was to take place, the neighborhood was a scene of terror. A marauding party of Indians, sent out by Burgoyne to annoy Gen. Schuyler, were harassing the country. Several of them burst into the house of Mrs. O'Neil, sacked and plundered it, and carried off her and Miss McCrea prisoners. In her fright the latter promised the savages a large reward, if they would spare her life and take her in safety to the British camp. It was a fatal promise. Halting at a spring, a quarrel arose among the savages, inflamed most probably with drink, as to whose prize she was, and who was entitled to the reward. The dispute became furious, and one, in a paroxysm of rage, killed her on the spot. He completed the savage act by bearing off her scalp as a trophy. Gen. Burgoyne was struck with horror when he heard of this bloody deed. What at first heightened the atrocity was a report that the Indians had been sent by Lieut. Jones to bring Miss McCrea to the camp. This he positively denied, and his denial was believed. Burgoyne summoned a council of the Indian
chiefs, in which he insisted that the murderer of Miss McCrea should be given up to receive the reward of his crime. The demand produced a violent agitation. The culprit was a great warrior, a chief, and the "wild honor" of his brother sachems was roused in his behalf. Burgoyne was reluctantly brought to spare the offender. The mischief to the British cause, however, had been effected. The murder of Miss McCrea resounded throughout the land, counteracting all the benefit anticipated from the terror of Indian hostilities. Those people of the frontiers, who had hitherto remained quiet, now flew to arms to defend their families and firesides. In their exasperation they looked beyond the savages to their employers. They abhorred an army, which, professing to be civilized, could league itself with such barbarians; and they execrated a government, which, pretending to reclaim them as subjects, could let loose such fiends to desolate their homes. The blood of this unfortunate girl, therefore, was not shed in vain. Armies sprang up from it. Her name passed as a note of alarm, along the banks of the Hudson; it was a rallying word among the Green Mountains of Vermont, and brought down all their hardy yeomanry. The sad story of Miss McCrea, like many other incidents of the Revolution, has been related in such a variety of ways, and so wrought up by tradition, that it is difficult now to get at the simple truth. Some of the above circumstances were derived from a niece of Miss McCrea, whom the author met upward of fifty years since, at her residence on the banks of the St. Lawrence. A stone, with her name cut on it, still marks the grave of Miss McCrea near the ruins of Fort Edward; and a tree is pointed out near which she was murdered. Lieutenant Jones is said to have been completely broken in spirit by the shock of her death. Procuring her scalp, with its long silken tresses, he brooded over it in anguish, and preserved it as a sad, but precious relic. Disgusted with the service, he threw up his commission, and retired to Canada; never marrying, but living to be an old man: taciturn and melancholy, and haunted by painful recollections.

As Burgoyne advanced to Fort Edward, Schuyler fell still further back, and took post at Saratoga, or rather Stillwater, about thirty miles from Albany. He had been joined by Major-General Lincoln. In pursuance of Washington's plans, Lincoln proceeded to Manchester in Vermont, to take command of the militia forces collecting at that point. His presence inspired new confidence in the country people, who were abandoning their homes, leaving their crops ungathered, and taking refuge with their families in the lower towns. He found about five hundred militia assembled at Manchester, under Col. Seth Warner; others were coming on from New Hampshire and Massachusetts, to protect their uncovered frontier. His letters dated the 4th of August, expressed the expectation of being, in a few days, at the head of at least two thousand men. With these, according to Washington's plan, he was to hang on the flank and rear of Burgoyne's army, cramp its movements, and watch for an opportunity to strike a blow.

Burgoyne was now at Fort Edward. His Indian allies resented
his conduct in regard to the affair of Miss McCrea, and were impatient under the restraint to which they were subjected. He suspected the Canadian interpreters of fomenting this discontent; they being accustomed to profit by the rapine of the Indians. At the earnest request of St. Luc, in whom he still had confidence, he called a council of the chiefs; when, to his astonishment, the tribe for whom that gentleman acted as interpreter, declared their intention of returning home, and demanded his concurrence and assistance. Burgoyne was greatly embarrassed. Should he acquiesce, it would be to relinquish the aid of a force obtained at an immense expense, esteemed in England of great importance, and which really was serviceable in furnishing scouts and outposts; yet he saw that a cordial reconciliation with them could only be effected by revoking his prohibitions, and indulging their propensities to blood and rapine. He persisted in the restraints he had imposed upon them, but appealed to the wild honor, of which he yet considered them capable, by urging the ties of faith, of generosity, of everything that has an influence with civilized man. His speech appeared to have a good effect. Some of the remote tribes made zealous professions of loyalty and adhesion. Others, of Lower Canada, only asked furloughs for parties to return home and gather in their harvests. These were readily granted, and perfect harmony seemed restored. The next day, however, the chivalry of the wilderness deserted by scores, laden with such spoil as they had collected in their maraudings. These desertions continued from day to day, until there remained in the camp scarce a vestige of the savage warriors that had joined the army at Skenessborough.

New difficulties beset Burgoyne at Fort Edward. He had not the requisite supply of horses and oxen. So far from being able to bring forward provisions for a march; it was with difficulty enough could be furnished to feed the army from day to day. He received intelligence that the part of his army which he had detached from Canada under Col. St. Leger, to proceed to Lake Ontario and Oswego and make a diversion on the Mohawk, had penetrated to that river, and were actually investing Fort Stanwix, the stronghold of that part of the country. To carry out the original plan of his campaign, it now behooved him to make a rapid move down the Hudson, so as to be at hand to coöperate with St. Leger on his approach to Albany. But how was he to do this, deficient as he was in horses and vehicles for transportation? In this dilemma Colonel (late major) Skene informed him that at Bennington, about twenty-four miles east of the Hudson, the Americans had a great depot of horses, carriages, and supplies of all kinds, intended for their Northern army. An expedition was immediately set on foot; not only to surprise the place, but to scour the country from Rockingham to Otter Creek; go down the Connecticut as far as Brattleborough, and return by the great road to Albany, there to meet Burgoyne. They were everywhere to give out that this was the vanguard of the British army, which would
soon follow on its way to Boston, and would be joined by the army from Rhode Island.

Fort Schuyler, built in 1756, and formerly called Fort Stanwix, and now invested by the detachment under St. Leger, had been repaired by order of General Schuyler, and was garrisoned by seven hundred and fifty Continental troops from New York and Massachusetts, under Col. Gansevoort of the New York line, a stout-hearted officer of Dutch descent, who had served under Gen. Montgomery in Canada. It was a motley force which appeared before it; British, Hessian, Royalist, Canadian and Indian, about seventeen hundred in all. Among them were St. Leger's rangers and Sir John Johnson's royalist corps, called his greens. Many of the latter had followed Sir John into Canada from the valley of the Mohawk, and were now returned to bring the horrors of war among their former neighbors. The Indians, their worthy allies, were led by the famous Brant. On the 3d of August, St. Leger sent in a flag with a summons to surrender; accompanied by a proclamation in style and spirit similar to that recently issued by Burgoyne, and intended to operate on the garrison. Both his summons and his proclamation were disregarded. He now set his troops to work to fortify his camp and clear obstructions from Wood Creek and the roads, for the transportation of artillery and provisions, and sent out scouting parties of Indians in all directions, to cut off all communication of the garrison with the surrounding country. A few shells were thrown into the fort. The chief annoyance of the garrison was from the Indians firing with their rifles from behind trees on those busied in repairing the parapets. At night they seemed completely to surround the fort, filling the woods with their yells and howlings. On the 6th of August, three men made their way into the fort through a swamp, which the enemy had deemed impassable. They brought the cheering intelligence that Gen. Herkimer, the veteran commander of the militia of Tryon County, was at Oriskany, about eight miles distant, with upward of eight hundred men. The people of that county were many of them of German origin; some of them Germans by birth. Herkimer was among the former; a large and powerful man, about sixty-five years of age. He requested Col. Gansevoort, through his two messengers, to fire three signal-guns on receiving word of his vicinage; upon hearing which, he would endeavor to force his way to the fort, depending upon the cooperation of the garrison. The messengers had been dispatched by Herkimer on the evening of the 5th, and he had calculated that they would reach the fort at a very early hour in the morning. Through some delay, they did not reach it until between ten and eleven o'clock. Gansevoort instantly complied with the message. Three signal-guns were fired, and Col. Willett, of the New York Continentals, with two hundred and fifty men and an iron three-pounder, was detached to make a diversion, by attacking that part of the enemy's camp occupied by Johnson and his royalists. The delay of the messengers in the night, however, disconcerted the plan of Herkimer. He marshaled his troops by
daybreak and waited for the signal-guns. Hour after hour elapsed, but no gun was heard. His officers became impatient of delay, and urged an immediate march. Herkimer represented that they were too weak to force their way to the fort without reinforcements, or without being sure of cooperation from the garrison, and was still for waiting the preconcerted signals. About ten o'clock they came to a place where the road was carried on a causeway of logs across a deep marshy ravine, between high level banks. The main division descended into the ravine, followed by the baggage-wagons. They had scarcely crossed it, when enemies suddenly sprang up in front and on either side, with deadly volleys of musketry, and deafening yells and war-whoops. In fact, St. Leger, apprised by his scouts of their intended approach, had sent a force to waylay them. The savages discharged their rifles simultaneously with the troops, and instantly rushed forward with spears and tomahawks, yelling like demons, and commencing a dreadful butchery. The rear-guard, which had not entered the ravine, retreated. The main body, though thrown into confusion, defended themselves bravely. One of those severe conflicts ensued, common in Indian warfare, where the combatants take post with their rifles, behind rock and tree, or come to deadly struggle with knife and tomahawk. The veteran Herkimer was wounded early in the action. A musket ball shattered his leg just below the knee, killing his horse at the same time. He made his men place him on his saddle at the foot of a large beech tree, against the trunk of which he leaned, continuing to give his orders. The regulars attempted to charge with the bayonet; but the Americans formed themselves in circles back to back, and repelled them. A heavy storm of thunder and rain caused a temporary lull to the fight, during which the patriots changed their ground. Some of them stationed themselves in pairs behind trees; so that when one had fired the other could cover him until he had reloaded; for the savages were apt to rush up with knife and tomahawk the moment a man had discharged his piece. Old neighbors met in deadly feud; former intimacy gave bitterness to present hate, and war was literally carried to the knife; for the bodies of combatants were afterward found on the field of battle, grappled in death, with the hand still grasping the knife plunged in a neighbor's heart.

The Indians, at length, having lost many of their bravest warriors, gave the retreating cry, Òonah! Òonah! and fled to the woods. The greens and rangers, hearing a firing in the direction of the fort, feared an attack upon their camp, and hastened to its defence, carrying off with them many prisoners. The Americans did not pursue them, but placing their wounded on litters made of branches of trees, returned to Oriskany. They had two hundred killed, and a number wounded. Several of these were officers. The loss of the enemy is thought to have been equally great as to numbers; but then the difference in value between regulars and militia! the former often the refuse of mankind, mere hirelings,
whereas among the privates of the militia, called out from their homes to defend their neighborhood, were many of the worthiest and most valuable of the yeomanry. The premature haste of the Indians in attacking, had saved the Americans from being completely surrounded. The rear-guard, not having entered the defile, turned and made a rapid retreat, but were pursued by the Indians and suffered greatly in a running fight. As to Gen. Herkimer, he was conveyed to his residence on the Mohawk River, and died nine days after the battle, not so much from his wounds as from bad surgery; sinking gradually through loss of blood from an unskillful amputation. He died like a philosopher and a Christian, smoking his pipe and reading his Bible to the last. His name has been given to a county in that part of the State. The sortie of Col. Willett had been spirited and successful. He attacked the encampments of Sir John Johnson and the Indians, which were contiguous, and strong detachments of which were absent on the ambuscade. Sir John and his men were driven to the river; the Indians fled to the woods. Willett sacked their camps; loaded wagons with camp equipage, clothing, blankets, and stores of all kinds, seized the baggage and papers of Sir John and of several of his officers, and retreated safely to the fort, just as St. Leger was coming up with a powerful reinforcement. Five colors, which he had brought away with him as trophies, were displayed under the flag of the fort, while his men gave three cheers from the ramparts. St. Leger now began to lose heart. The fort proved more capable of defence than he had anticipated. His artillery was too light, and the ramparts, being of sod, were not easily battered. He was obliged reluctantly to resort to the slow process of sapping and mining, and began to make regular approaches. Gansevoort, seeing the siege was likely to be protracted, resolved to send to Gen. Schuyler for succor. Col. Willett volunteered to undertake the perilous errand. He was accompanied by Lieut. Stockwell, an excellent woodsman, who served as a guide. They left the fort on the 10th, after dark, by a sally-port, passed by the British sentinels and close by the Indian camp, without being discovered, and made their way through bog and morass and pathless forests, and all kind of risks and hardships, until they reached the German Flats on the Mohawk. Here Willett procured a couple of horses, and by dint of hoof arrived at the camp of Gen. Schuyler at Stillwater.

Schuyler was in Albany in the early part of August, making stirring appeals in every direction for reinforcements. Burgoyne was advancing upon him; he had received news of the disastrous affair of Oriskany, and the death of Gen. Herkimer, and Tryon County was crying to him for assistance. One of his appeals was to the veteran John Stark, the comrade of Putnam in the French war and the Battle of Bunker’s Hill. He had his farm in the Hampshire Grants, and his name was a tower of strength among the Green Mountain Boys. But Stark was soured with government, and had retired from service, his name having been omitted in the list of promotions. Schuyler was about to mount his horse
on the 10th, to return to the camp at Stillwater, when a dispatch from Congress was put into his hand containing the resolves which recalled him to attend a court of inquiry about the affair of Ticonderoga, and requested Washington to appoint an officer to succeed him. He felt deeply the indignity of being thus recalled at a time when an engagement was apparently at hand; in the meantime he considered it his duty to remain at his post until his successor should arrive, or some officer in the department be nominated to the command. Returning, therefore, to the camp at Stillwater, he continued to conduct the affairs of the army with unremitting zeal. His first care was to send relief to Gansevoort and his beleaguered garrison. Eight hundred men were all that he could spare from his army in its present threatened state. Arnold was in camp; recently sent on as an efficient coadjutor, by Washington; he was in a state of exasperation against the government, having just learned that the question of rank had been decided against him in Congress. Indeed, he would have retired instantly from the service, had not Schuyler prevailed on him to remain until the impending danger was over. The opportunity of an exploit flashed on his adventurous spirit. He stepped promptly forward and volunteered to lead detachments for the relief of Fort Schuyler.

Bennington was a central place, whither the live stock was driven from various parts of the Hampshire Grants, and whence the American army derived its supplies. It was a great deposit, also, of grain of various kinds, and of wheel carriages; the usual guard was militia, varying from day to day. Bennington was to be surprised. The country was to be scoured from Rockingham to Otter Creek in quest of provisions for the army, horses and oxen for draft, and horses for the cavalry. All public magazines were to be sacked. All cattle belonging to royalists, and which could be spared by their owners, were to be paid for. All rebel flocks and herds were to be driven away. Lieut.-Colonel Baum was to command the detachment. He had under him, according to Burgoyne, two hundred dismounted dragoons of the regiment of Riedesel, Capt. Fraser's marksmen, which were the only British, all the Canadian volunteers, a party of the provincials who perfectly knew the country, one hundred Indians, and two light pieces of cannon. The whole detachment amounted to about five hundred men. The dragoons, it was expected, would supply themselves with horses in the course of the foray; and a skeleton corps of royalists would be filled up by recruits. The Germans had no great liking for the Indians as fellow-campaigners; especially those who had come from Upper Canada under St. Luc. "These savages are heathens, huge, warlike and enterprising, but wicked as Satan," writes a Hessian officer. "Some say they are cannibals, but I do not believe it; though in their fury they will tear the flesh off their enemies with their teeth. They have a martial air, and their wild ornaments become them." The choice of German troops for this foray was much sneered at by the British officers. "A corps could not have been found in the whole army," said they; "so unfit for a service requiring rapidity of motion, as Riedesel's dragoons. The very
hat and sword of one of them weighed nearly as much as the whole equipment of a British soldier. 'The worst British regiment in the service would march two miles to their one.' To be near at hand in case assistance should be required, Burgoyne encamped on the east side of the Hudson, nearly opposite Saratoga, throwing over a bridge of boats by which Gen. Fraser, with the advanced guard, crossed to that place. Col. Baum set out from camp at break of day, on the 13th of August. All that had been predicted of his movements was verified. The badness of the road, the excessive heat of the weather, and the want of carriages and horses were alleged in excuse; but slow and unapt men ever meet with impediments. Some cattle, carts and wagons were captured at Cambridge; a few horses also were brought in; but the Indians killed or drove off all that fell into their hands, unless they were paid in cash for their prizes. Baum was too slow a man to take a place by surprise. The people of Bennington heard of his approach and were on the alert. The veteran Stark was there with eight or nine hundred troops. During the late alarms the militia of the State had been formed into two brigades, one to be commanded by Gen. William Whipple; Stark had with difficulty been prevailed upon to accept the command of the other, upon the express condition that he should not be obliged to join the main army, but should be left to his own discretion, to make war in his own partisan style, hovering about the enemy in their march through the country, and accountable to none but the authorities of New Hampshire. Having heard that Indians had appeared at Cambridge, twelve miles to the north of Bennington, on the 13th, he sent out two hundred men under Col. Gregg in quest of them. In the course of the night he learned that they were mere scouts in advance of a force marching upon Bennington. He immediately rallied his brigade, called out the militia of the neighborhood, and sent off for Col. Seth Warner (the quondam associate of Ethan Allen) and his regiment of militia, who were with Gen. Lincoln at Manchester. Warner and his men marched all night through drenching rain, arriving at Stark's camp in the morning, dripping wet. Stark left them at Bennington, to dry and rest themselves, and then to follow on; in the meantime, he pushed forward with his men to support the party sent out the preceding day, under Gregg, in quest of the Indians. He met them about five miles off, in full retreat, Baum and his force a mile in their rear. Stark halted and prepared for action. Baum also halted; posted himself on a high ground at a bend of the little river Walloomscoick, and began to intrench himself. Stark fell back a mile, to wait for reinforcements and draw down Baum from his strong position. A skirmish took place between the advance guards; thirty of Baum's men were killed and two Indian chiefs. An incessant rain on the 15th, prevented an attack on Baum's camp, but there was continual skirmishing. The colonel strengthened his intrenchments, and finding he had a larger force to contend with than he had anticipated, sent off in all haste to Burgoyne for reinforcements. Col. Breyman marched off immediately, with five hundred
Hessian grenadiers and infantry and two six-pounders, leaving behind him his tents, baggage, and standards. He, also, found the roads so deep, and the horses so bad, that he was nearly two days getting four and twenty miles. In the meantime the more alert and active Americans had been mustering from all quarters to Stark’s assistance, with such weapons as they had at hand. During the night of the 15th, Col. Symonds arrived with a body of Berkshire militia. Among them was a belligerent parson, full of fight, Allen by name, possibly of the bellicose family of the hero of Ticonderoga. “General,” cried he, “the people of Berkshire have been often called out to no purpose; if you don’t give them a chance to fight now they will never turn out again.” “You would not turn out now, while it is dark and raining, would you?” demanded Stark. “Not just now,” was the reply. “Well, if the Lord should once more give us sunshine, and I don’t give you fighting enough,” rejoined the veteran, “I’ll never ask you to turn out again.” On the following morning the sun shone bright, and Stark prepared to attack Baum in his intrenchments; though he had no artillery, and his men, for the most part, had only their ordinary brown firelocks without bayonets. Two hundred of his men, under Col. Nichols, were detached to the rear of the enemy’s left; three hundred under Col. Herrick, to the rear of his right; they were to join their forces and attack him in the rear, while Colonels Hubbard and Stickney, with two hundred men, diverted his attention in front. Col. Skene and the royalists, when they saw the Americans issuing out of the woods on different sides, persuaded themselves, and endeavored to persuade Baum, that these were the loyal people of the country flocking to his standard. The Indians were the first to discover the truth. “The woods are full of Yankees,” cried they, and retreated in single file between the troops of Nichols and Herrick, yelling like demons and jingling cow bells. Several of them, however, were killed or wounded as they thus ran the gauntlet. At the first sound of fire-arms, Stark, who had remained with the main body in camp, mounted his horse and gave the word, forward! He had promised his men the plunder of the British camp. The homely speech made by him when in sight of the enemy, has often been cited. “Now, my men! There are the red coats! Before night they must be ours, or Molly Stark will be a widow!” Baum soon found himself assailed on every side, but he defended his works bravely. His two pieces of artillery, advantageously planted, were very effective, and his troops, if slow in march, were steady in action. For two hours the discharge of fire-arms was said to have been like the constant rattling of the drum. Stark in his dispatches compared it to a “continued clap of thunder.” It was the hottest fight he had ever seen. He inspired his men with his own impetuousity. They drove the royalist troops upon the Hessians, and pressing after them stormed the works with irresistible fury. A Hessian eye-witness declares that this time the rebels fought with desperation, pressing within eight paces of the loaded cannon to take surer aim at the artillerists. The latter were slain; the cannon captured. The royalists and Canadians took to
flight, and escaped to the woods. The Germans still kept their ground, and fought bravely until there was not a cartridge left. Baum and his dragoons then took to their broadswords and the infantry to their bayonets, and endeavored to cut their way to a road in the woods, but in vain; many were killed, more wounded, Baum among the number, and all who survived were taken prisoners. The victors now dispersed, some to collect booty, some to attend to the wounded, some to guard the prisoners, and some to seek refreshment, being exhausted by hunger and fatigue. At this critical juncture, Breyman's tardy reinforcement came, making its way heavily and slowly to the scene of action, joined by many of the enemy who had fled. Attempts were made to rally the militia; but they were in complete confusion. Nothing would have saved them from defeat, had not Col. Seth Warner's corps fortunately arrived from Bennington, fresh from repose, and advanced to meet the enemy, while the others regained their ranks. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when this second action commenced. It was fought from wood to wood and hill to hill, for several miles, until sunset. The last stand of the enemy was at Van Schaick's mill, where, having expended all their ammunition, of which each man had forty rounds, they gave way, and retreated, under favor of the night, leaving two field-pieces and all their baggage in the hands of the Americans. Stark ceased to pursue them, lest in the darkness his men should fire upon each other. "Another hour of daylight, said he in his report, "and I should have captured the whole body." The veteran had had a horse shot under him, but escaped without wound or bruise. Four brass field-pieces, nine hundred dragoon swords, a thousand stand of arms, and four ammunition wagons were the spoils of this victory. Thirty-two officers, five hundred and sixty-four privates, including Canadians and loyalists, were taken prisoners. The number of slain was very considerable, but could not be ascertained; many having fallen in the woods. The brave but unfortunate Baum did not long survive. The Americans had one hundred killed and wounded. Burgoyne was awakened in his camp toward daylight of the 17th, by tidings that Col. Baum had surrendered. Next came word that Col. Breyman was engaged in severe and doubtful conflict. The 47th regiment pushed forward until 4 o'clock, when they met Breyman and his troops, weary and haggard with hard fighting and hard marching, in hot weather. In the evening all returned to their old encampments.

Gen. Schuyler was encamped on Van Schaick's Island at the mouth of the Mohawk River, when a letter from Gen. Lincoln, dated Bennington, Aug. 18th, informed him of "the capital blow given the enemy by Gen. Stark." Tidings of the affair reached Washington, just before he moved his camp from the neighborhood of Philadelphia to Wilmington, and it relieved his mind from a world of anxious perplexity. In a letter to Putnam he writes, "As there is not now the least danger of Gen. Howe's going to New England, I hope the whole force of that country will turn out, and by following the great stroke struck by Gen. Stark near Ben-
nington, entirely crush General Burgoyne, who by his letter to Col. Baum, seems to be in want of almost everything.”

Arnold’s march to the relief of Fort Stanwix was slower than suited his ardent and impatient spirit. He was detained in the valley of the Mohawk by bad roads, by the necessity of waiting for the baggage and ammunition wagons, and for militia recruits, who turned out reluctantly. He sent missives to Col. Gansevoort, assuring him that he would relieve him in the course of a few days.

“Be under no kind of apprehension,” writes he. “I know the strength of the enemy, and how to deal with them.” In fact, conscious of the smallness of his force, he had resorted to stratagem, sending emissaries ahead to spread exaggerated reports of the number of his troops, so as to work on the fears of the enemy’s Indian allies and induce them to desert. The most important of these emissaries was one Van Yost Cuyler, an eccentric half-witted fellow, known throughout the country as a rank tory. He had been convicted as a spy, and only spared from the halter on the condition that he would go into St. Leger’s camp, and spread alarming reports among the Indians, by whom he was well known. To insure a faithful discharge of his mission, Arnold detained his brother as a hostage. On his way up the Mohawk Valley, Arnold was joined by a New York regiment, under Col. James Livingston, sent by Gates to reinforce him. On arriving at the German Flats he received an express from Col. Gansevoort, informing him that he was still besieged, but in high spirits and under no apprehensions. All this while St. Leger was advancing his parallels and pressing the siege; while provisions and ammunition were rapidly decreasing within the fort. His Indian allies, however, were growing sullen and intractable. This slow kind of warfare, this war with the spade, they were unaccustomed to, and they by no means relished it. Besides, they had been led to expect easy times, little fighting, many scalps, and much plunder; whereas they had fought hard, lost many of their best chiefs, been checked in their cruelty, and gained no booty. By this time rumors stole into the camp doubling the number of the approaching enemy. Burgoyne’s whole army were said to have been defeated. Lastly came Yan Yost Cuyler, with his coat full of bullet holes, giving out that he had escaped from the hands of the Americans, and had been fired upon by them. His story was believed, for his wounded coat corroborated it, and he was known to be a royalist. Mingling among his old acquaintances, the Indians, he assured them that the Americans were close at hand and “numerous as the leaves on the trees.” The Indians, fickle as the winds, began to desert. Sir John Johnson and Colonels Claus and Butler endeavored in vain to reassure and retain them. In a little while two hundred had decamped, and the rest threatened to do so likewise, unless St. Leger retreated. The unfortunate colonel found too late what little reliance was to be placed upon Indian allies. He determined on the 22d to send off his sick, his wounded, and his artillery by Wood Creek that very night, and to protect them by the line of march. The Indians, however, goaded on by Arnold’s emissaries,
insisted on instant retreat. St. Leger still refused to depart before nightfall. The savages now became ungovernable. They seized upon liquor of the officers about to be embarked, and getting intoxicated, behaved like very fiends. St. Leger was obliged to decamp about noon, in such hurry and confusion that he left his tents standing; and his artillery, with most of his baggage, ammunition and stores, fell into the hands of the Americans. A detachment from the garrison pursued and harassed him for a time; but his greatest annoyance was from his Indian allies, who plundered the boats which conveyed such baggage as had been brought off; murdered all stragglers who lagged in the rear, and amused themselves by giving false alarms to keep up the panic of the soldiery; who would throw away muskets, knapsacks, and everything that impeded their flight. Such was the second blow to Burgoyne's invading army; but before the news of it reached that doomed commander, he had already been half paralyzed by the disaster at Bennington. The moral effect of these two blows was such as Washington had predicted. Fortune, so long adverse, seemed at length to have taken a favorable turn. People were roused from their despondency. There was a sudden exultation throughout the country. The savages had disappeared in their native forests. The German veterans, so much vaunted and dreaded, had been vanquished by militia, and British artillery captured by men, some of whom had never seen a cannon.

Means were now augmenting in Schuyler's hand. Colonels Livingston and Pierre van Courtlandt, forwarded by Putnam, were arrived. Gov. Clinton was daily expected with New York militia from the Highlands. The arrival of Arnold was anticipated with troops and artillery, and Lincoln with the New England militia. At this propitious moment, when everything was ready for the sickle to be put into the harvest, Gen. Gates arrived in the camp. Schuyler received him with noble courtesy. After acquainting him with all the affairs of the department, the measures he had taken and those he had projected; he informed him of his having signified to Congress his intention to remain in that quarter for the present, and render every service in his power; and he entreated Gates to call upon him for council and assistance whenever he thought proper.

Gates was in high spirits. His letters to Washington show how completely he was aware that an easy path of victory had been opened for him. "Upon my leaving Philadelphia," writes he, "the prospect this way appeared most gloomy, but the severe checks the enemy have met with at Bennington and Tryon County, have given a more pleasing view of public affairs. I cannot sufficiently thank your Excellency for sending Col. Morgan's corps to this army. They will be of the greatest service to it; for, until the late success this way, I am told the army were quite panic-struck by the Indians, and their tory and Canadian assassins in Indian dress." Not a word does he say of consulting Schuyler, who, more than any one else, was acquainted with the department and its concerns, who was in constant correspondence with Wash.
ington, and had coöperated with him in effecting the measures which had produced the present promising situation of affairs.

CHAPTER XV.

WASHINGTON AND HOWE—CAPTURE OF PHILADELPHIA.

On the 25th of August, the British army under Gen. Howe began to land from the fleet in Elk River, at the bottom of the Chesapeake Bay. The place where they landed was about six miles below the Head of Elk (now Elkton), a small town, the capital of Cecil County. This was seventy miles from Philadelphia; ten miles further from that city than they had been when encamped at Brunswick. The intervening country, too, was less open than the Jerseys, and cut up by deep streams. Sir William had chosen this circuitous route in the expectation of finding friends among the people of Cecil County, and of the lower counties of Pennsylv'nia; many of whom were Quakers and non combatants, and many persons disaffected to the patriot cause. Early in the evening, Washington received intelligence that the enemy were landing. There was a quantity of public and private stores at the Head of Elk, which he feared would fall into their hands if they moved quickly. Every attempt was to be made to check them. The divisions of Generals Greene and Stephen were within a few miles of Wilmington; orders were sent for them to march thither immediately. The two other divisions, which had halted at Chester to refresh, were to hurry forward. Gen. Rodney, who commanded the Delaware militia, was ordered to throw out scouts and patrols toward the enemy, to watch their motions; and to move near them with his troops, as soon as he should be reinforced by the Maryland militia. Light troops were sent out early in the morning to hover about and harass the invaders. Washington himself, accompanied by Gen. Greene and the Marquis de Lafayette and their aides, rode forth to reconnoiter the country in the neighborhood of the enemy, and determine how to dispose of his forces when they should be collected. Hours were passed in riding from place to place reconnoitering, and taking a military survey of the surrounding country. At length a severe storm drove the party to take shelter in a farm-house. Night came on dark and stormy. Washington showed no disposition to depart. His companions became alarmed for his safety; there was risk of his being surprised, being so near the enemy's camp; he was not to be moved either by advice or entreaties, but remained all night under the farmer's roof. When he left the house at daybreak, however, says Lafayette, he acknowledged his imprudence, and that the most insignificant traitor might have caused his ruin. The country was in a great state of alarm. The inhabitants were hurried off their
most valuable effects, so that it was difficult to procure cattle and vehicles to remove the public stores. The want of horses, and the annoyances given by the American light troops, however, kept Howe from advancing promptly, and gave time for the greater part of the stores to be saved.

The divisions of Generals Greene and Stephen were now stationed several miles in advance of Wilmington, behind White Clay Creek, about ten miles from the Head of Elk. Gen. Smallwood and Col. Gist had been directed by Congress to take command of the militia of Maryland, who were gathering on the western shore, and Washington sent them orders to coöperate with Gen. Rodney and get in the rear of the enemy. He formed a corps of light troops, by drafting a hundred men from each brigade. The command was given to Maj.-Gen. Maxwell, who was to hover about the enemy and give them continual annoyance.

The army was increased by the arrival of Gen. Sullivan and his division of three thousand men. At this time Henry Lee of Virginia, of military renown, makes his first appearance. He was in the twenty-second year of his age, and in the preceding year had commanded a company of Virginia volunteers. He had recently signalized himself in scouting parties, harassing the enemy’s pickets. Washington, in a letter to the President of Congress (Aug. 30th), writes: “This minute twenty-four British prisoners arrived, taken yesterday by Captain Lee of the light-horse.” His adventurous exploits soon won him notoriety, and the popular appellation of “Light-horse Harry.” He was favorably noticed by Washington throughout the war. Perhaps there was something beside his bold, dashing spirit, which won him this favor. There may have been early recollections connected with it. Lee was the son of the lady who first touched Washington’s heart in his schoolboy days, the one about whom he wrote rhymes at Mount Vernon and Greenway Court—his “lowland beauty.”

Several days were passed by the commander-in-chief almost continually in the saddle, reconnoitering the roads and passes, and making himself acquainted with the surrounding country; which was very much intersected by rivers and small streams, running chiefly from north-west to south-east. He had now made up his mind to risk a battle in the open field. It is true his troops were inferior to those of the enemy in number, equipments, and discipline. Hitherto, according to Lafayette, “they had fought combats, but not battles.” Still those combats had given them experience; and though many of them were militia, or raw recruits, yet the divisions of the army had acquired a facility at moving in large masses, and were considerably improved in military tactics. At any rate, it would never do to let Philadelphia, at that time the capital of the States, fall without a blow.

The British army having effected a landing, was formed into two divisions. One, under Sir William Howe, was stationed at Elkton, with its advance-guard at Gray’s Hill, about two miles off. The other division, under Gen. Knyphausen, was on the opposite side of the ferry, at Cecil Court House. On the 3d of September the
enemy advanced in considerable force, with three field-pieces, moving with great caution, as the country was difficult, woody, and not well known to them. About three miles in front of White Clay Creek, their van-guard was encountered by Gen. Maxwell and his light troops, and a severe skirmish took place. The fire of the American sharpshooters and riflemen, as usual, was very effective; but being inferior in number, and having no artillery, Maxwell was compelled to retreat across White Clay Creek, with the loss of about forty killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy was supposed to be much greater.

The main body of the American army was now encamped on the east side of Red Clay Creek, on the road leading from Elkton to Philadelphia. The light-infantry were in the advance, at White Clay Creek. The armies were from eight to ten miles apart. In this position, Washington determined to await the threatened attack. On the 5th of September he made a stirring appeal to the army, in his general orders, stating the object of the enemy, the capture of Philadelphia. They had tried it before, from the Jerseys, and had failed. He trusted they would be again disappointed. In their present attempt their all was at stake. The whole would be hazarded in a single battle. If defeated in that, they were totally undone, and the war would be at an end. Now then was the time for the most strenuous exertions. One bold stroke would free the land from rapine, devastation, and brutal outrage. "Two years," said he, "have we maintained the war, and struggled with difficulties innumerable, but the prospect has brightened. Now is the time to reap the fruit of all our toils and dangers; if we behave like men this third campaign will be our last." Washington's effective force, militia included, did not exceed eleven thousand, and most of these indifferently armed and equipped. The strength of the British was computed at eighteen thousand men, but, it is thought, not more than fifteen thousand were brought into action. On the 8th, the enemy advanced in two columns. Washington suspected an intention on the part of Howe to march by his right, suddenly pass the Brandywine, gain the heights north of that stream, and cut him off from Philadelphia. He summoned a council of war, therefore, that evening, in which it was determined immediately to change their position, and move to the river in question. By two o'clock in the morning, the army was under march, and by the next evening was encamped on the high grounds in the rear of the Brandywine. The enemy on the same evening moved to Kennet Square, about seven miles from the American position. The Brandywine Creek, commences with East and West branches, which unite in one stream, flowing from west to east about twenty-two miles, and emptying itself into the Delaware about twenty-five miles below Philadelphia. It has several fords; one called Chadd's Ford, was at that time the most practicable, and in the direct route from the enemy's camp to Philadelphia. As the principal attack was expected here, Washington made it the center of his position, where he stationed the main body of his army, composed of Wayne's, Weedon's, and Muhlenberg's brigades, with the light-infan-
try under Maxwell. An eminence immediately above the ford, had been intrenched in the night, and was occupied by Wayne and Proctor's artillery. Weedon's and Muhlenberg's brigades, which were Virginian troops, and formed Gen. Greene's division, were posted in the rear on the heights, as a reserve to aid either wing of the army. With these Washington took his stand. Maxwell's light-infantry were thrown in the advance, south of the Brandywine, and posted on high ground each side of the road leading to the ford. The right wing of the army commanded by Sullivan, and composed of his division and those of Stephen and Stirling, extended up the Brandywine two miles beyond Washington's position. Its light troops and videttes were distributed quite up to the forks. A few detachments of ill-organized and undisciplined cavalry, extended across the creek on the extreme right. The left wing, composed of the Pennsylvania militia, under Major-General Armstrong, was stationed about a mile and a half below the main body, to protect the lower fords, where the least danger was apprehended. The Brandywine, which ran in front of the whole line, was now the only obstacle, if such it might be called, between the two armies. Early on the morning of the 11th, a great column of troops was descried advancing on the road leading to Chadd's Ford. A skirt of woods concealed its force, but it was supposed to be the main body of the enemy. The Americans were immediately drawn out in order of battle. Washington rode along the front of the ranks, and was everywhere received with acclamations. A sharp firing of small arms soon told that Maxwell's light-infantry were engaged with the vanguard of the enemy. The skirmishing was kept up for some time with spirit, when Maxwell was driven across the Brandywine below the ford. Heavy cannonading commenced on both sides, about ten o'clock. The enemy made repeated dispositions to force the ford, which brought on as frequent skirmishes on both sides of the river, for detachments of the light troops occasionally crossed over. One of these skirmishes was more than usually severe: the British flank-guard was closely pressed, a captain and ten or fifteen men were killed, and the guard was put to flight; but a large force came to their assistance, and the Americans were again driven across the stream. All this while, there was the noise and uproar of a battle; but little of the reality. Toward noon came an express from Sullivan, with a note received from a scouting party, reporting that Gen. Howe, with a large body of troops and a park of artillery, was pushing up the Lancaster road, doubtless to cross at the upper fords and turn the right flank of the American position. Washington resolved to cross the ford, attack the division in front of him with his whole force, and rout it before the other could arrive. He gave orders for both wings to cooperate, when, as Sullivan was preparing to cross, Major Spicer of the militia rode up, just from the forks, and assured him there was no enemy in that quarter. After a time came a man of the neighborhood, Thomas Cheney by name, spurring in all haste, the mare he rode in foam, and himself out of breath. Dashing up to the commander-in-chief, he informed him that he must instantly move,
or he would be surrounded. He had come upon the enemy un-awares; had been pursued and fired upon, but the fleetness of his mare had saved him. The main body of the British was coming down on the east side of the stream, and was near at hand. Washington replied, that, from information just received, it could not be so. "You are mistaken, general," replied the other vehemently; "my life for it, you are mistaken." Then reiterating the fact with an oath, and making a draft of the road in the sand, "put me under guard," added he, "until you find my story true." Another dispatch from Sullivan corroborated it. Col. Bland, whom Washington had sent to reconnoiter above the forks, had seen the enemy two miles in the rear of Sullivan's right, marching down at a rapid rate, while a cloud of dust showed that there were more troops behind them. In fact, the old Long Island stratagem had been played over again. Knyphausen with a small division had engrossed the attention of the Americans by a feigned attack at Chadd's Ford, kept up with great noise and prolonged by skirmishes; while the main body of the army under Cornwallis, led by experienced guides, had made a circuit of seventeen miles, crossed the two forks of the Brandywine, and arrived in the neighborhood of Birmingham meeting-house, two miles to the right of Sullivan. It was a capital stratagem, secretly and successfully conducted. Finding that Cornwallis had thus gained the rear of the army, Washington sent orders to Sullivan to oppose him with the whole right wing, each brigade attacking as soon as it arrived upon the ground. Wayne, in the meantime, was to keep Knyphausen at bay at the ford, and Greene, with the reserve, to hold himself ready to give aid wherever required. Lafayette obtained permission to join Sullivan; and spurred off with his aide-de-camp to the scene of action. From his narrative, we gather some of the subsequent details. Sullivan, on receiving Washington's orders, advanced with his own, Stephen's and Stirling's divisions, and began to form a line in front of an open piece of wood. The time which had been expended in transmitting intelligence, receiving orders, and marching, had enabled Cornwallis to choose his ground and prepare for action. Still more time was given him from the apprehension of the three generals, upon consultation, of being out-flanked upon the right; and that the gap between Sullivan's and Stephen's divisions was too wide, and should be closed up. Orders were accordingly given for the whole line to move to the right; and while in execution, Cornwallis advanced rapidly with his troops in the finest order, and opened a brisk fire of musketry and artillery. The Americans made an obstinate resistance, but being taken at a disadvantage, the right and left wings were broken and driven into the woods. The center stood firm for a while, but being exposed to the whole fire of the enemy, gave way at length also. The British, in following up their advantage, got entangled in the wood. Lafayette had thrown himself from his horse and was endeavoring to rally the troops, when he was shot through the leg with a musket ball, and had to be assisted into the saddle by his aide-de-camp. The Americans rallied on a height to the north of Dilworth, and made a
still more spirited resistance than at first, but were again dislodged and obliged to retreat with a heavy loss. While this was occurring with the right wing, Knyphausen, as soon as he learned from the heavy firing that Cornwallis was engaged, made a push to force his way across Chadd’s Ford in earnest. He was vigorously opposed by Wayne with Proctor’s artillery, aided by Maxwell and his infantry. Greene was preparing to second him with the reserve, when he was summoned by Washington to the support of the right wing; which the commander-in-chief had found in imminent peril. Greene advanced to the relief with such celerity, that it is said, on good authority, his division accomplished the march, or rather run, of five miles, in less than fifty minutes. He arrived too late to save the battle, but in time to protect the broken masses of the left wing, which he met in full flight. Opening his ranks from time to time for the fugitives, and closing them the moment they had passed, he covered their retreat by a sharp and well-directed fire from his held-pieces. His grand stand was made at a place about a mile beyond Dilworth, which, in reconnoitering the neighborhood, Washington had pointed out to him, as well calculated for a second position, should the army be driven out of the first; and here he was overtaken by Col. Pinckney, an aide-de-camp of the commander-in-chief, ordering him to occupy this position and protect the retreat of the army. The orders were implicitly obeyed. Weedon’s brigade was drawn up in a narrow defile, flanked on both sides by woods, and perfectly commanding the road; while Greene, with Muhlenberg’s brigade, passing to the right took his station on the road. The British came on impetuously, expecting but faint opposition. They met with a desperate resistance and were repeatedly driven back. It was the bloody conflict of the bayonet; deadly on either side, and lasting for a considerable time. Weedon’s brigade on the left maintained its stand also with great obstinacy, and the check given to the enemy by these two brigades, allowed time for the broken troops to retreat. Greene gradually drew off the whole division in face of the enemy, who, checked by this vigorous resistance, and seeing the day far spent, gave up all further pursuit. The brave stand made by these brigades had, likewise, been a great protection to Wayne. He had for a long time withstood the attacks of the enemy at Chadd’s Ford, until the approach on the right of some of the enemy’s troops, who had been entangled in the woods, showed him that the right wing had been routed. He now gave up the defence of his post, and retreated by the Chester road. Knyphausen’s troops were too fatigued to pursue him; and the others had been kept back, as we have shown, by Greene’s division. So ended the varied conflict of the day.

The scene of this battle, which decided the fate of Philadelphia, was within six and twenty miles of that city, and each discharge of cannon could be heard there. The two parties of the inhabitants, whig and tory, were to be seen in separate groups in the squares and public places, waiting the event in anxious silence. At length a courier arrived. His tidings spread consternation among the friends of liberty. Many left their homes; entire families aband-
oned everything in terror and despair, and took refuge in the mountains, Congress, that same evening, determined to quit the city and repair to Lancaster, whence they subsequently removed to Yorktown. Before leaving Philadelphia, however, they summoned the militia of Pennsylvania and the adjoining States, to join the main army without delay; and ordered down fifteen hundred Continental troops from Putnam's command on the Hudson. They also clothed Washington with power to suspend officers for misbehavior; to fill up all vacancies under the rank of brigadiers; to take provisions, and other articles necessary for the use of the army, paying or giving certificates for the same; and to remove, or secure for the benefit of the owners, all goods and effects which might otherwise fall into the hands of the enemy and be serviceable to them. These extraordinary powers were limited to the circumference of seventy miles round head-quarters, and were to continue in force sixty days, unless sooner revoked by Congress.

Notwithstanding the route and precipitate retreat of the American army, Sir William Howe did not press the pursuit, but passed the night on the field of battle, and remained the two following days at Dilworth, sending out detachments to take post at Concord and Chester, and seize on Wilmington, whither the sick and wounded were conveyed. Washington, as usual, profited by the inactivity of Howe; quietly retreating through Derby (on the 12th) across the Schuylkill to Germantown, within a short distance of Philadelphia, where he gave his troops a day's repose. Finding them in good spirits, he resolved to seek the enemy again and give him battle. As preliminary measures, he left some of the Pennsylvania militia in Philadelphia to guard the city; others under Gen. Armstrong, were posted at the various passes of the Schuylkill, with orders to throw up works; the floating bridge on the lower road was to be unmoored, and the boats collected and taken across the river. Washington recrossed the Schuylkill on the 14th, and advanced along the Lancaster road, with the intention of turning the left flank of the enemy. Howe, apprised of his intention, made a similar disposition to outflank him. The two armies came in sight of each other, near the Warren Tavern, twenty-three miles from Philadelphia, and were on the point of engaging, but were prevented by a violent storm of rain, which lasted for four and twenty hours. This inclement weather was particularly distressing to the Americans, who were scantily clothed, most of them destitute of blankets, and separated from their tents and baggage. The rain penetrated their cartridge-boxes and the ill-fitted locks of their muskets, rendering the latter useless, being deficient in bayonets. In this plight, Washington gave up for the present all thought of attacking the enemy, as their discipline in the use of the bayonet, with which they were universally furnished, would give them a great superiority in action. The aim, at present, was to get some dry and secure place, where the army might repose and refit. All day, and for a great part of the night, they marched under a cold and pelting rain, and through deep and miry roads, to the Yellow Springs, thence to Warwick, on French Creek; a weary
march in stormy weather for troops destitute of every comfort, and nearly a thousand of them actually barefooted. At Warwick furnace, ammunition and a few muskets were obtained, to aid in disputing the passage of the Schuylkill, and the advance of the enemy on Philadelphia. From French Creek, Wayne was detached with his division, to get in the rear of the enemy, form a junction with Gen. Smallwood and the Maryland militia, and, keeping themselves concealed, watch for an opportunity to cut off Howe's baggage and hospital train; in the meantime Washington crossed the Schuylkill at Parker's Ford, and took a position to defend that pass of the river. Wayne set off in the night, and, by a circuitous march, got within three miles of the left wing of the British encamped at Tredyffrin, and concealing himself in a wood, waited the arrival of Smallwood and his militia. At daybreak he reconnoitered the camp, where Howe, checked by the severity of the weather, had contented himself with uniting his columns. All day Wayne hovered about the camp; there were no signs of marching; all kept quiet, but lay too compact to be attacked with prudence. Wayne was in a part of the country full of the disaffected, and Sir William had received accurate information of his force and where he was encamped. Gen. Grey, with a strong detachment, was sent to surprise him at night in his lair. At eleven o'clock the pickets were driven in at the point of the bayonet—the enemy were advancing in column. Wayne instantly took post on the right of his position, to cover the retreat of the left, led by Col. Humpton, the second in command. The latter was tardy, and incautiously paraded his troops in front of their fires, so as to be in full relief. The enemy rushed on without firing a gun; all was the silent but deadly work of the bayonet and the cutlass. Nearly three hundred of Humpton's men were killed or wounded, and the rest put to flight. Wayne gave the enemy some well-directed volleys, and then retreating to a small distance, rallied his troops, and prepared for further defence. The British, however, contented themselves with the blow they had given, and retired with very little loss, taking with them seventy or eighty prisoners, several of them officers, and eight baggage wagons, heavily laden.

On the 21st, Howe made a rapid march high up the Schuylkill, on the road leading to Reading, as if he intended either to capture the military stores deposited there, or to turn the right of the American army. Washington kept pace with him on the opposite side of the river, up to Pott's Grove, about thirty miles from Philadelphia. No sooner had he drawn Washington so far up the river, than, by a rapid counter-march on the night of the 22d, he got to the ford below, threw his troops across on the next morning, and pushed forward for Philadelphia. By the time Washington was apprised of this counter-movement, Howe was too far on his way to be overtaken by harassed, barefooted troops, worn out by constant marching. Feeling the necessity of immediate reinforcements, he wrote on the same day to Putnam at Peekskill to detach as many effective rank and file, under proper generals and officers,
as will make the whole number, including those with General McDougall, amount to twenty-five hundred fit for duty.

Howe halted at Germantown, within a short distance of Philadelphia, and encamped the main body of his army in and about that village; detaching Lord Cornwallis with a large force and a number of officers of distinction, to take formal possession of the city. That General marched into Philadelphia on the 26th, with a brilliant staff and escort, and followed by splendid legions of British and Hessian grenadiers, long trains of artillery and squadrons of light-dragoons, the finest troops in the army all in their best array; stepping to the swelling music of the band playing God Save the King, and presenting with their scarlet uniforms, their glittering arms and flaunting feathers, a striking contrast to the poor patriot troops, who had recently passed through the same streets, weary and way-worn, and happy if they could cover their raggedness with a brown linen hunting-frock, and decorate their caps with a sprig of evergreen. In this way the British took possession of the city, so long the object of their awkward attempts, and regarded by them as a triumphant acquisition; having been the seat of the general government; the capital of the confederacy.

CHAPTER XVI.

PROGRESS OF BURGOYNE—HIS SURRENDER.

The checks Burgoyne had received on right and left, and in a great measure, through the spontaneous rising of the country, had opened his eyes to the difficulties of his situation, and the errors as to public feeling into which he had been led by his tory counselors. His orders, however, were positive to force a junction with Sir William Howe. He did not feel at liberty, therefore, to remain inactive longer than would be necessary to receive the reinforcements of the additional companies, the German drafts and recruits actually on Lake Champlain, and to collect provisions enough for twenty-five days. These reinforcements were indispensable, because from the hour he should pass the Hudson River and proceed toward Albany, all safety of communication would cease.

A feature of peculiar interest is given to this wild and rugged expedition, by the presence of two ladies of rank and refinement, involved in its perils and hardships. One was Lady Harriet Ackland, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, and wife of Major Ackland of the grenadiers; the other was the Baroness De Riedesel, wife of the Hessian major-general. Both of these ladies had been left behind in Canada. Lady Harriet, however, on hearing that her husband was wounded in the affair at Hubbardton, instantly set out to rejoin him, regardless of danger, and of her being in a condition before long to become a mother. Crossing
the whole length of Lake Champlain, she found him in a sick bed at Skenesborough. After his recovery, she refused to leave him, but had continued with the army ever since. Her example had been imitated by the Baroness De Riedesel, who had joined the army at Fort Edward, bringing with her her three small children. The friendship and sympathy of these two ladies in all scenes of trial and suffering, and their devoted attachment to their husbands, afford touching episodes in the story of the campaign. When the army was on the march, they followed a little distance in the rear, Lady Harriet in a two-wheeled tumbril, the Baroness in a calash, capable of holding herself, her children, and two servants.

The American army had received various reinforcements: the most efficient was Morgan's corps of riflemen, sent by Washington. He had also furnished it with artillery. It was now about ten thousand strong. Schuyler, finding himself and his proffered services slighted by Gates, had returned to Albany. His patriotism was superior to personal resentments. He still continued to promote the success of the campaign, exerting his influence over the Indian tribes, to win them from the enemy. At Albany he held talks and war feasts with deputations of Onondaga, Tuscarora, and Onondaga warriors; and procured scouting parties of them, which he sent to the camp, and which proved of great service.

The dense forest which covered the country between the hostile armies, concealed their movements, and as Gates threw out no harassing parties, his information concerning the enemy was vague. Burgoyne, however, was diligently collecting all his forces from Skenesborough, Fort Anne and Fort George, and collecting provisions; he had completed a bridge by which he intended to pass the Hudson, and force his way to Albany, where he expected cooperation from below. Everything was conducted with as much silence and caution as possible. His troops paraded without beat of drum, and evening guns were discontinued. Arnold, in company with Kosciuszko, the Polish engineer, reconnoitered the neighborhood in quest of a good camping-ground, and at length fixed upon a ridge of hills called Bemis's Heights, which Kosciuszko proceeded to fortify. In the meantime, Col. Colburn was sent off with a small party to ascend the high hills on the east side of the Hudson, and watch the movements of the enemy with glasses from their summits, or from the tops of the trees. On Sept. 11th there were the first signs of movement among Burgoyne's troops. On the 12th and 14th, they slowly passed over a bridge of boats, which they had thrown across the Hudson, and encamped near Fish Creek. Colburn counted eight hundred tents, including marquees. A mile in advance were fourteen more tents. The Hessians remained encamped on the eastern side of the river, but intervening woods concealed the number of their tents. There was not the usual stir of military animation in the camps. There were no evening or morning guns. On the 15th, both the English and Hessian camps struck their tents, and loaded their baggage wagons. By twelve o'clock both began to march. The British made their way slowly and laboriously down the west-
ern side of the river, along a wretched road intersected by brooks and rivulets, the bridges over which Schuyler had broken down. The division had with it eighty-five baggage wagons and a great train of artillery; with two unwieldy twenty-four pounders, acting like drag anchors. It was a silent, dogged march, without a beat of drum, or spirit-stirring bray of trumpet. A body of light troops, new levies, and Indians, painted and decorated for war, struck off from the rest and disappeared in the forest, up Fish Creek. From the great silence observed by Burgoyne in his movements, and the care he took in keeping his men together, and allowing no straggling parties, Col. Colburn apprehended that he meditated an attack. Having seen the army advance two miles on its march, therefore, he descended from the heights, and hastened to the American camp to make his report. A British prisoner, brought in soon afterward, stated that Burgoyne had come to a halt about four miles distant. On the following morning, the army was under arms at daylight; the enemy, however, remained encamped, repairing bridges in front, and sending down guard boats to reconnoiter; the Americans, therefore, went on to fortify their position. The ridge of hills called Bemis’s Heights, rises abruptly from the narrow flat bordering the west side of the river. Kosciuszko had fortified the camp with intrenchments three-quarters of a mile in extent, having redoubts and batteries, which commanded the valley, and even the hills on the opposite side of the river; for the Hudson, in this upper part, is comparatively a narrow stream. From the foot of the height, an intrenchment extended to the river, ending with a battery at the water edge, commanding a floating bridge. The right wing of the army, under the immediate command of Gates, and composed of Glover’s, Nixon’s, and Patterson’s brigades, occupied the brow of the hill nearest to the river, with the flats below. The left wing, commanded by Arnold, was on the side of the camp furthest from the river, and distant from the latter about three-quarters of a mile. It was composed of the New Hampshire brigade of Gen. Poor, Pierre Nan Courtlandt’s and James Livingston’s regiments of New York militia, the Connecticut militia, Morgan’s riflemen, and Dearborn’s infantry. The centre was composed of Massachusetts and New York troops. Burgoyne gradually drew nearer to the camp, throwing out large parties of pioneers and workmen. The Americans disputed every step. A Hessian officer observes: “The enemy bristled up his hair, as we attempted to repair more bridges. At last, we had to do him the honor of sending out whole regiments to protect our workmen.” It was Arnold who provoked this honor. At the head of fifteen hundred men he skirmished bravely with the superior force sent out against him, and retired with several prisoners.

Burgoyne now encamped about two miles from Gen. Gates, disposing his army into two lines; the left on the river, the right extending at right angles to it, about six hundred yards, across the low grounds to a range of steep and rocky hills, occupied by the elite; a ravine formed by a rivulet from the hills passed in front of the camp. The low ground between the armies was cultivated,
the hills were covered with woods, excepting three or four small openings and deserted farms. Beside the ravines which fronted each camp there was a third one, midway between them, also at right angles to the river. On the morning of the 19th, Gen. Gates received intelligence that the enemy were advancing in great force on his left. It was, in fact, their right wing, composed of the British line and led by Burgoyne in person. It was covered by the grenadiers and light-infantry under Gen. Fraser and Col. Breyman, who kept along the high grounds on the right; while they, in turn, were covered in front and on the flanks by Indians, provincial royalists and Canadians. The left wing and artillery were advancing at the same time, under Major-Generals Phillips and Riedesel, along the great road and meadows by the river side, but they were retarded by the necessity of repairing broken bridges. It was the plan of Burgoyne, that the Canadians and Indians should attack the central outposts of the Americans, and draw their attention in that direction, while he and Fraser, making a circuit through the woods, should join forces and fall upon the rear of the American camp.

The American pickets, stationed along the ravine of Mill Creek, sent repeated accounts to Gen. Gates of the movements of the enemy; but he remained quiet in his camp as if determined to await an attack. The American officers grew impatient. Arnold especially, impetuous by nature, urged repeatedly that a detachment should be sent forth to check the enemy in their advance, and drive the Indians out of the woods. At length he succeeded in getting permission, about noon, to detach Morgan with his riflemen and Dearborn with his infantry from his division. They soon fell in with the Canadians and Indians, which formed the advance guard of the enemy's right, and attacking them with spirit, drove them in or rather dispersed them. Morgan's riflemen, following up their advantage with too much eagerness, became likewise scattered, and a strong reinforcement of royalists arriving on the scene of action, the Americans, in their turn, were obliged to give way. Other detachments now arrived from the American camp, led by Arnold, who attacked Fraser on his right, to check his attempt to get in the rear of the camp. Finding the position of Fraser too strong to be forced, he sent to headquarters for reinforcements, but they were refused by Gates, who declared that no more should go; "he would not suffer his camp to be exposed." Arnold now made a rapid counter-march, and his movement being masked by the woods, suddenly attempted to turn Fraser's left. Here he came in full conflict with the British line, and threw himself upon it with a boldness and impetuosity that for a time threatened to break it, and cut the wings of the army asunder. The grenadiers and Breyman's riflemen hastened to its support. Gen. Phillips broke his way through the woods with four pieces of artillery, and Riedesel came on with his heavy dragoons. Reinforcements came likewise to Arnold's assistance; his force, however, never exceeded three thousand men, and with these, for nearly four hours, he kept up a conflict almost hand to hand, with the whole right wing of the
British army. Part of the time the Americans had the advantage of fighting under the cover of a wood, so favorable to their militia and sharpshooters. Burgoyne ordered the woods to be cleared by the bayonet. His troops rushed forward in columns with a hurrah! The Americans kept within their intrenchments, and repeatedly repulsed them; but, if they pursued their advantage, and advanced into open field, they were in their turn driven back. Night alone put an end to a conflict, which the British acknowledged to have been the most obstinate and hardly fought they had ever experienced in America. Both parties claimed the victory. The British remained on the field of battle, where they lay all night upon their arms, but they had failed in their object; had been assailed instead of being the assailants; while the American troops had accomplished the purpose for which they had sallied forth; had checked the advance of the enemy, frustrated their plan of attack, and returned exulting to their camp. Their loss, in killed and wounded, was between three and four hundred, including several officers; that of the enemy upward of five hundred.

Arnold was excessively indignant at Gate's withholding the reinforcements he had required in the heat of the action; had they been furnished, he said, he might have severed the line of the enemy and gained a complete victory. He was urgent to resume the action on the succeeding morning and follow up the advantage he had gained, but Gates declined, to his additional annoyance. He attributed the refusal to pique or jealousy, but Gates subsequently gave as a reason the great deficiency of powder and ball in the camp, which was known only to himself, and which he kept secret until a supply was sent from Albany. Burgoyne now strengthened his position with intrenchments and batteries, part of them across the meadows which bordered the river, part on the brow of the heights which commanded them. The Americans likewise extended and strengthened their line of breastworks on the left of the camp; the right was already unassailable. The camps were within gunshot, but with ravines and woods between them.

Washington's predictions of the effect to be produced by Morgan's riflemen approached fulfillment. The Indians, dismayed at the severe treatment experienced from these veteran bush fighters, were disappearing from the British camp. The Canadians and royal provincials, "mere trimmers," as Burgoyne called them, were deserting in great numbers, and he had no confidence in those who remained. His situation was growing more and more critical. On the 21st, he heard shouts in the American camp, and in a little while their cannon thundered a feu de joie. News had been received from General Lincoln, that a detachment of New England troops under Colonel Brown had surprised the carrying-place, mills, and French lines at Ticonderoga, captured an armed sloop, gunboats and bateaux, made three hundred prisoners, beside releasing one hundred American captives, and were laying siege to Fort Independence. While the shouts from the American
camp were yet ringing in his ears, came a letter in cipher from Sir Henry Clinton, dated the 12th of September, announcing his intention in about ten days to attack the forts in the Highlands of the Hudson.

The jealousy of Gates had been intensely excited at finding the whole credit of the late affair given by the army to Arnold: in his dispatches to the government he made no mention of him. This increased the schism between them. Wilkinson, the adjutant-general, who was a sycophantic adherent of Gates, pandered to his pique by withdrawing from Arnold's division Morgan's rifle corps and Dearborn's light-infantry, its arm of strength, which had done such brilliant service in the late affair: they were henceforth to be subject to no order but those from headquarters. Arnold called on Gates on the evening of the 22d, to remonstrate. High words passed between them, and matters came to an open rupture. Gates, in his heat, told Arnold that he did not consider him a major-general, he having sent his resignation to Congress—that he had never given him the command of any division of the army—that General Lincoln would arrive in a day or two, and then he would have no further occasion for him, and would give him a pass to go to Philadelphia, whenever he chose. Arnold returned to his quarters in a rage, but determined to remain in camp and abide the anticipated battle. Lincoln, in the meantime, arrived in advance of his troops; which soon followed to the amount of two thousand. Part of the troops, detached by him under Colonel Brown, were besieging Ticonderoga and Fort Independence. Colonel Brown himself, with part of his detachment, had embarked on Lake George in an armed schooner and a squadron of captured gunboats and bateaux, and was threatening the enemy's deposit of baggage and heavy artillery at Diamond Island. The toils so skillfully spread were encompassing Burgoyne more and more; the gates of Canada were closing behind him. A morning or two after Lincoln's arrival, Arnold observed him giving some directions in the left division, and quickly inquired whether he was doing so by order of General Gates; being answered in the negative, he observed that the left division belonged to him; and that he believed his (Lincoln's) proper station was on the right, and that of General Gates ought to be in the center. He requested him to mention this to General Gates, and have the matter adjusted.

All this time the Americans were harassing the British camp with frequent night alarms and attacks on its pickets and outposts. "From the 20th of September to the 7th of October," writes Burgoyne, "the armies were so near, that not a night passed without firing, and sometimes concerted attacks upon our advanced pickets. I do not believe either officer or soldier ever slept in that interval without his clothes; or that any general officer or commander of a regiment passed a single night, without being upon his legs occasionally at different hours, and constantly an hour before daylight." Still Burgoyne kept up a resolute mien, telling his soldiers, in a harangue, that he was determined to leave his bones on the field, or force his way to Albany. He yet clung to the hope,
that Sir Henry Clinton might operate in time to relieve him from his perilous position.

The expedition of Sir Henry Clinton had awaited the arrival of reinforcements from Europe, which were slowly crossing the ocean in Dutch bottoms. At length they arrived, after a three months' voyage, and now there was a stir of warlike preparation at New York; the streets were full of soldiery, the bay full of ships; and water craft of all kinds were plying about the harbor. Between three and four thousand men were to be embarked on board of ships of war, armed galleys and flat-bottomed boats. The defences of the Highlands, on which the security of the Hudson depended, were at this time weakly garrisoned; some of the troops having been sent off to reinforce the armies on the Delaware and in the North. Putnam, who had the general command of the Highlands, had but eleven hundred continental and four hundred militia troops with him at Peekskill, his headquarters. There was a feeble garrison at Fort Independence, in the vicinity of Peekskill, to guard the public stores and workshops at Continental Village. The Highlands forts, Clinton, Montgomery, and Constitution, situated among the mountains and forming their main defence, were no better garrisoned, and George Clinton, who had the command of them, was absent from his post, attending the State Legislature at Kingston (Esopus), in Ulster County, in his capacity of governor. The governor forthwith hastened to his Highland citadel, Fort Montgomery; the obstructions of chain, boom, and chevaux-de-frise between it and the opposite promontory of Anthony's Nose, would it had been hoped, barricade the Hudson. The chain had repeatedly given way under the presure of the tide, but the obstructions were still considered efficient, and were protected by the guns of the fort, and of two frigates and two armed galleys anchored above. Fort Clinton had subsequently been erected within rifle shot of Fort Montgomery, to occupy ground which commanded it. A deep ravine and stream called Peploe's Kill, intervened between the two forts, across which there was a bridge. The governor had his headquarters in Fort Montgomery, which was the northern and largest fort, but its works were unfinished. His brother James had charge of Fort Clinton, which was complete. The whole force to garrison the associate forts did not exceed six hundred men, chiefly militia, but they had the veteran Colonel Lamb of the artillery with them, who had served in Canada, and a company of his artillerists was distributed in the two forts. The armament of Sir Henry Clinton, which had been waiting for a wind, set sail in the course of a day or two and stood up the Hudson, dogged by American swift-rowing whale-boats. The armament crossed the Tappan Sea and Haverstraw Bay to Verplanck's Point, where, on the 5th, Sir Henry landed with three thousand men about eight miles below Peekskill. Putnam drew back to the hills in the rear of the village, to prepare for the expected attack, and sent off to Governor Clinton for all the troops he could spare. So far the maneuvers of Sir Henry Clinton had been successful. It was his plan to threaten an attack on Peekskill
and Fort Independence, and, when he had drawn the attention of the American commanders to that quarter, to land troops on the western shore of the Hudson, below the Dunderberg (Thunder Hill), make a rapid march through the defiles behind that mountain to the rear of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, come down on them by surprise, and carry them by a coup de main. At an early hour of the following morning, taking advantage of a thick fog, he crossed with two thousand men to Stony Point, on the west shore of the river, leaving about a thousand men, chiefly royalists, at Verplanck’s Point, to keep up a threatening aspect towards Peckskill. The crossing of the troops had been dimly described from Peckskill, but they were supposed to be a mere detachment from the main body on a maraud. Having accomplished his landing, Sir Henry, conducted by a tory guide, set out on a forced and circuitous march of several miles by rugged defiles, round the western base of the Dunderberg. At the entrance of the pass he left a small force to guard it, and keep up his communication with the ships. By eight o’clock in the morning he had effected his march round the Dunderberg, and halted on the northern side in a ravine, between it and a conical mount called Bear Hill. The possibility of an enemy’s approach by this pass had been noticed by Washington in reconnoitering the Highlands, and he had mentioned it in his instructions to Generals Greene and Knox, when they were sent to make their military survey, but they considered it impracticable, from the extreme difficulty of the mountain passes. It is in defiance of difficulties, however, that surprises are apt to be attempted, and the most signal have been achieved in the face of seeming impossibilities. In the ravine between the Dunderberg and Bear Hill, Sir Henry divided his forces. One division, nine hundred strong, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, was composed partly of royalists, led by Colonel Beverly Robinson of New York, partly of Emerick’s chasseurs, and partly of grenadiers, under Lord Rawdon, then about twenty-four years of age, who had already seen service at Bunker’s Hill. With him went Count Gabrousaki, a Polish nobleman, aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton. Everything had thus far been conducted with celerity and apparent secrecy, and complete surprise of both forts was anticipated. Sir Henry had indeed, outwitted one of the guardians of the Highlands, but the other was aware of his designs. Governor Clinton, on receiving intelligence of ships of war coming up the Hudson, had sent scouts beyond the Dunderberg to watch their movements. He apprehended an attack, and sent to Putnam for reinforcements, preparing, in the meantime, to make such defence as his scanty means afforded. A lieutenant was sent out with thirty men from Fort Clinton, to proceed along the river-road and reconnoiter. He fell in with the advance-guard of Sir Henry Clinton’s division, and retreated skirmishing to the fort. A large detachment was sent out to check the approach of the enemy on this side; while sixty men, afterwards increased to a hundred, took post with a brass field-piece in the Bear Hill defile. It was a narrow and rugged pass, bordered by shagged forests. As Campbell and his division
came pressing forward, they were checked by the discharge of firearms and of the brass field-piece, which swept the steep defile. The British troops then filed off on each side into the woods, to surround the Americans. The latter, finding it impossible to extricate their field-piece in the rugged pass, spiked it, and retreated into the fort, under cover of the fire of a twelve-pounder, with which Lamb had posted himself on the crest of a hill.

Sir Henry Clinton had met with equally obstinate opposition in his approach to Fort Clinton; the narrow strip of land between Lake Sinipink and the Hudson, along which he advanced, being fortified by an abatis. By four o'clock the Americans were driven within their works, and both forts were assailed. The defence was desperate; for Governor Clinton was a hard fighter, and he was still in hopes of reinforcements from Putnam; not knowing that the messenger he sent to him had turned traitor, and deserted to the enemy. About five o'clock, he was summoned to surrender in five minutes, to prevent the effusion of blood; the reply was a refusal. About ten minutes afterwards, there was a general attack upon both forts. It was resisted with obstinate spirit. The action continued until dusk. The ships under Commodore Hotham approached near enough to open an irregular fire upon the forts, and upon the vessels anchored above the chevaux-de-frise. The latter returned the fire; and the flash and roar of their cannonry in the gathering darkness and among the echoes of the mountains increased the terrors of the strife. The works, however, were too extensive to be manned by the scanty garrisons; they were entered by different places and carried at the point of the bayonet; the Americans fought desperately from one redoubt to another; some were slain, some taken prisoners, and some escaped under cover of the night to the river or the mountains.

"The garrison," writes Clinton, significantly, "had to fight their way out as many as could, as we determined not to surrender." His brother James was saved from a deadly thrust of a bayonet, by a garrison orderly-book in his pocket; but he received a flesh-wound in the thigh. He slid down a precipice, one hundred feet high, into the ravine between the forts, and escaped to the woods. The governor leaped down the rocks to the river side, where a boat was putting off with a number of the fugitives. They turned back to receive him, but he generously refused to endanger their safety, as the boat was already loaded to the gunwale. It was only on receiving assurance of its being capable of bearing his additional weight, that he consented to enter. The boat crossed the Hudson in safety, and before midnight the governor was with Putnam, at Continental Village, concerting further measures.

Putnam had been completely outmanoeuvred by Sir Henry Clinton. He had continued until late in the morning, in the belief that Peekskill and Fort Independence were to be the objects of attack. His pickets and scouts could not ascertain the number of the enemy remaining on the east side of the river; a large fire near Stony Point made him think the troops which had crossed were merely
burning storehouses; while ships, galleys, and flat-bottomed boats seemed preparing to land forces at Fort Independence and Peeks-kill. In the course of the morning he sallied forth with Brigadier-
general Parsons, to reconnoiter the ground near the enemy. After
their return they were alarmed, he says, by "a very heavy and
hot firing both of small arms and cannon, at Fort Montgomery,"
which must have made a tremendous uproar among the echoes of
the Dunderberg. Aware of the real point of danger, he immedi-
ately detached five hundred men to reinforce the garrison. They
had six miles to march along the eastern shore, and then to cross
the river; before they could do so the fate of the forts was decided.

On the capture of the forts, the American frigates and galleys
stationed for the protection of the chevaux-de-frise slipped their
cables, made all sail, and endeavored to escape up the river. The
wind, however, proved adverse; there was danger of their falling
into the hands of the enemy; the crews, therefore, set them on
fire and abandoned them. As every sail was set, the vessels were
soon "magnificent pyramids of fire;" the surrounding mountains
were lit up by the glare, and a train of ruddy light gleamed along
the river. They were in a part of the Highlands famous for its
echoes: as the flames gradually reached the loaded cannon, their
thundering reports were multiplied and prolonged along the rocky
shores. The vessels at length blew up with tremendous explosions,
and all again was darkness. On the following morning, the
chevaux-de-frise and other obstructions between Fort Montgomery
and Anthony's Nose were cleared away; the Americans evacuated
Forts Independence and Constitution, and a free passage up the
Hudson was open for the British ships. Sir Henry Clinton pro-
cceeded no further in person, but left the rest of the enterprise to
be accomplished by Sir James Wallace and General Vaughan,
with a flying squadron of light frigates, and a considerable
detachment of troops.

Putnam had retreated to a pass in the mountains, on the east side
of the river, near Fishkill, having removed as much of the stores
and baggage as possible from the post he had abandoned. He had
concerted with Governor Clinton that they should move to the
northward with their forces, along the opposite shores of the Hud-
son, endeavoring to keep pace with the enemy's ships and cover
the country from their attacks. The governor was in the neigh-
borhood of New Windsor, just above the Highlands, where he had
posted himself to rally what he termed his "broken but brave
troops," and to call out the militia of Ulster and Orange. On the
9th, two persons coming from Fort Montgomery were arrested by
his guards, and brought before him for examination. One was
much agitated, and was observed to put something hastily into his
mouth and swallow it. An emetic was administered, and brought
up a small silver bullet. Before he could be prevented he swal-
swallowed it again. A second emetic produced the bullet again.
It was oval in form, and hollow, with a screw in the center, and
contained a note from Sir Henry Clinton to Burgoyne, written on
a slip of thin paper, and dated (Oct. 8th) from Fort Montgomery.
"Nous y voici (here we are), and nothing between us and Gates. I sincerely hope this little success of ours will facilitate your operations."

The enemy's light-armed vessels were now making their way up the river; landing marauding parties occasionally to make depredations. As soon as the governor could collect a little force, he pressed forward to protect Kingston (Esopus), the seat of the State legislature. The enemy in the meantime landed from their ships, routed about one hundred and fifty militia collected to oppose them, marched to the village, set fire to it in every part, consuming great quantities of stores collected there, and then retreated to their ships. Governor Clinton was two hours too late. He beheld the flames from a distance; and having brought with him the spy, the bearer of the silver bullet, he hanged him on an apple tree in sight of the burning village. The enemy proceeded in their ravages, destroying the residences of conspicuous patriots at Rhinebeck, Livingston Manor, and elsewhere, and among others the mansion of the widow of the brave General Montgomery.

While Sir Henry Clinton had been thundering in the Highlands, Burgoyne and his army had been wearing out hope within their intrenchments, vigilantly watched, but unassailed by the Americans. Arnold, was chafing in the camp, and longing for a chance, as usual, "to right himself" by his sword. In a letter to Gates he tries to goad him on. "I think it my duty (which nothing shall deter me from doing) to acquaint you, the army are clamorous for action. The militia (who compose a great part of the army) are already threatening to go home. One fortnight's inaction will, I make no doubt, lessen your army by sickness and desertion, at least four thousand men. In which time the enemy may be reinforced, and make good their retreat." Gates was not to be goaded into action; he saw the desperate situation of Burgoyne, and bided his time. "Perhaps," writes he, "despair may dictate to him to risk all upon one throw; he is an old gamester, and in his time has seen all chances. I will endeavor to be ready to prevent his good fortune, and, if possible, secure my own."

On the 7th of October, but four or five days remained of the time Burgoyne had pledged himself to await the coöperation of Sir Henry Clinton. He now determined to make a grand movement on the left of the American camp, to discover whether he could force a passage, should it be necessary to advance, or dislodge it from its position, should he have to retreat. Another object was to cover a forage of the army, which was suffering from the great scarcity. For this purpose fifteen hundred of his best troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers and six six-pounders, were to be led by himself, seconded by Major-generals Phillips and Riedesel, and Brigadier-general Fraser. On leaving his camp, Burgoyne committed the guard of it on the high grounds to Brigadier-generals Hamilton and Specht, and of the redoubts on the low grounds near the river, to Brigadier-general Gall. Forming his troops within three-quarters of a mile of the left of the Americans, though covered from their sight by the forest, he sent out a
corps of rangers, provincials and Indians, to skulk through the woods, get in their rear, and give them an alarm at the time the attack took place in front. The movement, though carried on behind the screen of forests, was discovered. In the afternoon the advanced guard of the American center beat to arms: the alarm was repeated throughout the line. Gates ordered his officers to their alarm posts, and sent forth Wilkinson, the adjutant-general, to inquire the cause. From a rising ground in an open place he descried the enemy in force, their foragers busy in a field of wheat, the officers reconnoitering the left wing of the camp with telescopes from the top of a cabin. Wilkinson reported that their front was open, their flanks rested on woods, under cover of which they might be attacked, and their right was skirted by a height; that they were reconnoitering the left, and he thought offered battle. "Well, then," replied Gates, "order out Morgan to begin the game." A plan of attack was soon arranged. Morgan with his riflemen and a body of infantry was sent to make a circuit through the woods, and get possession of the heights on the right of the enemy, while General Poor with his brigade of New York and New Hampshire troops, and a part of Learned's brigade, were to advance against the enemy's left. Morgan was to make an attack on the heights as soon as he should hear the fire opened below. Burgoyne now drew out his troops in battle array. The grenadiers, under Major Ackland, with the artillery, under Major Williams, formed his left, and were stationed on a rising ground, with a rivulet called Mill Creek in front. Next to them were the Hessians, under Riedesel, and British, under Phillips, forming the center. The light-infantery, under Lord Balcarres, formed the extreme right; having in the advance a detachment of five hundred picked men, under General Fraser, ready to flank the Americans as soon as they should be attacked in front. He had scarce made these arrangements, when he was astonished and confounded by a thundering of artillery on his left, and a rattling fire of rifles on the woody heights on his right. The troops under Poor advanced steadily up the ascent where Ackland's grenadiers and Williams' artillery were stationed; received their fire, and then rushed forward. Ackland's grenadiers received the first brunt, but it extended along the line, as detachment after detachment arrived, and was carried on with inconceivable fury. The Hessian artillerists spoke afterwards of the heedlessness with which the Americans rushed upon the cannon, while they were discharging grape-shot. The artillery was repeatedly taken and retaken, and at length remained in possession of the Americans, who turned it upon its former owners. Major Ackland was wounded in both legs, and taken prisoner. Major Williams of the artillery was also captured. The headlong impetuosity of the attack confounded the regular tacticians. Much of this has been ascribed to the presence and example of Arnold. That daring officer, who had lingered in the camp in expectation of a fight, was exasperated at having no command assigned him. On hearing the din of battle, he could restrain no longer his warlike impulse, but threw himself on his
horse and sallied forth. Gates saw him issuing from the camp. "He'll do some rash thing!" cried he, and sent his aide-de-camp, Major Armstrong, to call him back. Arnold surmised his errand and evaded it. Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the scene of action, and was received with acclamation. Being the superior officer in the field his orders were obeyed of course. Putting himself at the head of the troops of Learned's brigade, he attacked the Hessians in the enemy's center, and broke them with repeated charges. Indeed, for a time his actions seemed to partake of frenzy; riding hither and thither, brandishing his sword, and cheering on the men to acts of desperation. In one of his paroxysms of excitement, he struck and wounded an American officer in the head with his sword, without, as he afterwards declared, being conscious of the act. Wilkinson asserts that he was partly intoxicated; but Arnold needed only his own irritated pride and the smell of gunpowder to rouse him to acts of madness.

Morgan, in the meantime, was harassing the enemy's right wing with an incessant fire of small-arms, and preventing it from sending any assistance to the center. General Fraser with his chosen corps, for some time rendered great protection to this wing. Mounted on an iron-gray charger, his uniform of a field officer made him a conspicuous object for Morgan's sharp-shooters. One bullet cut the crupper of his horse, another grazed his mane. "You are singled out, general," said his aide-de-camp, "and had better shift your ground." "My duty forbids me to fly from danger," was the reply. A moment afterwards he was shot down by a marksman posted in a tree. Two grenadiers bore him to the camp. His fall was as a death-blow to his corps. The arrival on the field of a large reinforcement of New York troops under General Ten Broeck, completed the confusion. Burgoyne saw that the field was lost, and now only thought of saving his camp. The troops nearest to the lines were ordered to throw themselves within them, while Generals Phillips and Riedesel covered the retreat of the main body, which was in danger of being cut off. The artillery was abandoned. Scarcely had they entered the camp when it was stormed with great fury; the Americans, with Arnold at their head, rushing to the lines under a severe discharge of grape-shot and small-arms. The action was fierce, and well sustained on either side. After an ineffectual attempt to make his way into the camp in this quarter at the point of the bayonet, Arnold spurred his horse toward the right flank of the camp occupied by the German reserve, where Lieut.-Col. Brooks was making a general attack with a Massachusetts regiment. Here, with a part of a platoon, he forced his way into a sallyport, but a shot from the retreating Hessians killed his horse, and wounded him in the same leg which had received a wound before Quebec. He was borne off from the field, but not until the victory was complete; for the Germans retreated from the works leaving on the field their brave defender, Lieut.-Col. Breyman, mortally wounded. The victory of the Americans was decisive. They had routed the enemy, killed and wounded a great number, made many prisoners, taken
their field-artillery, and gained possession of a part of their works which laid open the right and the rear of their camp. They lay all night on their arms, within half a mile of the scene of action, prepared to renew the assault upon the camp in the morning. Affecting scenes had occurred in the enemy's camp during this deadly conflict. The Baroness De Riedesel says, that when one o'clock came "poor Gen. Fraser was brought in upon a handbarrow, mortally wounded. I sat terrified and trembling in a corner. The noise grew more alarming, and I was in a continual agony and tremor, while thinking that my husband might soon also be brought in, wounded like General Fraser. That poor general said to the surgeon, 'Tell me the truth, is there no hope?'—There was none."

Burgoyne had shifted his position during the night, to heights about a mile to the north, close to the river, and covered in front by a ravine. Early in the morning, the Americans took possession of the camp which he had abandoned. A random fire of artillery and small-arms was kept up on both sides during the day. The British sharpshooters stationed in the ravine did some execution, and Gen. Lincoln was wounded in the leg while reconnoitering. Gates took measures to cut off the enemy's retreat and insure a surrender. Gen. Fellows, with 1,400 men, had already been sent to occupy the high ground east of the Hudson opposite Saratoga Ford. Other detachments were sent higher up the river in the direction of Lake George. Burgoyne saw that nothing was left for him but a prompt and rapid retreat to Saratoga. At nine o'clock at night the retreat commenced. Large fires had been lighted, and many tents were left standing to conceal the movement. The hospital, in which were about three hundred sick and wounded, was abandoned, as were likewise several bateaux, laden with baggage and provisions. It was a dismal retreat. The rain fell in torrents; the roads were deep and broken, and the horses weak and half-starved from want of forage. At daybreak there was a halt to refresh the troops, and give time for the bateaux laden with provision to come abreast. In three hours the march was resumed, but before long there was another halt, to guard against an American reconnoitering party which appeared in sight. When the troops were again about to march, Gen. Burgoyne received a message from Lady Harriet Ackland, expressing a wish to pass to the American camp, and ask permission from Gen. Gates to join her husband, who was seriously wounded and a prisoner. "Though I was ready to believe," writes Burgoyne, "(for I had experience), that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain of the artillery readily undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant, and the major's valet-de-chambre (who had a ball which he had received in the late action then in his shoulder), she rowed down the river to meet the enemy." The night was far advanced before the boat reached the American outposts. It was challenged by a sentinel who threatened to fire into it should it attempt to pass. Treachery was apprehended. Lady Harriet and her com-
panions were allowed to land. Major Dearborn, the officer on guard, surrendered his chamber in the guard-house to her ladyship; bedding was brought, a fire was made, tea was served, and her mind being relieved by assurances of her husband’s safety, she was enabled to pass a night of comparative comfort and tranquility. She proceeded to the American camp in the morning.

It rained terribly through the residue of the 9th, and in consequence of repeated halts, the retreating army did not reach Saratoga until evening. A detachment of Americans had arrived there before them, and were throwing up intrenchments on a commanding height at Fish Kill. They abandoned their work, forded the Hudson, and joined a force under General Fellows, posted on the hills east of the river. The bridge over the Fish Kill had been destroyed; the artillery could not cross until the ford was examined. Exhausted by fatigue, the men for the most part had not strength nor inclination to cut wood nor make fire, but threw themselves upon the wet ground in their wet clothes, and slept under the continuing rain. At daylight on the 10th, the artillery and the last of the troops passed the fords of the Fish Kill, and took a position upon the heights, and in the redoubts formerly constructed there. To protect the troops from being attacked in passing the ford by the Americans, who were approaching, Burgoyne ordered fire to be set to the farm-houses and other buildings on the south side of the Fish Kill. Amongst the rest, the noble mansion of Gen. Schuyler, with storehouses, granaries, mills, and the other appurtenances of a great rural establishment, was entirely consumed. Burgoyne himself estimated the value of property destroyed at ten thousand pounds sterling. The force under Gen. Fellows, posted on the opposite hills of the Hudson, now opened a fire from a battery commanding the ford of that river. Thus prevented from crossing, Burgoyne thought to retreat along the west side as far as Fort George, on the way to Canada, and sent out workmen under a strong escort to repair the bridges, and open the road toward Fort Edward. The escort was soon recalled and the work abandoned; for the Americans under Gates appeared in great force, on the heights south of the Fish Kill, and seemed preparing to cross and bring on an engagement. Burgoyne called now a general council of war, in which it was resolved, since the bridges could not be repaired, to abandon the artillery and baggage, let the troops carry a supply of provisions upon their backs, push forward in the night, and force their way across the fords at or near Fort Edward. Before the plan could be put in execution, scouts brought word that the Americans were intrenched opposite those fords, and encamped in force with cannon, on the high ground between Fort Edward and Fort George. In fact, by this time the American army, augmented by militia and volunteers from all quarters, had posted itself in strong positions on both sides of the Hudson, so as to extend three-fourths of a circle round the enemy. Giving up all further attempt at retreat, Burgoyne now fortified his camp on the heights to the north of Fish Kill. In
this situation his troops lay continually on their arms. His camp was subjected to cannonading from Fellows' batteries on the opposite side of the Hudson, Gates's batteries on the south of Fish Kill, and a galling fire from Morgan's rifle-men, stationed on heights in the rear.

The Baroness De Riedesel and her helpless little ones were exposed to the dangers and horrors of this long turmoil. On the morning when the attack was opened, General De Riedesel sent them to take refuge in a house in the vicinity. On their way thither the baroness saw several men on the opposite bank of the Hudson levelling their muskets and about to fire. Throwing her children in the back part of the carriage the anxious mother endeavored to cover them with her body. Some women and crippled soldiers had already taken refuge in the house. It was mistaken for headquarters and cannonaded. The baroness retreated into the cellar, laid herself in a corner near the door with her children's heads upon her knees, and passed a sleepless night of mental anguish. For six days, she and her children remained in this dismal place of refuge. The cellar was spacious, with three compartments, but the number of occupants increased. The wounded were brought in to be relieved—or to die. She remained with her children near the door, to escape more easily in case of fire. She put straw under mattresses; on these she lay with her little ones, and her female servants slept near her. There was great distress for water. The river was near, but the Americans shot every one who approached it. A soldier's wife at length summoned resolution, and brought a supply. "The Americans," adds the baroness, "told us afterwards, that they spared her on account of her sex."

Burgoyne was now reduced to despair. His forces were diminished by losses, by the desertion of Canadians and royalists, and the total defection of the Indians; and on inspection it was found that the provisions on hand, even upon short allowance, would not suffice for more than three days. A council of war, therefore, was called of all the generals, field-officers and captains commanding troops. The deliberations were brief. All concurred in the necessity of opening a treaty with Gen. Gates, for a surrender on honorable terms. While they were yet deliberating, an eighteen-pound ball passed through the tent, sweeping across the table round which they were seated. Negotiations were accordingly opened on the 13th, under sanction of a flag. Lieut. Kingston, Burgoyne's adjutant-general, was the bearer of a note, proposing a cessation of hostilities until terms could be adjusted. The first terms offered by Gates were that the enemy should lay down their arms within their intrenchments, and surrender themselves prisoners of war. These were indignantly rejected, with an intimation that, if persisted in, hostilities must recommence. Counter proposals were then made by Gen. Burgoyne, and finally accepted by Gen. Gates. According to these, the British troops were to march out of the camp with artillery and all the honors of war, to a fixed place, where they were to pile their arms at a word of command
from their own officers. They were to be allowed a free passage to Europe upon condition of not serving again in America, during the present war. The army was not to be separated, especially the men from the officers; roll-calling and other regular duties were to be permitted; the officers were to be on parole, and to wear their side-arms. All private property to be sacred; no baggage to be searched or molested. All persons appertaining to or following the camp, whatever might be their country, were to be comprehended in these terms of capitulation. In the night of the 16th, before the articles of capitulation had been signed, a British officer from the army below made his way into the camp, with despatches from Sir Henry Clinton, announcing that he had captured the forts in the Highlands, and had pushed detachments further up the Hudson. Burgoyne now submitted to the consideration of officers, "whether it was consistent with public faith, and if so, expedient, to suspend the execution of the treaty and trust to events." His own opinion inclined in the affirmative, but the majority of the council determined that the public faith was fully plighted. The capitulation was accordingly signed by Burgoyne on the 17th of October. The British army, at the time of the surrender, was reduced by capture, death, and desertion, from nine thousand to five thousand seven hundred and fifty-two men. That of Gates, regulars and militia, amounted to ten thousand five hundred and fifty-four men on duty; between two and three thousand being on the sick list, or absent on furlough. By this capitulation, the Americans gained a fine train of artillery, seven thousand stand of arms, and a great quantity of clothing, tents, and military stores of all kinds. When the British troops marched forth to deposit their arms at the appointed place, Col. Wilkinson, the adjutant general, was the only American soldier to be seen. Gates had ordered his troops to keep rigidly within their lines, that they might not add by their presence to the humiliation of a brave enemy.

Wilkinson in his Memoirs, describes the first meeting of Gates and Burgoyne, which took place at the head of the American camp. They were attended by their staffs and by other general officers. Burgoyne was in a rich royal uniform, Gates in a plain blue frock. When they had approached nearly, within sword's length they reined up and halted. Burgoyne, raising his hat most gracefully, said: "The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner;" to which the other, returning his salute, replied, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." "We passed through the American camp," writes the already cited Hessian officer, "in which all the regiments were drawn out beside the artillery, and stood under arms. Not one of them was uniformly clad; each had on the clothes which he wore in the fields, the church, or the tavern. They stood, however, like soldiers, well arranged, and with a military air, in which there was but little to find fault with. All the muskets had bayonets, and the sharpshooters had rifles. The men all stood so still that we were filled with wonder. Not one of them
made a single motion as if he would speak with his neighbor. Nay more, all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous, that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we all were surprised at the sight of such a handsome, well-formed race. "In all earnestness," adds he, "English America surpasses the most of Europe in the growth and looks of its male population. The whole nation has a natural turn and talent for war and a soldier's life." He made himself somewhat merry, however, with the equipments of the officers. A few wore regimentals; and those fashioned to their own notions as to cut and color, being provided by themselves. Brown coats with sea-green facings, white linings and silver trimmings, and gray coats in abundance, with buff facings and cuffs, and gilt buttons; in short, every variety of pattern. The brigadiers and generals wore uniforms and belts which designated their rank; but most of the colonels and other officers were in their ordinary clothes; a musket and bayonet in hand, and a cartridge-box or powder-horn over the shoulder. But what especially amused him was the variety of uncouth wigs worn by the officers; the lingerings of an uncouth fashion. It was the lot of Burgoyne to have coals of fire heaped on his head by those with whom he had been at enmity. One of the first persons whom he had encountered in the American camp was Gen. Schuyler. He attempted to make some explanation or excuse about the recent destruction of his property. Schuyler begged him not to think of it, as the occasion justified it, according to the principles and rules of war. "He did more," said Burgoyne, in a speech before the House of Commons: "he sent an aide-de-camp to conduct me to Albany; in order, as he expressed it, to procure better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. That gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house, and, to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family. In that house I remained during my whole stay in Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other demonstration of hospitality." This was indeed realizing the vaunted courtesy and magnanimity of the age of chivalry. The surrender of Burgoyne was soon followed by the evacuation of Ticonderoga and Fort Independence, the garrisons retiring to the Isle aux Noix and St. Johns. The armament on the Hudson returned to New York.

CHAPTER XVII.

WASHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

WASHINGTON was encamped at Pott's Grove towards the end of September, giving his troops a few day's repose after their severe fatigues. His force amounted to about eight thousand Continentals and three thousand militia; with these he advanced, on the 30th of Sept., to Skippack Creek, about fourteen miles from Ger-
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manton, where the main body of the British army lay encamped; a detachment under Cornwallis occupying Philadelphia. Immediately after the battle of Brandywine, Admiral Howe with great exertions had succeeded in getting his ships of war and transports round from the Chesapeake into the Delaware and anchored them along the western shore from Reedy Island to Newcastle. They were prevented from approaching nearer by obstructions which the Americans had placed in the river. The lowest of these were at Billingsport (or Bylling's Point), where chevaux-de-frise in the channel of the river were protected by a strong redoubt on the Jersey shore. Higher up were Fort Mifflin on Mud (or Fort) Island, and Fort Mercer on the Jersey shore; with chevaux-de-frise between them. Washington had exerted himself to throw a garrison into Fort Mifflin, and keep up the obstructions of the river. General Howe had concerted operations with his brother by land and water, to reduce the forts and clear away the obstructions. With this view he detached a part of his force into the Jerseys, to proceed, in the first instance, against the fortifications at Billingsport. Washington immediately determined to make an attack upon the British camp at Germantown, while weakened by the absence of this detachment. Germantown, at that time, was little more than one continued street, extending two miles north and south. The houses were mostly of stone, low and substantial, with steep roofs and projecting eaves. They stood apart from each other, with fruit trees in front and small gardens. Beyond the village, and about a hundred yards east of the road, stood a spacious stone edifice, with ornamented grounds, statues, groves and shrubbery, the country-seat of Benjamin Chew, chief justice of Pennsylvania previous to the Revolution. Four roads approached the village from above; that is, from the north. The Skippack, which was the main road, led over Chestnut Hill and Mount Airy down to and through the village towards Philadelphia, forming the street of which we have just spoken. On its right, and nearly parallel, was the Monatawny or Ridge road, passing near the Schuylkill, and entering the main road below the village. On the left of the Skippack or main road, was the Limekiln road, running nearly parallel to it for a time, and then turning towards it, almost at right angles, so as to enter the village at the marketplace. Still further to the left or east, and outside of all, was the Old York road, falling into the main road some distance below the village.

The main body of the British forces lay encamped across the lower part of the village, divided into almost equal parts by the main street or Skippack road. The right wing, commanded by Gen. Grant, was to the east of the road, the left wing to the west. Each wing was covered by strong detachments, and guarded by cavalry. Gen. Howe had his head-quarters in the rear. The advance of the army, composed of the 2d battalion of British light-infantry, with a train of artillery, was more than two miles from the main body, on the west of the road, with an outlying picket stationed with two six-pounders at Allen's house on Mount.
Airy. About three quarters of a mile in the rear of the light-infan-
try, lay encamped in a field opposite "Chew's House," the 40th
regiment of infantry, under Col. Musgrave. "According to Wash-
ington's plan for the attack Sullivan was to command the right
wing, composed of his own division, principally Maryland troops,
and the division of Gen. Wayne. He was to be sustained by a
corps de reserve, under Lord Sterling, composed of Nash's North
Carolina and Maxwell's Virginia brigades, and to be flanked by
the brigade of Gen. Conway. He was to march down the Skip-
pack road and attack the left wing; at the same time Gen. Arm-
strong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to pass down the Mon-
atawny or Ridge road, and get upon the enemy's left and rear.
Greene with the left wing, composed of his own division and the
division of Gen. Stephen, and flanked by McDougall's brigade,
was to march down the Limekiln road, so as to enter the village
at the market-house. The two divisions were to attack the enemy's
right wing in front, McDougall with his brigade to attack it in
flank, while Smallwood's division of Maryland militia and Form-
man's Jersey brigade, making a circuit by the Old York road,
were to attack it in the rear. Two-thirds of the forces were thus
directed against the enemy's right-wing, under the idea that, if it
could be forced, the whole army must be pushed into the Schuyl-
kill, or compelled to surrender. The attack was to begin on all
quarters at daybreak. About dusk, on the 3d of Oct., the army
left its encampment at Mattuchen Hills, by its different routes.
Washington accompanied the right wing. It had fifteen miles of
weary march to make over rough roads, so that it was after day-
brake when the troops emerged from the woods on Chestnut Hill.
The morning was dark with a heavy fog. A detachment advanced
to attack the enemy's out-picket, stationed at Allen's House. The
patrol was led by Capt. Allen McLane, a brave Maryland officer,
well acquainted with the ground, and with the position of the
enemy. He fell in with double sentries, whom he killed with the
loss of one man. The alarm, however, was given; the distant
roll of a drum and the call to arms, resounded through the murky
air. The picket guard, after discharging their two six-pounders,
were routed, and retreated down the south side of Mount Airy to
the battalion of light-infantry who were forming in order of battle.
As their pursuers descended into the valley, the sun rose, but was
soon obscured. Wayne led the attack upon the light-infantry.
"They broke at first," writes he, "without waiting to receive us,
but soon formed again, when a heavy and well-directed fire took
place on both sides." They again gave way, but being supported
by the grenadiers, returned to the charge. Sullivan's division and
Conway's brigade formed on the west of the road, and joined in
the attack. The infantry, after fighting bravely for a time, broke
and ran, leaving their artillery behind. They were hotly pursued
by Wayne. His troops remembered the bloody 20th of Sept., and
the ruthless slaughter of their comrades. "They pushed on with
the bayonet," says Wayne, "and took ample vengeance for that
night's work."
It was a terrible mêlée. The fog, together with the smoke of the cannonry and musketry, made it almost as dark as night. The whole of the enemy's advance were driven from their camping ground, leaving their tents standing, with all their baggage. Col. Musgrave, with six companies of the 40th regiment, threw himself into Chew's House, barricaded the doors and lower windows, and took post above stairs; the main torrent of the retreat passed by pursued by Wayne into the village. As the residue of this division of the army came up to join in the pursuit, Musgrave and his men opened a fire of musketry upon them from the upper windows of his citadel. This brought them to a halt. Some of the officers were for pushing on; but Gen. Knox stoutly objected, insisting on the old military maxim, never to leave a garrisoned castle in the rear. A flag was sent with a summons to surrender. A young Virginian, Lieut. Smith, volunteered to be a bearer. As he was advancing, he was fired upon and received a mortal wound. The house was now cannonaded, but the artillery was too light to have the desired effect. An attempt was made to set fire to the basement. He who attempted it was shot dead from a grated cellar window. Half an hour was thus spent in vain; scarce any of the defenders of the house were injured, though many of the assailants were slain. At length a regiment was left to keep guard upon the mansion and hold its garrison in check, and the rear division again pressed forward. This half hour's delay, however, of nearly one half of the army, disconcerted the action. The divisions and brigades thus separated from each other by the skirmishing attack upon Chew's House, could not be reunited. The original plan of attack was only effectively carried into operation in the center. The flanks and rear of the enemy were nearly unmolested; still the action, though disconnected, irregular and partial, was animated in various quarters. Sullivan, being reinforced by Nash's North Carolina troops and Conway's brigade, pushed on a mile beyond Chew's House, where the left wing of the enemy gave way before him. Greene and Stephen, with their divisions, having had to make a circuit, were late in coming into action, and became separated from each other, part of Stephen's division being arrested by a heavy fire from Chew's House and pausing to return it: Greene, however, with his division, comprising the brigades of Muhlenberg and Scott, pressed rapidly forward, drove an advance regiment of light-infantry before him, took a number of prisoners, and made his way quite to the market-house in the center of the village, where he encountered the right wing of the British, drawn up to receive him. The impetuosity of his attack had an evident effect upon the enemy, who began to waver. Forman and Smallwood, with the Jersey and Maryland militia, were just showing themselves on the right flank of the enemy, and our troops seemed on the point of carrying the whole encampment. At this moment a singular panic seized our army. Various causes are assigned for it. Sullivan alleges that his troops had expended all their cartridges, and were alarmed by seeing the enemy gathering on their left, and by the cry of a light-horseman, that the enemy were get-
ting round them. Wayne's division, which had pushed the enemy nearly three miles, was alarmed by the approach of a large body of American troops on its left flank, which it mistook for foes, and fell back in defiance of every effort of its officers to rally it. In its retreat it came upon Stephen's division and threw it into a panic, being, in its turn, mistaken for the enemy; thus all fell into confusion, and our army fled from their own victory.

In the mean time, the enemy, having recovered from the first effects of surprise, advanced in their turn. Gen. Grey brought up the left wing, and pressed upon the American troops as they receded. Cornwallis, with a squadron of light-horse from Philadelphia, arrived just in time to join in the pursuit. The retreat of the Americans was attended with less loss than might be expected, and they carried off all their cannon and wounded. This was partly owing to the good generalship of Greene, in keeping up a retreating fight with the enemy for nearly five miles; and partly to a check given by Wayne, who turned his cannon upon the enemy from an eminence, near White Marsh Church, and brought them to a stand. The retreat continued through the day to Perkiomen Creek, a distance of twenty miles. The loss of the enemy in this action is stated by them to be 71 killed, 415 wounded, and 14 missing; among the killed was Brigadier-general Agnew. The American loss was 150 killed, 521 wounded, and about 400 taken prisoners. Speaking of Washington's conduct amidst the perplexities of this confused battle, Gen. Sullivan writes, "I saw with great concern our brave commander-in-chief exposing himself to the hottest fire of the enemy, in such a manner that regard for my country obliged me to ride to him, and beg him to retire. He, to gratify me and some others, withdrew to a small distance, but his anxiety for the fate of the day soon brought him up again, where he remained till our troops had retreated." The sudden retreat of the army gave him surprise, chagrin and mortification. "Every account," said he subsequently, in a letter to the President of Congress, "confirms the opinion I at first entertained, that our troops retreated at that instant when victory was declaring herself in our favor. The tumult, disorder, and even despair, which, it seems, had taken place in the British army, were scarcely to be paralleled; and it is said, so strongly did the ideas of a retreat prevail, that Chester was fixed on for their rendezvous." But although the Americans were balked of the victory, which seemed within their grasp, the impression made by the audacity of this attempt upon Germantown, was greater, we are told, than that caused by any single incident of the war after Lexington and Bunker's Hill. The battle had its effect also in France. The Count De Vergennes observed to the American commissioners in Paris on their first interview, that nothing struck him so much as General Washington's attacking and giving battle to Gen. Howe's army; that to bring an army raised within a year to this pass promised everything. The effect on the army itself may be judged from letters written at the time by officers to their friends. "Though we gave away a complete victory," writes one, "we have learnt this valu-
able truth, that we are able to beat them by a vigorous exertion, and that we are far superior in point of swiftness. We are in high spirits; every action gives our troops fresh vigor, and a greater opinion of their own strength." Another writes to his father: "For my own part, I am so fully convinced of the justice of the cause in which we are contending, and that Providence, in its own good time, will succeed and bless it, that, were I to see twelve of the United States overrun by our cruel invaders, I should still believe the thirteenth would not only save itself, but also work out the deliverance of the others."

Washington remained a few days at Perkiomen Creek, to give his army time to rest, and recover from the disorder incident to a retreat. Having been reinforced by the arrival of twelve hundred Rhode Island troops from Peekskill, under Gen. Varnum, and nearly a thousand Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania troops, he gradually drew nearer to Philadelphia, and took a strong position at White Marsh, within fourteen miles of that city. He detached large bodies of militia to scour the roads above the city, and between the Schuylkill and Chester, to intercept all supplies going to the enemy. On the forts and obstructions in the river, he mainly counted to complete the harassment of Philadelphia. These defences had been materially impaired. The works at Billingsport had been attacked and destroyed, and some of the enemy's ships had forced their way through the chevaux-de-frise placed there. The American frigate Delaware, stationed in the river between the upper forts and Philadelphia, had run aground before a British battery, and been captured. It was now the great object of the Howes to reduce and destroy, and of Washington to defend and maintain, the remaining forts and obstructions. Fort Mifflin was erected on a low, green, reedy island in the Delaware, a few miles below Philadelphia and below the mouth of the Schuylkill. It consisted of a strong redoubt, with extensive outworks and batteries. There was but a narrow channel between the island and the Pennsylvania shore. The main channel, practicable for ships, was on the other side. In this were sunk strong chevaux-de-frise, difficult either to be weighed or cut through, and dangerous to any ships that might run against them; subjected as they would be to the batteries of Fort Mifflin on one side, and on the other to those of Fort Mercer, a strong work at Red Bank on the Jersey shore. Fort Mifflin was garrisoned by troops of the Maryland line under Lieut.-Col. Samuel Smith of Baltimore; and by Virginia troops. The garrison was between three and four hundred strong. Floating batteries, galleys, and fire-ships, commanded by Commodore Hazlewood, were stationed under the forts and about the river. Fort Mercer had hitherto been garrisoned by militia, but Washington now replaced them by four hundred of Gen. Varnum's Rhode Island Continental. Col. Christopher Greene was put in command; a brave officer who had accompanied Arnold in his rough expedition to Canada, and fought valiantly under the walls of Quebec. He was accompanied by Capt. Mauduit Duplessis, who was to have the direction of the artillery. He was a young
French engineer of great merit, who had received a commission from Congress. The chevaux-de-frise in the river had been constructed under his superintendence. Greene, aided by Duplessis, made all haste to put Fort Mercer in a state of defence; but before the outworks were completed, he was surprised (Oct. 22) by the appearance of a large force emerging from a wood within cannon shot of the fort. They were four battalions twelve hundred strong of Hessian grenadiers, picked men, beside light-infantry and chasseurs, all commanded by Count Donop. Greene, in nowise dismayed by the superiority of the enemy, forming in glistening array before the wood, prepared for a stout resistance. In a little while an officer was descried, riding slowly up with a flag, accompanied by a drummer. The drummer sounded a parley, and the officer summoned the garrison to surrender; with a threat of no quarter in case of resistance. Greene's reply was, that the post would be defended to the last extremity. Forthwith the Hessians were seen at work throwing up a battery within half a mile of the outworks. It was finished by four o'clock, and opened a heavy cannonade. As the American outworks were but half finished, and were too extensive to be manned by the garrison, it was determined by Greene and Duplessis that the troops should make but a short stand there; to gall the enemy in their approach, and then retire within the redoubt, which was defended by a deep intrenchment, boarded and raised. Donop led on his troops in gallant style, under cover of a heavy fire from his battery. They were excessively galled by a flanking fire from the American gallies and batteries, and by sharp volleys from the outworks. The latter, however, as had been concerted, were quickly abandoned by the garrison. The enemy entered at two places, and imagining the day their own, the two columns pushed on with shouts to storm different parts of the redoubt. As yet, no troops were to be seen; but as one of the columns approached the redoubt on the north side, a tremendous discharge of grape-shot and musketry burst forth from the embrasures in front, and a half-masked battery on the left. The slaughter was prodigious; the column was driven back in confusion. Donop, with the other column, in attempting the south side of the redoubt, had passed the abatis; some of his men had traversed the fosse; others had clambered over the pickets, when a similar tempest of artillery and musketry burst upon them. Some were killed on the spot, many were wounded, and the rest were driven out. Donop himself and Lieut.-Col. Mingerode, the second in command, were also dangerously wounded. Several other of the best officers were slain or disabled. The troops retreated in confusion, hotly pursued, and were again cut up in their retreat by the flanking fire from the gallies and floating batteries. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded, in this brief but severe action, was about 400 men. That of the Americans, eight killed and twenty-nine wounded. As Capt. Mauduit Duplessis was traversing the scene of slaughter after the repulse, he was accosted by a voice from among the slain: "Whoever you are, draw me hence." It was the unfortunate Count Donop. Duples-
 sis had him conveyed to a house near the fort, where every attention was paid to his comfort. He languished for three days, during which Duplessis was continually at his bedside. "This is finishing a noble career early," said the count sadly, as he found his death approaching,—then, as if conscious of the degrading service in which he had fallen, hired out by his prince to aid a foreign power in quelling the brave struggle of a people for their liberty, and contrasting it with that in which the chivalrous youth by his bedside was engaged—"I die," added he bitterly, "the victim of my ambition, and of the avarice of my sovereign." He was but thirty-seven years of age at the time of his death.

Fort Mifflin, opposite to Fort Mercer, was to have been attacked at the same time by water. The force employed was the Augusta of sixty-four guns; the Roebuck of forty-four, two frigates, the Merlin sloop of eighteen guns, and a galley. They forced their way through the lower line of chevaux-de-frise; but the Augusta and Merlin ran aground below the second line, and every effort to get them off proved fruitless. The other vessels kept up a fire upon the fort throughout the evening, and recommenced it early in the morning, as did likewise the British batteries on the Pennsylvania shore; hoping that under cover of it the ships might be got off. A strong adverse wind, however, kept the tide from rising sufficiently to float them. A heavy fire was opened upon them from the galleys and floating batteries. It was warmly returned. In the course of the action, a red-hot shot set the Augusta on fire, it was impossible to check the flames. All haste was made with boats to save the crew, while the other ships drew off as fast as possible to get out of the reach of the explosion. She blew up, however, while the second lieutenant, the chaplain, the gunner, and several of the crew were yet on board, most of whom perished. The Merlin was now set on fire and abandoned; the Roebuck and the other vessels dropped down the river, and the attack on Fort Mifflin was given up. These signal repulses of the enemy had an animating effect on the public mind, and were promptly noticed by Congress. Col. Greene, who commanded at Fort Mercer, Lieut.-Col. Smith of Maryland, who commanded at Fort Mifflin, and Com. Hazlewood, who commanded the galleys, received the thanks of that body; and subsequently, a sword was voted to each, as a testimonial of distinguished merit.

In the meantime the cabal went on to make invidious comparisons between the achievements of the two armies, deeply derogatory to that under Washington. Publicly, he took no notice of them; they drew from him the following apology for his army, in a noble and characteristic letter to his friend, the celebrated Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia. "The design of this," writes he, "is only to inform you that the army which I have had under my immediate command, has not, at any one time, since Gen. Howe's landing at the Head of Elk, been equal in point of numbers to his. In ascertaining this, I do not confine myself to Continental troops, but comprehend militia. I was left to fight two battles, in order, if possible, to save Philadelphia, with less
numbers than composed the army of my antagonist. Next to being strong, it is best to be thought so by the enemy; and to this cause, principally, I think is to be attributed the slow movements of Gen. Howe. How different the case in the Northern Department! There the States of New York and New England continued pouring in their troops, till the surrender of Burgoyne’s army; at which time not less than fourteen thousand militia were in Gen. Gates’s camp, and those composed, for the most part, of the best yeomanry in the country, well armed, and in many instances supplied with provisions of their own carrying. Had the same spirit pervaded the people of this and the neighboring States, we might before this time have had Gen. Howe nearly in the situation of Gen. Burgoyne. My own difficulties, in the course of the campaign, have been not a little increased by the loss of Continental troops, which the gloomy prospect of our affairs in the North immediately after the reduction of Ticonderoga, induced me to spare from this army. But it is to be hoped that all will yet end well. If the cause is advanced, indifferent is it to me where or in what quarter it happens.” We have put the last sentence in capitals, for it speaks the whole soul of Washington. Glory with him is a secondary consideration. Let those who win, wear the laurel—sufficient for him is the advancement of the cause.

Gen. Howe was constructing redoubts and batteries on Province Island, on the west side of the Delaware, within five hundred yards of Fort Mifflin, and mounting them with heavy cannon. Washington consulted with his general officers what was to be done. Had he received the expected reinforcements from the Northern army, he might have detached sufficient force to the west side of the Schuylkill to dislodge the enemy from Province Island; but at present it would require almost the whole of the army for the purpose. This would leave the public stores at Easton, Bethlehem and Allentown uncovered, as well as several of the hospitals. It would also leave the post at Red Bank unsupported, through which Fort Mifflin was reinforced and supplied. The garrisons of Forts Mercer and Mifflin were increased, and Gen. Varnum was stationed at Red Bank with his brigade, to be at hand to render reinforcements to either of them as occasion might require. On the 10th of Nov., Gen. Howe commenced a heavy fire upon Fort Mifflin from his batteries, which mounted eighteen, twenty-four, and thirty-two pounders. Gen. Varnum was instructed to send over fresh troops occasionally to relieve those in the garrison, and to prevail upon as many as possible of the militia to go over. The latter could be employed at night upon the works to repair the damage sustained in the day, and might, if they desired it, return to Red Bank in the morning. Washington’s orders and instructions were faithfully obeyed. Major Fleury, a brave French officer, acquitted himself with intelligence and spirit as engineer; but an incessant cannonade and bombardment for several days, defied all repairs. The block-houses were demolished, the palisades beaten down, the guns dismounted, the barrack reduced to ruins. Captain Treat, a young officer of great merit, who com-
manded the artillery, was killed, as were several non-commissioned officers and privates; and a number were wounded. The survivors, who were not wounded, were exhausted by want of sleep, hard duty, and constant exposure to the rain. Col. Smith, the commander, was disabled by severe contusions, and obliged to retire to Red Bank. The fort was in ruins; there was danger of its being carried by storm, but the gallant Fleury thought it might yet be defended with the aid of fresh troops. Such were furnished from Varnum's brigade: Lieut.-Col. Russell, of the Connecticut line, replaced Col. Smith. He, in his turn, was obliged to relinquish the command through fatigue and ill-health, and was succeeded by Major Thayer of Rhode Island, aided by Capt. (afterwards commodore) Talbot, who had distinguished himself in the preceding year by an attack on a ship-of-war in the Hudson. On the fourth day the enemy brought a large Indiaman, cut down to a floating battery, to bear upon the works; but though it opened a terrible fire, it was silenced before night. The next day several ships-of-war got within gunshot. Two prepared to attack it in front; others brought their guns to bear on Fort Mercer; while two made their way into the narrow channel between Mud Island and the Pennsylvania shore, to operate with the British batteries erected there. At a concerted signal a cannonade was opened from all quarters. The heroic little garrison stood the fire without flinching; the danger, however, was growing imminent. The batteries on Province Island enfiladed the works. The ships in the inner channel approached so near as to throw hand-grenades into the fort, while marines stationed in the roundtops stood ready to pick off any of the garrison that came in sight. The scene now became awful; incessant firing from ships, forts, gondolas and floating batteries, with clouds of sulphurous smoke, and the deafening thunder of cannon. Before night there was hardly a fortification to defend; palisades were shivered, guns dismounted, the whole parapet levelled. There was terrible slaughter; most of the company of artillery were destroyed. Fleury himself was wounded. Capt. Talbot received a wound in the wrist, but continued bravely fighting until disabled by another wound in the hip. To hold out longer was impossible. Col. Thayer made preparations to evacuate the fort in the night. The wounded were taken over to Red Bank accompanied by part of the garrison. Thayer remained with forty men until eleven o'clock, when they set fire to what was combustible of the fort they had so nobly defended, and crossed to Red Bank by the light of its flames. The loss of this fort was deeply regretted by Washington, though he gave high praise to the officers and men of the garrison. Col. Smith was voted a sword by Congress, and Fleury received the commission of lieutenant-colonel.

Washington still hoped to keep possession of Red Bank, and thereby prevent the enemy from weighing the chevaux-de-frise before the frost obliged their ships to quit the river. "I am anxiously waiting the arrival of the troops from the northward," writes he, "who ought, from the time they have had my orders, to have
been here before this. Col. Hamilton, one of my aides, is up the North River, doing all he can to push them forward, but he writes me word that he finds many unaccountable delays thrown in his way. The want of these troops has embarrassed all my measures exceedingly." Col. Hamilton, on his way to the headquarters of Gates, at Albany, found Gov. Clinton and Gen. Putnam encamped on the opposite sides of the Hudson, just above the Highlands; the governor at New Windsor, Putnam at Fishkill. About a mile from New Windsor, Nov. 2d, Hamilton met Morgan and his riflemen, on the march for Washington's camp, having been thus tardily detached by Gates. Hamilton urged him to hasten on with all possible despatch, which he promised to do. The colonel had expected to find matters in such a train, that he would have little to do but hurry on ample reinforcements already on the march; whereas, he found that a large part of the Northern army was to remain in and about Albany, about four thousand men to be spared to the commander-in-chief; the rest were to be stationed on the east side of the Hudson with Putnam, who had projected an attack upon New York. Hamilton rather disconcerted his project by directing him, in Washington's name, to hurry forward two Continental brigades to the latter, together with Warner's militia brigade; also, to order to Red Bank a body of Jersey militia about to cross to Peekskill. Hamilton hastened on to Albany. He found still less disposition on the part of Gates to furnish the troops required. There was no certainty, he said, that Clinton had gone to join Gen. Howe. There was a possibility of his returning up the river. The New England States would be left open to the ravages and depredations of the enemy; beside, it would put it out of his power to attempt anything against Ticonderoga, an undertaking of great importance, in which he might engage in the winter. Hamilton felt, he says, how embarrassing a task it was for one so young as himself to oppose the opinions and plans of a veteran, whose successes had elevated him to the highest importance. It was with the greatest difficulty he prevailed on Gates to detach the brigades of Poor and Patterson to the aid of the commander-in-chief. The surrender of Burgoyne, though mainly the result of Washington's far-seeing plans, had suddenly trumped up Gates into a quasi rival. A letter written to Gates at the time, and still existing among his papers, lays open the spirit of the cabal. It is without signature, but in the handwriting of James Lovell, member of Congress from Massachusetts; the same who had supported Gates in opposition to Schuyler. The following are extracts: "You have saved our Northern Hemisphere; and in spite of consummate and repeated blundering, you have changed the condition of the Southern campaign, on the part of the enemy, from offensive to defensive. The campaign here must soon close; if our troops are obliged to retire to Lancaster, Reading, Bethlehem, etc., for winter-quarters, and the country below is laid open to the enemy's flying parties, great and very general will be the murmur—so great, so general, that nothing inferior to a
commander-in-chief will be able to resist the mighty torrent of public clamor and public vengeance."

Sir William Howe followed up the reduction of Fort Mifflin by an expedition against Fort Mercer, which still impeded the navigation of the Delaware. On the 17th of Nov. Lord Cornwallis was detached with two thousand men to cross from Chester into the Jerseys, where he would be joined by a force advancing from New York. Apprised of this movement, Washington detached Gen. Huntington, with a brigade, to join Varnum at Red Bank. Gen. Greene was also ordered to repair thither with his division, and an express was sent off to Gen. Glover, who was on his way through the Jerseys with his brigade, directing him to file off to the left towards the same point. Before they could form a junction, however, and reach their destination, Cornwallis appeared before it. A defence against such superior force was hopeless. The works were abandoned; and the enemy proceeded to destroy them.

The troops from the North arrived in ragged plight, owing to the derangement of the commissariat. A part of Morgan's rifle corps was absolutely unable to take the field for want of shoes, and such was was the prevalent want in this particular, that ten dollars reward was offered in general orders for a model of the best substitute for shoes that could be made out of raw hides. The enemy were now in possession of the river, but it was too late in the season to clear away the obstructions, and open a passage for the large ships. All that could be effected at present, was to opened a sufficient channel for transports and vessels of easy burden, to bring provisions and supplies for the army. Washington advised the navy board to have all the American frigates scuttled and sunk immediately. The board objected to sinking them, but said they should be ballasted and plugged, ready to be sunk in case of attack.

On the evening of the 24th of Nov. Washington reconnoitred, carefully and thoughtfully, the lines and defences about Philadelphia, from the opposite side of the Schuylkill. His army was now considerably reinforced; the garrison was weakened by the absence of a large body of troops under Lord Cornwallis in the Jerseys. Some of the general officers thought this an advantageous moment for an attack upon the city. Such was the opinion of Lord Stirling; and especially of Gen. Wayne, Mad Anthony, as he was familiarly called, always eager for some daring enterprise. The recent victory at Saratoga had dazzled the public mind, and produced a general impatience for something equally striking and effective in this quarter. Everything in the neighborhood of their lines bore traces of the desolating hand of war. Several houses, owned probably by noted patriots, had been demolished; others burnt. Villas stood roofless; their doors and windows, and all the wood-work, had been carried off to make huts for the soldiery. Nothing but bare walls remained. Gardens had been trampled down and destroyed; not a fence nor fruit-tree was to be seen. The gathering gloom of a November evening heightened the sadness of this desolation. With an anxious eye Washington
scrutinized the enemy's works. They appeared to be exceedingly strong. A chain of redoubts extended along the most commanding ground from the Schuylkill to the Delaware. They were framed, planked, and of great thickness, and were surrounded by a deep ditch, enclosed and raised. The intervals were filled with an abatis, in constructing which all the apple trees of the neighborhood, beside forest trees, had been sacrificed. Washington saw there was an opportunity for a brilliant blow, that might satisfy the impatience of the public, and silence the sarcasms of the press; but he saw that it must be struck at the expense of a fearful loss of life. Returning to camp, he held a council of war of his principal officers, in which the matter was debated at great length. At breaking up, he requested that each member of the council would give his opinion the next morning in writing, and he sent off a messenger in the night for the written opinion of Gen. Greene. Only four members of the council, Stirling, Wayne, Scott and Woodford, were in favor of an attack; of which Lord Stirling drew up the plan. Eleven (including Greene) were against it, objecting, among other things, that the enemy's lines were too strong and too well supported, and their force too numerous, well disciplined and experienced, to be assailed without great loss and the hazard of a failure. Had Washington been actuated by mere personal ambition and a passion for military fame, or had he yielded to the goadings of faction and the press, he might have disregarded the loss and hazarded the failure; but his patriotism was superior to his ambition; he shrank from a glory that must be achieved at such a cost, and the idea of an attack was abandoned.

The Marquis de Lafayette, though not quite recovered from the wound received at the battle of Brandywine, had accompanied Gen. Greene as a volunteer in his expedition into the Jerseys, and had been indulged by him with an opportunity of gratifying his belligerent humor, in a brush with Cornwallis's outposts. "The marquis," writes Greene, to Washington, "with about four hundred militia and the rifle corps, attacked the enemy's picket last evening, killed about twenty, wounded many more, and took about twenty prisoners. The marquis is charmed with the spirited behavior of the militia and rifle corps; they drove the enemy above half a mile, and kept the ground until dark. The enemy's picket consisted of about three hundred, and were reinforced during the skirmish. The marquis is determined to be in the way of danger." Washington transmitted to Congress an account of Lafayette's youthful exploit. He received, in return, an intimation from that body, that it was their pleasure he should appoint the marquis to the command of a division in the Continental army. Lafayette was forthwith appointed to the command of Gen. Stephen's former division.

At this juncture (Nov. 27th), a modification took place in the Board of War, indicative of the influence which was operating in Congress. It was increased from three to five members: Gen. Mifflin, Joseph Trumbull, Richard Peters, Col. Pickering, and last, though certainly not least, Gen. Gates. Gates was appointed
president of the board, and the President of Congress was instructed to express to him, the high sense which that body entertained of his abilities and peculiar fitness to discharge the duties of that important office, upon the right execution of which the success of the American cause so eminently depended; and to inform him it was their intention to continue his rank as major-general, and that he might officiate at the board or in the field, as occasion might require; furthermore, that he should repair to Congress with all convenient despatch, to enter upon the duties of his appointment. It was evidently the idea of the cabal that Gates was henceforth to be the master spirit of the war. While busy faction was thus at work, both in and out of Congress, to undermine the fame and authority of Washington, Gen. Howe, according to his own threat, was preparing to "drive him beyond the mountains." On the 4th of Dec., Capt. Allen McLane, a vigilant officer of the Maryland line, brought word to headquarters, that an attack was to be made that very night on the camp at White Marsh. Washington made his dispositions to receive the meditated assault, and, in the mean time, detached McLane with one hundred men to reconnoitre. The latter met the van of the enemy about eleven o'clock at night, on the Germantown Road; attacked it at the Three Mile Run, forced it to change its line of march, and hovered about and impeded it throughout the night. The enemy appeared at daybreak, and encamped on Chestnut Hill, within three miles of Washington's right wing. Brigadier-general James Irvine, with 600 militia, was sent out to skirmish with their light advanced parties. After a short conflict, in which several were killed and wounded, his troops gave way and fled in all directions, leaving him and four or five of his men wounded on the field. Gen. Howe passed the day in reconnoitring, and at night changed his ground, and moved to a hill on the left, and within a mile of the American line. He had scrutinized Washington's position and pronounced it inaccessible. For three days he manoeuvred to draw him from it, shifting his own position occasionally, but still keeping on advantageous ground. Washington was not to be decoyed. He knew the vast advantages which superior science, discipline and experience gave the enemy in open field fight, and remained within his lines. On the 7th there was every appearance that Howe meditated an attack on the left wing. Washington's heart now beat high, and he prepared for a warm and decisive action. In the course of the day he rode through every brigade, giving directions how the attack was to be met, and exhorting his troops to depend mainly on the bayonet. His men were inspired by his words, but still more by his looks, so calm and determined; for the soldier regards the demeanor more than the words of his general in the hour of peril. The day wore away with nothing but skirmishes, in which Morgan's riflemen, and the Maryland militia under Col. Gist, rendered good service; but no attack took place. The spirit manifested by the Americans in their recent contests, had rendered the British commanders cautious. The next day, in the afternoon, the enemy were again in motion; but instead of advancing, filed off to the left,
halted, and lit up a long string of fires on the heights; behind which they retreated, silently and precipitately, in the night. By the time Washington received intelligence of their movement, they were in full march by two or three routes for Philadelphia. He immediately detached light parties to fall upon their rear, but they were too far on the way for any but lighthorse to overtake them.

Winter had now set in with all its severity. The troops, worn down by long and hard service, had need of repose. Poorly clad, also, and almost destitute of blankets, they required a warmer shelter than mere tents against the inclemencies of the season. The plan adopted by Washington, after holding a council of war, and weighing the discordant opinions of his officers, was to hut the army for the winter at Valley Forge, in Chester County, and the west side of the Schuylkill, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. Here he would be able to keep a vigilant eye on that city, and at the same time protect a great extent of country. Sad and dreary was the march to Valley Forge; uncheered by the recollection of any recent triumph, as was the march to winterquarters in the preceding year. Hungry and cold were the poor fellows who had so long been keeping the field; for provisions were scant, clothing worn out, and so badly off were they for shoes, that the footsteps of many might be tracked in blood. Yet at this very time we are told, "hogsheads of shoes, stockings, and clothing, were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams, or of money to pay the teamsters." Such were the consequences of the derangement of the commissariat.

Arrived at Valley Forge on the 17th, (Dec. 1777) the troops had still to brave the wintry weather in their tents, until they could cut down trees and construct huts for their accommodation. Those who were on the sick list had to seek temporary shelter among the farmers of the neighborhood. Each hut was fourteen feet by sixteen, with walls of logs filled in with clay, six feet and a half high; the fireplaces were of logs plastered; and logs split into rude planks or slabs furnished the roofing. A hut was allotted to twelve non-commissioned officers and soldiers. A general-officer had a hut to himself. The same was allowed to the staff of each brigade and regiment, and the field officer of each regiment; and a hut to the commissioned officers of each company. The huts of the soldiers fronted on the streets. Those of the officers formed a line in the rear, and the encampment gradually assumed the look of a rude military village. Scarce had the troops been two days employed in these labors, when, before daybreak on the 22d, word was brought that a body of the enemy had made a sortie toward Chester, apparently on a foraging expedition. Washington issued orders to Gen. Huntington and Varnum to hold their troops in readiness to march against them. Their replies bespeak the forlorn state of the army. "Fighting will be far perferable to starving," writes Huntington. "My brigade are out of prisions, nor can the commissary obtain any meat. I have used every argument my imagination can invent to make the soldiers easy, but I despair of being able to do it much longer." "It's a very pleasing circum-
stance to the division under my command," writes Varnum, "that there is a probability of their marching; three days successively we have been destitute of bread. Two days we have been entirely without meat. The men must be supplied, or they cannot be commanded." In fact, a dangerous mutiny had broken out among the famishing troops in the preceding night, which their officers had had great difficulty in quelling. Washington instantly wrote to the President of Congress on the subject. "I do not know from what cause this alarming deficiency, or rather total failure of supplies arises; but unless more vigorous exertions and better regulations take place in the commissaries's department immediately, the army must dissolve. In the present exigency, to save his camp from desolation, and to relieve his starving soldiery, he was compelled to exercise the authority recently given him by Congress, to forage the country round, seize supplies wherever he could find them, and pay for them in money or in certificates redeemable by Congress. He exercised these powers with great reluctance; rurally inclined himself, he had a strong sympathy with the cultivators of the soil, and ever regarded the yeomanry with a paternal eye. He was apprehensive, moreover, of irritating the jealousy of military sway, prevalent throughout the country, and of corrupting the morals of the army. "Such procedures," writes he to the President of Congress, "may give a momentary relief; but if repeated, will prove of the most pernicious consequence. Beside spreading disaffection, jealousy and fear among the people, they never fail, even in the most veteran troops, under the most rigid and exact discipline, to raise in the soldiery a disposition to licentiousness, to plunder and robbery, difficult to suppress afterward, and which has proved not only ruinous to the inhabitants, but in many instances to armies themselves." How truly in all these trying scenes of his military career, does the patriot rise above the soldier! It had been one of the most arduous and eventful years of his military life, and one the most trying to his character and fortunes. He began it with an empty army chest, and a force dwindled down to four thousand half-disciplined men. Throughout the year he had had to contend, not merely with the enemy, but with the parsimony and meddlesome interference of Congress. In his most critical times that body had left him without funds and without reinforcements. Marvellous indeed was the manner in which he had soothed the discontents of his aggrieved officers, and reconciled them to an ill-requiting service; and still more marvellous the manner in which he had breathed his own spirit of patience and perseverance in his yeoman soldiery, during their sultry marches and countermarchings through the Jerseys, under all kinds of privation, with no visible object of pursuit to stimulate their ardor, hunting, as it were, the rumored apparitions of an unseen fleet. All this time, too, while endeavoring to ascertain and counteract the operations of Lord Howe upon the ocean, and his brother upon the land, he was directing and aiding military measures against Burgoyne in the North. Three games were in a manner going on under his supervision. The operations of the commander-in-chief
are not always most obvious to the public eyes; victories may be planned in his tent, of which subordinate generals get the credit; and most of the moves which ended in giving a triumphant check to Burgoyne, may be traced to Washington's shifting camp in the Jerseys. The machinations and intrigues which had displaced the noble-hearted Schuyler from the head of the Northern department, were now at work to undermine the commander-in-chief, and elevate the putative hero of Saratoga on his ruins. In no part of the war did Washington more thoroughly evince that magnanimity which was his grand characteristic than in the last scenes of this campaign, where he rose above the tauntings of the press, the sneering of the cabal, the murmurs of the public, the suggestions of some of his friends, and the throbbing impulses of his own courageous heart and adhered to that Fabian policy which he considered essential to the safety of the cause. To dare is often the impulse of selfish ambition or hare-brained valor; to forbear is at times the proof of real greatness,—Gates was the constant theme of popular eulogium, and was held up by the cabal, as the only one capable of retrieving the desperate fortunes of the South. Letters from his friends in Congress urged him to hasten on, take his seat at the head of the Board of War, assume the management of military affairs, and save the country! He was not a strong-minded man. It is a wonder, then, that his brain should be bewildered by the fumes of incense offered up on every side? In the midst of his triumph, however, while feasting on the sweets of adulation, came the withering handwritings on the wall! It is an epistle from his friend Mifflin. "My dear General." writes he, "an extract from Conway's letter to you has been procured and sent to headquarters. The extract was a collection of just sentiments, yet such as should not have been intrusted to any of your family. General Washington enclosed it to Conway without remarks. Nothing could surpass the trouble and confusion of mind of Gates on the perusal of this letter. Part of his correspondence with Conway had been sent to headquarters. But what part? What was the purport and extent of the alleged extracts? How had they been obtained? Who had sent them? He then wrote to Washington, who replied with characteristic dignity and candor: 'Col. Wilkinson, on his way to Congress, in the month of October last, fell in with Lord Stirling at Reading, and, not in confidence, that I ever understood, informed his aide-de-camp, Major McWilliams, that General Conway had written this to you: 'Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it.' Lord Stirling, from motives of friendship, transmitted the account with this remark: 'The enclosed was communicated by Col. Wilkinson to Major McWilliams. Such wicked duplicity of conduct I shall always think it my duty to detect.' " "Neither this letter," continues he, "nor the information which occasioned it, was ever directly or indirectly communicated by me to a single officer in this army, out of my own family, excepting the Marquis de Lafayette, who, having been spoken to on the subject by Gen. Conway, applied for and saw, under injunc-
tions of secrecy, the letter which contained Wilkinson's information; so desirous was I of concealing every matter that could, in its consequences, give the smallest interruption to the tranquillity of this army, or afford a gleam of hope to the enemy by dissensions therein. Till Lord Stirling's letter came to my hands, I never knew that Gen. Conway, whom I viewed in the light of a stranger to you, was a correspondent of yours; much less did I suspect that I was the subject of your confidential letters. Pardon me, then, for adding, that so far from conceiving the safety of the States can be affected, or in the smallest degree injured, by a discovery of this kind, or that I should be called upon in such solemn terms to point out the author, I considered the information as coming from yourself, and given with a view to forwarn, and consequently to forewarn me, against a secret enemy, or in other words, a dangerous incendiary; in which character sooner or later this country will know Gen. Conway. But in this, as in other matters of late, I have found myself mistaken." This clear and ample answer showed that the betrayal of the defamatory correspondence was due to the babbling of Wilkinson.

Gates was disposed to mark his advent to power by a striking operation. An expedition was to proceed from Albany, cross Lake Champlain on the ice, burning the British shipping at St. John's, and press forward to Montreal. Washington was not consulted in the matter; the project was submitted to Congress, and sanctioned by them without his privity. One object of the scheme was to detach the Marquis de Lafayette from Washington, to whom he was devotedly attached, and bring him into the interests of the cabal. For this purpose he was to have the command of the expedition; an appointment which it was thought would tempt his military ambition. Conway was to be second in command, and it was trusted that his address and superior intelligence would virtually make him the leader. The first notice that Washington received of the project was in a letter from Gates, enclosing one to Lafayette, informing the latter of his appointment, and requiring his attendance at Yorktown to receive his instructions. Lafayette was so disgusted by the want of deference and respect to the commander-in-chief evinced in the whole proceedings, that he would at once have declined the appointment, had not Washington himself advised him strongly to accept it. Gates was profuse of promises. Everything was to be made smooth and easy for Lafayette. He was to have at least two thousand five hundred fighting men under him. Stark, the veteran Stark, was ready to cooperate with a body of Green Mountain Boys. It was near the end of a repast. The wine had circulated freely, and toasts had been given according to the custom of the day. The marquis thought it time to show his flag. One toast, he observed, had been omitted, which he would now propose. Glasses were accordingly filled, and he gave "The commander-in-chief of the American armies." The toast was received without cheering. Lafayette was faithful to the flag which he had unfurled. In accepting the command, he considered himself detached from the main
army under the immediate orders of the commander-in-chief. He made a point of having the Baron de Kalb appointed to the expedition; whose commission being of older date than that of Conway, would make him second in command. He set out for Albany without any very sanguine expectations. Writing to Washington from Flemington, amid the difficulties of winter travel, he says: "I go on very slowly; sometimes drenched by rain, sometimes covered with snow, and not entertaining many handsome thoughts about the projected excursion into Canada. Lake Champlain is too cold for producing the least bit of laurel; and, if I am not starved, I shall be as proud as if I had gained three battles." Gen. Conway had arrived at Albany three days before the marquis, and his first words when they met was that the expedition was quite impossible. Generals Schuyler, Lincoln and Arnold had written to Conway to that effect. The marquis was at first inclined to hope the contrary, but his hope was soon demolished. Instead of the two thousand five hundred men that had been promised him, not twelve hundred in all were to be found fit for duty, and most part of these were "naked even for a summer's campaign;" all shrank from a winter incursion into so cold a country. As to Gen. Stark and his legion of Green Mountain Boys, the marquis received at Albany a letter from the veteran, "who wishes to know," says he, "what number of men, for what time, and for what rendezvous, I desire him to raise." The poor marquis was in despair—but what most distressed him was the dread of ridicule. He had written to his friends that he had the command of the expedition; it would be known throughout Europe. Washington, with his considerate paternal counsels, hastened to calm the perturbation of his youthful friend, and dispel those fears respecting his reputation, excited only, as he observed, "by an uncommon degree of sensibility." "It will be no disadvantage to you to have it known in Europe," writes he, "that you have received so manifest a proof of the good opinion and confidence of Congress as an important detached command." The project of an irruption into Canada was at length formally suspended by a resolve of Congress; and Washington was directed to recall the marquis and the Baron de Kalb, the presence of the latter being deemed absolutely necessary to the army at Valley Forge. Lafayette at the same time received assurance of the high sense entertained by Congress of his prudence, activity and zeal, and that nothing was wanting on his part to give the expedition the utmost possible effect. He gladly hastened back to Valley Forge, to enjoy the companionship and find himself once more under the paternal eye of Washington; leaving Conway for the time in command at Albany, "where there would be nothing perhaps to be attended to but some disputes of Indians and tories."

During the winter's encampment in Valley Forge, Washington sedulously applied himself to the formation of a new system for the army. At his earnest solicitation Congress appointed Gen. Reed, Nathaniel Folsom, Francis Dana, Charles Carrol, and Gouverneur Morris a Committee of arrangements, to repair to the camp and assist
him in the task. Before their arrival he had collected the written opinions and suggestions of his officers on the subject; and from these, and his own observations and experience, had prepared a document exhibiting the actual state of the army, the defects of previous systems, and the alterations and reforms that were necessary. The committee remained three months with him in camp, and then made a report to Congress founded on his statement. Washington had urged that the pay of the officers was insufficient for their decent subsistence, especially during the actual depreciation of the currency; and that many resignations were the consequence. He recommended not only that their pay should be increased, but that there should be a provision for their future support, by half pay and a pensionary establishment; so as to secure them from being absolutely impoverished in the service of their country. But all that Washington could effect by strenuous and unremitting exertions, was a kind of compromise, according to which officers were to receive half pay for seven years after the war, and non-commissioned officers and privates eighty dollars each. The reforms adopted were slow in going into operation. In the meantime, the distress of the army continued to increase. The surrounding country for a great distance was exhausted, and had the appearance of having been pillaged. In some places where the inhabitants had provisions and cattle they denied it, intending to take them to Philadelphia, where they could obtain greater prices. The undisturbed communication with the city had corrupted the minds of the people in its vicinage. "This State is sick even unto the death," said Gouverneur Morris. The parties sent out to forage too often returned empty handed. "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in the camp," writes Washington, on one occasion. "A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their suffering to a general mutiny and desertion." The committee, in their report, declared that the want of straw had cost the lives of many of the troops. "Unprovided with this, or materials to raise them from the cold and wet earth, sickness and mortality have spread through their quarters in an astonishing degree. Nothing can equal their sufferings, except the patience and fortitude with which the faithful part of the army endure them. Steadman, a British historian, cites as a proof of the great ascendency of Washington over his "raw and undisciplined troops," that so many remained with him throughout the winter, in this wretched situation and still more wretched plight; almost naked, often on short allowance, with great sickness and mortality, and a scarcity of medicine, their horses perishing by hundreds from hunger and the severity of the season. He gives a striking picture of the indolence and luxury which reigned at the same time in the British army in Philadelphia. It is true, the investment of the city by the Americans rendered provisions dear and fuel scanty; but the consequent priva-
tions were felt by the inhabitants, not by their invaders. The latter revelled as if in a conquered place. Private houses were occupied without rendering compensation; the officers were quartered on the principal inhabitants, many of whom were of the Society of Friends. The quiet habits of the city were outraged by the dissolute habits of a camp. Gaming prevailed to a shameless degree. A foreign officer kept a faro bank, at which he made a fortune, and some of the young officers ruined themselves. "During the whole of this long winter of riot and dissipation," continues the same writer, "Washington was suffered to remain undisturbed at Valley Forge, with an army not exceeding five thousand effective men; and his cannon frozen up and immovable. A nocturnal attack might have forced him to a disadvantageous action or compelled him to a disastrous retreat, leaving behind him his sick, cannon, ammunition and heavy baggage. It might have opened the way for supplies to the city, and shaken off the lethargy of the British army."

Capt. Henry Lee (Light-horse Harry) had made himself formidable to the enemy by harassing their foraging parties. An attempt was made to surprise him at the advanced post, where he was stationed with a few men. A party of about two hundred dragoons, taking a circuitous route in the night, came upon him by day-break. He took post in a large store-house. His scanty force did not allow a soldier for each window. The dragoons attempted to force their way into the house, but were bravely repulsed, and sheered off, leaving two killed and four wounded. Washington, whose heart evidently warmed more and more to this young Virginian officer, the son of his "lowland beauty," not content with noticing his exploit in general orders, wrote a note to him on the subject, expressed with unusual familiarity and warmth. "My dear Lee," writes he, "although I have given you my thanks in the general orders of this day, for the late instance of your gallant behavior, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to repeat them again in this manner. I needed no fresh proof of your merit to bear you in remembrance. I waited only for the proper time and season to show it; those I hope are not far off." Not long afterwards he strongly recommended Lee for the command of two troops of horse, with the rank of major, to act as an independent partisan corps. "His genius," observes he, "particularly adapts him to a command of this nature; and it will be the most agreeable to him of any station in which he could be placed." It was a high gratification to Washington when Congress made this appointment; accompanying it with encomiums on Lee as a brave and prudent officer, who had rendered essential service to the country, and acquired distinguished honor to himself and the corps he commanded.

About this time Washington received a letter from Gen. Lee, who was still in the hands of the enemy. "I have the strongest reason to flatter myself," writes Lee, "that you will interest yourself in whatever interests my comfort and welfare. I think it my duty to inform you that my situation is much bettered. It is
now five days that I am on my parole. I have the full liberty of the city and its limits; have horses at my command furnished by Sir Henry Clinton and Gen. Robertson; am lodged with two of the oldest and warmest friends I have in the world, Col. Butler and Col. Disney of the forty-second regiment. In short, my situation is rendered as easy, comfortable and pleasant as possible, for a man who is in any sort a prisoner." Washington replied: "You may rest assured that I feel myself very much interested in your welfare, and that every exertion has been used on my part to effect your exchange. I am authorized to expect that you will return in a few days to your friends on parole, as Major-General Prescott will be sent in on the same terms for that purpose." Difficulties, however, still occurred; and Gen. Lee and Col. Ethan Allen were doomed for a few months longer to suffer the annoyance of hope deferred. The embarkation of Gen. Burgoyne and his troops from Boston, became also a subject of difficulty and delay; it being alleged that some stipulations of the treaty of surrender had not been complied with. Burgoyne subsequently obtained permission for his own return to England on parole, on account of ill health.

In the month of February, Mrs. Washington rejoined the general at Valley Forge, and took up her residence at headquarters. The arrangements consequent to her arrival bespeak the simplicity of style in this rude encampment. "The general's apartment is very small," writes she to a friend; "he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first." Lady Stirling, Mrs. Knox, the wife of the general, and the wives of other of the officers were also in the camp. The reforms in the commissariat had begun to operate. Provisions arrived in considerable quantities; supplies, on their way to the Philadelphia market to load the British tables, were intercepted and diverted into the hungry camp of the patriots; magazines were formed in Valley Forge; the threatened famine was averted; "grim-visaged war" gradually relaxed his features, and affairs in the encampment began to assume a more cheering aspect.

Baron Steuben arrived in the camp towards the latter part of February. He was a seasoned soldier from the old battlefields of Europe; having served in the seven years' war, and been aide-de-camp to the great Frederick. Honors had been heaped upon him in Germany. After leaving the Prussian army he had been grand marshal of the court of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, colonel in the circle of Suabia, lieutenant-general under the Prince Margrave of Baden, and knight of the Order of Fidelity; and he had declined liberal offers from the King of Sardinia and the Emperor of Austria. With an income of about three thousand dollars, chiefly arising from various appointments, he was living pleasantly in distinguished society at the German courts, and making occasional visits to Paris, when he was persuaded by the Count de St. Germain, French Minister of War, and others of the French cabinet, to come out to America, and engage in the cause they were preparing to befriend. Their object was to secure for the
American armies the services of an officer of experience and a thorough disciplinarian. Through their persuasions he resigned his several offices, and came out at forty-eight years of age, a soldier of fortune, to the rude fighting grounds of America, to aid a half-disciplined people in their struggle for liberty. No certainty of remuneration was held out to him, but there was an opportunity for acquiring military glory; the probability of adequate reward should the young republic be successful; and it was hinted that, at all events, the French court would not suffer him to be a loser. As his means, on resigning his offices, were small, Beaumarchais furnished funds for his immediate expenses. The baron had brought strong letters from Dr. Franklin and Mr. Deane, our envoys at Paris, and from the Count St. Germain. Landing in Portsmouth in New Hampshire, Dec. 1st, he had forwarded copies of his letters to Washington. "The object of my greatest ambition," writes he, "is to render your country all the service in my power, and to deserve the title of a citizen of America by fighting for the cause of your liberty. I would say, moreover, were it not for the fear of offending your modesty, that your Excellency is the only person under whom, after having served under the King of Prussia, I could wish to pursue an art to which I have wholly given myself up." By Washington's direction, the baron had proceeded direct to Congress. His letters procured him a distinguished reception from the president. He offered his services as a volunteer: making no condition for rank or pay, but trusting, should he prove himself worthy and the cause be crowned with success, he would be indemnified for the sacrifices he had made, and receive such further compensation as he might be thought to merit. The baron's proffered services were accepted with a vote of thanks for his disinterestedness, and he was ordered to join the army at Valley Forge. That army, in its ragged condition and squalid quarters, presented a sorry aspect to a strict disciplinarian from Germany, accustomed to the order and appointments of European camps; and the baron declared, that under such circumstances no army in Europe could be kept together for a single month. His liberal mind, however, made every allowance; and Washington soon found in him a consummate soldier, free from pedantry or pretention. Washington proposed to the baron to undertake the office of inspector-general. The latter cheerfully agreed. Two ranks of inspectors were appointed under him; the lowest to inspect brigades, the highest to superintend several of these. Among the inspectors was a French gentleman of the name of Ternant, chosen not only for his intrinsic merit and abilities, but on account of his being well versed in the English as well as the French language, which made him a necessary assistant to the baron, who, at times, needed an interpreter. The gallant Fleury, to whom Congress had given the rank and pay of lieutenant-colonel, and who had exercised the office of aide-major in France, was soon after employed likewise as an inspector. In a little while the whole army was under drill; for a great part, made up of raw militia, scarcely knew the manual exercise. Many of the officers,
too, knew little of manoeuvring, and the best of them had much to
learn. The baron furnished his sub-inspectors with written
instructions relative to their several functions. He took a com-
pany of soldiers under his immediate training, and after he had
sufficiently schooled it, made it a model for the others, exhibiting
the manoeuvres they had to practice. It was a severe task at first
for the aide-de-camp of the Great Frederick to operate upon such
raw materials. His ignorance of the language, too, increased the
difficulty, where manoeuvres were to be explained or rectified. He
was in despair, until an officer of a New York regiment, Captain
Walker, who spoke French, stepped forward and offered to act as
interpreter. "Had I seen an angel from Heaven," says the baron,
"I could not have been more rejoiced." He made Walker his
aide-de-camp, and from that time had him always at hand. For a
time, there was nothing but drills throughout the camp, then gradu-
ally came evolutions of every kind. The officers were schooled
as well as the men. The troops were paraded in a single line
with shouldered arms; every officer in his place. The baron passed
in front, then took the musket of each soldier in hand, to see
whether it was clean and well polished, and examined whether the
men's accoutrements were in good order. He was sadly worried for a
time with the militia; especially when any manoeuvre was to be
performed. The men blundered in their exercise; the baron
blundered in his English; his French and German were of no
avail; he lost his temper, which was rather warm; swore in all
three languages at once, which made the matter worse, and at
length called his aide to his assistance—to help him curse the
blockheads, as it was pretended—but no doubt to explain the
manoeuvre. Still the grand marshal of the court of Hohenzollern
mingled with the veteran soldier of Frederick, and tempered his
occasional bursts of impatience; and he had a kind, generous
heart, that soon made him a favorite with the men. His discipline
extended to their comforts. He inquired into their treatment by
the officers. He examined the doctor's reports; visited the sick;
and saw that they were well lodged and attended. He was an
example, too, of the regularity and system he exacted. One of
the most alert and indefatigable men in the camp; up at daybreak
if not before, whenever there were to be any important manoeuvres,
he took his cup of coffee and smoked his pipe while his servant
dressed his hair, and by sunrise he was in the saddle, equipped at
all points, with the star of his order of knighthood glittering on
his breast, and was off to the parade, alone, if his suite were not
ready to attend him. His strong good sense was evinced in the
manner in which he adapted his tactics to the nature of the army
and the situation of the country, instead of adhering with bigotry
to the system of Europe. His instructions were appreciated by all.
The officers received them gladly and conformed to them. The
men soon became active and adroit. The army gradually ac-
quired a proper organization, and began to operate like a great
machine; and Washington found in the baron an intelligent,
disinterested, truthful coadjutor, well worthy of the badge he wore as a knight of the Order of Fidelity.

Another great satisfaction to Washington, was the appointment by Congress (March 3d) of Greene to the office of quartermaster-general; still retaining his rank of major-general in the army. Greene undertook the office with reluctance, and agreed to perform the military duties of it without compensation for the space of a year. He found it in great disorder and confusion, but, by extraordinary exertions and excellent system, so arranged it, as to put the army in a condition to take the field and move with rapidity the moment it should be required. The favor in which Greene stood with the commander-in-chief, arose from the abundant proofs Washington had received in times of trial and difficulty, that he had a brave, affectionate heart, a sound head, and an efficient arm, on all of which he could thoroughly rely.

The Highlands of the Hudson had been carefully reconnoitered in the course of the winter by Gen. Putnam, Gov. Clinton, his brother James, and several others, and subsequently by a committee from the New York Legislature, to determine upon the most eligible place to be fortified. West Point was ultimately chosen: and Major-general McDougall was ordered to the Highlands, to take command of the different posts in that department, and to press forward the construction of the works, in which he was to be assisted by Kosciuszko, an engineer.

By a resolution of Congress on the 15th, Gates was directed to resume the command of the Northern department, and to proceed forthwith to Fishkill for that purpose. He was invested with powers for completing the works on the Hudson, and authorized to carry on operations against the enemy should any favorable opportunity offer, but he was not to undertake any expedition against New York without previously consulting the commander-in-chief. Washington was requested to assemble a council of major-generals to determine upon a plan of operations, and Gates and Mifflin, by a subsequent resolution, were ordered to attend that council. This arrangement, putting Gates under Washington's order, evinced the determination of Congress to sustain the latter in his proper authority.

The capture of Burgoyne and his army was now operating with powerful effect on the cabinets of both England and France. With the former it was coupled with the apprehension that France was about to espouse the American cause. The consequence was Lord North's "Conciliatory Bills," as they were called, submitted by him to Parliament, and passed with but slight opposition. One of these bills regulated taxation in the American colonies, in a manner which, it was trusted, would obviate every objection. The other authorized the appointment of commissioners clothed with powers to negotiate with the existing governments; to proclaim a cessation of hostilities; to grant pardons, and to adopt other measures of a conciliatory nature. Intelligence that a treaty between France and the United States had actually been concluded at Paris, induced the British minister to hurry off a draft of the bills
to America, to forestall the effects of the treaty upon the public mind. Gen. Tryon caused copies of it to be printed in New York and circulated through the country. He sent several of them to General Washington, 15th April, with a request that they should be communicated to the officers and privates of his army. Washington transmitted them to Congress, observing that the time to entertain such overtures was past. "Nothing short of independence, it appears to me, can possibly do. A peace on other terms would, if I may be allowed the expression, be a peace of war. The injuries we have received from the British nation were so unprovoked, and have been so great and so many, that they can never be forgotten." These and other objections advanced by him met with the concurrence of Congress, and it was unanimously resolved that no conference could be held, no treaty made with any commissioners on the part of Great Britain, until that power should have withdrawn its fleets and armies, or acknowledged in positive and express terms the independence of the United States.

The negotiations with the French Cabinet which had gone on so slowly as almost to reduce our commissioners to despair, were brought to a happy termination, and on the 2d of May, ten days after the passing by Congress of the resolves just cited, a messenger arrived express from France with two treaties, one of amity and commerce, the other of defensive alliance, signed in Paris on the 6th of February by M. Girard on the part of France, and by Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee on the part of the United States. This last treaty stipulated that, should war ensue between France and England, it should be made a common cause by the contracting parties, in which neither should make truce or peace with Great Britain without the consent of the other, nor either lay down their arms until the independence of the United States was established. These treaties were unanimously ratified by Congress, and their promulgation was celebrated by public rejoicings throughout the country. The 6th of May was set apart for a military fete at the camp at Valley Forge. The army was assembled in best array; there was solemn thanksgiving by the chaplains at the head of each brigade; after which a grand parade, a national discharge of thirteen guns, a general "feu de joie, and shouts of the whole army, "Long live the King of France—Long live the friendly European powers—Huzza for the American States." A banquet succeeded, at which Washington dined in public with all the officers of his army, attended by a band of music. Patriotic toasts were given and heartily cheered. Washington retired at five o'clock, on which there was universal huzzaing and clapping of hands—"Long live General Washington." The shouts continued till he had proceeded a quarter of a mile, and a thousand hats were tossed in the air. Washington and his suite turned round several times and cheered in reply. The commander-in-chief was supreme in the affections of the army.

On the 8th, the council of war, ordered by Congress, was convened; at which were present Major-generals Gates, Greene, Stirling, Mifflin, Lafayette, De Kalb, Armstrong and Steuben, and
Brigadier-generals Knox and Duportail. It was unanimously determined to remain on the defensive, and not attempt any offensive operation until some opportunity should occur to strike a successful blow. Gen. Lee was not present at the council, but afterwards signed the decision.

The military career of Sir William Howe in the United States was now drawing to a close. His conduct of the war had given much dissatisfaction in England. His enemies observed that everything gained by the troops was lost by the general; that he had suffered an enemy with less than four thousand men to conquer a province which he had recently reduced, and lay a kind of siege to his army in their winter quarters; and that he had brought a sad reverse upon the British arms by failing to co-operate vigorously and efficiently with Burgoyne. Sir William had tendered his resignation, which had been promptly accepted, and Sir Henry Clinton ordered to relieve him. Clinton arrived in Philadelphia on the 8th of May, and took command of the army on the 11th.

At this time the number of British chivalry in Philadelphia was nineteen thousand five hundred and thirty, cooped up in a manner by an American force at Valley Forge, amounting, according to official returns to eleven thousand eight hundred men. Soon after Sir Henry Clinton had taken the command, there were symptoms of an intention to evacuate the city. Lafayette was therefore detached by Washington, with twenty-one hundred chosen men and five pieces of cannon, to take a position where he might be at hand to gain information, watch the movements of the enemy, check their predatory excursions, and fall on their rear when in the act of withdrawing. The marquis crossed the Schuylkill on the 18th of May, and proceeded to Barren Hill, about half way between Washington’s camp and Philadelphia, and about eleven miles from both. Here he planted his cannon facing the south, with rocky ridges bordering the Schuylkill on his right; woods and stone houses on his left. Behind him the roads forked, one branch leading to Matson’s Ford on the Schuylkill, the other by Swedes’ Ford to Valley Forge. In advance of his left wing was McLane’s company and about fifty Indians. Pickets and videttes were placed in the woods to the south, through which the roads led to Philadelphia, and a body of six hundred Pennsylvania militia were stationed to keep watch on the roads leading to White Marsh. Clinton concerted a plan to entrap the young French nobleman. Five thousand men were sent out at night, under Gen. Grant, to make a circuitous march by White Marsh, and get in the rear of the Americans; another force under Gen. Grey was to cross to the west side of the Schuylkill, and take post below Barren Hill, while Sir Henry in person was to lead a third division along the Philadelphia road. Early in the morning red coats were descried in the woods near White Marsh. Lafayette sent out an officer to reconnoitre. The latter soon came spurring back at full speed. A column of the enemy had pushed forward on the road from White Marsh, were within a mile of the camp, and had possession of the road to Valley Forge. Another column was
advancing on the Philadelphia road. Lafayette saw his danger, but maintained his presence of mind. Throwing out small parties of troops to show themselves at various points of the intervening wood, as if an attack on Grant was meditated, he brought that general to a halt, to prepare for action, while he with his main body pushed forward for Matson’s Ford on the Schuylkill. The stratagem of the youthful warrior succeeded. He completely gained the march upon Gen. Grant, reached Matson’s Ford in safety, and took a strong position on high grounds which commanded it. The enemy arrived at the river just in time for a skirmish as the artillery was crossing. Seeing that Lafayette had extricated himself from their hands, and was so strongly posted, they gave over all attack, and returned somewhat disconcerted to Philadelphia. — The exchange of Gen. Lee for Gen. Prescott, so long delayed by various impediments, had recently been effected; and Lee was reinstated in his position of second in command. Col. Ethan Allen, also, had been released from his long captivity, in exchange for Col. Campbell. Allen paid a visit to the camp at Valley Forge, where he had much to tell of his various vicissitudes and hardships. Washington, in a letter to the President of Congress suggesting that something should be done for Allen, observes: “His fortitude and firmness seem to have placed him out of the reach of misfortune. There is an original something about him that commands admiration, and his long captivity and sufferings have only served to increase, if possible, his enthusiastic zeal. He appears very desirous of rendering his services to the States, and of being employed; and at the same time, he does not discover any ambition for high rank.” In a few days, a brevet commission of colonel arrived for Allen; but he had already left camp for his home in Vermont, where he appears to have hung up his sword; for we meet with no further achievements by him on record.

Indications continued to increase of the departure of troops from Philadelphia. The military quarters were in a stir and bustle; effects were packed up; many sold at auction; baggage and heavy cannon embarked; transports fitted up for the reception of horses, and hay taken on board. A war between France and England appeared to be impending; in that event, Philadelphia would be an ineligible position for the British army. For three weeks affairs remained in this state. Washington held his army ready to march towards the Hudson at a moment’s warning; and sent Gen. Maxwell with a brigade of Jersey troops, to cooperate with Major-general Dickinson and the militia of that State, in breaking down the bridges and harassing the enemy, should they actually attempt to march through it. In the meantime, the commissioners empowered under the new Conciliatory Bills to negotiate the restoration of peace between Great Britain and her former colonies, arrived in the Delaware in the Trident ship-of-war. These were Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle; William Eden (afterwards Lord Aukland), brother of the last colonial governor of Maryland; and George Johnstone, sometimes called commodore, from having served in the navy, but more commonly known as
Gov. Johnstone, having held that office in Florida. He was now a member of Parliament, and in the opposition. Their secretary was the celebrated Dr. Adam Ferguson, an Edinburgh professor, author of a Roman History, and who in his younger days (he was now about fifty-five years of age) had been a "fighting chaplain at Fontenoy." The commissioners landed at Philadelphia on the 6th of June, and discovered, to their astonishment, that they had come out, as it were, in the dark, on a mission in which but a half confidence had been reposed in them by government. Three weeks before their departure from England, orders had been sent out to Sir Henry Clinton to evacuate Philadelphia and concentrate his forces at New York; yet these orders were never imparted to them. On the 9th June, Clinton informed Washington of the arrival of the commissioners, and requested a passport for their secretary, Dr. Ferguson, to proceed to Yorktown bearing a letter to Congress. Washington sent to Congress a copy of Sir Henry's letter, but did not consider himself at liberty to grant the passport until authorized by them. The commissioners forwarded their letter, accompanied by the "Conciliatory Acts" and other documents. They were received by Congress on the 13th. The letter of the commissioners was addressed "to his Excellency, Henry Laurens, the President and others, the members of Congress." The reading of the letter was interrupted; and it came near being indignantly rejected, on account of expressions disrespectful to France; charging it with being the insidious enemy of both England and her colonies, and interposing its pretended friendship to the latter "only to prevent reconciliation and prolong this destructive war." In their reply, signed by the president (June 17th), they observed, that nothing but an earnest desire to spare further effusion of blood, could have induced them to read a paper containing expressions so disrespectful to his most Christian Majesty, or to consider propositions so derogatory to the honor of an independent nation; and in conclusion, they expressed a readiness to treat as soon as the King of Great Britain should demonstrate a sincere disposition for peace, either by an explicit acknowledgment of the independence of the States, or by the withdrawal of his fleets and armies. An intimation was conveyed from Johnstone to Gen. Joseph Reed, at this time an influential member of Congress, that efficient services on his part to restore the union of the two countries might be rewarded by ten thousand pounds sterling, and any office in the colonies in His Majesty's gift. To this, Reed made his brief and memorable reply: "I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it." A letter was also written by Johnstone to Robert Morris, the celebrated financier, then also a member of Congress, containing the following significant paragraph: "I believe the men who have conducted the affairs of America incapable of being influenced by improper motives; but in all such transactions there is risk; and I think that whoever ventures, should be assured, at the same time, that honor and emolument should naturally follow the fortune of those who have steered the vessel
in the storm and brought her safely into port. I think Washington and the President have a right to every favor that grateful nations can bestow, if they could once more unite our interest, and spare the miseries and devastation of war." These transactions and letters being communicated to Congress, were pronounced by them a daring and atrocious attempt to corrupt their integrity, and they resolved that it was incompatible with their honor to hold any correspondence or intercourse with the commissioner who made it; especially to negotiate with him upon affairs in which the cause of liberty was concerned.

The commissioners, disappointed in their hopes of influencing Congress, published a manifesto recapitulating their official proceedings; stating the refusal of Congress to treat with them, and offering to treat within forty days with deputies from all or any of the colonies or provincial Assemblies; holding forth, at the same time, the usual offers of conditional amnesty. This measure, like all which had preceded it, proved ineffectual; the commissioners embarked for England, and so terminated this tardy and blundering attempt of the British Government and its agents to effect a reconciliation—the last attempt that was made. Lord Carlisle, who had taken the least prominent part in these transactions, thus writes in the course of them to his friend, the witty George Selwyn, and his letter may serve as a peroration: "Everything is upon a great scale on this continent. The rivers are immense; the climate violent in heat and cold; the prospects magnificent; the thunder and lightning tremendous. We have nothing on a great scale with us but our blunders, our misconduct, our ruin, our losses, our disgraces and misfortunes."

The enemy's force in the city had been much reduced. Five thousand men had been detached to aid in a sudden descent on the French possessions in the West Indies; three thousand more to Florida. Most of the cavalry with other troops had been shipped with the provision train and heavy baggage to New York. The effective force remaining with Sir Henry was now about nine or ten thousand men; that under Washington was a little more than twelve thousand Continentals, and about thirteen hundred militia. It had already acquired considerable proficiency in tactics and field manoeuvring under the diligent instructions of Steuben.

Sir Henry had taken his measures with great secrecy and despatch. The army commenced moving at three o'clock on the morning of the 18th, retiring to a point of land below the town formed by the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill, and crossing the former river in boats. By ten o'clock in the morning the rearguard landed on the Jersey shore. On the first intelligence of this movement, Washington detached Gen. Maxwell with his brigade, to coöperate with Gen. Dickinson and the New Jersey militia in harassing the enemy on their march. He sent Gen. Arnold, also, with a force to take command of Philadelphia, that officer being not yet sufficiently recovered from his wound for field service; then breaking up his camp at Valley Forge, he
pushed forward with his main force in pursuit of the enemy. As the route of the latter lay along the eastern bank of the Delaware as high as Trenton, Washington was obliged to make a considerable circuit, so as to cross the river higher up at Coryell's Ferry, near the place where, eighteen months previously, he had crossed to attack the Hessians. Heavy rains and sultry summer heat retarded his movements; but the army crossed on the 24th. The British were now at Moorestown and Mount Holly. Thence they might take the road on the left for Brunswick, and so on to Staten Island and New York; or the road to the right through Monmouth, by the Heights of Middletown to Sandy Hook. Uncertain which they might adopt, Washington detached Col. Morgan with six hundred picked men to reinforce Maxwell, and hang on their rear; while he himself pushed forward with the main body towards Princeton, cautiously keeping along the mountainous country to the left of the most northern road. The march of Sir Henry was very slow. His army was encumbered with baggage and provisions. His train of wheel carriages and bat horses was twelve miles in extent. He was retarded by heavy rain and intolerable heat; bridges had to be built and causeways constructed over streams and marshes, where they had been destroyed by the Americans. From his dilatory movements, Washington suspected Clinton of a design to draw him down into the level country, and then, by a rapid movement on his right, to gain possession of the strong ground above him, and bring him to a general action on disadvantageous terms. He himself was inclined for a general action whenever it could be made on suitable ground: he halted, therefore, at Hopewell, about five miles from Princeton, and held a council of war while his troops were reposing and refreshing themselves. Sir Henry Clinton turned to the right by a road leading through Freehold to Navesink and Sandy Hook; to embark at the latter place. Washington detached Wayne with one thousand men to join the advanced corps, which, thus augmented, was upwards of four thousand strong. The command of the advance was eagerly solicited by Lafayette, as an attack by it was intended, and Lee was strenuously opposed to everything of the kind. Washington willingly gave his consent, provided Gen. Lee were satisfied with the arrangement. The latter ceded the command without hesitation, observing to the marquis that he was well pleased to be freed from all responsibility in executing plans which he was sure would fail. Lafayette set out on the 25th to form a junction as soon as possible with the force under Gen. Scott; while Washington, leaving his baggage at Kingston, moved with the main body to Cranberry, three miles in the rear of the advanced corps, to be ready to support it. Scarcely, however, had Lee relinquished the command, when he changed his mind. In a note to Washington, he declared that, in asseenting to the arrangement, he had considered the command of the detachment, one more fitting a young volunteering general than a veteran like himself, second in command in the army. He now viewed it in a different light. Clinton, finding himself harassed by light troops
on the flanks, and in danger of an attack in the rear, placed all his baggage in front under the convoy of Knyphausen, while he threw the main strength of his army in the rear under Cornwallis. This made it necessary for Washington to strengthen his advanced corps; and he took this occasion to detach Lee, with Scott's and Varnum's brigades, to support the force under Lafayette. As Lee was the senior major-general, this gave him the command of the whole advance. Washington explained the matter in a letter to the marquis, who resigned the command to Lee when the latter joined him on the 27th. That evening the enemy encamped on high ground near Monmouth Court House. Lee encamped with the advance at Englishtown, about five miles distant. The main body was three miles in his rear. About sunset, Washington rode forward to the advance, and anxiously reconnoitred Sir Henry's position. It was protected by woods and morasses, and too strong to be attacked with a prospect of success. Should the enemy, however, proceed ten or twelve miles further unmolested, they would gain the heights of Middletown, and be on ground still more difficult. To prevent this, he resolved that an attack should be made on their rear early in the morning, as soon as their front should be in motion. This plan he communicated to Gen. Lee, ordering him to make dispositions for the attack, keeping his troops lying on their arms, ready for action on the shortest notice; a disposition he intended to observe with his own troops. He sent orders to Lee before midnight, to detach six or seven hundred men to lie near the enemy, watch and give notice of their movements, and hold them in check when on the march, until the rest of the troops could come up. Gen. Dickinson was charged by Lee with this duty. Morgan was likewise stationed with his corps to be ready for skirmishing. Knyphausen, with the British vanguard, had begun about daybreak to descend into the valley between Monmouth Court House and Middletown. To give the long train of wagons and pack horses time to get well on the way, Clinton with his choice troops remained in camp on the heights of Freehold, until eight o'clock, when he likewise resumed the line of march towards Middletown. Lee had advanced with the brigades of Wayne and Maxwell, to support the light troops engaged in skirmishing. The difficulty of reconnoitring a country cut up by woods and morasses, and the perplexity occasioned by contradictory reports, embarrassed his movements. Being joined by Lafayette with the main body of the advance, he had now about four thousand men at his command, independent of those under Morgan and Dickinson. Arriving on the heights of Freehold, and riding forward with Gen. Wayne to an open place to reconnoitre, Lee caught sight of a force under march, but partly hidden from view by intervening woods. Supposing it to be a mere covering party of about two thousand men, he detached Wayne with seven hundred men and two pieces of artillery, to skirmish in its rear and hold it in check; while he, with the rest of his force, taking a shorter road through the woods, would get in front of it, and cut it off from the main body. Washington in the mean time was on
his march with the main body, to support the advance, as he had promised. The booming of cannon at a distance indicated that the attack so much desired had commenced, and caused him to quicken his march. Arrived near Freehold church, where the road forked, he detached Greene with part of his forces to the right, to flank the enemy in the rear of Monmouth Court House, while he, with the rest of the column, would press forward by the other road.

He had alighted while giving these directions, and was standing with his arm thrown over his horse, when a countryman rode up and said the Continental troops were retreating. Washington was provoked at what he considered a false alarm. Springing on his horse, he had moved forward but a short distance when he met several fugitives, one in the garb of a soldier, who all concurred in the report. He now sent forward Colonels Fitzgerald and Harrison, to learn the truth, while he himself spurred past Freehold meeting house. Between that edifice and the morass beyond it, he met Grayson's and Patton's regiments in most disorderly retreat, jaded with heat and fatigue. Riding up to the officer at their head, Washington demanded whether the whole advanced corps were retreating. The officer believed they were. It seemed incredible. There had been scarce any firing—Washington had received no notice of the retreat from Lee. He was still almost inclined to doubt, when the heads of several columns of the advance began to appear. It was too evident—the whole advance was falling back on the main body, and no notice had been given to him. One of the first officers that came up was Col. Shreve, at the head of his regiment; Washington, greatly surprised and alarmed, asked the meaning of this retreat. The colonel smiled significantly—he did not know—he had retreated by order. There had been no fighting excepting a slight skirmish with the enemy's cavalry, which had been repulsed. A suspicion flashed across Washington's mind, of wrong-headed conduct on the part of Lee, to mar the plan of attack adopted contrary to his counsels. Ordering Col. Shreve to march his men over the morass, halt them on the hill beyond and refresh them, he galloped forward to stop the retreat of the rest of the advance, his indignation kindling as he rode. At the rear of the regiment he met Major Howard; he, too, could give no reason for the retreat, but seemed provoked at it—declaring that he had never seen the like. Another officer exclaimed with an oath that they were flying from a shadow. Arriving at a rising ground, Washington beheld Lee approaching with the residue of his command in full retreat. By this time he was thoroughly exasperated. "What is the meaning of all this, sir?" demanded he, in the sternest and even fiercest tone, as Lee rode up to him. Lee for a moment was disconcerted, and hesitated in making a reply, for Washington's aspect, according to Lafayette, was terrible. "I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion," was again demanded still more vehemently. Lee, stung by the manner more than the words of the demand, made an angry reply, and provoked still sharper expressions, which have
been variously reported. He attempted a hurried explanation. His troops had been thrown into confusion by contradictory intelligence; by disobedience of orders; by the meddling and blundering of individuals; and he had not felt disposed, he said, to hear the whole British army with troops in such a situation. "I have certain information," rejoined Washington, "that it was merely a strong covering party." "That may be, but it was stronger than mine, and I did not think proper to run such a risk." "I am very sorry," replied Washington, "that you undertook the command, unless you meant to fight the enemy." "I did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement." "Whatever your opinion may have been," replied Washington, disdainfully, "I expected my orders would have been obeyed."

This all passed rapidly, and, as it were, in flashes, for there was no time for parley. The enemy were within a quarter of an hour's march. Washington's appearance had stopped the retreat. The fortunes of the day were to be retrieved, if possible, by instant arrangements. These he proceeded to make with great celerity. The place was favorable for a stand; it was a rising ground, to which the enemy could approach only over a narrow causeway. The rallied troops were hastily formed upon this eminence. Col. Stewart and Ramsay, with two batteries, were stationed in a covert of woods on their left, to protect them and keep the enemy at bay. Col. Oswald was posted for the same purpose on a height, with two field-pieces. The promptness with which everything was done showed the effects of the Baron Steuben's discipline. In the interim, Lee, being asked about the disposition of some of the troops, replied that he could give no orders in the matter; as he supposed General Washington intended he should have no further command. Shortly after this, Washington, having made all his arrangements with great dispatch but admirable clearness and precision, rode back to Lee in calmer mood, and inquired, "Will you retain the command on this height or not? if you will, I will return to the main body, and have it formed on the next height." "It is equal to me where I command," replied Lee. "I expect you will take proper means for checking the enemy," rejoined Washington. "Your orders shall be obeyed; and I shall not be the first to leave the ground," was the reply.

A warm cannonade by Oswald, Stewart, and Ramsey, had the desired effect. The enemy were brought to a stand, and Washington had time to gallop back and bring on the main body. This he formed on an eminence, with a wood in the rear and the morass in front. The left wing was commanded by Lord Stirling, who had with him a detachment of artillery and several field-pieces. Gen. Greene was on his right. Lee had maintained his advance position with great spirit, but was at length obliged to retire. He brought off his troops in good order across a causeway which traversed the morass in front of Lord Stirling. As he had promised, he was the last to leave the ground. Having formed his men in a line, beyond the morass, he rode up to Washington. "Here, sir, are my troops," said he; "how is it your pleasure I should dispose of
them?" Washington saw that the poor fellows were exhausted by marching, counter-marching, hard fighting and the intolerable heat of the weather; he ordered Lee, therefore, to repair with them to the rear of Englishtown, and assemble there all the scattered fugitives he might meet with.

The batteries under the direction of Lord Stirling opened a brisk and well-sustained fire upon the enemy; who, finding themselves warmly opposed in front, attempted to turn the left flank of the Americans, but were driven back by detached parties of infantry stationed there. They then attempted the right; but here were met by Gen. Greene, who had planted his artillery under Knox, on a commanding ground, and not only checked them but enfiladed those who were in front of the left wing. Wayne too, with an advanced party posted in an orchard, and partly sheltered by a barn, kept up a severe and well-directed fire upon the enemy's center. Repeated attempts were made to dislodge him, but in vain. Col. Monckton of the royal grenadiers, who had distinguished himself and been wounded in the battle of Long Island, now undertook to drive Wayne from his post at the point of the bayonet. Having made a brief harangue to his men, he led them on in column. Wayne's men reserved their fire until Monckton, waving his sword, called out to his grenadiers to charge. At that instant a sheeted volley laid him low, and made great slaughter in his column, which was again repulsed. The enemy fell back to the ground which Lee had occupied in the morning. Here their flanks were secured by woods and morasses, and their front could only be approached across a narrow causeway. Notwithstanding the difficulties of the position, Washington prepared to attack it; ordering Gen. Poor with his own and the Carolina brigade, to move round upon their right, and Gen. Woodford on their left; while the artillery should gall them in front. Before these orders could be carried into effect the day was at an end. Many of the soldiers had sunk upon the ground, overcome by fatigue and the heat of the weather; all needed repose. The troops, therefore, which had been in the advance, were ordered to lie on their arms on the ground they occupied, so as to be ready to make the attack by daybreak. The main army did the same, on the field of action, to be at hand to support them. Washington lay on his cloak at the foot of a tree, with Lafayette beside him, talking over the strange conduct of Lee; whose disorderly retreat had come so near being fatal to the army. It was indeed a matter of general perplexity, to which the wayward character of Lee greatly contributed. Some who recollected his previous opposition to all plans of attack, almost suspected him of wilfully aiming to procure a defeat. It would appear, however, that he had been really surprised and thrown into confusion by a move of Gen. Clinton, who, seeing the force under Lee descending on his rear from Freehold heights, had suddenly turned upon it, aided by troops from Knyphausen's division, to oblige it to call to its assistance the flanking parties under Morgan and Dickinson, which were threatening his baggage train. So that Lee, instead of a mere
covering party which he had expected to cut off, had found himself front to front with the whole rear division of the British army; and that too, on unfavorable ground, with a deep ravine and a morass in his rear. He endeavored to form his troops for action. Oswald's artillery began to play, and there was some skirmishing with the enemy's light-horse, in which they were repulsed. But mistakes occurred; orders were misunderstood; one corps after another fell back, until the whole retreated, almost without a struggle, before an inferior force. Lee, himself, seemed to partake of the confusion; taking no pains to check the retrograde movement, nor to send notice of it to the main body upon which they were falling back.

At daybreak the drums beat the reveillé. The troops roused themselves from their heavy sleep, and prepared for action. To their surprise, the enemy had disappeared: there was a deserted camp, in which were found four officers and about forty privates, too severely wounded to be conveyed away by the retreating army. Clinton had allowed his weary troops but short repose on the preceding night. At ten o'clock, when the American forces were buried in their first sleep, he had set forward to join the division under Knyphausen, which, with the baggage train, having pushed on during the action, was far on the road to Middletown. So silent had been his retreat, that it was unheard by Gen. Poor's advance party, which lay near by. The distance to which the enemy must by this time have attained; the extreme heat of the weather, and the condition of the troops, deterred Washington from continuing a pursuit through a country where the roads were deep and sandy, and there was a great scarcity of water. Detaching Gen. Maxwell's brigade and Morgan's rifle corps, therefore, to hang on the rear of the enemy, prevent depredation and encourage desertions, he determined to shape his course with his main body by Brunswick towards the Hudson, lest Sir Henry should have any design upon the post there. The American loss in the recent battle was eight officers and sixty-one privates killed, and about one hundred and sixty wounded. Among the slain were Lieutenant-colonel Bonner of Pennsylvania, and Major Dickinson of Virginia, both greatly regretted. The officers who had charge of the burying parties reported that they found two hundred and forty-five non-commissioned officers and privates, and four officers, left dead by the enemy on the field of battle. There were fresh graves in the vicinity also, into which the enemy had hurried their slain before retreating. The number of prisoners, including those found wounded, was upwards of one hundred. Some of the troops on both sides had perished in the morass, some were found on the border of a stream which ran through it among alder bushes, whither, overcome by heat, fatigue and thirst, they had crawled to drink and die. Col. Monckton, who fell so bravely when leading on his grenadiers, was interred in the burial-ground of the Freehold meeting-house, upon a stone of which edifice his name is rudely cut.

Washington's march lay through a country destitute of water,
with deep, sandy roads wearying to the feet, and reflecting the intolerable heat and glare of a July sun. Many of the troops, harassed by previous fatigue, gave out by the way. He encamped near Brunswick on open, airy grounds, and gave them time to repose; while Lieut.-Col. Aaron Burr, at that time a young and enterprising officer, was sent on a reconnoitring expedition, to learn the movements and intentions of the enemy. Sir Henry Clinton with the royal army had arrived at the Highlands of Navesink, in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook, on the 30th of June. He had lost many men by desertion, Hessians especially, during his march through the Jerseys, which, with his losses by killed, wounded and captured, had diminished his army more than two thousand men. The storms of the preceding winter had cut off the peninsula of Sandy Hook from the main land, and formed a deep channel between them. Fortunately, the squadron of Lord Howe had arrived the day before, and was at anchor within the Hook. A bridge was immediately made across the channel with the boats of the ships, over which the army passed to the Hook on the 5th of July, and thence was distributed. It was now encamped in three divisions on Staten Island, Long Island, and the island of New York: apparently without any immediate design of offensive operations. There was a vigorous press in New York to man the large ships and fit them for sea, but this was in consequence of a report that a French fleet had arrived on the coast. Relieved by this intelligence from all apprehensions of an expedition by the enemy up the Hudson, Washington relaxed the speed of his movements, and halted for a few days at Paramus, sparing his troops as much as possible during the extreme summer heats.

Lee wrote two more notes, and closed with an entreaty, "that you will immediately exhibit your charge, and that on the first halt I may be brought to a trial." Washington replied: "I have sent Col. Scammel and the adjutant-general, to put you under arrest, who will deliver you a copy of the charges on which you will be tried." The following were the charges: 1st. Disobedience of orders, in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June, agreeably to repeated instructions. 2d. Misbehavior before the enemy on the same day, by making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat. 3d. Disrespect to the commander-in-chief in two letters, dated the 1st of July, and the 28th of June.—A court-martial was accordingly formed on the 4th of July, at Brunswick, the first halting place. It was composed of one major-general, four brigadiers, and eight colonels, with Lord Stirling as president. It moved with the army, and convened subsequently at Paramus, Peekskill, and Northcastle, the trial lasting until the 12th of August. From the time it commenced, Washington never mentioned Lee's name when he could avoid it, and when he could not, he mentioned it without the smallest degree of acrimony or disrespect. Lee, on the contrary, indulged his natural irritability of temper and sharpness of tongue. When put on his guard against any intemperate railings against Washington, as calculated to injure his cause, he spurned at the advice. "No
attack, it seems, can be made on General Washington but it must recoil on the assailant. I never entertained the most distant wish or intention of attacking General Washington. I have ever honored and respected him as a man and a citizen."

In the repeated sessions of the court-martial and the long examinations which took place, many of the unfavorable impressions first received, concerning the conduct and motives of Lee, were softened. He defended himself with ability, and contended that after the troops had commenced to fall back, in consequence of a retrograde movements of Gen. Scott, he had intended to form them on the first advantageous ground he could find, and that none such presented itself until he reached the place where he met General Washington; on which very place he had intended to make battle. This retreat, said he, "though necessary, was brought about contrary to my orders, contrary to my intention; and, if anything can deduct from my credit, it is, that I did not order a retreat which was so necessary." Judge Marshall observed of the variety of reasons given by Lee in justification of his retreat, "if they do not absolutely establish its propriety, they give it so questionable a form, as to render it probable that a public examination never would have taken place, could his proud spirit have stooped to offer explanation instead of outrage to the commander-in-chief." The result of the prolonged and tedious investigation was, that he was found guilty of all the charges exhibited against him; the second charge, however, was softened by omitting the word shameful, and convicting him of making an "unnecessary, and in some instances a disorderly retreat." He was sentenced to be suspended from all command for one year; the sentence to be approved or set aside by Congress. He was not connected with subsequent events of the Revolution. Congress were more than three months in coming to a decision on the proceedings of the court-martial. As the House always sat with closed doors, the debates on the subject are unknown, but are said to have been warm. At length, on the 5th of Dec. the sentence was approved in a very thin session of Congress, fifteen members voting in the affirmative and seven in the negative. From that time Lee was unmeasured in his abuse of Washington, and his reprobation of the court-martial, which he termed a "court of inquisition." His aggressive tongue at length involved him in a quarrel with Col. Laurens, one of Washington's aides, a high-spirited young gentleman, who felt himself bound to vindicate the honor of his chief. A duel took place, and Lee was wounded in the side. Towards spring he retired to his estate in Berkley County in Virginia, "to learn to hoe tobacco, which," observes he with a sarcastic innuendo at Washington, "is the best school to form a consummate General. This is a discovery I have lately made." He led a kind of hermit life on his estate: dogs and horses were his favorite companions. His house is described as being a mere shell, destitute of comforts and conveniences. For want of partitions the different parts were designated by lines chalked on the floor. In one corner was his bed; in another were his books; his saddles and harness in a third; a fourth served as a kitchen. "Sir," said
he to a visitor, "it is the most convenient and economical establishment in the world. The lines of chalk which you see on the floor, mark the division of the apartments, and I can sit in any corner and overlook the whole without moving from my chair." The term of his suspension had expired, when a rumor reached him that Congress intended to take away his commission. In his hurry and heat, he scrawled the following note to the President of Congress:

"Sir, I understand that it is in contemplation of Congress, on the principle of economy, to strike me out of their service. Congress must know very little of me, if they suppose that I would accept of their money, since the confirmation of the wicked and infamous sentence which was passed upon me." This insolent note occasioned his prompt dismissal from the service. He did not complain of it; but in a subsequent and respectful letter to the president, said, "I must entreat, in the acknowledging of the impropriety and indecorum of my conduct in this affair, it may not be supposed that I mean to court a restoration to the rank I held; so far from it, that I do assure you, had not the incident fallen out, I should have requested Congress to accept my resignation." Though bitter in his enmities, Lee had his friendships, and was warm and constant in them as far as his capricious humors would allow. He was not a man for the sweet solitude of the country. He became weary of his Virginia estate; though in one of the most fertile regions of the Shenandoah Valley. His farm was mismanaged; his agents were unfaithful; he entered into negotiations to dispose of his property, in the course of which he visited Philadelphia. On arriving there, he was taken with chills, followed by a fever, which went on increasing in violence, and terminated fatally. A soldier even unto the end, warlike scenes mingled with the delirium of his malady. In his dying moments he fancied himself on the field of battle. The last words he was heard to utter were, "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!" He left a will and testament strongly marked by his peculiarities. There are bequests to intimates of horses, weapons, and sums to purchase rings of affection; ample and generous provisions for domestics, one of whom he styles his "old and faithful servant, or rather, humble friend." All his residuary property to go to his sister Sidney Lee and her heirs. Eccentric to the last, one clause of his will regards his sepulture: "I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house; for, since I have resided in this country, I have kept so much bad company while living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead." This part of his will was not complied with. He was buried with military honors in the cemetery of Christ church. The magnanimity exhibited by Washington in regard to Lee while living, continued after his death. He never spoke of him with asperity, but did justice to his merits, acknowledging that "he possessed many great qualities."

While encamped at Paramus, Washington, in the night of the 13th of July, received a letter from Congress informing him of the arrival of a French fleet on the coast; instructing him to concert
measures with the commander, the Count D'Estaing, for offensive operations by sea and land, and empowering him to call on the States from New Hampshire to New Jersey inclusive, to aid with their militia. The fleet in question was composed of twelve ships of the line and six frigates, with a land force of four thousand men. On board of it came Mons. Gerard, minister from France to the United States, and the Hon. Silas Deane, one of the American ministers who had effected the late treaty of alliance. The fleet had sailed from Toulon on the 13th of April. After struggling against adverse winds it had made its appearance off the northern extremity of the Virginia coast, and anchored at the mouth of the Delaware, on the eighth of July. Thence the count despatched a letter to Washington, dated at sea. "I have the honor of imparting to your Excellency," writes he, "the arrival of the king's fleet, charged by his majesty with the glorious task of giving his allies, the United States of America, the most striking proofs of his affection. Nothing will be wanting to my happiness, if I can succeed in it. It is augmented by the consideration of concerting my operations with a General such as your Excellency. The talents and great actions of Gen. Washington have insured him, in the eyes of all Europe, the title truly sublime of Deliverer of America." The count was unfortunate in the length of his voyage. Had he arrived in ordinary time, he might have entrapped Lord Howe's squadron in the river: coöperated with Washington in investing the British army by sea and land, and by cutting off its retreat to New York, compelled it to surrender. Finding the enemy had evacuated both city and river, the count sent up the French minister and Mr. Deane to Philadelphia in a frigate, and then putting to sea, continued along the coast. When he arrived with his fleet in the road outside of Sandy Hook, he descried the British ships quietly anchored inside of it.

A frank and cordial correspondence took place forthwith between the count and Washington, and a plan of action was concerted between them by the intervention of confidential officers; Washing- ton's aides-de-camp, Laurens and Hamilton, boarding the fleet while off the Hook, and Major Chouin, a French officer of merit, repairing to the American headquarters. Several experienced American pilots and masters of vessels, declared that there was not sufficient depth of water on the bar to admit the safe passage of the largest ships, one of which carried 80 and another 90 guns: the attempt, therefore, was reluctantly abandoned; and the ships anchored about four miles off, near Shrewsbury on the Jersey coast, taking in provisions and water. On the 22d of July, the fleet appeared again in full force off the bar at Sandy Hook. The British, who supposed they had only been waiting on the Shrewsbury coast for the high tides of the latter part of July, now prepared for a desperate conflict; and, indeed, had the French fleet been enabled to enter, it is difficult to conceive a more terrible and destructive struggle than would have ensued between these gallant and deadly rivals, with their powerful armaments brought side to side, and cramped up in so confined a field of action. D'Estaing, however,
stood away to the eastward, and on the 29th arrived off Point Judith, coming to anchor within five miles of Newport.

Rhode Island (proper,) the object of this expedition, is about sixteen miles long, running deep into the great Narraganset Bay. Seaconnet Channel separates it on the east from the mainland, and on the west the main channel passes between it and Conanicut Island. The town of Newport is situated near the south end of the island, facing the west, with Conanicut Island in front of it. It was protected by batteries and a small naval force. Here General Sir Robert Pigott, who commanded in the island, had his headquarters. The force under him was about six thousand strong, the greater part within strongly intrenched lines extending across the island, about three miles from the town. Gen. Greene hastened from Providence on hearing of the arrival of the fleet of Count D'Estaing, and went on board of it at the anchorage to concert a plan of operations. It was agreed that the fleet should force its way into the harbor at the same time that the Americans approached by land, and that the landing of the troops from the ships on the west side of the island should take place at the same time that the Americans should cross Seaconnet Channel, and landed on the east side near the north end. This combined operation was postponed until the 10th of August, to give time for the reinforcements sent by Washington to arrive. The delay was fatal to the enterprise. On the 8th, the Count D'Estaing entered the harbor and passed up the main channel, exchanging a cannonade with the batteries as he passed, and anchored a little above the town, between Goat and Conanicut Islands. Gen. Sullivan, to be ready for the concerted attack, had moved down from Providence to the neighborhood of Howlands Ferry, on the east side of Seaconnet passage. The British troops stationed opposite on the north end of the island, fearful of being cut off, evacuated their works in the night of the 8th, and drew into the lines at Newport. Sullivan, seeing the works thus abandoned, could not resist the temptation to cross the channel in flat-bottomed boats on the morning of the 9th, and take possession of them. This sudden movement, a day in advance of the concerted time, and without due notice given to the count, surprised and offended him, clashing with his notions of etiquette and punctilio. He, however, prepared to cooperate, and was ordering out his boats for the purpose, when, about two o'clock in the day, he saw a great fleet of ships standing towards Newport. It was the fleet of Lord Howe, who, being reinforced by four stout ships, part of a squadron coming out under Admiral Byron, had hastened to the relief of Newport, though still inferior in force to the French admiral. The delay of the concerted attack had enabled him to arrive in time. The wind set directly into the harbor. His lordship stood in near the land, communicated with Pigott, and having informed himself exactly of the situation of the French fleet, came to anchor at Point Judith, some distance from the southwest entrance of the bay. In the night the wind changed to the northeast. Favored by the wind the Count stood out of the harbor at eight o'clock in the morning; to give the enemy battle where he should
have good sea room; previously sending word to Gen. Sullivan, who had advanced the preceding afternoon to Quaker Hill, about ten miles north of Newport, that he should land his promised troops and marines, and cooperate with him on his return. The French ships were severely cannonaded as they passed the batteries, but without material damage. Forming in order of battle, they bore down upon the fleet of Lord Howe, confidently anticipating a victory from their superiority of force. The British ships slipt their cables at their approach, and likewise formed in line of battle. To gain the weathergage on the one part, and retain in on the other, the two fleets manœuvred throughout the day, standing to the southward, and gradually disappearing from the anxious eyes of the belligerent forces on Rhode Island.

The army of Sullivan, now left to itself before Newport, amounted to ten thousand men. Lafayette advised the delay of hostile operations until the return of D'Estaing, but the American commander, piqued and chagrined at the departure of his allies, determined to commence the siege immediately, without waiting for his tardy aid. On the twelfth, however, came on a tempest of wind and rain, which raged for two days and nights with unexampled violence. Tents were blown down; several soldiers and many horses perished, and a great part of the ammunitions recently dealt out to the troops was destroyed. On the 14th, the weather cleared up and the sun shone brightly, but the army was worn down and dispirited. The day was passed in drying their clothes, cleaning their arms, and putting themselves in order for action. The next morning they took post on Honeyman's Hill, about two miles from the British lines, and began to construct batteries, form lines of communication, and make regular approaches. The British were equally active in strengthening their defences. There was causal cannonading on each side, but nothing of consequence. The situation of the besiegers was growing critical, when, on the evening of the 19th, they descried the French fleet standing towards the harbor. It was in a shattered and forlorn condition. After sailing from before Newport, on the 20th, it had manœuvred for two days with the British fleet, each unwilling to enter into action without having the weathergage. While thus manœuvring, the same furious storm which had raged on shore separated and dispersed them with fearful ravage. Lord Howe with such of his ships as he could collect bore away to New York to refit, and the French admiral was now before Newport, but in no plight or mood for fighting. Gen. Greene and the Marquis Lafayette repaired on board of the admiral's ship. They represented to the count the certainty of carrying the place in two days, by a combined attack; and the discouragement and reproach that would follow a failure on this their first attempt at cooperation; an attempt, too, for which the Americans had made such great and expensive preparations, and on which they had indulged such sanguine hopes. All the general officers, excepting Lafayette, joined in signing and sending a protest against the departure of the fleet for Boston, as derogatory to the honor of France, con-
trary to the intention of his most Christian majesty and the interest of his nation, destructive of the welfare of the United States, and highly injurious to the alliance formed between the two nations. The count was deeply offended by the tone of the protest, and the manner in which it was conveyed to him. He declared that "this paper imposed on the commander of the king's squadron the pain-
ful, but necessary law of profound silence." He continued his course to Boston. The departure of the fleet was a death blow to
the enterprise. Between two and three thousand volunteers aban-
don the camp in the course of four and twenty hours; others
continued to go off; desertions occurred among the militia, and in a
few days the number of besiegers did not exceed that of the
besieged. The harbors of Rhode Island being now free, and open
to the enemy, reinforcements might pour in from New York, and render the withdrawal of the troops disastrous, if not impossible.
To prepare for rapid retreat, if necessary, all the heavy artillery
that could be spared, was sent off from the island. Gen. Sullivan
commenced his retreat between nine and ten o'clock, on the night
of the 28th, the army retiring by two roads; the rear covered by
parties of light troops, under Colonels Livingston and Laurens.
Their retreat was not discovered until daylight, when a pursuit was
commenced. Sullivan had taken post on Batt's Hill, the main
body of his army being drawn up in order of battle, with strong
works in their rear, and a redoubt in front of the right wing. The
British now took post on an advantageous height called Quaker
Hill, a little more than a mile from the American front. Skirmish-
ing ensued until about ten o'clock, when two British sloops-of-war
and some small vessels having gained a favorable position, the
enemy's troops, under cover of their fire, advanced in force to
turn the right flank of the American army, and capture the redoubt
which protected it. This was bravely defended by Gen. Greene:
between two and three hundred men were killed on each side; the
British at length drew back to their artillery and works on Quaker
Hill, awaiting reinforcements. Gen. Sullivan determined to aban-
don Rhode Island. The position on Batt's Hill favored a decep-
tion. Tents were brought forward and pitched in sight of the
enemy, and a great part of the troops employed throughout the
day in throwing up works, as if the post was to be resolutely
maintained; at the same time, the heavy baggage and stores were
quietly conveyed away in the rear of the hill, and ferried across
the bay. As soon as it was dark the tents were struck, fires were
lighted at various points, the troops withdrawn, and by two o'clock
the whole were transported across the channel to the mainland.
The army had reason to congratulate themselves on the course
they had taken, and the quickness of their movements; for the
very next day Sir Henry Clinton arrived at Newport in a light
squadron, with a reinforcement of four thousand men, a naval and
land force that might effectually have cut off Sullivan's retreat, had
he lingered on the island. Sir Henry returned to New York, but
first detached Major-general Sir Charles Grey with the troops, on
a ravaging expedition to the eastward; chiefly against ports which
were the haunts of privateers. He destroyed more than seventy vessels in Acushnet River, some of them privateers with their prizes, others peaceful merchant ships. New Bedford and Fair Haven having been made military and naval deposits, were laid waste. Wharves demolished, rope-walks, storehouses and mills, with several private dwellings, wrapped in flames. Similar destruction was effected at the Island of Martha's Vineyard, a resort of privateers.

The failure of the enterprise was generally attributed to the departure of the French fleet from Newport. Count D'Estaing and the other French officers were irritated by the protests of the American officers. Nothing perhaps tended more to soothe the Count's wounded sensibilities, than a letter from Washington, couched in the most delicate and considerate language. "If the deepest regret, that the best concerted enterprise and bravest exertions should have been rendered fruitless by a disaster, which human prudence was incapable of foreseeing or preventing, can alleviate disappointment, you may be assured that the whole continent sympathizes with you. It will be a consolation to you to reflect, that the thinking part of mankind do not form their judgment from events; and that their equity will ever attach equal glory to those actions which deserve success, and those who have been crowned with it. It is in the trying circumstances to which your excellency has been exposed, that the virtues of a great mind are displayed in their brightest lustre, and that a general's character is better known than in the hour of victory. It was yours, by every title which can give it; and the adverse element, which robbed you of your prize, can never deprive you of the glory due you."

Meantime Indian warfare, with all its atrocity, was going on in the interior. The British post at Niagara was its cradle. It was the common rallying place of Tories, refugees, savage warriors, and other desperadoes of the frontiers. Hither Brant, the noted Indian chief, had retired after the repulse of St. Leger at Fort Schuyler, to plan further mischief; and here was concerted the memorable incursion into the Valley of Wyoming, a beautiful region lying along the Susquehanna. Peaceful as was its aspect, it had been the scene of sanguinary feuds prior to the Revolution, between the people of Pennsylvania and Connecticut, who both laid claim to it. Seven rural forts or block-houses, situated on various parts of the valley, had been strongholds during these territorial contests, and remained as places of refuge for women and children in times of Indian ravage. The expedition now set on foot against it, in June, was composed of Butler's rangers, Johnson's royal greens, and Brant, with his Indian braves. Their united force, about eleven hundred strong, was conducted by Col. John Butler, renowned in Indian warfare. Passing down the Chemung and Susquehanna in canoes, they landed at a place called Three Islands, and struck through the wilderness to a gap or "notch" of the mountains, by which they entered the Valley of Wyoming. Butler made his headquarters at one of the strongholds already mentioned, called Wintermoot's Fort,
from a tory family of the same name. Hence he sent out his marauding parties to plunder and lay waste the country. Rumors of this intended invasion had reached the valley some time before the appearance of the enemy, and had spread great consternation. Most of the sturdy yeomanry were absent in the army. A company of sixty men styling themselves regulars, took post at one of the strongholds called Forty Fort; where they were joined by about three hundred of the most efficient yeomanry, armed and equipped in rude rustic style. In this emergency old men and boys volunteered to meet the common danger, posting themselves in the smaller forts in which women and children had taken refuge. Col. Zebulon Butler, an officer of the continental army, took the general command. The marauding parties sent out by Col. John Butler and Brant were spreading desolation through the valley; farm houses were wrapped in flames; husbandmen were murdered while at work in the fields; all who had not taken refuge in the fort were threatened with destruction. Leaving the women and children in Forty Fort, Col. Zébulon Butler with his men sallied forth on the 3rd of July, and made a rapid move upon Wintermoot Fort, hoping to come upon it by surprise. They found the enemy drawn up in front of it, in a line extending from the river to a marsh; Col. John Butler and his rangers, with Johnson's royal greens, on the left; Indians and tories on the right.

The Americans formed a line of the same extent; the regulars under Col. Butler on the right flank, resting on the river, the militia under Col. Denison on the left wing, on the marsh. A sharp fire was opened from right to left; after a few volleys the enemy in front of Col. Butler began to give way. The Indians, however, throwing themselves into the marsh, turned the left flank of the Americans, and attacked the militia in the rear. Denison, finding himself exposed to a cross fire, sought to change his position, and gave the word to fall back. It was mistaken for an order to retreat. In an instant, the left wing turned and fled; all attempts to rally it were in vain; the panic extended to the right wing. The savages, throwing down their rifles, rushed on with tomahawks and scalping-knife, and a horrible massacre ensued. Some of the Americans escaped to Forty Fort, some swam the river; others broke their way across the swamp, and climbed the mountain; some few were taken prisoners; but the greater number were slaughtered. The desolation of the valley was now completed; fields were laid waste, houses burnt, and their inhabitants murdered. Upwards of five thousand persons fled in the utmost distress and consternation, seeking refuge in the settlements on the Lehigh and Delaware. It was one of the most atrocious outrages perpetrated throughout the war; and, as usual, the tories concerned in it were the most vindictive and merciless of the savage crew.

For a great part of the summer, Washington had remained encamped at White Plains, watching the movements of the enemy at New York. Early in September he observed a great stir of
preparation; cannon and military stores were embarked, and a fleet of one hundred and forty transports were ready to make sail. Washington strengthened the works and reinforced the garrison in the Highlands, stationing Putnam with two brigades in the neighborhood of West Point. He moved his camp to a rear position at Fredericksburg on the borders of Connecticut, and about thirty miles from West Point, so as to be ready for a movement to the eastward or a speedy junction for the defence of the Hudson. Scarcely had he moved from White Plains, when Clinton threw a detachment of five thousand men under Cornwallis into the Jerseys, between the Hackensack and Hudson rivers, and another of three thousand under Knyphausen into Westchester county, between the Hudson and the Bronx. These detachments, by the aid of flat-bottomed boats, could unite their forces in twenty-four hours, on either side of the Hudson. Washington considered these mere foraging expeditions, though on a large scale, and detached troops into the Jerseys to cooperate with the militia in checking them; but he ordered Gen. Putnam to cross the river to West Point, for its immediate security: while he himself moved with a division of his army to Fishkill. Wayne, who was with the detachment in the Jerseys, took post with a body of militia and a regiment of light-horse in front of the division of Lord Cornwallis. The militia were quartered at the village of New Tappan; but Lieut. Baylor, who commanded the light-horse, took up his quarters in Old Tappan, where his men lay very negligently and unguardedly in barns. Cornwallis laid a plan to cut off the whole detachment. Fortunately the militia were apprized by deserters of their danger in time to escape. Not so with Baylor's party. Gen. Grey, of marauding renown, having cut off a sergeant's patrol, advanced in silence, and surrounded with his troops three barns in which the dragoons were sleeping. To prevent noise he had caused his men to draw the charges and take the flints from their guns, and fix their bayonets. They rushed forward, and deaf for a time to all cries for mercy, made a savage slaughter of naked and defenceless men. Eleven were killed on the spot, and twenty-five mangled with repeated thrusts, some receiving ten, twelve, and even sixteen wounds. Among the wounded were Col. Baylor and Major Clough, the last of whom soon died. About forty were taken prisoners.

This movement of troops, on both sides of the Hudson, was designed to cover an expedition against Little Egg Harbor, on the east coast of New Jersey, a noted rendezvous of American privateers. Three hundred regular troops, and a body of royalist volunteers from the Jerseys, headed by Capt. Patrick Ferguson, embarked at New York on board galleys and transports, and made for Little Egg Harbor under convoy of vessels of war. The country heard of their coming; four privateers put to sea and escaped; others took refuge up the river. The wind prevented the transports from entering. The troops embarked in row galleys and small craft, and pushed twenty miles up the river to the village of Chestnut Neck. Here were batteries without guns,
prize ships which had been hastily scuttled, and storehouses for the reception of prize goods. The batteries and storehouses were demolished, the prize ships burnt, saltworks destroyed and private dwellings sacked and laid in ashes. Among the forces detached by Washington into the Jerseys to check these ravages, was the Count Pulaski's legionary corps, composed of three companies of foot, and a troop of horse, officered principally by foreigners. The legion was cantoned about twelve miles up the river; the infantry in three houses by themselves; Count Pulaski with the cavalry at some distance apart. Ferguson embarked in boats with two hundred and fifty men, ascended the river in the night, landed at four in the morning, and surrounded the houses in which the infantry were sleeping. Fifty were butchered on the spot; among whom were two of the foreign officers, the Baron de Bose and Lieut. la Broderie. The clattering of hoofs gave note of the approach of Pulaski and his horse, whereupon the British made a rapid retreat to their boats and pulled down the river.

The detachment on the east side of the Hudson likewise made a predatory and disgraceful foray from their lines at King's Bridge towards the American encampment at White Plains, plundering the inhabitants without discrimination, not only of their provisions and forage, but of the very clothes on their backs. None were more efficient in this ravage than a party of about one hundred of Capt. Donop's Hessian yagers, and they were in full maraud between Tarrytown and Dobb's Ferry, when a detachment of infantry under Col. Richard Butler, and of cavalry under Major Henry Lee, came upon them by surprise, killed ten of them on the spot, captured a lieutenant and eighteen privates, and would have taken or destroyed the whole, had not the extreme roughness of the country impeded the action of the cavalry, and enabled the yagers to escape by scrambling up hill-sides or plunging into ravines. The British detachments having accomplished the main objects of their movements, returned to New York; leaving those parts of the country they had harassed still more determined in their hostility, having achieved nothing but what is the least honorable and most detestable in warfare.

A fleet of transports with five thousand men, under Gen. Grant, convoyed by Com. Hotham with a squadron of six ships of war, set sail from New York on the third of November, with the secret design of an attack on St. Lucia. Towards the end of the same month, another body of troops, under Lieut.-Col. Campbell, sailed for Georgia in the squadron of Commodore Hyde Parker; the British cabinet having determined to carry the war into the Southern States. At the same time Gen. Provost, who commanded in Florida, was ordered by Sir Henry Clinton to march to the banks of the Savannah River, and attack Georgia in flank while the expedition under Campbell should attack it in front on the sea-board. The squadron of Com. Parker anchored in the Savannah River towards the end of December. An American force of about six hundred regulars and a few militia under Gen. Robert
Howe, were encamped near the town, being a remnant of the army with which that officer had invaded Florida in the preceding summer, but had been obliged to evacuate it by a mortal malady which desolated his camp. Campbell landed his troops on the 29th of December, about three miles below the town. The whole country bordering the river is a deep morass, cut up by creeks, and only to be traversed by causeways. Gen. Howe had posted his little army on the main road with the river on his left and a morass in front. A negro gave Campbell information of a path leading through the morass, by which troops might get unobserved to the rear of the Americans. Sir James Baird was detached with the light infantry by this path, while Col. Campbell advanced in front. The Americans, thus suddenly attacked in front and rear, were completely routed; upward of one hundred were either killed on the spot, or perished in the morass; thirty-eight officers and four hundred and fifteen privates were taken prisoners; the rest retreated up the Savannah River and crossed into South Carolina. Savannah, the capital of Georgia, was taken possession of by the victors, with cannon, military stores and provisions; their loss was only seven killed and nineteen wounded. General Prevost, who commanded the British forces in Florida, traversed deserts to the southern frontier of Georgia, took Sunbury, and marched to Savannah, where he assumed the general command, detaching Col. Campbell against Augusta. By the middle of January (1779) all Georgia was reduced to submission.

About the beginning of December, Washington distributed his troops for the winter in a line of strong cantonments extending from Long Island Sound to the Delaware. Gen. Putnam commanded at Danbury, Gen. McDougall in the Highlands, while the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief were near Middlebrook in the Jerseys. He devised a plan of alarm signals, which Gen. Philemon Dickinson was employed to carry into effect. On Bottle Hill, which commanded a vast map of country, sentinels kept watch day and night. Should there be an irruption of the enemy, an eighteen pounder called the Old Sow, fired every half hour, gave the alarm in the day time or in dark and stormy nights; an immense fire or beacon at other times. On the booming of that heavy gun, lights sprang up from hill to hill along the different ranges of heights; the country was aroused, and the yeomanry, hastily armed, hurried to their gathering places.

Much of the winter was passed by Washington in Philadelphia, occupied in devising and discussing plans for the campaign of 1779. It was an anxious moment with him. Circumstances which inspired others with confidence, filled him with solicitude. The alliance with France had produced a baneful feeling of security, which, it appeared to him, was paralyzing the energies of the country. England, it was thought, would now be too much occupied in securing her position in Europe, to increase her force or extend her operations in America. Many, therefore, considered the war as virtually at an end; and were unwilling to make the
sacrifices, or supply the means necessary for important military undertakings. Many of those whose names had been as watchwords at the Declaration of Independence, had withdrawn from the national councils; occupied either by their individual affairs, or by the affairs of their individual States. Washington, whose comprehensive patriotism embraced the whole Union, deprecated and deplored the dawning of this sectional spirit. America, he declared, had never stood more in need of the wise, patriotic, and spirited exertions of her sons than at this period. "Our political system," observed he, "is like the mechanism of a clock; it is useless to keep the smaller wheels in order, if the greater one, the prime mover of the whole, is neglected." It was his wish, therefore, that each State should choose its ablest men to attend Congress, instructed to investigate and reform public abuses.

The participation of France in the war, and the prospect that Spain would soon be embroiled with England, must certainly divide the attention of the enemy, and allow America a breathing time; these and similar considerations were urged by Washington in favor of a defensive policy. One single exception was made by him. The horrible ravages and massacres perpetrated by the Indians and their tory allies at Wyoming, had been followed by similar atrocities at Cherry Valley, in the State of New York, and called for signal vengeance to prevent a repetition. Washington knew by experience that Indian warfare, to be effective, should never be merely defensive, but must be carried into the enemy's country. The Six Nations, the most civilized of the savage tribes, had proved themselves the most formidable. The first act was an expedition from Fort Schuyler by Col. Van Schaick, Lieut.-Col. Willett, and Major Cochran, with about six hundred men, who, on the 19th of April, surprised the towns of the Onondagas; destroyed the whole settlement, and returned to the fort without the loss of a single man. The great expedition of the campaign, however, was in revenge of the massacre of Wyoming. Early in the summer, three thousand men assembled in that lately desolated region, and conducted by Gen. Sullivan, moved up the west branch of the Susquehanna into the Seneca country. While on the way, they were joined by a part of the western army, under Gen. James Clinton, who had come from the valley of the Mohawk by Otsego lake and the east branch of the Susquehanna. The united forces amounted to about five thousand men, of which Sullivan had the general command. The Indians, and their allies the tories, were much inferior in force, being about fifteen hundred Indians and two hundred white men, commanded by the two Butlers, Johnson, and Brant. A battle took place at Newtown on the 29th of August, in which they were easily defeated. Sullivan then pushed forward into the heart of the Indian country, penetrating as far as the Genesee River, laying everything waste, setting fire to deserted dwellings, destroying cornfields, orchards, gardens, everything that could give sustenance to man, the design being to starve the Indians out of the country. The latter retreated before him with
their families, and at length took refuge under the protection of the British garrison at Niagara. Having completed his errand, Sullivan returned to Easton in Pennsylvania. The thanks of Congress were voted to him and his army, but he shortly afterwards resigned his commission on account of ill health, and retired from the service. A similar expedition was undertaken by Col. Broadhead, from Pittsburg up the Alleghany, against the Mingo, Muncey, and Seneca tribes, with similar results. The wisdom of Washington's policy of carrying the war against the Indians into their country, and conducting it in their own way, was apparent from the general intimidation produced among the tribes by these expeditions, and the subsequent infrequency of their murderous incursions; the instigation of which by the British had been the most inhuman feature of this war.

The situation of Sir Henry Clinton must have been mortifying in the extreme to an officer of lofty ambition and generous aims. His force, between sixteen and seventeen thousand strong, was superior in numbers, discipline, and equipment to that of Washington; yet his instructions confined him to a predatory warfare, harassing, it is true, yet irritating to the country intended to be conciliated, and brutalizing to his own soldiery. Such an expedition was set on foot against the commerce of the Chesapeake; by which commerce the armies were supplied and the credit of the government sustained. On the 9th of May, a squadron under Sir George Collier, entered these waters, took possession of Portsmouth without opposition, sent out armed parties against Norfolk, Suffolk, Gosport, Kemp's Landing, and other neighboring places, where were immense quantities of provisions, naval and military stores, and merchandise of all kinds; with numerous vessels, some on the stocks, others richly laden. Wherever they went, a scene of plunder, conflagration, and destruction ensued.

Since the loss of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, the main defences of the Highlands had been established at the sudden bend of the river where it winds between West Point and Constitution Island. Two opposite forts commanded this bend, and an iron chain which was stretched across it. Washington had projected two works, also just below the Highlands, at Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, to serve as outworks of the mountain passes, and to protect King's Ferry, the most direct and convenient communication between the Northern and Middle States. A small but strong fort had been erected on Verplanck's Point, and was garrisoned by seventy men under Capt. Armstrong. A more important work was in progress at Stony Point. When completed, these two forts, on opposite promontories, would form as it were the lower gates of the Highlands; miniature Pillars of Hercules, of which Stony Point was the Gibraltar. To be at hand in case of any real attempt upon the Highlands, Washington drew up with his forces in that direction; moving by the way of Morristown. Sir Henry Clinton, on the 30th of May, set out on his second grand cruise up the Hudson, with an armament of about seventy sail, great and small, and one hundred and fifty flat boats. Admiral Collier com-
manded the armament, and there was a land force of about five thousand men under Gen. Vaughan. The first aim of Clinton was to get possession of Stony and Verplanck's Points. On the morning of the 31st, the forces were landed in two divisions, the largest under Gen. Vaughan, on the east side of the river, about seven or eight miles below Verplanck's Point; the other, commanded by Sir Henry in person, landed in Haverstraw Bay, about three miles below Stony Point. There were about thirty men in the unfinished fort; they abandoned it on the approach of the enemy, and retreated into the Highlands, having first set fire to the blockhouse. The British took quiet possessions of the fort in the evening; dragged up cannon and mortars in the night, and at daybreak opened a furious fire upon Fort Lafayette. It was cannonaded at the same time by the armed vessels, and a demonstration was made on it by the division under Gen. Vaughan. Thus surrounded, the little garrison of seventy men was forced to surrender, with no other stipulation than safety to their persons and to the property they had in the fort. Major André was aide-de-camp to Sir Henry, and signed the articles of capitulation. Clinton stationed garrisons in both posts, and set to work with great activity to complete the fortification of Stony Point. His troops remained for several days in two divisions on the opposite sides of the river; the fleet generally fell down a little below King's Ferry; some of the square-rigged vessels, however, with others of a smaller size, and flat-bottomed boats, having troops on board, dropped down Haverstraw Bay, and finally disappeared behind the promontories which advance across the upper part of the Tappan Sea. Washington presumed that the main object of Sir Henry was to get possession of West Point, the guardian fortress of the river, and that the capture of Stony and Verplanck's Points were preparatory steps. He would fain have dislodged him from these posts, which cut off all communication by the way of King's Ferry, but they were too strong, he had not the force nor military apparatus necessary. Deferring any attempt on them for the present, he took measures for the protection of West Point. Leaving Gen. Putnam and the main body of the army at Smith's Clove, a mountain pass in the rear of Haverstraw, he removed his headquarters to New Windsor, to be near West Point in case of need, and to press the completion of its works. Gen. McDougall was transferred to the command of the Point. Three brigades were stationed at different places on the opposite side of the river, under Gen. Heath, from which fatigue parties crossed daily to work on the fortifications. This strong disposition of the American forces checked Sir Henry's designs against the Highlands. He returned to New York; where he soon set on foot a desolating expedition along the seaboard of Connecticut. That State, while it furnished the American armies with provisions and recruits, and infested the sea with privateers, had hitherto experienced nothing of the horrors of war within its borders. Gen. (late Gov.) Tryon, was the officer selected for this inglorious, but apparently congenial service. About the beginning of July he embarked with two thousand six hundred men, in a fleet of transports and tenders,
and was convoyed up the Sound by Sir George Collier with two ships of war. On the 5th of July, the troops landed near New Haven, in two divisions, one led by Tryon, the other by Brigadier-general Garth. They came upon the neighborhood by surprise; yet the militia assembled in haste, and made a resolute through ineffectual opposition. The British captured the town, dismantled the fort, and took or destroyed all the vessels in the harbor; with all the artillery, ammunition, and public stores. Several private houses were plundered. They next proceeded to Fairfield; where they not merely ravaged and destroyed the public stores and the vessels in the harbor, but laid the town itself in ashes. The sight of homes laid desolate, and dwellings wrapped in flames, produced a more determined opposition to the progress of the destroyers; whereupon the ruthless ravage of the latter increased as they advanced. At Norwalk, where they landed on the 11th of July, they burnt one hundred and thirty dwelling-houses, eighty-seven barns, twenty-two store-houses, seventeen shops, four mills, two places of worship, and five vessels which were in the harbor. These acts of devastation were accompanied by atrocities, inevitable where the brutal passions of the soldiery are aroused.—Stony Point was a rocky promontory advancing far into the Hudson, which washed three sides of it. A deep morass, covered at high water, separated it from the mainland, but at low tide might be traversed by a narrow causeway and bridge. The promontory was crowned by strong works, furnished with heavy ordnance, commanding the morass and causeway. Lower down were two rows of abatis, and the shore at the foot of the hill could be swept by vessels of war anchored in the river. The garrison was about six hundred strong, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Johnson. To attempt the surprisal of this isolated post, thus strongly fortified, was a perilous enterprise. General Wayne, Mad Anthony as he was called from his daring valor, was the officer to whom Washington proposed it, and he engaged in it with avidity. On the 15th of July, about mid-day, he set out with his light-infantry from Sand Beach, fourteen miles distant from Stony Point. The roads were rugged, across mountains, morasses, and narrow defiles, in the skirts of the Dunderberg, where frequently it was necessary to proceed in single file. About eight in the evening, they arrived within a mile and a half of the forts, without being discovered. Bringing the men to a halt, Wayne and his principal officers went nearer, and carefully reconnoitred the works and their environs, so as to proceed understandingly and without confusion. About half-past eleven, the whole moved forward, guided by a negro of the neighborhood who had frequently carried in fruit to the garrison, and served the Americans as a spy. He led the way, accompanied by two stout men disguised as farmers. The countersign was given to the first sentinel, posted on high ground west of the morass. While the negro talked with him, the men seized and gagged him. The sentinel posted at the head of the causeway was served in the same manner; so that hitherto no alarm was given. The causeway, however, was overflowed, and it was some time after twelve o'clock before the troops could cross;
leaving three hundred men under Gen. Muhlenberg, on the western side of the morass, as a reserve. At the foot of the promontory, the troops were divided into two columns, for simultaneous attacks on the opposite sides of the works. One hundred and fifty volunteers, led by Lieut.-Col. Fleury, seconded by Major Posey, formed the vanguard of the right column; one hundred volunteers under Major Stewart, the vanguard of the left. In advance of each was a forlorn hope of twenty men, one led by Lieut. Gibbon, the other by Lieut. Knox; it was their desperate duty to remove the abatis. So well had the whole affair been conducted, that the Americans were close upon the outworks before they were discovered. There was then severe skirmishing at the pickets. The Americans used the bayonet; the others discharged their muskets. The reports roused the garrison. Stony Point was instantly in an uproar. The drums beat to arms; everyone hurried to his alarm post; the works were hastily manned, and a tremendous fire of grape shot and musketry opened upon the assailants. The two columns forced their way with the bayonet, at opposite points, surmounting every obstacle. Col. Fleury was the first to enter the fort and strike the British flag. Major Posey sprang to the ramparts and shouted, "The fort is our own." Wayne, who led the right column, received at the inner abatis a contusion on the head from a musket ball, and would have fallen to the ground, but his two aides-de-camp supported him. Thinking it was a death wound, "Carry me into the fort," said he, "and let me die at the head of my column." He was borne in between his aides, and soon recovered his self-possession. The two columns arrived nearly at the same time, and met in the center of the works. The garrison surrendered at discretion. At daybreak, the guns of the fort were turned on Fort Lafayette and the shipping. The latter cut their cables and dropped down the river. Through a series of blunders, the detachment from West Point, which was to have cooperated, did not arrive in time, and came unprovided with suitable ammunition for their battering artillery. This part of the enterprise, therefore, failed; Fort Lafayette held out. The storming of Stony Point stands out in high relief, as one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. The Americans had effected it without firing a musket. On their part, it was the silent deadly work of the bayonet; the fierce resistance they met at the outset may be judged by the havoc made in their forlorn hope; out of twenty-two men, seventeen were either killed or wounded. The whole loss of the Americans was fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded. Of the garrison, sixty-three were slain, including two officers; five hundred and fifty-three were taken prisoners, among whom were a lieutenant-colonel, four captains, and twenty-three subaltern officers. Wayne, in his dispatches, writes: "The humanity of our brave soldiery, who scorned to take the lives of a vanquished foe when calling for mercy, reflects the highest honor on them, and accounts for the few of the enemy killed on the occasion." Gen. Charles Lee, when he heard of Wayne's achievement, wrote to him as follows: "What I am going to say, you will not, I hope, consider as paying my court in
this hour of your glory; it is dictated by the genuine feelings of my heart. I do most sincerely declare, that your assault of Stony Point is not only the most brilliant, in my opinion, throughout the whole course of the war on either side, but that it is the most brilliant I am acquainted with in history; the assault of Schweidnitz by Marshal Laudon, I think inferior to it." This is the more magnificent on the part of Lee, as Wayne had been the chief witness against him in the court-martial after the affair of Monmouth. While Stony Point, therefore, stands a lasting monument of the daring courage of "Mad Anthony," let it call up the remembrance of this freak of generosity on the part of the eccentric Lee. Washington having well examined the post in company with an engineer and several general officers, found that at least fifteen hundred men would be required to maintain it—a number not to be spared from the army at present. The works, too, were only calculated for defence on the land side, and were open towards the river, where the enemy depended upon protection from their ships. It would be necessary to construct them anew, with great labor. The army, also, would have to be in the vicinity, too distant from West Point to aid in completing or defending its fortifications, and exposed to the risk of a general action on unfavorable terms. Accordingly, Washington evacuated the post on the 18th, removing the cannon and stores, and destroying the works; after which he drew his forces together in the Highlands, and established his quarters at West Point.

A British detachment from Halifax of seven or eight hundred men, had founded in June a military post on the eastern side of the Bay of Penobscot, nine miles below the river of that name, and were erecting a fort there, intended to protect Nova Scotia, control the frontiers of Massachusetts, and command the vast wooded regions of Maine whence inexhaustible supplies of timber might be procured for the royal shipyards at Halifax and elsewhere. The people of Boston, roused by this movement, which invaded their territory, and touched their pride and interests, undertook, on their own responsibility, a naval and military expedition intended to drive off the invaders. A squadron of armed ships and brigantines under Commodore Saltonstall, at length put to sea, convoying transports, on board of which were near four thousand land troops under Gen. Lovel. Arriving in the Penobscot on the 25th of May, they found Col. Maclean posted on a peninsula, steep and precipitous toward the bay, and deeply entrenched on the land side, with three ships of war anchored before it. Lovel effected a landing on the peninsula before daybreak on the 28th. The fort was half finished; the guns were not mounted; the three armed vessels could not have offered a formidable resistance; but Lovel threw up works at seven hundred and fifty yards distance, and opened a cannonade, which was continued from day to day, for a fortnight. The enemy availed themselves of the delay to strengthen their works, in which they were aided by men from the ships. Lovel sent to Boston for a reinforcement of Continental troops. A golden opportunity was lost by this excess of caution.
It gave time for Admiral Collier at New York to hear of this enterprise, and take measures for its defeat. On the 13th of August, Lovel was astounded by intelligence that the admiral was arrived before the bay with a superior armament. Thus fairly entrapped, he endeavored to extricate his force with as little loss as possible. Before news of Collier's arrival could reach the fort, he reembarked his troops. His armed vessels were captured, others were set on fire or blown up, and abandoned by their crews. The transports being eagerly pursued and in great danger of being taken, disgorged the troops and seamen on the wild shores of the river: whence they had to make the best of their way to Boston, struggling for upwards of a hundred miles through a pathless wilderness, before they reached the settled parts of the country.

Washington was cheered by the success of an expedition set on foot under his own eye, by his young friend, Major Henry Lee of the Virginia dragoons. This active and daring officer had frequently been employed by him in scouring the country on the west side of the Hudson to collect information; keep an eye upon the enemy's posts; cut off their supplies, and check their foraging parties. The coup de main at Stony Point had piqued his emulation. Paulus Hook is a long low point of the Jersey shore, stretching into the Hudson, and connected to the main land by a sandy isthmus. A fort had been erected on it by the British, and garrisoned with four or five hundred men, under the command of Major Sutherland. It was a strong position. A creek fordable only in two places rendered the Hook difficult of access. Within this, a deep trench had been cut across the isthmus, traversed by a drawbridge with a barred gate; and still within this was a double row of abatis, extending into the water. The whole position, with the country immediately adjacent, was separated from the rest of Jersey by the Hackensack River, running parallel to the Hudson, at the distance of a very few miles, and only traversable in boats, excepting at the New Bridge, about fourteen miles from Paulus Hook. On the 18th of August, Lee set out on an expedition to surprise the fort, at the head of three hundred men of Lord Stirling's division, and a troop of dismounted dragoons under Captain McLane. The road they took lay along that belt of rocky and wooded heights which borders the Hudson, and forms a rugged neck between it and the Hackensack. Lord Stirling followed with five hundred men, and encamped at the New Bridge on that river, to be at hand to render aid if required. It was between two and three in the morning when Lee and his men arrived at the creek which rendered Paulus Hook difficult of access. They passed the creek and ditch, entered the works unmolested, and had made themselves masters of the post before the negligent garrison were well roused from sleep. Alarm guns from the ships in the river and the forts at New York threatened speedy reinforcements to the enemy. Having made one hundred and fifty-nine prisoners, among whom were three officers, Lee commenced his retreat. He had achieved his object: a coup de main of signal audacity. Few of the enemy were slain, for there was but little fighting, and no
massacre. His own loss was two men killed and three wounded. Washington was now at West Point, diligently providing for the defence of the Highlands against any further attempts of the enemy. Of his singularly isolated situation with respect to public affairs, we have evidence in the following passage of a letter to Edmond Randolph, who had recently taken his seat in Congress: "I shall be happy in such communications as your leisure and other considerations will permit you to transmit to me, for I am as totally unacquainted with the political state of things, and what is going forward in the great national council as if I was an alien; when a competent knowledge of the temper and designs of our allies, from time to time, and the frequent changes and complex- tion of affairs in Europe might, as they ought to do, have a con siderable influence on the operations of our army, and would in many cases determine the propriety of measures, which under a cloud of darkness can only be groped at." Of the style of liv ing at headquarters, we have a picture in the following letter to Doctor John Cochran, the surgeon-general and physician of the army. It is almost the only instance of sportive writing in all Washington's correspondence: "DEAR DOCTOR:—I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is more essential. Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table: a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decor ates the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question, if in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them." We may add, that, however poor the fare and table equipage at headquarters, everything was conducted with strict etiquette and decorum, and we make no doubt the ladies in question were handed in with as much courtesy to the bacon and greens and tin dishes, as though they were to be regaled with the daintiest viands, served up on enamelled plate and porcelain. Washington, by his diligence in fortifying West Point, rendered that fastness of the Highlands apparently impregnable. Sir Henry turned his thoughts, therefore, towards the South, hoping, by a successful expedition in that direction, to counterbalance ill success in other quarters. At this juncture news was received of
the arrival of the Count D’Estaing, with a formidable fleet on the coast of Georgia, having made a successful cruise in the West Indies, in the course of which he had taken St. Vincent’s and Granada. Clinton, apprehensive of a combined attack on New York, caused Rhode Island to be evacuated; the troops and stores to be brought away; the garrisons brought off from Stony and Verplanck’s Points, and all his forces to be concentrated at New York, which he endeavored to put in the strongest posture of defence. Spain had joined France in hostilities against England, increasing the solicitude and perplexities of the enemy, and giving fresh confidence to the Americans.

The Chevalier de la Luzerne, minister from France, with Mons. Barbé Marbois, his secretary of legation, having recently landed at Boston, paid Washington a visit at his mountain fortress, bringing letters of introduction from Lafayette. Washington welcomed the chevalier to the mountains with the thunder of artillery, and received him at his fortress with military ceremonial; but very probably surprised him with the stern simplicity of his table, while he charmed him with the dignity and grace with which he presided at it.

Admiral D’Estaing, on arriving on the coast of Georgia, had been persuaded to cooperate with the Southern army, under Gen. Lincoln, in an attempt to recover Savannah, which had fallen into the hands of the British during the preceding year. For three weeks a siege was carried on with great vigor by regular approaches on land, and cannonade and bombardment from the shipping. October 9th, Lincoln and D’Estaing, at the head of their choicest troops, advanced before daybreak to storm the works. The assault was gallant but unsuccessful; both Americans and French had planted their standards on the redoubts, but were finally repulsed; and both armies retired from before the place, the French having lost in killed and wounded upwards of six hundred men, the Americans about four hundred. D’Estaing himself was among the wounded, and the gallant Count Pulaski among the slain. The loss of the enemy was trifling, being protected by their works. The Americans recrossed the Savannah River into South Carolina; and the French reembarked. The tidings of this reverse, which reached Washington late in November, put an end to all prospect of cooperation from the French fleet; and arrangements were made for the winter. The army was thrown into two divisions; one was to be stationed under Gen. Heath in the Highlands, for the protection of West Point and the neighboring post; the other and principal division was to be huddled near Morristown, where Washington was to have his headquarters. The cavalry were to be sent to Connecticut.

Gen. Clinton was regulating his movements by those the French fleet might make after the repulse at Savannah. Intelligence at length arrived that it had been dispersed by a violent storm. Count D’Estaing, with a part, had shaped his course for France; the rest had proceeded to the West Indies. Sir Henry now lost no time in carrying his plans into operation. Leaving the garrison of
New York under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Knyphausen, he embarked several thousand men, on board of transports, to be convoyed by five ships-of-the-line and several frigates under Admiral Arbuthnot, and set sail on the 26th of December accompanied by Lord Cornwallis, on an expedition intended for the capture of Charleston and the reduction of South Carolina.

The dreary encampment at Valley Forge has become proverbial for its hardships; yet they were scarcely more severe than those suffered by Washington's army during the present winter, while huddled among the heights of Morristown. The winter set in early, and was uncommonly rigorous. For weeks at a time the army was on half allowance; sometimes without meat, sometimes without bread, sometimes without both. There was a scarcity, too, of clothing and blankets, so that the poor soldiers were starving with cold as well as hunger. The year 1780 opened upon a famishing camp. "For a fortnight past," writes Washington, on the 8th of January, "the troops, both officers and men, have been almost perishing with want. Yet they have borne their sufferings with a patience that merits the approbation, and ought to excite the sympathies, of their countrymen." The severest trials of the Revolution, in fact, were not in the field, where there were shouts to excite and laurels to be won; but in the squalid wretchedness of ill-provided camps, where there was nothing to cheer and everything to be endured. To suffer was the lot of the revolutionary soldier. A rigorous winter had much to do with the actual distresses of the army, but the root of the evil lay in the derangement of the currency. Congress had commenced the war without adequate funds, and without the power of imposing direct taxes. To meet pressing emergencies, it had emitted paper money, which, for a time, passed currently at par; but sank in value as further emissions succeeded, and that already in circulation remained unredeemed. The several States added to the evil by emitting paper in their separate capacities: thus the country gradually became flooded with a "continental currency," as it was called; which declined to such a degree, that forty dollars in paper were equivalent to only one in specie. Congress attempted to put a stop to this depreciation, by making paper money a legal tender, at its nominal value, in the discharge of debts, however contracted. This opened the door to knavery, and added a new feature to the evil. In the present emergency Washington was reluctantly compelled, by the distresses of the army, to call upon the counties of the State for supplies of grain and cattle, proportioned to their respective abilities. These supplies were to be brought into the camp within a certain time; the grain to be measured and the cattle estimated by any two of the magistrates of the county in conjunction with the commissary, and certificates to be given by the latter, specifying the quantity of each and the terms of payment. Wherever a compliance with this call was refused, the articles required were to be impressed: it was a painful alternative, yet nothing else could save the army from dissolution or starving. Washington charged his officers to act with as much tenderness as
possible, graduating the exaction according to the stock of each individual, so that no family should be deprived of what was necessary to its subsistence. To the honor of the magistrates and the people of Jersey, his requisitions were punctually complied with, and in many counties exceeded. Too much praise, indeed, cannot be given to the people of this State for the patience with which most of them bore these exactions, and the patriotism with which many of them administered to the wants of their countrymen in arms. Exhausted as the State was by repeated drainings, yet, at one time, when deep snows cut off all distant supplies, Washington's army was wholly subsisted by it. As the winter advanced, the cold increased in severity. It was the most intense ever remembered in the country. The great bay of New York was frozen over. Provisions grew scanty; and there was such lack of firewood, that old transports were broken up, and uninhabited wooden houses pulled down for fuel. The safety of the city was endangered. The ships of war immovably icebound in its harbor, no longer gave it protection. The insular security of the place was at an end. An army with its heaviest artillery and baggage might cross the Hudson on the ice.

Washington was aware of the opportunity which offered itself for a signal coup de main, but was not in a condition to profit by it. Still, in the frozen condition of the bay and rivers, some minor blow might be attempted, sufficient to rouse and cheer the spirits of the people. With this view, having ascertained that the ice formed a bridge across the strait between the Jersey shore and Staten Island, Lord Stirling with twenty-five hundred men, crossed on the night of the 14th of January, from De Hart's Point to the island. His approach was discovered; the troops took refuge in the works, which were too strongly situated to be attacked. His own situation becoming hazardous, Lord Stirling recrossed to the Jersey Shore with a number of prisoners whom he had captured. By way of retort, Knyphausen, on the 25th of January, sent out two detachments to harass the American outposts. One crossed to Paulus Hook, and being joined by part of the garrison of that post, pushed on to Newark, surprised and captured a company stationed there, set fire to the academy, and returned without loss. The other detachment, under Lieut.-Col. Boskirk, crossed from Staten Island to Trembly's Point, surprised the picket-guard at Elizabethtown, and captured two majors, two captains, and forty-two privates. The disgraceful part of the expedition was the burning of the town house, a church, and a private residence, and the plundering of the inhabitants. The church destroyed was a Presbyterian place of worship, and its pastor, the Rev. James Caldwell, had rendered himself an especial object of hostility to both Briton and Tory. He was a zealous patriot; had served as chaplain to those portions of the American army that successively occupied the Jerseys; and now officiated in that capacity in Col. Elias Dayton's regiment. His church had at times served as hospital to the American soldier; or shelter to the hastily assembled militia. Its bell was the
tocsin of alarm; from its pulpit he had many a time stirred up the patriotism of his countrymen by his ardent, eloquent, and pathetic appeals, laying beside him his pistols before he commenced. His popularity in the army, and among the Jersey people, was unbounded.

In the lower part of Westchester County, in a hilly region lying between the British and American lines, about twenty miles from the British outposts, and not far from White Plains, the Americans had established a post of three hundred men at a stone building commonly known as Young's house, from the name of its owner. It commanded a road which passed from north to south down along the narrow but fertile valley of the Sawmill River, now known by its original Indian name of the Neperan. On this road the garrison of Young's house kept a vigilant eye, to intercept the convoys of cattle and provisions which had been collected or plundered by the enemy, and which passed down this valley towards New York. This post had long been an annoyance to the enemy, but its distance from the British lines had hitherto saved it from attack. On the evening of the 2d of February, an expedition set out from King's Bridge, led by Lieut.-Col. Norton. It was a weary tramp; the snow in many places was more than two feet deep, and they had to take by-ways and cross-roads to avoid the American patrols. The sun rose while they were yet seven miles from Young's house. Before they could reach the house the country had taken the alarm, and the Westchester yeomanry had armed themselves, and were hastening to aid the garrison. The British light infantry and grenadiers invested the mansion; the cavalry posted themselves on a neighboring eminence, to prevent retreat or reinforcement, and the house was assailed. It made a brave resistance, and was aided by some of the yeomanry stationed in an adjacent orchard. The garrison, however, was overpowered; numbers were killed, and ninety taken prisoners. The house was sacked and set in flames. We give this affair as a specimen of the *petite guerre* carried on in the southern part of Westchester County; the *neutral ground*, as it was called, but subjected from its vicinity to the city, to be foraged by the royal forces, and plundered and insulted by refugees and tories. No part of the Union was more harried and trampled down by friend and foe, during the Revolution, than this debatable region and the Jerseys.

The most irksome duty that Washington had to perform during the winter's encampment at Morristown, regarded Gen. Arnold and his military government of Philadelphia in 1778. At the time of entering upon this command, Arnold's accounts with government were yet unsettled; the committee appointed by Congress, at his own request, to examine them, having considered some of his charges dubious, and others exorbitant. Arnold occupied one of the finest houses in the city; set up a splendid establishment; had his carriage and four horses and a train of domestics; gave expensive entertainments, and indulged in a luxury and parade, which were condemned as little befitting a republican general; especially one whose accounts with government were yet unsettled, and who had
imputations of mercenary rapacity still hanging over him. Osten-
tatious prodigality, in fact, was his besetting sin. To cope with
his overwhelming expenses, he engaged in various speculations,
more befitting the trafficking habits of his early life than his pres-
cent elevated position. Nay, he availed himself of that position to
aid his speculations, and sometimes made temporary use of public
moneys passing through his hands. In the exercise of his military
functions, he had become involved in disputes with the president
(Wharton) and executive council of Pennsylvania, and by his
conduct, which was deemed arbitrary and arrogant, had drawn
upon himself the hostility of that body, which became stern and
unsparing censors of his conduct. He had not been many weeks
in Philadelphia before he became attached to one of its reigning
belles, Miss Margaret Shippen, daughter of Mr. Edward Shippen,
in after years chief justice of Pennsylvania. Her family were not
considered well affected to the American cause; the young lady
herself, during the occupation of the city by the enemy, had been
a "toast" among the British officers. Party feeling ran high on
local subjects connected with the change of the State government.
Arnold’s connections with the Shippen family increased his disfa-
vor with the president and executive council, who were whigs to a
man; and it was sneeringly observed, that "he had courted the
loyalists from the start." Gen. Joseph Reed, at that time one of
the executive committee, observes in a letter to Gen. Greene,
"Will you not think it extraordinary that Gen. Arnold made a
public entertainment the night before last, of which, not only
common tory ladies, but the wives and daughters of persons pro-
scribed by the State, and now with the enemy at New York,
formed a very considerable number? The fact is literally true."
As he was an officer of the United States, the complaints and
grievances of Pennsylvania were set forth by the executive coun-
cil in eight charges, and forwarded to Congress, accompanied by
documents, and a letter from President Reed. Arnold’s first
solictitude was about the effect they might have upon Miss Shippen,
to whom he was now engaged. On Feb. 9th he issued an address
to the public, recalling his faithful services of nearly four years,
and inveighing against the proceedings of the president and coun-
cil; who, not content with injuring him in a cruel and unprece-
dented manner with Congress, had ordered copies of their charges
to be printed and dispersed throughout the several States, for the
purpose of prejudicing the public mind against him, while the
matter was yet in suspense. He had requested Congress to direct
a court-martial to inquire into his conduct, and trusted his country-
men would suspend their judgment in the matter, until he should
have an opportunity of being heard. Public opinion was divided.
His brilliant services spoke eloquently in his favor. On the 16th
of Feb. his appeal to Congress was referred to the committee
which had under consideration the letter of President Reed and
its accompanying documents. About the middle of March, the
committee brought in a report exculpating him from all criminality
in the matters charged against him. As soon as the report was
brought in he considered his name vindicated and resigned. But Congress referred the subject anew to a joint committee of their body and the assembly and council of Pennsylvania. Arnold was, at this time, on the eve of marriage with Miss Shippen, and it must have been peculiarly gallling to his pride to be kept under the odium of imputed delinquencies. The report of the joint committee brought up animated discussions in Congress. It was contended that certain charges were only cognizable by a court-martial, and, after a warm debate, it was resolved (April 3d), by a large majority, that the commander-in-chief should appoint such a court for the consideration of them. Arnold inveighed bitterly against the injustice of subjecting him to a trial before a military tribunal for alleged offences of which he had been acquitted by the committee of Congress. It was doubtless soothing to his irritated pride, that the woman on whom he had placed his affections remained true to him; for his marriage with Miss Shippen took place just five days after the mortifying vote of Congress. Washington appointed the 1st of May for the trial, but it was repeatedly postponed. Arnold continued to reside at Philadelphia, holding his commission in the army, but filling no public office; getting deeper and deeper in debt, and becoming more and more unpopular. His situation, he said, was cruel. His character would continue to suffer until he should be acquitted by a court-martial, and he would be effectually prevented from joining the army, which he wished to do as soon as his wounds would permit, that he might render the country every service in his power at this critical time. At length when the campaign was over, and the army had gone into winter-quarters, the long-delayed court-martial was assembled at Morristown. Of the eight charges originally advanced against Arnold by the Pennsylvania council, four only came under cognizance of the court. Of two of these he was entirely acquitted. The remaining two were, First. That while in the camp at Valley Forge, he, without the knowledge of the commander-in-chief, or the sanction of the State government, had granted a written permission for a vessel belonging to disaffected persons, to proceed from the fort of Philadelphia, then in possession of the enemy, to any port of the United States. Second. That, availing himself of his official authority, he had appropriated the public wagons of Pennsylvania, when called forth on a special emergency, to the transportation of private property, and that of persons who voluntarily remained with the enemy, and were deemed disaffected to the interests and independence of America. In regard to both charges, nothing fraudulent on the part of Arnold was proved, but the transactions involved in the first were pronounced irregular, and contrary to one of the articles of war; and in the second, imprudent and reprehensible, considering the high station occupied by the general at the time, and the court sentenced him to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief. The sentence was confirmed by Congress on the 12th of February (1780). The reprimand was administered by Washington with consummate delicacy. The following were his words, as repeated by M. de Mar-
bois, the French secretary of legation: "Our profession is the chastest of all: even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertance may rob us of the public favor so hard to be acquired. I reprehend you for having forgotten, that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

The population of South Carolina was made up of emigrants, or the descendents of emigrants, from various lands and of various nations: Huguenots, who had emigrated from France after the revocation of the edict of Nantz; Germans, from the Palatinate; Irish Protestants, who had received grants of land from the crown; Scotch Highlanders, transported hither after the disastrous battle of Culloden; Dutch colonists, who had left New York, after its submission to England, and been settled here on bounty lands. Some of these foreign elements might be hostile to British domination, but others would be favorable. There was a large class, too, that had been born or had passed much of their lives in England, who retained for it a filial affection, spoke of it as home, and sent their children to be educated there. The number of slaves within the province and of savages on its western frontier, together with its wide extent of unprotected sea-coast, were encouragements to an invasion by sea and land. Gen. Lincoln was in command at Charleston, but uncertain as yet of the designs of the enemy, and at a loss what course to pursue. The voyage of Sir Henry Clinton (from New York to Charleston) proved long and tempestuous. The ships were dispersed. Several fell into the hands of the Americans. One ordnance vessel founders. Most of the artillery horses, and all those of the cavalry perished. The scattered ships rejoined each other about the end of January, at Tybee Bay on Savannah River. There was a corps of two hundred and fifty dragoons, on which Clinton depended greatly in the kind of guerilla warfare he was likely to pursue, in a country of forest and morasses. Lieut.-Col. Banastre Tarleton, who commanded them, was one of those dogs of war, which Sir Henry was prepared to let slip on emergencies, to scour and maraud the country. This "bold dragoon," so noted in Southern warfare, was about twenty-six years of age, of a swarthy complexion, with small, black, piercing eyes. He is described as being rather below the middle size, square-built and strong, "with large muscular legs." He repaired with his dragoons, in some of the quartermaster's boats, to Port Royal Island, on the seaboard of South Carolina, "to collect at that place, from friends or enemies, by money or by force, all the horses belonging to the islands in the neighborhood." He succeeded in procuring horses, though of an inferior quality to those he had lost. In the meantime, the transports having on board a great part of the army, sailed under con-
voy on the 10th of Feb. from Savannah to North Edisto Sound, where the troops disembarked on the 11th, on St. Johns Island, about thirty miles below Charleston. Thence, Clinton set out for the banks of Ashley River, opposite to the city, while a part of the fleet proceeded round by sea, for the purpose of blockading the harbor. Much time was consumed in fortifying intermediate ports, to keep up a secure communication with the fleet. He ordered from Savannah all the troops that could be spared, and wrote to Knyphausen, at New York, for reinforcements from that place. Gen. Lincoln took advantage of this slowness on the part of his assailant, to extend and strengthen the works. Charleston stands at the end of an isthmus formed by the Ashley and Cooper rivers. Beyond the main works on the land side he cut a canal, from one to the other of the swamps which border these rivers. In advance of the canal were two rows of abatis and a double picketed ditch. Within the canal, and between it and the main works, were strong redoubts and batteries, to open a flanking fire on any approaching column, while an inclosed horn-work of masonry formed a kind of citadel. A squadron, commanded by Commodore Whipple, and composed of nine vessels of war of various sizes, the largest mounting forty-four guns, was to cooperate with Forts Moultrie and Johnston, and the various batteries, in the defence of the harbor. They were to lie before the bar so as to command the entrance of it. Great reliance also was placed on the bar itself, which it was thought no ship-of-the-line could pass. Gen. Lincoln yielded to the entreaties of the inhabitants, and shut himself up with them in the place for its defense, leaving merely his cavalry and two hundred light troops outside, who were to hover about the enemy and prevent small parties from marauding. It was not until the 12th of March that Sir Henry effected his tardy approach, and took up a position on Charleston Neck, a few miles above the town. Admiral Arbuthnot soon showed an intention of introducing his ships into the harbor; barricading their waists, anchoring them in a situation where they might take advantage of the first favorable spring-tide, and fixing buoys on the bar for their guidance. Commodore Whipple could not anchor nearer than within three miles of the bar, so that it would be impossible for him to defend the passage of it. He quitted his station within it, therefore, after having destroyed a part of the enemy's buoys, and took a position where his ships might be abreast, and form a cross-fire with the batteries of Fort Moultrie, where Col. Pinckney commanded.

Washington's utmost vigilance was required to keep watch upon New York and maintain the security of the Hudson, the vital part of the confederacy. The weak state of the American means of warfare in both quarters, presented a choice of difficulties. The South needed support. Could the North give it without exposing itself to ruin, since the enemy, by means of their ships, could suddenly unite their forces, and fall upon any point that they might consider weak? Such were the perplexities to which he was continually subjected, in having, with scanty means, to provide for
the security of a vast extent of country, and with land forces merely, to contend with an amphibious enemy. The Baron De Kalb, now at the head of the Maryland division, was instructed to conduct this detachment with all haste to the aid of General Lincoln. He might not arrive in time to prevent the fall of Charleston, but he might assist to arrest the progress of the enemy and save the Carolinas.

The troops were paid in paper money at its nominal value. A memorial of the officers of the Jersey line to the legislature of their State, represented the depreciation to be so great, that four months' pay of a private soldier would not procure for his family a single bushel of wheat; the pay of a colonel would not purchase oats for his horse, and a common laborer or express rider could earn four times the pay in paper of an American officer. It was proposed in Congress to send a committee of three of its members to headquarters to consult with the commander-in-chief, and, in conjunction with him, to effect such reforms and changes in the various departments of the army as might be deemed necessary. Warm debates ensued. It was objected that this would put too much power into a few hands, and especially into those of the commander-in-chief: "that his influence was already too great; that even his virtues afforded motives for alarm; that the enthusiasm of the army, joined to the kind of dictatorship already confided to him, put Congress and the United States at his mercy; that it was not expedient to expose a man of the highest virtues to such temptations." This passage from a despatch of the French minister to his government, is strongly illustrative of the cautious jealously still existing in Congress with regard to military power, even though wielded by Washington.

After a prolonged debate, a committee of three was chosen by ballot; it consisted of Gen. Schuyler and Messrs. John Matthews, and Nathaniel Peabody. It was a great satisfaction to Washington to have his old friend and coadjutor, Schuyler, near him in this capacity, in which, he declared, no man could be more useful, "from his perfect knowledge of the resources of the country, the activity of his temper, his fruitfulness of expedients, and his sound military sense." The committee found the disastrous state of affairs had not been exaggerated. For five months the army had been unpaid. Every department was destitute of money or credit; there were rarely provisions for six days in advance; on some occasions the troops had been for several successive days without meat; there was no forage; the medical department had neither tea, chocolate, wine, nor spirituous liquors of any kind. "Yet the men," said Washington, "have borne their distress in general, with a firmness and patience never exceeded, and every commendation is due to the officers for encouraging them to it by exhortation and example." We have it from another authority, that many officers for some time lived on bread and cheese, rather than take any of the scanty allowance of meat from the men. To soothe the discontents of the army, Congress engaged to make good to the Continental and the independent troops the difference
in the value of their pay caused by depreciation of the currency; and that all moneys or other articles heretofore received by them, should be considered as advanced on account, and comprehended at their just value in the final settlement.

At this gloomy crisis came a letter from the Marquis de Lafayette, dated April 27th, announcing his arrival at Boston. Washington's eyes, we are told, were suffused with tears as he read this most welcome epistle. The marquis arrived safe at headquarters on the 12th or May, where he was welcomed with acclamations, for he was popular with both officers and soldiers. Washington folded him in his arms in a truly paternal embrace, and they were soon closeted together to talk over the state of affairs, when Lafayette made known the result of his visit to France. His generous efforts at court had been crowned with success, and he brought the animating intelligence that a French fleet, under the Chevalier de Ternay, was to put to sea early in April, bringing a body of troops under the Count de Rochambeau, and might soon be expected on the coast to coöperate with the American forces. Remaining but a single day at headquarters, he hastened on to the seat of government, where he met the reception which his generous enthusiasm in the cause of American Independence had so fully merited. The whole effective land force of the enemy at New York, was about eight thousand regulars and four thousand refugees. Their naval force consisted of one seventy-four gun ship, and three or four small frigates. In this situation of affairs the French fleet might enter the harbor and gain possession of it without difficulty, cut off its communications, and, with the coöperation of the American army, oblige the city to capitulate. Washington advised Lafayette, therefore, to write to the French commanders, urging them, on their arrival on the coast, to proceed with their land and naval forces, with all expedition, to Sandy Hook, and there await further advices; should they learn, however, that the expedition under Sir Henry Clinton had returned from the south to New York, they were to proceed to Rhode Island. The army with which Washington was to coöperate in the projected attack upon New York, was so reduced by the departure of troops whose term had expired, and the tardiness in furnishing recruits, that it did not amount quite to four thousand rank and file, fit for duty. A long interval of scarcity and several days of actual famine, brought matters to a crisis. On the 25th of May, in the dusk of the evening, two regiments of the Connecticut line assembled on their parade by beat of drum, and declared their intention to march home bag and baggage, "or, at best, to gain subsistence at the point of the bayonet." Col. Meigs, while endeavoring to suppress the mutiny, was struck by one of the soldiers. Some officers of the Pennsylvania line came to his assistance, parading their regiments. Every argument and expostulation was used with the mutineers. They were reminded of their past good conduct, of the noble objects for which they were contending, and of the future indemnifications promised by Congress. It was with difficulty they could be prevailed upon to return to their huts. Indeed,
a few turned out a second time, with their packs, and were not to be pacified. These were arrested and confined. This mutiny, Washington declared, had given him infinitely more concern than any thing that had ever happened, especially as he had no means of paying the troops excepting in Continental money, which, said he "is evidently impracticable from the immense quantity it would require to pay them as much as would make up the depreciation." He looked round anxiously for bread for his famishing troops. New York, Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, were what he termed his "flour country." Virginia was sufficiently tasked to supply the South. New York, by legislative coercion, had already given all that she could spare from the subsistence of her inhabitants. Jersey was exhausted by the long residence of the army. Maryland had made great exertions, and might still do something more, and Delaware might contribute handsomely, in proportion to her extent: but Pennsylvania was now the chief dependence, for that State was represented to be full of flour. Washington wrote earnestly to President Reed and his letter procured relief for the army from the legislature, and a resolve empowering the president and council, during its recess, to declare martial law, should circumstances render it expedient. "This," observes Reed, "gives us a power of doing what may be necessary without attending to the ordinary course of the law, and we shall endeavor to exercise it with prudence and moderation."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTH.

Several days elapsed before the British ships before Charleston were able, by taking out their guns, provisions, and water, and availing themselves of wind and tide, to pass the bar. They did so on the 20th of March, with but slight opposition from several galleys. Commodore Whipple, then, seeing the vast superiority of their force, made a second retrograde move, stationing some of his ships in Cooper River, and sinking the rest at its mouth so as to prevent the enemy from running up the river, and cutting off communication with the country on the east: the crews and heavy cannon were landed to aid in the defence of the town. The reinforcements which Sir Henry Clinton had ordered from Savannah were marching toward the Cambayee under Brig.-Gen. Patterson. On his flank moved Major Ferguson with a corps of riflemen, and Major Cochrane with the infantry of the British legion. It was a toilsome march, through swamps and difficult passes. Being arrived in the neighborhood of Port Royal, where Tarleton had succeeded, though indifferently, in remounting his dragoons, Patterson sent orders to that officer to join him.

Tarleton had soon to encounter a worthy antagonist in Colonel William Washington, the same cavalry officer who had distin-
guished himself at Trenton, and was destined to distinguish himself still more in this Southern campaign. He is described as being six feet in height, broad, stout and corpulent. Bold in the field, careless in the camp; kind to his soldiers; harassing to his enemies; gay and good-humored; with an upright heart and a generous hand, a universal favorite. He was now at the head of a body of Continental cavalry, consisting of his own and Bland's light-horse, and Pulaski's hussars. A brush took place in the neighborhood of Rantoul's Bridge. Col. Washington had the advantage, took several prisoners, and drove back the dragoons of the British legion, but durst not pursue them for want of infantry. On the 7th of April, Brigadier-general Woodford with seven hundred Virginia troops, after a forced march of five hundred miles in thirty days, crossed from the east side of Cooper River, by the only passage now open, and threw himself into Charleston. It was a timely reinforcement, for the garrison, when in greatest force, amounted to little more than two thousand regulars and one thousand North Carolina militia. About the same time Admiral Arbuthnot, in the Roebuck, passed Sullivan's Island, with a fresh southerly breeze, at the head of a squadron of seven armed vessels and two transports. Col. Pinckney opened a heavy cannonade from the batteries of Fort Moultrie. The ships thundered in reply, and clouds of smoke were raised, under the cover of which, they slipped by, with no greater loss than twenty-seven men killed and wounded, and took a position near Fort Johnson, just without the range of the shot from the American batteries. Col. Pinckney and a part of the garrison then withdrew from Fort Moultrie. The enemy had by this time completed his first parallel, and the town being almost entirely invested by sea and land, received a joint summons from the British general and admiral to surrender. "Sixty days have passed," writes Lincoln in reply, "since it has been known that your intentions against this town were hostile, in which time has been afforded to abandon it, but duty and inclination point to the propriety of supporting it to the last extremity." The British batteries were now opened. The siege was carried on deliberately by regular parallels, and on a scale of magnitude scarcely warranted by the moderate strength of the place. The arrival of a reinforcement of three thousand men from New York enabled Clinton to throw a powerful detachment, under Lord Cornwallis, to the east of Cooper River, to complete the investment of the town and cut off all retreat. Fort Moultrie surrendered. The batteries of the third parallel were opened upon the town. They were so near, that the Hessian yagers, or sharp-shooters, could pick off the garrison while at their guns or on the parapets. This fire was kept up for two days. The besiegers crossed the canal; pushed a double sap to the inside of the abatis, and prepared to make an assault by sea and land. All hopes of a successful defence were at an end. The works were in ruins; the guns almost all dismounted; the garrison exhausted with fatigue, and provisions nearly consumed. The terms which had already been offered and rejected, were still granted, and the capitulation was signed on the 12th of May. The
garrison were allowed some of the honors of war. They were to march out and deposit their arms between the canal and the works, but the drums were not to beat a British march nor the colors to be uncased. The Continental troops and seamen were to be allowed their baggage, but were to remain prisoners of war. The officers of the army and navy were to retain their servants, swords and pistols, and their baggage unsearched; and were permitted to sell their horses; but not to remove them out of the town. The citizens and the militia were to be considered prisoners on parole; the latter to be permitted to return home, and both to be protected in person and property as long as they kept their parole. The loss of the British in the siege was seventy-six killed and one hundred and eighty-nine wounded; that of the Americans nearly the same. The prisoners taken by the enemy, exclusive of the sailors, amounted to five thousand six hundred and eighteen men; comprising every male adult in the city. The Continental troops did not exceed two thousand, five hundred of whom were in the hospital. Sir Henry considered the fall of Charleston decisive of the fate of South Carolina. To complete the subjugation of the country, he planned three expeditions into the interior. One, under Lieut.-Col. Brown, was to move up the Savannah River to Augusta, on the borders of Georgia. Another, under Lieut.-Col. Cruger, was to proceed up the southwest side of the Santee River to the district of Ninety-Six, a fertile and salubrious region, between the Savannah and the Saluda rivers: while a third, under Cornwallis, was to cross the Santee, march up the northeast bank, and strike at a corps of troops under Col. Buford, which had arrived too late for the relief of Charleston, and was now making a retrograde move. As Buford was moving with celerity, and had the advantage of distance, Cornwallis detached Tarleton in pursuit of him, with one hundred and seventy dragoons, a hundred mounted infantry, and a three-pounder. The bold partisan pushed forward with his usual ardor and rapidity. The weather was sultry, many of his horses gave out through fatigue and heat; he pressed others by the way, leaving behind such of his troops as could not keep pace with him. He was anxious to overtake Buford before he could form a junction with the force he was seeking, and came upon his rear-guard about three o'clock in the afternoon, and captured a sergeant and four dragoons. Buford had not expected so prompt an appearance of the enemy. He hastily drew up his men in order of battle, in an open wood, on the right of the road. His artillery and wagons, which were in the advance, escorted by part of his infantry, were ordered to continue on their march. There appears to have been some confusion on the part of the Americans, and they had an impetuous foe to deal with. Before they were well prepared for action they were attacked in front and on both flanks by cavalry and mounted infantry. It was not until the latter were within ten yards that there was a partial discharge of musketry. Several of the dragoons suffered by this fire. Tarleton himself was unhorsed, but his troopers rode on. The American battalion was broken; most of the men threw down their arms
and begged for quarter, but were cut down without mercy. One hundred and thirteen were slain on the spot, and one hundred and fifty so mangled and maimed that they could not be removed. Col. Buford and a few of the cavalry escaped, as did about a hundred of the infantry, who were with the baggage in the advance. The whole British loss was two officers and three privates killed, and one officer and fourteen privates wounded. The two other detachments which had been sent out by Clinton, met with nothing but submission. The people in general, considering resistance hopeless, accepted the proffered protection, and conformed to its humiliating terms. The negroes seem to have regarded the invaders as deliverers. They quitted the plantations and followed the army. Sir Henry now persuaded himself that South Carolina was subdued, and proceeded to station garrisons in various parts, to maintain it in subjection. He issued a proclamation on the 3d of June, discharging all the military prisoners from their paroles after the 20th of the month, excepting those captured in Fort Moultrie and Charleston. All thus released from their parole were reinstated in the rights and duties of British subjects; but, at the same time, they were bound to take an active part in support of the government hitherto opposed by them. All who should neglect to return to their allegiance, or should refuse to take up arms against the independence of their country, were to be considered as rebels and treated accordingly. Having struck a blow, which, as he conceived, was to ensure the subjugation of the South, Sir Henry embarked for New York on the 5th of June, with a part of his forces, leaving the residue under the command of Lord Cornwallis, who was to carry the war into North Carolina, and thence into Virginia.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOSTILITIES IN THE EAST.

A HANDBILL published by the British authorities in New York, reached Washington's camp on the 1st of June, and made known the surrender of Charleston. Knyphausen, through spies and emissaries, had received exaggerated accounts of the recent outbreak in Washington's camp, and of the general discontent among the people of New Jersey; and was persuaded that a sudden show of military protection, following up the news of the capture of Charleston, would produce a general desertion among the troops, and rally back the inhabitants of the Jerseys to their allegiance to the crown. In this belief he projected a descent into the Jerseys with about five thousand men, and some light artillery, who were to cross in divisions in the night of the 5th of June from Staten Island to Elizabethtown Point. The first division, led by Brig.-Gen. Sterling, landed before dawn on the 6th, and advanced as silently as possible. The heavy and
measured tramp of the troops, however, caught the ear of an
American sentinel stationed at a fork where the roads from the
old and new point joined. He challenged the dimly descried
mass as it approached, and receiving no answer, fired into it.
That shot wounded Gen. Sterling in the thigh, and ultimately
proved mortal. The wounded general was carried back, and
Knyphausen took his place. This delayed the march until sun-
rise, and gave time for the troops of the Jersey line, under Col.
Elias Dayton, stationed in Elizabethtown, to assemble. They
were too weak in numbers, however, to withstand the enemy,
but retreated in good order, skirmishing occasionally. Signal
guns and signal fires were rousing the country. The militia and
yeomanry armed themselves with such weapons as were at hand,
and hastened to their alarm posts. The enemy took the old
road, by what was called Galloping Hill, towards the village of
Connecticut Farms; fired upon from behind walls and thickets by
the hasty levies of the country. At Connecticut Farms, the
retreating troops under Dayton fell in with the Jersey brigade,
under Gen. Maxwell, and a few militia joining them, the Ameri-
cans were enabled to make some stand, and even to hold the
enemy in check. The latter, however, brought up several field
pieces, and being reinforced by a second division which had
crossed from Staten Island some time after the first, compelled the
Americans again to retreat. Some of the enemy pretending that
the inhabitants had fired upon them from their windows, began
to pillage and set fire to the houses. It so happened that to this
village the Rev. James Caldwell, "the rousing gospel preacher,"
had removed his family as to a place of safety, after his church at
Elizabethtown had been burnt down by the British in January. On
the present occasion he had retreated with the regiment to
which he was chaplain. His wife, however, remained at the par-
sonage with her two youngest children, confiding in the protection
of Providence, and the humanity of the enemy. When the sack-
ing of the village took place, she retired with her children into a
back room of the house. Her infant of eight months was in the
arms of an attendant; she herself was seated on the side of a bed
holding a child of three years by the hand, and was engaged in
prayer. All was terror and confusion in the village; when sud-
denly a musket was discharged in at the window. Two balls
struck her in the breast, and she fell dead on the floor. The par-
sonage and church were set on fire, and it was with difficulty her
body was rescued from the flames. In the mean time Knyphausen
was pressing on with his main force towards Morristown. The
booming of alarm guns had roused the country; every valley
was pouring out its yeomanry. Two thousand were said to be
already in arms below the mountains. Morristown had been
made the American rallying-point. It stands at the foot of what
are called the Short Hills, on the west side of Rahway River,
which runs in front of it. On the bank of the river, Gen. Max-
well's Jersey brigade and the militia of the neighborhood were
drawn up to dispute the passage; and on the Short Hills in the
rear was Washington with the main body of his forces, strongly posted, and ready for action. All night his camp fires lighted up the Short Hills, and he remained on the alert expecting to be assailed in the morning; but in the morning no enemy was to be seen. Knyphausen had experienced enough to convince him that he had been completely misinformed as to the disposition of the Jersey people and of the army. Disappointed as to the main objects of his enterprise, he had retreated under the cover of the night, to the place of his debarkation, intending to recross to Staten Island immediately. In the camp at the Short Hills was Rev. James Caldwell, whose home had been laid desolate. He was still ignorant of the event, but had passed a night of great anxiety, and, procuring the protection of a flag, hastened back in the morning to Connecticut Farms. He found the village in ashes, and his wife a mangled corpse! The tragical fate of Mrs. Caldwell produced almost as much excitement throughout the country as that which had been caused in a preceding year, by the massacre of Miss McCrea. She was connected with some of the first people of New Jersey; was winning in person and character, and universally beloved.

On the 17th of June the fleet from the South arrived in the bay of New York, and Sir Henry Clinton landed his troops on Staten Island, but almost immediately reëmbarked them; as if meditating an expedition up the river. Fearing for the safety of West Point, Washington set off on the 21st June, with the main body of his troops, towards Pompton; while Gen. Greene, with Maxwell and Stark's brigades, Lee's dragoons and the militia of the neighborhood, remained encamped on the Short Hills, to cover the country and protect the stores at Morristown. Washington's movements were slow and wary. At Rockaway Bridge, about eleven miles beyond Morristown, he received word on the 23d, that the enemy were advancing from Elizabethtown against Springfield. The reëmbarkation of the troops at Staten Island had been a stratagem of Sir Henry Clinton to divert the attention of Washington, and enable Knyphausen to carry out the enterprise which had hitherto hung fire. No sooner did the latter ascertain that the American commander-in-chief had moved off with his main force towards the Highlands, than he sallied from Elizabethtown five thousand strong, with a large body of cavalry, and fifteen or twenty pieces of artillery; hoping not merely to destroy the public stores at Morristown, but to get possession of those difficult hills and defiles, among which Washington's army had been so securely posted, and which constituted the strength of that part of the country. Early on the morning of the 23d Knyphausen pushed forward towards Springfield. Beside the main road which passes directly through the village towards Morristown, there is another, north of it, called the Vauxhall road, crossing several small streams, the confluence of which forms the Rahway. These two roads unite beyond the village in the principal pass of the Short Hills. The enemy's troops advanced rapidly in two compact columns, the right one by the Vauxhall road, the other, by the
main or direct road. Gen. Greene was stationed among the Short Hills, about a mile above the town. At five o'clock in the morning, signal-guns gave notice of the approach of the enemy. The drums beat to arms throughout the camp. The troops were hastily called in from their posts among the mountain passes, and preparations were made to defend the village. There was some sharp fighting at a bridge on the Vauxhall road, where Major Lee with his dragoons and picket-guard held the right column at bay; a part of the column, however, forded the stream above the bridge, gained a commanding position, and obliged Lee to retire. The left column met with similar opposition from Dayton and his Jersey regiment. None showed more ardor in the fight than Caldwell the chaplain. The image of his murdered wife was before his eyes. Finding the men in want of wadding, he galloped to the Presbyterian church and brought thence a quantity of Watts' psalm and hymn books, which he distributed for the purpose among the soldiers. "Now," cried he, "put Watts into them, boys!" The severest fighting of the day was at the bridge over the Rahway. For upwards of half an hour Col. Angel defended it with his handful of men against a vastly superior force. One fourth of his men were either killed or disabled: the loss of the enemy was still more severe. Angel was at length compelled to retire. He did so in good order, carrying off his wounded, and making his way through the village to the bridge beyond it. Here his retreat was bravely covered by Col. Shreve, but he too was obliged to give way before the overwhelming force of the enemy, and join the brigades of Maxwell and Stark upon the hill. Gen. Greene, finding his front too much extended for his small force, and that he was in danger of being outflanked on the left by the column pressing forward on the Vauxhall road, took post with his main body on the first range of hills, where the roads were brought near to a point, and passed between him and the height occupied by Stark and Maxwell. He then threw out a detachment which checked the further advance of the right column of the enemy along the Vauxhall road, and secured that pass through the Short Hills. The resistance already experienced, especially at the bridge, and the sight of militia gathering from various points, dampened the ardor of the hostile commander. Before the brigade detached by Washington arrived at the scene of action, the enemy had retreated, after wreaking upon Springfield the same vengeance they had inflicted on Connecticut Farms. The whole village, excepting four houses, was reduced to ashes. Their second retreat was equally ignoble with their first. They were pursued and harassed the whole way to Elizabethtown by light scouting parties and by the militia and yeomanry of the country, exasperated by the sight of the burning village. Lee, too, came upon their rearguard with his dragoons; captured a quantity of stores abandoned by them in the hurry of retreat, and made prisoners of several refugees. During the night the enemy passed over to Staten Island by their bridge of boats. By six o'clock in the morning all had crossed, and the State of New Jersey, so long harassed by the
campaignings of either army, was finally evacuated by the enemy. It had proved a school of war to the American troops. The incessant marchings and counter-marchings; the rude encampments; the exposures to all kinds of hardship and privation; the alarms; the stratagems; the rough encounters and adventurous enterprises of which this had been the theatre for the last three or four years, had rendered the patriot soldier hardy, adroit, and long-suffering; had accustomed him to danger, inured him to discipline, and brought him nearly on a level with the European mercenary in the habits and usages of arms, while he had the superior incitements of home, country, and independence. The ravaging incursions of the enemy had exasperated the most peace-loving parts of the country; made soldiers of husbandmen, acquainted them with their own powers, and taught them that the foe was vulnerable. The recent ineffectual attempts of a veteran general to penetrate the fastnesses of Morristown, though at the head of a veteran force, "which would once have been deemed capable of sweeping the whole continent before it," was a lasting theme of triumph to the inhabitants; and it is still the honest boast among the people of Morris County, that "the enemy never were able to get a footing among our hills." At the same time the conflagration of villages, by which they sought to cover or revenge their repeated failures, and their precipitate retreat, harassed and insulted by half-disciplined militia, and a crude, rustic levy, formed an ignominious close to the British campaign in the Jerseys.

Circumstances soon convinced Washington that the enemy had no present intention of attacking West Point, but merely menaced him at various points, to retard his operations, and oblige him to call out the militia; thereby interrupting agriculture, distressing the country, and rendering his cause unpopular. He now exerted himself to the utmost to procure from the different State Legislatures, their quotas and supplies for the regular army. Liberal contributions were made by individuals; a bank was established by the inhabitants of Philadelphia to facilitate the supplies of the army, and an association of ladies of that city raised by subscription between seven and eight thousand dollars, which were put at the disposition of Washington.

On the 10th of July a French fleet, under the Chevalier de Ternay, arrived at Newport, in Rhode Island. It was composed of seven ships of the line, two frigates and two bombs, and convoyed transports on board of which were upwards of five thousand troops. This was the first division of the forces promised by France, of which Lafayette had spoken. The second division had been detained at Brest for want of transports, but might soon be expected. The Count de Rochambeau, Lieutenant-general of the royal armies, was commander-in-chief of this auxiliary force. He was a veteran, fifty-five years of age, who had early distinguished himself, when colonel of the regiment of Auvergne, and had gained laurels in various battles, especially that of Kloster camp, of which he decided the success. Since then, he had risen
from one post of honor to another, until intrusted with his present important command. Another officer of rank and distinction in this force, was Major-general the Marquis de Chastellux, a friend and relative of Lafayette, but much his senior, being now forty-six years of age. The troops were landed to the east of the town; their encampment was on a fine situation, and extended nearly across the island. Much was said of their gallant and martial appearance. There was the noted regiment of Auvergne, in command of which the Count de Rochambeau had first gained his laurels, but which was now commanded by his son the viscount, thirty years of age. A legion of six hundred men also was especially admired; it was commanded by the Duke de Lauzun (Lauzun-Biron), who had gained reputation in the preceding year by the capture of Senegal. It was remarkable how soon the French accommodated themselves to circumstances, made light of all the privations and inconveniences of a new country, and conformed to the familiar simplicity of republican manners. Gen. Heath, who, by Washington’s orders, was there to offer his services, was, by his own account, “charmed with the officers.” The instructions of the French ministry to the Count de Rochambeau placed him entirely under the command of General Washington. The French troops were to be considered as auxiliaries, and as such were to take the left of the American troops, and, in all cases of ceremony, to yield them the preference. This considerate arrangement had been adopted at the suggestion of the Marquis de Lafayette, and was intended to prevent the recurrence of those questions of rank and etiquette which had heretofore disturbed the combined service. Washington, in general orders, congratulated the army on the arrival of this timely and generous succor, which he hailed as a new tie between France and America; anticipating that the only contention between the two armies would be to excel each other in good offices, and in the display of every military virtue. The American cockade had hitherto been black; that of the French was white; he recommended to his officers a cockade of black and white intermingled in compliment to their allies, and as a symbol of friendship and union.

The arrival of the British Admiral Graves, at New York, on the 13th of July, with six ships-of-the-line, gave the enemy such a superiority of naval force, that the design on New York was postponed until the second French division should make its appearance. In the mean time, Sir Henry Clinton determined to forestall the meditated attack upon New York, by beating up the French quarters on Rhode Island. He proceeded with his troops to Throg’s Neck on the Sound. Washington crossed the Hudson to Peekskill, and prepared to move towards King’s Bridge, with the main body of his troops, which had recently been reinforced. His intention was, either to oblige Sir Henry to abandon his project against Rhode Island, or to strike a blow at New York during his absence. As Washington was on horseback, observing the crossing of the last division of his troops, Gen. Arnold approached, having just arrived in the camp. He had been manœuvring of late
to get the command of West Point. He now inquired whether any place had been assigned to him. He was told that he was to command the left wing. The silence and evident chagrin with which the reply was received surprised Washington, and he was still more surprised when he subsequently learned that Arnold was more desirous of a garrison post than of a command in the field, his excuse being that his wounded leg unfitted him for action either on foot or horseback; but that at West Point he might render himself useful.

Sir Henry heard of the sudden move of Washington, and learned, moreover, that the position of the French at Newport had been strengthened by the militia from the neighboring country. These tidings disconcerted his plans. He left Admiral Arbuthnot to proceed with his squadron to Newport, blockade the French fleet, and endeavor to intercept the second division, supposed to be on its way, while he with his troops hastened back to New York. Washington again withdrew his forces to the west side of the Hudson; first establishing a post and throwing up small works at Dobbs' Ferry, about ten miles above King's Bridge, to secure a communication across the river for the transportation of troops and ordnance, should the design upon New York be prosecuted.

Arnold now received the important command which he had so earnestly coveted. It included the fortress at West Point and the posts from Fishkill to King's Ferry, together with the corps of infantry and cavalry advanced towards the enemy's line on the east side of the river. He was ordered to have the works at the Point completed as expeditiously as possible, and to keep all his posts on their guard against surprise. Washington took post at Orangetown or Tappan, on the borders of the Jerseys, and opposite to Dobbs' Ferry, to be at hand for any attempt upon New York.

Lord Cornwallis, when left in military command at the South by Sir Henry Clinton, was charged with the invasion of North Carolina. It was an enterprise in which much difficulty was to be apprehended, both from the character of the people and the country. The original settlers were from various parts, most of them men who had experienced political or religious oppression, and had brought with them a quick sensibility to wrong, a stern appreciation of their rights, and an indomitable spirit of freedom and independence. In the heart of the State was a hardy Presbyterian stock, the Scotch Irish, as they were called, having emigrated from Scotland to Ireland, and thence to America; and who were said to possess the impulsiveness of the Irishman, with the dogged resolution of the Covenanter. The early history of the colony abounds with instances of this spirit among its people. "They always behaved insolently to their governors," complains Gov. Barrington in 1731; "some they have driven out of the country—at other times they set up a government of their own choice, supported by men under arms." It was in fact the spirit of popular liberty and self-government which stirred within them, and gave birth to the glorious axiom: "the rights of the many against the exactions of the few." So ripe was this spirit at an early day, that when
The boundary line was run, in 1727, between North Carolina and Virginia, the borderers were eager to be included within the former province, "as there they payed no tribute to God or Cæsar." It was this spirit which gave rise to the confederacy, called the "Regulation," formed to withstand the abuses of power; and the first blood shed in our country, in resistance to arbitrary taxation, was at Alamance in this province, in a conflict between the Regulators and Governor Tryon. Above all, it should never be forgotten, that at Mecklenburg, in the heart of North Carolina, was culminating the first declaration of independence of the British crown, upwards of a year before a like declaration by Congress. A population so characterized presented formidable difficulties to the invader. The physical difficulties arising from the nature of the country consisted in its mountain fastnesses in the northwestern part, its vast forests, its sterile tracts, its long rivers, destitute of bridges, and which, though fordable in fair weather, were liable to be swollen by sudden storms and freshets, and rendered deep, turbulent and impassable. These rivers, in fact, which rushed down from the mountain, but wound sluggishly through the plains, were the military strength of the country. Lord Cornwallis disposed of his troops in cantonments, to cover the frontiers of South Carolina and Georgia, and maintain their internal quiet. The command was given to Lord Rawdon, who made Camden his principal post. This town, the capital of Kershaw District, a fertile, fruitful country, was situated on the east bank of the Wateree River, on the road leading to North Carolina. Cornwallis set up his headquarters at Charleston. The proclamation of Sir Henry Clinton, putting an end to all neutrality, and the rigorous penalties and persecutions with which all infractions of its terms were punished, had for a time quelled the spirit of the country. By degrees, however, the dread of British power gave way to impatience of British exactions. Symptoms of revolt manifested themselves in various parts. They were encouraged by intelligence that De Kalb, sent by Washington, was advancing through North Carolina at the head of two thousand men, and that the militia of that State and of Virginia were joining his standard. This was soon followed by tidings that Gates, the conqueror of Burgoyne, was on his way to take command of the Southern forces. The prospect of such aid from the North reanimated the Southern patriots. One of the most eminent of these was Thomas Sumter, whom the Carolinas had surnamed the Game Cock. He was between forty and fifty years of age, brave, hardy, vigorous, resolute. He had served against the Indians in his boyhood, during the old French war, and had been present at the defeat of Braddock. In the present war he still had held the rank of lieutenant-colonel of riflemen in the Continental line. After the fall of Charleston, when patriots took refuge in contiguous States, or in the natural fastnesses of the country, he had retired with his family into one of the latter. The lower part of South Carolina for upwards of a hundred miles back from the sea is a level country, abounding with swamps, locked up in the windings of the rivers which flow down from the Appalachian Mountains. Some of these
swamps are mere canebrakes, of little use until subdued by cul-
tivation, when they yield abundant crops of rice. Others are
covered with forests of cypress, cedar and laurel, green all the year
and odoriferous, but tangled with vines and almost impenetrable.
In their bosoms, however, are fine savannahs; natural lawns, open
to cultivation, and yielding abundant pasturage. It requires local
knowledge, however, to penetrate these wildernes ses, and hence
they form strongholds to the people of the country. In one of these
natural fastnesses, on the borders of the Santee, Sumter had taken up
his residence, and hence he would sally forth in various directions.
During a temporary absence his retreat had been invaded, his
house burnt to the ground, his wife and children driven forth with-
out shelter. Private injury had thus been added to the incentives
of patriotism. Emerging from his hiding-place, he had thrown
himself among a handful of his fellow-sufferers who had taken
refuge in North Carolina. They chose him at once as a leader, and
resolved on a desperate struggle for the deliverance of their native
State. Destitute of regular weapons, they forged rude substitutes
out of the implements of husbandry. Old mill-saws were converted
into broad-swards; knives at the ends of poles served for lances;
while the country housewives gladly gave up their pewter dishes
and other utensils, to be melted down and cast into bullets for such
as had firearms. When Sumter led this gallant band of exiles
over the border, they did not amount in number to two hundred;
yet, with these, he attacked and routed a well-armed body of British
troops and tories, the terror of the frontier. His followers supplied
themselves with weapons from the slain. In a little while his band
was augmented by recruits. Parties of militia, also, recently em-
bodyed under the compelling measures of Cornwallis, deserted to
the patriot standard. Thus reinforced to the amount of six
hundred men, he made, on the 30th of July, a spirited attack on
the British post at Rocky Mount, near the Catawba, but was
repulsed. A more successful attack was made by him, eight days
afterwards, on another post at Hanging Rock. The Prince of
Wales regiment which defended it was nearly annihilated, and a
large body of North Carolina loyalists, under Col. Brian, was
routed and dispersed. The gallant exploits of Sumter were emul-
ated in other parts of the country, and the partisan war thus com-
menced was carried on with an audacity that soon obliged the
enemy to call in their outposts, and collect their troops in large
masses. The advance of De Kalb with reinforcements from the
North, had been retarded by various difficulties, the most important
of which was want of provisions. There was no flour in the camp,
nor were dispositions made to furnish any. His troops were re-
duced for a time to short allowance, and at length, on the 6th of
July, brought to a positive halt at Deep River. For three weeks
he remained in this encampment, foraging an exhausted country
for a meager subsistence, and was thinking of deviating to the
right, and seeking the fertile counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan,
when, on the 25th of July, Gen. Gates arrived at the camp. He
approved of De Kalb's standing orders, but at the first review of
the troops, to the great astonishment of the baron, gave orders for them to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning. It was in vain their destitute situation was represented to him, and that they had not a day's provision in advance. His reply was, that wagons laden with supplies were coming on, and would overtake them in two days. On the 27th, he actually put the army in motion over the Buffalo Ford, on the direct road to Camden, though warned of the sterile nature of that route. He persisted, observing that he should the sooner form a junction with Caswell and the North Carolina militia; and as to the sterility of the country, his supplies would soon overtake him. The route led through a region of pine barrens, sand hills and swamps, with few human habitations, and those mostly deserted. The supplies of which he had spoken never overtook him. His army had to subsist itself on lean cattle, roaming almost wild in the woods; and to supply the want of bread with green Indian corn, unripe apples, and peaches. The consequence was, a distressing prevalence of dysentery. Having crossed the Pedee River on the 3d of August, the army was joined by a handful of brave Virginia regulars, under Lieut.-Col. Porterfield, who had been wandering about the country since the disaster of Charleston; and, on the 7th, the much-desired junction took place with the North Carolina militia. On the 13th they encamped at Rugeley's Mills, otherwise called Clermont, about twelve miles from Camden, and on the following day were reinforced by a brigade of seven hundred Virginia militia, under Gen. Stevens. On the approach of Gates, Lord Rawdon had concentrated his forces at Camden. The post was flanked by the Wateree River and Pintree Creek, and strengthened with redoubts. Lord Cornwallis had hastened thither from Charleston and arrived on the 13th. The British effective force thus collected was something more than two thousand, including officers. The forces under Gates, according to the return of his adjutant-general, were three thousand and fifty-two fit for duty; more than two-thirds of them, however, were militia. On the 14th, he received an express from Gen. Sumter, who, with his partisan corps, after harassing the enemy at various points, was now endeavoring to cut off their supplies from Charleston. The object of the express was to ask a reinforcement of regulars to aid him in capturing a large convoy of clothing, ammunition and stores, on its way to the garrison, and which would pass Wateree Ferry, about a mile from Camden. Gates accordingly detached Col. Woodford of the Maryland line, with one hundred regulars, a party of artillery, and two brass field-pieces. On the same evening he moved with his main force to take post at a deep stream about seven miles from Camden, intending to attack Lord Rawdon or his redoubts should he march out in force to repel Sumter. Cornwallis on the very same evening sallied forth from Camden to attack the American camp at Clermont. About two o'clock at night, the two forces blundered, as it were, on each other about half way. A skirmish took place between their advanced guards, in which Porterfield of the Virginia regulars was mortally wounded. Gates
was astounded that the enemy at hand was Cornwallis with three thousand men. At daybreak (Aug. 16th), the enemy were dimly descried advancing in column. Gates ordered that Stevens should advance briskly with his brigade of Virginia militia and attack them, but the right wing of the enemy was already in line. A few sharp-shooters were detached to run forward, post themselves behind trees within forty or fifty yards of the enemy to extort their fire while at a distance, and render it less terrible to the militia. The expedition failed. The British rushed on shouting and firing. Stevens called to his men to stand firm, and put them in mind of their bayonets. His words were unheeded. The inexperienced militia, dismayed and confounded by this impetuous assault, threw down their loaded muskets and fled. The panic spread to the North Carolina militia. Part of them made a temporary stand, but soon joined with the rest in flight, rendered headlong and disastrous by the charge and pursuit of Tarleton and his cavalry. Gates, seconded by his officers, made several attempts to rally the militia, but was borne along with them, and retreated from the field. The Maryland brigades and the Delaware regiment, unconscious that they were deserted by the militia, stood their ground, and bore the brunt of the battle. Though repeatedly broken, they as often rallied, and braved even the deadly push of the bayonet. At length a charge of Tarleton's cavalry on their flank threw them into confusion, and drove them into the woods and swamps. None showed more gallantry on this disastrous day than the Baron de Kalb; he fought on foot with the second Maryland brigade, and fell exhausted after receiving eleven wounds. His aide-de-camp, De BUYsson, supported him in his arms and was repeatedly wounded in protecting him. He announced the rank and nation of his general, and both were taken prisoners. De Kalb died in the course of a few days, dictating in his last moments a letter expressing his affection for the officers and men of his division who had so nobly stood by him in this deadly strife. The further they fled, the more the militia were dispersed, until the generals were abandoned by all but their aids. To add to the mortification of Gates, he learned in the course of his retreat that Sumter had been completely successful, and having reduced the enemy's redoubt on the Wateree, and captured one hundred prisoners and forty loaded wagons, was marching off with his booty on the opposite side of the river. He had no longer any means of co-operating with him, and proceeded with Gen. Caswell towards the village of Charlotte, about sixty miles distant. On the morning of the 17th of August, Cornwallis detached Tarleton in pursuit of Sumter with a body of cavalry and light infantry, about three hundred and fifty strong. Sumter was retreating up the western side of the Wateree, much encumbered by his spoils and prisoners. Tarleton pushed up by forced and concealed marches on the eastern side. Horses and men suffered from the intense heat of the weather. At dusk Tarleton descried the fires of the American camp about a mile from the opposite shore. He gave orders to secure all boats on the river, and to light no fire in the camp. In the morning his sentries gave word
that the Americans were quitting their encampment. It was evident they knew nothing of a British force being in pursuit of them. Tarleton now crossed the Wateree; the infantry with a three-ponder passed in boats; the cavalry swam their horses where the river was not fordable. The delay in crossing, and the diligence of Sumter's march, increased the distance between the pursuers and the pursued. About noon a part of Tarleton's force gave out through heat and fatigue. Leaving them to repose on the bank of Fishing Creek, he pushed on with about one hundred dragoons, the freshest and most able. As he entered a valley, a discharge of small-arms from a thicket tumbled a dragoon from his saddle. A sergeant and five dragoons rode up to the summit of a neighboring hill to reconnoitre, and looking over beheld the American camp on a neighboring height, and apparently in a most negligent condition. Sumter, in fact, having pressed his retreat to the neighborhood of the Catawba Ford, and taken a strong position at the mouth of Fishing Creek, and his patrols having scoured the road without discovering any sign of an enemy, considered himself secure from surprise. The troops having for the last four days been almost without food or sleep, were now indulged in complete relaxation. Their arms were stacked, and they were scattered about, some strolling, some lying on the grass under the trees, some bathing in the river. Sumter himself had thrown off part of his clothes on account of the heat of the weather. Tarleton prepared for instant attack. His cavalry and infantry formed into one line, dashed forward with a general shout, and, before the Americans could recover from their surprise, got between them and the parade ground on which the muskets were stacked. All was confusion and consternation in the American camp. Some opposition was made from behind baggage wagons, and there was skirmishing in various quarters, but in a little while there was a universal flight to the river and the woods. Between three and four hundred were killed and wounded; all their arms and baggage with two brass field-pieces fell into the hands of the enemy, who also recaptured the prisoners and booty taken at Camden. Sumter with about three hundred and fifty of his men effected a retreat; he galloped off, it is said, without saddle, hat or coat.

Gates, continued on to Hillsborough, one hundred and eighty miles from Camden, where he made a stand and endeavored to rally his scattered forces. His regular troops, however, were little more than one thousand. Washington on receiving word of the disastrous reverse at Camden, gave orders that some regular troops, enlisted in Maryland for the war, and intended for the main army, should be sent to the southward. He wrote to Gov. Rutledge of South Carolina (12th Sept.), to raise a permanent, compact, well-organized body of troops, instead of depending upon a numerous army of militia, always "inconceivably expensive, and too fluctuating and undisciplined" to oppose a regular force. He was still more urgent and explicit on this head in his letters to the President of Congress (Sept. 15th). "Regular troops alone," said he, "are equal to the exigencies of modern war, as well for defence as
of offence. The firmness requisite for the real business of fighting is only to be attained by a constant course of discipline and service."

Washington received a letter from the now unfortunate Gates, dated at Hillsborough, Aug. 30th and Sept. 3d, giving particulars of his discomfiture. No longer vaunting and vainglorious, he pleads nothing but his patriotism, and deprecates the fall which he apprehends awaits him. The appeal which he makes to Washington's magnanimity to support him in this day of his reverse, is the highest testimonial he could give to the exalted character of the man whom he once affected to underrate, and aspired to supplant.

Washington, hearing that the Count de Guichen, with his West India squadron, was approaching the coast, prepared to proceed to Hartford in Connecticut, there to hold a conference with the Count de Rochambeau and the Chevalier de Ternay, and concert a plan for future operations, of which the attack on New York was to form the principal feature.

CHAPTER XX.

TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

We have now to enter upon a sad episode of our revolutionary history—the treason of Arnold. Of the military skill, daring enterprise, and indomitable courage of this man—ample evidence has been given in the foregoing pages. Of the implicit confidence reposed in his patriotism by Washington, sufficient proof is manifested in the command with which he was actually entrusted. But Arnold was false at heart, and, at the very time of seeking that command, had been for many months in traitorous correspondence with the enemy. The first idea of proving recreant to the cause he had vindicated so bravely, appears to have entered his mind when the charges preferred against him by the council of Pennsylvania were referred by Congress to a court-martial. Before that time he had been incensed against Pennsylvania; but now his wrath was excited against his country, which appeared so insensible to his services. Disappointment in regard to the settlement of his accounts, added to his irritation, had mingled sordid motives with his resentment; and he began to think how, while he wreaked his vengeance on his country, he might do it with advantage to his fortunes. With this view he commenced a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton in a disguised handwriting, and, under the signature of Gustavus, represented himself as a person of importance in the American service, who, being dissatisfied with the late proceedings of Congress, particularly the alliance with France, was desirous of joining the cause of Great Britain, could he be certain of personal security, and indemnification for whatever loss of property he might sustain. His letters occasionally communicated articles of intelligence of some moment which proved to be true, and induced Sir Henry to keep up the corres-
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pondence; which was conducted on his part by his aide-de-camp, Major John André, likewise in a disguised hand, and under the signature of John Anderson. Months elapsed before Sir Henry discovered who was his secret correspondent. Even after discovering it he did not see fit to hold out any very strong inducements to Arnold for desertion. The latter was out of command, and had nothing to offer but his services; which in his actual situation were scarcely worth buying. In the mean time the circumstances of Arnold were daily becoming more desperate. Debts were accumulating, and creditors becoming more and more importunate, as his means to satisfy them decreased. The public reprimand he had received was rankling in his mind, and filling his heart with bitterness. Still he hesitated on the brink of absolute infamy, and attempted a half-way leap. Such was his proposition to M. de Luzerne to make himself subservient to the policy of the French government, on condition of receiving a loan equal to the amount of his debts. This he might have reconciled to his conscience by the idea that France was an ally, and its policy likely to be friendly. It was his last card before resorting to utter treachery. Failing in it, he sought and obtained command of West Point, the great object of British and American solicitude, on the possession of which were supposed by many to hinge the fortunes of the war. He took command of the post and its dependencies about the beginning of August, fixing his head-quarters at Beverley, a country-seat a little below West Point, on the opposite or eastern side of the river. It stood in a lonely part of the Highlands high up from the river, yet at the foot of a mountain covered with woods. It was commonly called the Robinson House, having formerly belonged to Washington's early friend Col. Beverley Robinson, a royalist who had entered into the British service, and was now residing in New York, and Beverley with its surrounding lands had been confiscated. From this place Arnold carried on a secret correspondence with Major André. Their letters, still in disguised hands, and under the names of Gustavus and John Anderson, purported to treat merely of commercial operations, but the real matter in negotiation was the betrayal of West Point and the Highlands to Sir Henry Clinton. This stupendous piece of treachery was to be consummated at the time when Washington, with the main body of his army, would be drawn towards King's Bridge, and the French troops landed on Long Island in the projected co-operation against New York. At such time, a flotilla under Redney, having on board a large land force, was to ascend the Hudson to the Highlands, which would be surrendered by Arnold almost without opposition, under pretext of insufficient force to make resistance. The immediate result of this surrender, it was anticipated, would be the defeat of the combined attempt upon New York; and its ultimate effect might be the dismemberment of the Union and the dislocation of the whole American scheme of warfare. The part which Major André took in this dark transaction, and the degree of romantic interest subsequently thrown around his memory, call for a more specific notice of him. He was
born in London, 1751, but his parents were of Geneva in Switzerland, where he was educated. Being intended for mercantile life, he entered a London counting-house, but had scarce attained his eighteenth year when he formed a romantic attachment to a beautiful girl, Miss Honora Sneyd, by whom his passion was returned, and they became engaged. This sadly unfitted him for the sober routine of the counting-house. "All my mercantile calculations," writes he in one of his boyish letters, "go to the tune of dear Honora." The father of the young lady interfered, and the premature match was broken off. André abandoned the counting-house and entered the army. His first commission was dated March 4, 1771; but he subsequently visited Germany, and returned to England in 1773, still haunted by his early passion. His lady love, in the mean time, had been wooed by other admirers, and in the present year became the second wife of Richard Lovel Edgeworth, a young widower of twenty-six, and father of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth. André came to America in 1774, as lieutenant of the Royal English Fusileers; and was among the officers captured at Saint Johns, early in the war, by Montgomery. He still bore about him a memento of his boyish passion, the "dear talisman," as he called it, a miniature of Miss Sneyd painted by himself in 1769. His temper, however, appears to have been naturally light and festive; and if he still cherished this "tender remembrance," it was but as one of those documents of early poetry and romance, which serve to keep the heart warm and tender among the gay and cold realities of life. His varied and graceful talents, and his engaging manners, rendered him generally popular; while his devoted and somewhat subservient loyalty recommended him to the favor of his commander, and obtained him the appointment of adjutant-general with the rank of major. He was a prime promoter of elegant amusement in camp and garrison. He was one of the principal devisers of the "Mischianza," in Philadelphia, in which semi-effeminate pageant he, had figured as one of the knights champions of beauty; Miss Shippen, afterwards Mrs. Arnold, being the lady whose peerless charms he undertook to vindicate. In the present instance he had engaged, nothing loth, in a service of intrigue and manœuvre, which, however sanctioned by military usage, should hardly have invited the zeal of a high-minded man. He availed himself of his former intimacy with Mrs. Arnold, to make her an unconscious means of facilitating a correspondence with her husband. Some have inculpated her in the guilt of the transaction, but we think, unjustly. It has been alleged that a correspondence had been going on between her and André previous to her marriage, and was kept up after it; but as far as we can learn, only one letter passed between them, written by André on August 16th, 1779, in which he solicits her remembrance, assures her that respect for her and the fair circle in which he had become acquainted with her, remains unimpaired by distance or political broils, reminds her that the Mischianza had made him a complete milliner, and offers his services to furnish her with supplies in that department. The apparent object of this letter was to open a convenient medium.
of communication, which Arnold might use without exciting her suspicion. Various circumstances connected with this nefarious negotiation, argue lightness of mind and something of debasing alloy on the part of André. The correspondence carried on for months in the jargon of traffic, savored less of the camp than the counting-house; the protracted tampering with a brave but necessitous man for the sacrifice of his fame and the betrayal of his trust, strikes us as being beneath the range of a truly chivalrous nature. Correspondence had now done its part in the business; for the completion of the plan and the adjustment of the traitor's recompense, a personal meeting was necessary between Arnold and André. The former proposed it should take place at his own quarters at the Robinson House, where André should come in disguise, as a bearer of intelligence, and under the feigned name of John Anderson. André positively objected to entering the American lines; it was arranged, therefore, that the meeting should take place on neutral ground, near the American out-post, at Dobbs Ferry, on the 11th of September, at 12 o'clock. André attended at the appointed place and time, accompanied by Col. Robinson, who was acquainted with the plot. Arnold had passed the preceding night at what was called the White House, the residence of Mr. Joshua Hett Smith, situated on the west side of the Hudson, in Haverstraw Bay, about two miles below Stony Point. He set off thence in his barge for the place of rendezvous; but, not being protected by a flag, was fired upon and pursued by the British guard-boats, stationed near Dobbs Ferry. He took refuge at an American post on the western shore, whence he returned in the night to his quarters in the Robinson House. New arrangements were made for an interview, but it was postponed until after Washington should depart for Hartford, to hold the proposed conference with Count Rochambeau and the other French officers. In the meantime, the British sloop of war, Vulture, anchored a few miles below Teller's Point, to be at hand in aid of the negotiation. On board was Col. Robinson, who, pretending to believe that Gen. Putnam still commanded in the Highlands addressed a note to him requesting an interview on the subject of his confiscated property. This letter he sent by flag, enclosed in one addressed to Arnold; soliciting of him the same boon should Gen. Putnam be absent. On the 18th Sept., Washington with his suite crossed the Hudson to Verplanck's Point, in Arnold's barge, on his way to Hartford. Arnold accompanied him as far as Peekskill, and on the way, laid before him with affected frankness, the letter of Col. Robinson, and asked his advice. Washington disapproved of any such interview, observing, that the civil authorities alone had cognizance of these questions of confiscated property. Arnold now openly sent a flag on board of the Vulture, informing Col. Robinson, that a person with a boat and flag would be alongside of the Vulture, on the night of the 20th; and that any matter he might wish to communicate, would be laid before Gen. Washington on the following Saturday, when he might be expected back from Newport. On the faith of the information thus covertly con-
veyed, André proceeded up the Hudson on the 20th; and went on board of the Vulture, where he expected to meet Arnold. The latter, however, had made other arrangements, probably with a view to his personal security. About half-past eleven, of a still and starlight night (the 21st), a boat was descried from on board, gliding silently along, rowed by two men with muffled oars. A man, seated in the stern, gave out that they were from King's Ferry, bound to Dobbs Ferry. He proved to be Mr. Joshua Hett Smith, whom Arnold had prevailed upon to go on board of the Vulture, and bring a person on shore who was coming from New York with important intelligence. He had given him passes to protect him and those with him, in case he should be stopped, either in going or returning, by an American water guard, which patrolled the river in whale-boats. He made him the bearer of a letter addressed to Col. Robinson, which was to the following purport: "This will be delivered to you by Mr. Smith, who will conduct you to a place of safety. Neither Mr. Smith nor any other person shall be made acquainted with your proposals; if they (which I doubt not) are of such a nature, that I can officially take notice of them, I shall do it with pleasure. I take it for granted Col. Robinson will not propose anything, that is not for the interest of the United States as well as of himself." Robinson introduced André to Smith by the name of John Anderson, who was to go on shore in his place (he being unwell), to have an interview with Gen. Arnold. André wore a blue great coat which covered his uniform, and Smith always declared that at the time he was totally ignorant of his name and military character. André was zealous in executing his mission, and, embarking in the boat with Smith, was silently rowed to the western side of the river, about six miles below Stony Point. Here they landed a little after midnight, at the foot of a shadowy mountain called the Long Clove; a solitary place, the haunt of the owl and the whippoorwill, and well fitted for a reasonable conference. Arnold was in waiting, but standing aloof among thickets. He had come hither on horseback from Smith's house, about three or four miles distant, attended by one of Smith's servants, likewise mounted. The midnight negotiation between André and Arnold was carried on in darkness among the trees. Smith remained in the boat, and the servant drew off to a distance with the horses. One hour after another passed away, when Smith approached the place of conference, and gave warning that it was near daybreak, and if they lingered much longer the boat would be discovered. The nefarious bargain was not yet completed, and Arnold feared the sight of a boat going to the Vulture might cause suspicion. He prevailed therefore upon André to remain on shore until the following night. The boat was accordingly sent to a creek higher up the river, and André, mounting the servant's horse, set off with Arnold for Smith's house. The road passed through the village of Haverstraw. As they rode along in the dark, the voice of a sentinel demanding the countersign startled André with the fearful conviction that he was within the American lines, but it was too late to recede. It was day-
break when they arrived at Smith’s house. They had scarcely entered when the booming of cannon was heard from down the river. It gave André uneasiness, and with reason. Col. Livingston, who commanded above at Verplanck’s Point, learning that the Vulture lay within shot of Teller’s Point, which divides Haverstraw Bay from the Tappan Sea, had sent a party with cannon to that point in the night, and they were now firing upon the sloop of war. André watched the cannonade with an anxious eye from an upper window of Smith’s house. At one time he thought the Vulture was on fire. He was relieved from painful solicitude when he saw the vessel weigh anchor, and drop down the river out of reach of cannon shot. After breakfast, the plot for the betrayal of West Point and its dependent posts was adjusted, and the sum agreed upon that Arnold was to receive, should it be successful. André was furnished with plans of the works, and explanatory papers, which, at Arnold’s request, he placed between his stockings and his feet; promising, in case of accident, to destroy them. Arnold prepared to return in his own barge to his headquarters at the Robinson House. As the Vulture had shifted her ground, he suggested to André a return to New York by land, as most safe and expeditious; the latter, however, insisted upon being put on board of the sloop of war, on the ensuing night. Arnold consented; but, before his departure, to provide against the possible necessity of a return by land, he gave André the following pass, dated from the Robinson House:

“Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below, if he chooses: he being on public business by my direction.

B. Arnold, M. Gen’l.”

Arnold departed about ten o’clock. André passed a lonely day, casting many a wistful look toward the Vulture. Once on board of that ship he would be safe; he would have fulfilled his mission; the capture of West Point would be certain, and his triumph would be complete. As evening approached he grew impatient, and spoke to Smith about departure. To his surprise, he found the latter had made no preparation for it; he had discharged his boatman, who had gone home: in short, he refused to take him on board of the Vulture. The cannonade of the morning had probably made him fear for his personal safety, should he attempt to go on board, the Vulture having resumed her exposed position. He offered, however, to cross the river with André at King’s Ferry, put him in the way of returning to New York by land, and accompanying him some distance on horseback. André was in an agony at finding himself, notwithstanding all his stipulations, forced within the American lines; but there seemed to be no alternative, and he prepared for the hazardous journey. He wore, as we have noted, a military coat under a long blue surtout; he was now persuaded to lay it aside, and put on a citizen’s coat of Smith’s; thus adding disguise to the other humiliating and hazardous circum-
stances of the case. It was about sunset when André and Smith, attended by a negro servant of the latter, crossed from King’s Ferry to Verplanck’s Point. After proceeding about eight miles on the road towards White Plains, they were stopped between eight and nine o’clock, near Crompond, by a patrolling party. The captain of it was uncommonly inquisitive and suspicious. The passports with Arnold’s signature satisfied him. He warned them, however, against the danger of proceeding further in the night. Cow Boys from the British lines were scouring the country, and had recently marauded the neighborhood. Smith’s fears were again excited, and André was obliged to yield to them. A bed was furnished them in a neighboring house, where André passed an anxious and restless night, under the very eye, as it were, of an American patrol. At daybreak he hurried their departure, and his mind was lightened of a load of care, when he found himself out of the the reach of the patrol and its inquisitive commander. They were now approaching that noted part of the country, heretofore mentioned as the Neutral Ground, extending north and south about thirty miles, between the British and American lines. A beautiful region of forest-clad hills, fertile valleys, and abundant streams, but now almost desolated by the scourings of Skinners and Cow Boys; the former professing allegiance to the American cause, the latter to the British, but both arrant marauders. One who resided at the time in this region, gives a sad picture of its state. Houses plundered and dismantled; inclosures broken down; cattle carried away; fields lying waste; the roads grass-grown; the country mournful, solitary, silent—reminding one of the desolation presented in the song of Deborah. “In the days of Shamgar the son of Anath, in the days of Jael, the highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked in by-paths. The inhabitants of the villages ceased; they ceased in Israel.” About two and a half miles from Pine’s Bridge, on the Croton River, André and his companion partook of a scanty meal at a farm-house which had recently been harassed by the Cow Boys. Here they parted, Smith returned home, André to pursue his journey alone to New York. His spirits, however, were cheerful; for, having got beyond the patrols, he considered the most perilous part of his route accomplished. About six miles beyond Pine’s Bridge he came to a place where the road forked, the left branch leading towards White Plains in the interior of the country, the right inclining towards the Hudson. He turned down it, and took his course along the river road. He had not proceeded far, when coming to a place where a small stream crossed the road and ran into a woody dell, a man stepped out from the trees, levelled a musket and brought him to a stand, while two other men similarly armed, showed themselves prepared to second their comrade. The man who had first stepped out wore a refugee uniform. At sight of it, André’s heart leaped, and he felt himself secure. Losing all caution, he exclaimed eagerly; “Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party?”—“What party?” was asked.—“The lower party,” said André.—“We do,” was the reply. All reserve was now at an end.
André declared himself to be a British officer; that he had been up the country on particular business, and must not be detained a single moment. He drew out his watch as he spoke. It was a gold one, and served to prove to them that he was what he represented himself, gold watches being seldom worn in those days, excepting by persons of consequence. To his consternation, the supposed refugee now avowed himself and his companions to be Americans, and told André he was their prisoner! It was even so. The sacking and burning of Young's House, and the carrying of its rustic defenders into captivity, had roused the spirit of the Neutral ground. The yeomanry of that harassed country had turned out in parties to intercept freebooters from the British lines, who had recently been on the maraud, and might be returning to the city with their spoils. One of these parties, composed of seven men of the neighborhood, had divided itself. Four took post on a hill above Sleepy Hollow, to watch the road which crossed the country; the other three, JOHN PAULDING, ISAAC VAN WART, and DAVID WILLIAMS by name, stationed themselves on the road which runs parallel to the Hudson. Two of them were seated on the grass playing at cards to pass away the time, while one mounted guard. The one in refugee garb who brought André to a stand, was JOHN PAULDING, a stout-hearted youngster, who, like most of the young men of this outraged neighborhood, had been repeatedly in arms to repel or resent aggressions, and now belonged to the militia. He had twice been captured and confined in the loathsome military prisons, where patriots suffered in New York, first in the North Dutch Church, and last in the noted Sugar House. Both times he had made his escape; the last time, only four days previous to the event of which we are treating. The ragged refugee coat, which had deceived André, and been the cause of his betraying himself, had been given to Paulding by one of his captors, in exchange for a good yeoman garment of which they stripped him. This slight circumstance may have produced the whole discovery of the treason. (Commodore Hiram Paulding, a son of the captor heard this repeatedly from the lips of his father.) André had betrayed himself by his heedless avowal. Promptly, however, recovering his self-possession, he endeavored to pass off his previous account of himself as a mere subterfuge. "A man must do anything," said he laughingly, "to get along." He now declared himself to be a Continental officer, going down to Dobbs Ferry to get information from below; so saying, he drew forth and showed them the pass of Gen. Arnold. This, in the first instance, would have been sufficient; but his unwary tongue had ruined him. The suspicions of his captors were completely roused. Seizing the bridle of his horse, they ordered him to dismount. He warned them that he was on urgent business for the general, and that they would get themselves into trouble should they detain him. "We care not for that," was the reply, as they led him among the thickets, on the border of the brook. Paulding asked whether he had any letters about him. He answered, no. They proceeded to search him. A minute description is given of
his dress. He wore a round hat, a blue surtoufe, a crimson close-bodied coat, somewhat faded: the button-holes worked with gold, and the buttons covered with gold lace, a nankeen vest, and small-clothes and boots. They obliged him to take off his coat and vest, and found on him eighty dollars in Continental money, but nothing to warrant suspicion of anything sinister, and were disposed to let him proceed, when Paulding exclaimed; "Boys, I am not satisfied—his boots must come off." At this André changed color. His boots, he said, came off with difficulty, and he begged he might not be subjected to the inconvenience and delay. His remonstrances were in vain. He was obliged to sit down; his boots were drawn off, and the concealed papers discovered. Hastily scanning them, Paulding exclaimed, "My God! He is a spy!" He demanded of André where he had gotten these papers. "Of a man at Pine's Bridge, a stranger to me," was the reply. While dressing himself, André endeavored to ransom himself from his captors; rising from one offer to another. He would give any sum of money if they would let him go. He would give his horse, saddle, bridle, and one hundred guineas, and would send them to any place that might be fixed upon. Williams asked him if he would not give more. He replied, that he would give any reward they might name either in goods or money, and would remain with two of their party while one went to New York to get it. Here Paulding, says David Williams, broke in and declared with an oath, that if he would give ten thousand guineas, he should not stir one step. The unfortunate André now submitted to his fate, and the captors set off with their prisoner for North Castle, the nearest American post, distant ten or twelve miles. They proceeded across a hilly and woody region, part of the way by the road, part across fields. One strode in front, occasionally holding the horse by the bridle, the others walked on either side. André rode on in silence, declining to answer further questions until he should come before a military officer. About noon, they halted at a farm house where the inhabitants were taking their mid-day repast. The worthy house-wife, moved by André's prepossessing appearance and dejected air, kindly invited him to partake. He declined, alleging that he had no appetite. This was related to us by a venerable matron, who was present on the occasion, a young girl at the time, but who in her old days could not recall the scene and the appearance of André without tears. Lieut.-Col. Jameson, who was in command at North Castle, recognized the handwriting of Arnold in the papers found upon André, and, perceiving that they were of a dangerous nature, sent them off by express to General Washington, at Hartford. André, still adhering to his assumed name, begged that the commander at West Point might be informed that John Anderson, though bearing his passport, was detained. Jameson appears completely to have lost his head on the occasion. He wrote to Arnold, stating the circumstances of the arrest, and that the papers found upon the prisoner had been despatched by express to the commander-in-chief, and at the same time, he sent the prisoner himself, under a strong guard, to accompany the lat-
ter. Shortly afterwards, Major Tallmadge, next in command to Jameson, but of a much clearer head, arrived at North Castle, having been absent on duty to White Plains. He at once suspected treachery on the part of Arnold. At his earnest entreaties, an express was sent after the officer who had André in charge, ordering him to bring the latter back to North Castle; but by singular perversity or obtuseness in judgment, Jameson neglected to countermand the letter which he had written to Arnold. When André was brought back, and was pacing up and down the room, Tallmadge saw at once by his air and movements, and the mode of turning on his heel, that he was a military man. By his advice, and under his escort, the prisoner was conducted to Col. Sheldon's post at Lower Salem, as more secure than North Castle. Here André, being told that the papers found upon his person had been forwarded to Washington, addressed to him immediately the following lines: "I beg your Excellency will be persuaded that no alteration in the temper of my mind or apprehensions for my safety, induces me to take the step of addressing you; but that it is to secure myself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest. It is to vindicate my fame that I speak, and not to solicit security. The person in your possession is Major John André, adjutant-general of the British army. The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is an advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I held; as confidential (in the present instance) with his Excellency, Sir Henry Clinton. To favor it, I agreed to meet upon ground not within the posts of either army, a person who was to give me intelligence. I came up in the Vulture man-of-war for this effect, and was fetched from the shore to the beach. Being there, I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night. I was in my regimentals, and had fairly risked my person. Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Thus was I betrayed into the vile condition of an enemy within your posts. Having avowed myself a British officer, I have nothing to reveal but what relates to myself, which is true, on the honor of an officer and a gentleman. The request I have made to your Excellency, and I am conscious that I address myself well, is, that in any rigor policy may dictate, a decency of conduct towards me may mark, that though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonorable; as no motive could be mine, but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor." This letter he submitted to the perusal of Major Tallmadge, who was surprised and agitated at finding the rank and importance of the prisoner he had in charge. The letter being despatched, and André's pride relieved on a sensitive point, he resumed his serenity, apparently unconscious of the awful responsibility of his situation. Having a talent for caricature, he even amused himself in the course of the day by making a ludicrous sketch of himself and his rustic escort under march, and presenting it to an officer in the room with him. "This," said
he gayly, "will give you an idea of the style in which I have had the honor to be conducted to my present abode."

On the very day that the treasonable conference between Arnold and André took place, on the banks of Haverstraw Bay, Washington had his interview with the French officers at Hartford. Intelligence was received that the squadron of the Count de Guichen, on which they had relied to give them superiority by sea, had sailed for Europe. Washington, in consequence, set out two or three days sooner than had been anticipated on his return to his headquarters on the Hudson. He was accompanied by Lafayette and Gen. Knox with their suites; also, part of the way, by Count Matthew Dumas, aide-de-camp to Rochambeau. The count, who regarded Washington with an enthusiasm which appears to have been felt by many of the young French officers, gives an animated picture of the manner in which he was greeted in one of the towns through which they passed. "We arrived there," says he, "at night; the whole population had sallied forth beyond the suburbs. We were surrounded by a crowd of children carrying torches, and reiterating the acclamations of the citizens; all were eager to touch the person of him whom they hailed with loud cries as their father, and they thronged before us so as almost to prevent our moving onward. General Washington, much affected, paused a few moments, and pressing my hand, 'We may be beaten by the English,' said he, 'it is the chance of war; but there is the army they will never conquer!'" These few words speak that noble confidence in the enduring patriotism of his countrymen, which sustained him throughout all the fluctuating fortunes of the Revolution; yet at this very moment it was about to receive one of the cruellest of wounds. Washington took a more circuitous route than the one he had originally intended, striking the river at Fishkill just above the Highlands, that he might visit West Point, and show the marquis the works which had been erected there during his absence in France. In the morning (Sept. 24th) they were in the saddle before break of day, having a ride to make of eighteen miles through the mountains. It was a pleasant and animated one. Washington was in excellent spirits, and the buoyant marquis, and genial, warm-hearted Knox, were companions with whom he was always disposed to unbend. When within a mile of the Robinson House, Washington turned down a cross road leading to the banks of the Hudson. Lafayette apprised him that he was going out of the way, and hinted that Mrs. Arnold must be waiting breakfast for him. "Ah, marquis!" replied he good-humoredly, "you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold. I see you are eager to be with her as soon as possible. Go you and breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, but will be with her shortly." The marquis and Gen. Knox, however, turned off and accompanied him down to the redoubts, while Col. Hamilton and Lafayette's aide-de-camp, Major James McHenry, continued along the main road to the Robinson House. The family with the two aides-de-camp sat down to break-
fast. Mrs. Arnold had arrived but four or five days previously from Philadelphia, with her infant child, then about six months old. She was bright and amiable as usual. Arnold was silent and gloomy. It was an anxious moment with him. This was the day appointed for the consummation of the plot, when the enemy's ships were to ascend the river. The return of the commander-in-chief from the East two days sooner than had been anticipated, and his proposed visit to the forts, threatened to disconcert everything. What might be the consequence Arnold could not conjecture. An interval of fearful imaginings was soon brought to a direful close. In the midst of the repast a horseman alighted at the gate. It was the messenger bearing Jameson's letter to Arnold, stating the capture of André, and that dangerous papers found on him had been forwarded to Washington. The mine had exploded beneath Arnold's feet; yet in this awful moment he gave evidence of that quickness of mind which had won laurels for him when in the path of duty. Controlling the dismay that must have smitten him to the heart, he beckoned Mrs. Arnold from the breakfast table, signifying a wish to speak with her in private. When alone with her in her room up stairs, he announced in hurried words that he was a ruined man; and must instantly fly for his life! Overcome by the shock, she fell senseless on the floor. Without pausing to aid her, he hurried down stairs, returned to the breakfast room, and informed his guests that he must haste to West Point to prepare for the reception of the commander-in-chief; and mounting the horse of the messenger, which stood saddled at the door, galloped down by what is still called Arnold's Path, to the landing-place, where his six-oared barge was moored. Throwing himself into it, he ordered his men to pull out into the middle of the river, and then made down with all speed for Teller's Point, which divides Haverstraw Bay from the Tappan Sea, saying he must be back soon to meet the commander-in-chief. Washington arrived at the Robinson House shortly after the flight of the traitor. Being informed that Mrs. Arnold was in her room, unwell, and that Arnold had gone to West Point to receive him, he took a hasty breakfast, and repaired to the fortress, leaving word that he and his suite would return to dinner. In crossing the river, he noticed that no salute was fired from the fort, nor was there any preparation to receive him on his landing. Col. Lamb, the officer in command, who came down to the shore, manifested surprise at seeing him, and apologized for this want of military ceremony, by assuring him that he had not been apprised of his intended visit. "Is not Gen. Arnold here?" demanded Washington. "No, sir. He has not been here for two days past; nor have I heard from him in that time." This was strange and perplexing, but no sinister suspicion entered Washington's mind. He remained at the Point throughout the morning inspecting the fortifications. In the meantime, the messenger whom Jameson had despatched to Hartford with a letter covering the papers taken on André, arrived at the Robinson House. Coming by the lower road, the messenger had passed through Salem, where André was
confined, and brought with him the letter written by that unfortunate officer to the commander-in-chief. These letters being represented as of the utmost moment, were opened and read by Col. Hamilton, as Washington's aide-de-camp and confidential officer. He maintained silence as to their contents; met Washington, as he and his companions were coming up from the river, on their return from West Point, spoke to him a few words in a low voice, and they retired together into the house. Whatever agitation Washington may have felt when these documents of deep-laid treachery were put before him, he wore his usual air of equanimity when he rejoined his companions. Taking Knox and Lafayette aside, he communicated to them the intelligence, and placed the papers in their hands. "Whom can we trust now?" was his only comment, but it spoke volumes. His first idea was to arrest the traitor. Conjecturing the direction of his flight, he despatched Col. Hamilton on horseback to spur with all speed to Verplanck's Point, which commands the narrow part of the Hudson, just below the Highlands, with orders to the commander to intercept Arnold should he not already have passed that post. This done, when dinner was announced, he invited the company to table. "Come, gentlemen; since Mrs. Arnold is unwell, and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony." In the meantime, Arnold, panic-stricken, had sped his caitiff flight through the Highlands; infamy howling in his rear; arrest threatening him in the advance; a fugitive past the posts which he had recently commanded; shrinking at the sight of that flag which hitherto it had been his glory to defend! Alas! how changed from the Arnold, who, but two years previously, when repulsed, wounded and crippled, before the walls of Quebec, could yet write proudly from a shattered camp, "I am in the way of my duty, and I know no fear!" He had passed through the Highlands in safety, but there were the batteries at Verplanck's Point yet to fear. His barge was known by the garrison. A white handkerchief displayed gave it the sanction of a flag of truce; it was suffered to pass without question, and the traitor effected his escape to the Vulture sloop-of-war anchored a few miles below. As if to consummate his degradation by a despicable act of treachery and meanness, he gave up to the commander his coxswain and six bargemen as prisoners of war; but when it was found that the men had supposed they were acting under the protection of a flag, they were released by order of Sir Henry Clinton. Col. Hamilton returned to the Robinson House and reported the escape of the traitor. He brought a letter to Washington, which had been sent on shore from the Vulture, under a flag of truce. It was from Arnold. The following is a transcript:

"Sr.—The heart which is conscious of its own rectitude, cannot attempt to palliate a step which the world may censure as wrong; I have ever acted from a principle of love to my country since the commencement of the present unhappy contest between Great Britain and the colonies; the same principle of love to my country actuates my present conduct, however it may appear inconsistent to the world, who seldom judge right of any man's actions. I ask no favor for myself. I have too often experienced the ingratitude of my
country to attempt it; but, from the known humanity of your Excellency, I am induced to ask your protection for Mrs. Arnold from every insult and injury that a mistaken vengeance of my country may expose her to. It ought to fall only on me; she is as good and as innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong. I beg she may be permitted to return to her friends in Philadelphia, or to come to me as she may choose; from your Excellency I have no fears on her account, but she may suffer from the mistaken fury of the country."

Notwithstanding Washington's apparent tranquility and real self-possession, it was a time of appalling distrust. How far the treason had extended; who else might be implicated in it, was unknown. Arnold knew everything about the condition of the posts: might he not persuade the enemy, in the present weak state of the garrisons, to attempt a coup de main? Washington instantly, therefore, despatched a letter to Col. Wade, who was in temporary command at West Point, "Gen. Arnold is gone to the enemy," writes he. "I request that you will be as vigilant as possible, and as the enemy may have it in contemplation to attempt some enterprise even to-night, against these posts, I wish you to make immediately after the receipt of this, the best disposition you can of your force, so as to have a proportion of men in each work on the west side of the river." A regiment stationed in the Highlands was ordered to the same duty, as well as a body of the Massachusetts militia from Fishkill. At half-past seven in the evening, Washington wrote to Gen. Greene, who, in his absence, commanded the army at Tappan,—urging him to put the left division in motion as soon as possible, with orders to proceed to King's Ferry. "The division," writes he, "will come on light, leaving their heavy baggage to follow. You will also hold all troops in readiness to move on the shortest notice." His next thought was about André. The intrigues in which he had been engaged, and the errand on which he had come, made him consider him an artful and resolute person. He had possessed himself of dangerous information, and in a manner had been arrested with the key of the citadel in his pocket. On the same evening, therefore, Washington wrote to Col. Jameson, charging that every precaution should be taken to prevent Major André from making his escape. "He will no doubt effect it, if possible; and in order that he may not have it in his power, you will send him under the care of such a party and so many officers as to preclude him from the least opportunity of doing it. That he may be less liable to be recaptured by the enemy, he had better be conducted to this place by some upper road, rather than by the route of Crompd. I would not wish Mr. André to be treated with insult; but he does not appear to stand upon the footing of a common prisoner of war, and therefore he is to be most closely and narrowly watched." In the meantime, Mrs. Arnold remained in her room in a state bordering on frenzy. Arnold might well confide in the humanity and delicacy of Washington in respect to her. He regarded her with the sincerest commiseration, acquitting her of all previous knowledge of her husband's guilt. On remitting to her, by one of his aides-de-camp, the letter of her husband, written on board of the Vulture, he informed her that he had done all that depended upon himself
to have him arrested, but not having succeeded, he experienced a pleasure in assuring her of his safety. A letter of Hamilton's written at the time, with all the sympathies of a young man, gives a touching picture of Washington's first interview with her. "She for a time entirely lost herself. The general went up to see her, and she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved, another she melted into tears, sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate occasioned by the imprudence of its father in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the love- lines of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct." She soon set off under a passport from Washington, to her father's house in Philadelphia.

On the 26th of September, the day after the treason of Arnold had been revealed to Washington, André arrived at the Robinson House, in charge of Major Tallmadge. Washington made many inquiries of the major, but declined to have the prisoner brought into his presence, apparently entertaining a strong idea of his moral obliquity, from the nature of the scheme in which he had been engaged, and the circumstances under which he had been arrested. He sent him to West Point, and shortly afterwards, Joshua H. Smith, who had been arrested. Still, not considering them secure even there, he determined on the following day to send them on to the camp. In a letter to Greene he writes: "They will be under an escort of horse, and I wish you to have separate houses in camp ready for their reception, in which they may be kept perfectly secure; and also strong, trusty guards, trebly officered, that a part may be constantly in the room with them. They have not been permitted to be together, and must be kept apart." Early on the morning of the 28th, the prisoners were embarked in a barge, to be conveyed from West Point to King's Ferry. Tallmadge placed André by his side on the after seat of the barge. Being both young, of equal rank and prepossessing manners, a frank and cordial intercourse had grown up between them. By a cartel, mutually agreed upon, each might put to the other any question not involving a third person. They were passing below the rocky heights of West Point, and in full view of the fortress, when Tallmadge asked André whether he would have taken an active part in the attack on it, should Arnold's plan have succeeded. André promptly answered in the affirmative; pointed out a table of land on the west shore, where he would have landed at the head of a select corps, described the route he would have taken up the mountain to a height in the rear of Port Putnam, overlooking the whole parade of West Point—"and this he did," writes Tallmadge, "with much greater exactness than I could have done. This eminence he would have reached without difficulty, as Arnold would have disposed of the garrison in such manner as to be capable of little or no opposition—and then the key of the country would have been in his hands, and he would have had the glory of the splendid achievement." He ventured to ask
what was to have been his reward had he succeeded. "Military
glory was all he sought. The thanks of his general and the appro-
bation of his king would have been a rich reward for such an
undertaking. I think he further remarked, that, if he had suc-
cceeded, he was to have been promoted to the rank of a brigadier-
general." After disembarking at King's Ferry near Stony Point,
they set off for Tappan under the escort of a body of horse. As
they approached the Clove, a deep defile in the rear of the High-
lands, André, who rode beside Tallmadge, became solicitous to
know the opinion of the latter as to what would be the result of his
capture, and in what light he would be regarded by General
Washington and by a military tribunal, should one be ordered.
Tallmadge evaded the question as long as possible, but being
urged to a full and explicit reply, gave it, he says, in the following
words: "I had a much-loved classmate in Yale College, by the
name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immedi-
ately after the battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted
information respecting the strength, position, and probable move-
ments of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went
over to Brooklyn and was taken, just as he was passing the out-
posts of the enemy on his return; said I with emphasis—'Do you
remember the sequel of the story? 'Yes,' said André. 'He was
hanged as a spy! But you surely do not consider his case and
mine alike?' 'Yes, precisely similar; and similar will be your
fate.'"* "He endeavored," adds Tallmadge, "to answer my

*The fate of the heroic youth here alluded to, deserves a more ample notice.
Born in Coventry, Connecticut, June 6th, 1755, he entered Yale College in 1770,
and graduated with some distinction in September, 1773, having previously
contracted an engagement of marriage; not unlike André in this respect, who
wooed his "Honora" at eighteen. On quitting college he engaged as a
teacher, as is common with young men in New England, while studying for a
profession. His half-formed purpose was to devote himself to the ministry.
As a teacher of youth, he was eminently skilful, and equally appreciated by
parents and pupils. He became universally popular. "Everybody loved
him," said a lady of his acquaintance, "he was so sprightly, intelligent and
kind, and so handsome." He was teaching at New London, when an express
arrived, bringing tidings of the outbreak at Lexington. A town meeting was
called, and Hale was among the most ardent of the speakers, proposing an
instant march to the scene of hostilities, and offering to volunteer. "A sense
of duty," writes he to his father, "urges me to sacrifice everything for my
country." He served in the army before Boston as a Lieutenant; prevailed
on his company to extend their term of service by offering them his own pay,
and for his good conduct received from Congress the commission of captain.
He commanded a company in Colonel Knowlton's regiment in the following
year. After the disastrous battle of Long Island, Washington applied to that
officer for a competent person to penetrate the enemy's camp, and procure
intelligence of their designs; a service deemed vital in that dispiriting crisis.
Hale, in the ardor of patriotism, volunteered for the unenviable enterprise,
though fully aware of its peril, and the consequences of capture. Assuming
his old character as schoolmaster, he crossed the sound at night from Norwalk
to Huntington on Long Island, visited the British encampments at Henry's
sand, made drawings of the enemy's works, and noted down memora-
dum in Latin of the information he gathered, and then retraced his steps to Huntington,
where a boat was to meet him and convey him back to the Connecticut shore.
Unfortunately a British guard ship was at that time anchored out of view in
the Sound, and had sent a boat on shore for water. Hale mistook it for the
expected boat, and did not discover his mistake until he found himself in the
hands of enemies. He was stripped and searched, the plans and memoranda
were found concealed in the soles of his shoes, and proved him to be a spy.
He was conveyed to the guard ship, and thence to New York, where he was
remarks, but it was manifest he was more troubled in spirit than I
had ever seen him before."—The place which had been prepared
to receive Major André, is still pointed out as the "76 Stone
House." The caution which Washington had given as to his safe
keeping, was strictly observed by Col. Scammel, the adjutant-
general, as may be seen by his orders to the officer of the guards.
"Major André, the prisoner under your guard, is not only an offi-
cer of distinction in the British army, but a man of infinite art and
address, who will leave no means unattempted to make his escape
and avoid the ignominious death which awaits him. You are
therefore, in addition to your sentries, to keep two officers constantly
in the room with him, with their swords drawn, whilst the other
officers who are out of the room are constantly to keep walking
the entry and around the sentries, to see that they are alert. No
person whatever is to be permitted to enter the room, or speak with
him, unless by direction of the commander-in-chief. You are by
no means to suffer him to go out of the room on any pretext what-
ever."

The capture of André caused a great sensation at New York.
He was universally popular with the army, and an especial favor-
ite of Sir Henry Clinton. The latter addressed a letter to Wash-
ington on the 29th, claiming the release of André on the ground
that he visited Arnold under the sanction of a flag of truce ; and
was stopped while travelling under Arnold's passports. This
official demand had no effect on the steady mind of Washington.
He considered the circumstances under which André had been
taken such as would have justified the most summary proceedings,
but he determined to refer the case to the examination and deci-
sion of a board of general officers, which he convened on the 29th
of Sept., the day after his arrival at Tappan. It was composed of
six major-generals, Greene, Stirling, St. Clair, Lafayette, R. Howe,
and Steuben ; and eight brigadiers, Parsons, James Clinton, Knox,
Glover, Paterson, Hand, Huntingdon, and Stark. Gen. Greene,
who was well versed in military law, and was a man of sound
head and kind heart, was president, and Col. John Lawrence,
judge advocate-general. Col. Alexander Hamilton gives, in let-
ters to his friends, many interesting particulars concerning the con-
duct of the prisoner. "When brought before the board of officers,"
writes he, "he met with every mark of indulgence, and was re-
quired to answer no interrogation which would even embarrass his
feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed everything
that might implicate others, he frankly confessed all the facts re-
lating to himself, and upon his confession, without the trouble of
examining a witness, the board made up their report." It briefly

landed on the 21st of September, the day of the great fire. He was taken to
General Howe's headquarters, and, after a brief parley with his judge,
ordered for execution the next morning at daybreak—a sentence carried out
by the provost marshal, the brutal and infamous Cunningham, who refused
his request for a Bible, and destroyed a letter he had addressed to his mother,
for the reason afterwards given by himself, "that the rebels should never
know they had a man who could die with such firmness." His patriot spirit
shone forth in his dying words—"I only regret that I have but one life to lose
for my country."
stated the circumstances of the case, and concluded with the opinion of the court, that Major André, adjutant-general of the British army, ought to be considered a spy from the enemy, and agreeably to the law and usage of nations, ought to suffer death. In a conversation with Hamilton, André acknowledged the candor, liberality, and indulgence with which the board had conducted themselves in their painful inquiry. He met the result with manly firmness. "I foresee my fate," said he; "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen; conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me." Even in this situation of gathering horrors, he thought of others more than himself. "There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquility," said he to Hamilton. "Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged, by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not for the world leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence; bursting into tears, in spite of his efforts to suppress them, he added: "I wish to be permitted to assure him that I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination, as to his wishes." He wrote a letter to Sir Henry Clinton to the above purport. He made mention also of his mother and three sisters, to whom the value of his commission would be an object. [The commission was sold by Clinton, for the benefit of André's mother and sisters. The King, also, settled a pension on the mother.] This letter accompanied one from Washington to Sir Henry Clinton, stating the report of the board of inquiry, omitting the sentence. "From these proceedings," observes he, "it is evident that Major André was employed in the execution of measures very foreign to the objects of flags of truce, and such as they were never meant to authorize in the most distant degree; and this gentleman confessed with the greatest candor, in the course of his examination, that it was impossible for him to suppose that he came on shore under the sanction of a flag." Capt. Aaron Ogden, of the New Jersey line, was selected by Washington to bear these despatches to the enemy's post at Paulus Hook, thence to be conveyed across the Hudson to New York. He called by Washington's request, on the Marquis Lafayette, who gave him instructions to sound the officer commanding at that post whether Sir Henry Clinton might not be willing to deliver up Arnold in exchange for André. Ogden made the suggestion, as if incidentally, in the course of conversation. The officer demanded if he had any authority from Washington for such an intimation. "I have no such assurance from General Washington," replied he, "but I am prepared to say, that if such a proposal were made, I believe it would be accepted, and Major André set at liberty." The officer communicated the
matter to Sir Henry, but the latter instantly rejected the expedient as incompatible with honor and military principle.

The character, appearance, deportment and fortunes of André, had interested the feelings of the oldest and sternest soldiers around him, and completely captivated the sympathies of the younger ones. He was treated with the greatest respect and kindness throughout his confinement, and his table was supplied from that of the commander-in-chief. Hamilton, who was in daily intercourse with him, describes him as well improved by education and travel, with an elegant turn of mind, and a taste for the fine arts. He had attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His sentiments were elevated, his elocution was fluent, his address easy, polite and engaging, with a softness that conciliated affection. The execution was to have taken place on the 1st of October, at five o'clock in the afternoon; but in the interim Washington received a second letter from Sir Henry Clinton, dated Sept. 30th, expressing an opinion that the board of inquiry had not been rightly informed of all the circumstances on which a judgment ought to be formed, and that, in order that he might be perfectly apprised of the state of the matter before he proceeded to put that judgment in execution, he should send a commission on the following day, composed of Lieut.-Gov. Elliot, William Smith, chief justice of the province, and Lieut.-Gen. Robertson, to wait near Dobbs Ferry for permission and safe conduct to meet Washington, or such persons as he should appoint to converse with them on the subject. This letter caused a postponement of the execution, and Gen. Greene was sent to meet the commissioners at Dobbs Ferry. They came up in the morning of the 1st of October, in a schooner, with a flag of truce. A long conference took place between Gen. Robertson and Gen. Greene, without any agreement of opinion upon the question at issue. Greene returned to camp promising to report faithfully to Washington the arguments used by Robertson, and to inform the latter of the result. Arnold sent a letter to Washington by the commissioners, in which the traitor reasserted the right he had possessed, as commanding officer of the department, to transact all the matters with which André was inculpated, and insisted that the latter ought not to suffer for them. "But," added he, "if after this just and candid representation of Major André's case, the board of general officers adhere to their former opinion, I shall suppose it dictated by passion and resentment; and if that gentleman should suffer the severity of their sentence, I shall think myself bound, by every tie of duty and honor, to retaliate on such unhappy persons of your army as may fall within my power, that the respect due to flags, and to the laws of nations, may be better understood and observed. I have further to observe, that forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina have justly forfeited their lives, which have hitherto been spared by the clemency of his Excellency, Sir Henry Clinton, who cannot in justice extend his mercy to them any longer, if Major André suffers; which, in all probability, will open a scene of blood at which humanity shudders." Beside this impudent and despica-
ble letter, there was another from Arnold containing the farce of a resignation. Greene, in a brief letter to Gen. Robertson, informed him that he had made as full a report of their conference to the commander-in-chief, as his memory would serve, but that it had made no alteration in Washington's opinion and determination. During this day of respite André had conducted himself with his usual tranquility. A likeness of himself, seated at a table in his guard-room, which he sketched with a pen and gave to the officer on guard, is still extant. It being announced to him that one o'clock on the following day was fixed on for his execution, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die there was still a choice in the mode; he therefore addressed the following note to Washington: "Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a 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." Had Washington consulted his feelings merely, this affecting appeal might not have been in vain, for, though not impulsive, he was eminently benevolent. But he had a high and tenacious sense of the duties and responsibilities of his position, and never more than in this trying moment, when he had to elevate himself above the contagious sympathies of those around him, dismiss all personal considerations, and regard the peculiar circumstances of the case. The long course of insidious operations which had been pursued to undermine the loyalty of one of his most trusted officers; the greatness of the evil which the treason would have effected, if successful; the uncertainty how far the enemy had carried, or might still be carrying,—their scheme of corruption, pointed this out as a case in which a signal example was required. And what called for particular indulgence to the agent, if not instigator of this enormous crime, who had thus been providentially detected in disguise, and with the means of its consummation concealed upon his person? His errand, said Hon. Henry J. Raymond, at the dedication of the André monument, "viewed in the light of morality, and even of that chivalry from which modern war pretends to derive its maxims, was one of infamy. He had been commissioned to buy with gold what steel could not conquer; to drive a bargain with one ready for a price to become a traitor; to count out the thirty pieces of silver by which British generals and British gentlemen were not ashamed to purchase the betrayal of a cause, whose shining virtue repelled their power, and dimmed the glory of their arms." Even the language of traffic in which this negotiation had been carried on between the pseudo-Gustavus and John Anderson, had something ignoble and debasing to the chivalrous aspirant who stooped to use it; especially when used as a crafty covering in bargaining for a man's soul. It has been alleged in André's behalf, as a mitigating circumstance, that he was involuntarily a spy. It is true, he did not come on shore in borrowed garb, nor
with a design to pass himself off for another, and procure secret information; but he came, under cloak of midnight, in supposed safety, to effect the betrayal of a holy trust; and it was his undue eagerness to secure the objects of this clandestine interview, that brought him into the condition of an undoubted spy. It certainly should not soften our view of his mission, that he embarked in it without intending to subject himself to danger. A spice of danger would have given it a spice of heroism, however spurious. When the rendezvous was first projected, he sought, through an indirect channel, to let Arnold know that he would come out with a flag. (We allude to a letter written by him from New York on the 7th of Sept., under his feigned signature, to Col. Sheldon; evidently intended to be seen by Arnold. "I will endeavor to obtain permission to go out with a flag.") If an interview had taken place under that sacred protection, and a triumphant treason had been the result, what a brand it would have affixed to André's name, that he had prostituted a flag of truce to such an end. But although André's request as to the mode of his death was not to be granted, it was thought best to let him remain in uncertainty on the subject. On the morning of the 2d, he maintained a calm demeanor, though all around him were gloomy and silent. Having breakfasted, he dressed himself with care in the full uniform of a British officer, placed his hat upon the table, and accosting the officer on guard—"I am ready," said he, "at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you." He walked to the place of execution between two subaltern officers, arm in arm, with a serene countenance, bowing to several gentlemen whom he knew. Col. Tallmadge accompanied him, and we quote his words. "When he came in sight of the gibbet, he appeared to be startled, and inquired with some emotion whether he was not to be shot. Being informed that the mode first appointed for his death could not consistently be altered, he exclaimed, 'How hard is my fate!' but immediately added, 'it will soon be over.' I then shook hands with him under the gallows, and retired." While waiting near the gallows until preparations were made, he evinced some nervousness, putting his foot on a stone and rolling it; and making an effort to swallow, as if checking an hysterical affection of the throat. All things being ready, he stepped into the wagon. Taking off his hat and stock, and opening his shirt collar, he deliberately adjusted the noose to his neck, after which he took out a handkerchief, and tied it over his eyes. Being told by the officer in command that his arms must be bound, he drew out a second handkerchief, with which they were pinioned. Col. Scammel now told him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired to. His only reply was, "I pray you to bear witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." The wagon moved from under him, and left him suspended. He died almost without a struggle. He remained suspended for about half an hour, during which time a deathlike stillness prevailed over the surrounding multitude. His remains were interred within a few yards of the place of his execution, whence they were transferred to England in 1821, by the British.
consul, then resident in New York, and were buried in Westmin-
ster Abbey, near a mural monument which had been erected to his
memory. Never has any man, suffering under like circumstances,
awakened a more universal sympathy. His story is one of the
touching themes of the Revolution, and his name is still spoken of
with kindness in the local traditions of the neighborhood where he
was captured.—Washington, in a letter to the President of Con-
gress, passed a high eulogium on the captors of André, and recom-
manded them for a handsome gratuity; for having, in all proba-
ability, prevented one of the severest strokes that could have been
meditated by the enemy. Congress accordingly expressed, in a
formal vote, a high sense of their virtuous and patriotic conduct;
awarded to each of them a farm, a pension for life of two hundred
dollars, and a silver medal, bearing on one side an escutcheon on
which was engraved the word FIDELITY, and on the other side the
motto, Vincit amor Patriae. These medals were delivered to them
by General Washington at head-quarters, with impressive cere-
mony. Isaac Van Wart, one of the captors, had been present at
the execution of André, and was deeply affected by it. He was
not fond of recalling the subject, and in after life could rarely
speak of André without tears. Joshua H. Smith, who aided in
bringing André and Arnold together, was tried by a court-martial,
on a charge of participating in the treason, but was acquitted, no
proof appearing of his having had any knowledge of Arnold's plot.

Arnold was now made brigadier-general in the British service,
and put on an official level with honorable men who scorned to
associate with the traitor. What golden reward he was to have
received had his treason been successful, is not known; but six
thousand three hundred and fifteen pounds sterling were paid to
him, as a compensation for losses which he pretended to have suf-
f ered in going over to the enemies of his country. The vilest cul-
prit, however, shrinks from sustaining the obloqui of his crimes.
Shortly after his arrival in New York, Arnold published an address
to the Inhabitants of America, in which he endeavored to vindicate
his conduct. He alleged that he had originally taken up arms
merely to aid in obtaining a redress of grievances. He had con-
sidered the Declaration of Independence precipitate, and the
reasons for it obviated by the subsequent proffers of the British
government; and he inveighed against Congress for rejecting
those offers, without submitting them to the people. Finally, the
treaty with France, a proud, ancient and crafty foe, the enemy of
the Protestant faith and of real liberty, had completed, he said, the
measure of his indignation, and determined him to abandon a
cause sustained by iniquity and controlled by usurpers. He
issued a proclamation inviting the officers and soldiers of the
American army, who had the real interest of their country at heart,
and who were determined to be no longer the tools and dupes of
Congress, and of France, to rally under the royal standard, and
fight for true American liberty; holding out promises of large
bounties and liberal subsistence, with compensation for all the
implements and accoutrements of war they might bring with them.
Speaking of this address, "I am at loss," said Washington, "which to admire most, the confidence of Arnold in publishing it, or the folly of the enemy in supposing that a production signed by so infamous a character will have any weight with the people of the States, or any influence upon our officers abroad." He was right. Both the address and the proclamation were regarded by Americans with the contempt they merited. Col. John Laurens, former aide-de-camp to Washington, in speaking of André's fate, observed, "Arnold must undergo a punishment comparatively more severe, in the permanent, increasing torment of a mental hell." Washington doubted it. "He wants feeling," said he. "From some traits of his character which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been so hackneyed in villainy, and so lost to all sense of honor and shame, that, while his faculties will enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse." And in a letter to Gov. Reed, he writes, "Arnold's conduct is so villainously perfidious, that there are no terms that can describe the baseness of his heart. That overruling Providence which has so often and so remarkably interposed in our favor, never manifested itself more conspicuously than in the timely discovery of his horrid intention to surrender the post and garrison of West Point into the hands of the enemy." The confidence and folly which have marked the subsequent conduct of this man, are of a piece with his villainy, and all three are perfect in their kind."

Mrs. Arnold, on arriving at her father's house in Philadelphia, had decided on a separation from her husband, to whom she could not endure the thought of returning after his dishonor. This course, however, was not allowed her. The executive council, wrongfully suspecting her of having aided in the correspondence between her husband and André, knowing its treasonable tendency, ordered her to leave the State within fourteen days, and not to return during the continuance of the war. "We tried every means," writes one of her connections, "to prevail on the council to permit her to stay among us, and not compel her to go to that infernal villain, her husband. Mr. Shippen (her father) had promised the council, and Mrs. Arnold had signed a writing to the same purpose, engaging not to write to Arnold any letters without showing them to the council, if she was permitted to stay." It was all in vain, and, strongly against her will, she rejoined her husband in New York. While the whole country resounded with execrations of his guilt; while his effigy was dragged through the streets of town and village, burnt at the stake, or swung on the gibbet, she passed on secure from injury or insult. The execrations of the populace were silenced at her approach. Arriving at nightfall at a village where they were preparing for one of these burnings in effigy, the pyre remained unkindled, the people dispersed quietly to their homes, and the wife of the traitor was suffered to sleep in peace. She returned home but once, about five years after her exile, and was treated with such coldness and neglect that she declared she never could come again. In England her charms and virtues, it is said, procured her sympathy and
friendship, and helped to sustain the social position of her hus-
band, who, however, was "generally slighted, and sometimes
insulted." She died in London, in the winter of 1796.—We have
been induced to enter thus largely into the circumstances of this
story, from the undiminished interest taken in it by the readers of
American history. Indeed, a romance has been thrown around
the memory of the unfortunate André, which increases with the
progress of years; while the name of Arnold will stand sadly con-
spicuous to the end of time, as the only American officer of note,
throughout all the trials and vicissitudes of the Revolution, who
proved traitor to the glorious cause of his country.

As the enemy would now possess the means, through Arnold, of
informing themselves thoroughly about West Point, Washington
hastened to have the works completed and strongly garrisoned.
He took post with his main army, at Prakeness, near Passaic Falls
in New Jersey. Gen. Gates' late defeat at Camden had withered
the laurels snatched at Saratoga. As in the one instance he had
received exaggerated praise, so in the other, he suffered undue
censure. The sudden annihilation of an army from which so
much had been expected, and the retreat of the general before the
field was absolutely lost, appeared to demand a strict investiga-
tion. Congress therefore passed a resolution (Oct. 5th), requiring
Washington to order a court of inquiry into the conduct of Gates
as commander of the Southern army, and to appoint some other
officer to the command until the inquiry should be made. Wash-
ington at once selected Greene for the important trust, the well-
tried officer whom he would originally have chosen, had his opinion
been consulted, when Congress so unadvisedly gave the command
to Gates. His letter of instructions to Greene (Oct. 22d) showed
the implicit confidence he reposed in the abilities and integrity of
that excellent officer. "Uninformed as I am," writes he, "of
the enemy's force in that quarter, of our own, or of the resources
which it will be in our power to command, for carrying on the
war, I can give you no particular instructions, but must leave you
to govern yourself entirely according to your own prudence and
judgment, and the circumstances in which you find yourself."
The court of inquiry was to be conducted in the quarter in which
Gates had acted, where all the witnesses were, and where alone
the requisite information could be obtained. Baron Steuben was
to preside, and the members of the court were to be such general
and field-officers of the Continental troops as were not present at
the battle of Camden, or, having been present, were not wanted
as witnesses, or were persons to whom Gates had no objection.

Ravaging incursions from Canada had harassed the northern
parts of the State of New York of late, and laid desolate some
parts of the country from which Washington had hoped to receive
great supplies of flour for the armies. Major Carleton, a nephew
of Sir Guy, at the head of a motley force, European, Tory, and
Indian, had captured Forts Anne and George. Sir John Johnson
also, with Joseph Brant, and a mongrel half-savage crew, had
laid waste the fertile region of the Mohawk River, and burned
the villages of Schoharie and Caughnawaga. The greatest alarm prevailed throughout the neighboring country. The marauders had been encountered and driven back by Gen. Van Rensselaer and the militia of those parts; not, however, until they had nearly destroyed the settlements on the Mohawk. Washington now put Brig. Gen. James Clinton (the governor's brother) in command of the Northern department. The state of the army was growing more and more a subject of solicitude to the commander-in-chief. He felt weary of struggling on, with such scanty means, and such vast responsibility. The campaign, which, at its commencement, had seemed pregnant with favorable events, had proved sterile and inactive, and was drawing to a close. The short terms for which most of the troops were enlisted must soon expire, and then the present army would be reduced to a mere shadow. The Marquis Lafayette at this time commanded the advance guard of Washington's army, composed of six battalions of light-infantry. They were better clad than the other soldiery; in trim uniforms, leathern helmets, with crests of horse-hair. The officers were armed with spontoons, the non-commissioned officers with fusées; both with short sabres which the marquis had brought from France, and presented to them. He was proud of his troops, and had a young man's ardor for active service. At this juncture, the Marquis de Chastellux arrived in camp. He was on a tour of curiosity, while the French troops at Rhode Island were in winter-quarters, and came on the invitation of his relative, the Marquis Lafayette, who was to present him to Washington. In after years he published an account of his tour, in which we have graphic sketches of the camp and the commanders. He arrived with his aides-de-camp on the afternoon of Nov. 23d, and sought the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. They were in a large farm house. There was a spacious tent in the yard before it for the general, and several smaller tents in an adjacent field for his guards. Everything was in perfect order. As De Chastellux rode up, he observed Lafayette in front of the house, conversing with an officer, tall of stature, with a mild and noble countenance. It was Washington. De Chastellux alighted and was presented by Lafayette. His reception was frank and cordial. Washington conducted him into the house. Dinner was over, but Generals Knox, Wayne, and Howe, and Colonels Hamilton, Tilghman, and other officers, were still seated round the board. Washington introduced De Chastellux to them, and ordered a repast for the former and his aides-de-camp: all remained at table, and a few glasses of claret and Maderia promoted sociability. The marquis soon found himself at his ease with Washington. "The goodness and benevolence which characterize him," observes he, "are felt by all around him; but the confidence he inspires is never familiar; it springs from a profound esteem for his virtues, and a great opinion of his talents." The next morning, horses were led up after breakfast; they were to review the troops and visit Lafayette's encampment seven miles distant. The horses which De Chastellux and Washington rode, had been presented to the latter by the State of Virginia. There
were fine blood horses also for the aides-de-camp. "Washington's horses," writes De Chastellux, "are as good as they are beautiful, and all perfectly trained. He trains them all himself, He is a very good and a very hardy cavalier, leaping the highest barriers, and riding very fast, without rising in the stirrups, bearing on the bridle, or suffering his horse to run as if wild." Speaking of his personal appearance, he writes: "His form is noble and elevated, well-shaped and exactly proportioned; his physiognomy mild and agreeable, but such, that one does not speak in particular of any one of his traits; and that in quitting him there remains simply the recollection of a fine countenance. His air is neither grave nor familiar; one sees sometimes on his forehead the marks of thought, but never of inquietude; while inspiring respect he inspires confidence, and his smile is always that of benevolence. Above all, it is interesting, to see him in the midst of the general officers of his army. General in a republic, he has not the imposing state of a marshal of France who gives the order; hero in a republic, he excites a different sort of respect, which seems to originate in this sole idea, that the welfare of each individual is attached to his person. Brave without temerity; laborious without ambition; generous without prodigality; noble without pride; virtuous without severity; he seems always to stop short of that limit, where the virtues, assuming colors more vivid, but more changeable and dubious, might be taken for defects."

Major Tallmadge with eighty men, chiefly dismounted dragoons of Sheldon's regiment, crossed in boats from the Connecticut shore to Long Island, where the Sound was twenty miles wide; traversed the island on the 22d of Nov., surprised Fort George at Coram, captured the garrison of fifty-two men, demolished the fort, set fire to magazines of forage, and recrossed the Sound to Fairfield, without the loss of a man. At the end of Nov. the army went into winter-quarters; the Pennsylvania line in the neighborhood of Morristown, the Jersey line about Pompton, the New England troops at West Point, and the other posts of the Highlands; and the New York line was stationed at Albany, to guard against any invasion from Canada. The French army remained stationed at Newport, excepting the Duke of Lauzun's legion, which was cantoned at Lebanon in Connecticut. Washington's headquarters were established at New Windsor, on the Hudson.

CHAPTER XXI.

MOVEMENTS OF CORNWALLIS—TERMINATION OF THE WAR.

CORNWALLIS having, as he supposed, entirely crushed the "rebel cause" in South Carolina, by the defeats of Gates and Sumter, remained for some time at Camden, detained by the excessive heat of the weather and the sickness of part of his troops, broken down by the hardships of campaigning under a southern
sun. Immediately after the victory at Camden, he had ordered the friends to royalty in North Carolina "to arm and intercept the beaten army of Gen. Gates," promising that he would march directly to the borders of that province in their support; he now detached Major Patrick Ferguson to its western confines, to keep the war alive in that quarter. His orders were to skirt the mountain country between the Catawba and the Yadkin, harass the whigs, inspirit the tories, and embody the militia under the royal banner. This done, he was to repair to Charlotte, the capital of Mecklenburg County, where he would find Cornwallis, who intended to make it his rendezvous. Should he, however, in the course of his tour, be threatened by a superior force, he was immediately to return to the main army. Cornwallis decamped from Camden, and set out for North Carolina. In the subjugation of that province, he counted on the coöperation of the troops which Clinton was to send to the lower part of Virginia, which, after reducing the Virginians to obedience, were to join his lordship's standard on the confines of North Carolina. He took post at Charlotte, where he had given rendezvous to Ferguson. Mecklenburg, of which this was the capital, was the "heady high-minded" country, where the first declaration of independence had been made, and his lordship from uncomfortable experience soon pronounced Charlotte "the Hornet's Nest of North Carolina." The surrounding country was wild and rugged, covered with close and thick woods, and crossed in every direction by narrow roads. All attempts at foraging were worse than useless. The plantations were small and afforded scanty supplies. The inhabitants were stanch whigs, with the pugnacious spirit of the old Covenanters. Instead of remaining at home and receiving the king's money in exchange for their produce, they turned out with their rifles, stationed themselves in covert places, and fired upon the foraging parties; convoys of provisions from Camden had to fight their way, and expresses were shot down and their despatches seized. Ferguson was on his way to join Cornwallis when a chance for a signal exploit presented itself. An American force under Col. Elijah Clarke, of Georgia, was retreating to the mountain districts of North Carolina, after an unsuccessful attack upon the British post at Augusta. Ferguson resolved to cut off their retreat. Turning towards the mountains, he made his way through a rugged wilderness and took post at Gilbert-town, a small frontier village of log-houses. He had no idea that the marauds of his followers had arrayed the very wilderness against him. "All of a sudden, a numerous, fierce and unexpected enemy sprung up in the depths of the desert. The scattered inhabitants of the mountains assembled without noise or warning, under the conduct of six or seven of their militia colonels, to the number of six hundred strong, daring, well-mounted and excellent horsemen. These were the people of the mountains which form the frontiers of the Carolinas and Georgia, "mountain men," as they were commonly called, a hardy race, half huntsmen, half herdsmen, inhabiting deep narrow valleys and fertile slopes, adapted to grazing, watered by
the coldest of springs and brightest of streams, and embosomed in mighty forest trees. Being subject to inroads and surprisals from the Chickasaws, Cherokees and Creeks, a tacit league existed among them for mutual defence, and it only needed, as in the present instance, an alarm to be circulated through their settlements by swift messengers to bring them at once to the point of danger. A band of "the wild and fierce" inhabitants of Kentucky, with men from other settlements west of the Alleghanies, had crossed the mountains, led by Colonels Campbell and Boone, to pounce upon a quantity of Indian goods at Augusta; but had pulled up on hearing of the repulse of Clarke. The stout yeomen, also, of the district of Ninety-Six, roused by the marauds of Ferguson, had taken the field, under the conduct of Col. James Williams, of Granville County. Here, too, were hard-riders and sharpshooters, from Holston River, Powel's Valley, Botetourt, Fincastle, and other parts of Virginia, commanded by Colonels Campbell, Cleveland, Shelby and Sevier. Such were the different bodies of mountaineers and backwoodsmen, suddenly drawing together from various parts to the number of three thousand. Ferguson, breaking up his quarters, therefore, pushed for the British army, sending messengers ahead to apprise Cornwallis of his danger. He had not long vacated Gilbert-town when the motley host we have described thronged in. Some were on foot, but the greater part on horseback. Some were in homespun garb; but the most part in hunting-shirts, occasionally decorated with colored fringe and tassels. Each man had his long rifle and hunting-knife, his wallet, or knapsack and blanket, and either a buck's tail or sprig of evergreen in his hat. Here and there an officer appeared in the Continental uniform of blue and buff, but most preferred the half-Indian hunting-dress. There was neither tent nor tent equipage, neither baggage nor baggage wagon to encumber the movements of that extemporaneous host. Prompt warriors of the wilderness, with them it was "seize the weapon—spring into the saddle—and away!" In going into action, it was their practice to dismount, tie their horses to the branches of trees, or secure them in some other way, so as to be at hand for use when the battle was over, either to pursue a flying enemy, or make their own escape by dint of hoof. Being told that Ferguson had retreated by the Cherokee road towards North Carolina, about nine hundred of the hardiest and best mounted set out in urgent pursuit; leaving those who were on foot or weakly mounted, to follow on as fast as possible. Col. William Campbell, of Virginia, having come from the greatest distance, was allowed to have command of the whole party. In the evening they arrived at the Cowpens, a grazing neighborhood. Here two beeves were killed and given to be cut up, cooked and eaten as quick as possible. Before those who were slow or negligent had half prepared their repast, marching orders were given, and all were again in the saddle. A rapid and irregular march was kept up all night in murky darkness and through a heavy rain. About daybreak they crossed Broad River. Not finding the enemy, they halted, lit their
fires, made their morning's meal, and took a brief repose. By
nine o'clock they were again on the march. The rainy night had
been succeeded by a bright October morning, and all were in high
spirits. Ferguson had taken post on the summit of King's Moun-
tain, about twelve miles distant. This mountain rises out of a
broken country, and is detached, on the north, from inferior heights
by a deep valley, so as to resemble an insulated promontory about
half a mile in length, with sloping sides, excepting on the north.
It was covered for the most part with lofty forest trees, free from
underwood, interspersed with boulders and masses of gray rock.
The forest was sufficiently open to give free passage to horsemen.
Dismounting at a small stream which runs through a ravine, the
Americans picketed their horses, formed themselves into three
divisions of nearly equal size, and prepared to storm the heights
on three sides. Campbell, seconded by Shelby, was to lead the
center division; Sevier with McDowell the right, and Cleveland
and Williams the left. The divisions were to scale the mountain
as nearly as possible at the same time. The fighting directions
were in frontier style. When once in action, every one must act
for himself. The men were not to wait for the word of command,
but to take good aim and fire as fast as possible. When they
could no longer hold their ground, they were to get behind trees,
or retreat a little, and return to the fight, but never to go quite off.
Campbell allowed time for the flanking divisions to move to the
right and left along the base of the mountain, and take their
proper distances; he then pushed up in front with the center divi-
sion, he and Shelby, each at the head of his men. The first firing
was about four o'clock, when a picket was driven in by Cleveland
and Williams on the left, and pursued up the mountain. Camp-
bell soon arrived within rifle distance of the crest of the mountain,
whence a sheeted fire of musketry was opened upon him. He
instantly deployed his men, posted them behind trees, and returned
the fire with deadly effect. Ferguson, exasperated at being thus
hunted into this mountain fastness, had been chafing in his rocky
lair and meditating a furious sally. He now rushed out with his
regulars, made an impetuous charge with the bayonet, and dislodg-
ing his assailants from their cover, began to drive them down the
mountain, they not having a bayonet among them. He had not
proceeded far, when a flanking fire was opened by one of the other
divisions; facing about and attacking this he was again successful,
when a third fire was opened from another quarter. Thus, as fast
as one division gave way before the bayonet, another came to its
relief; while those who had given way rallied and returned to the
charge. The nature of the fighting ground was more favorable to
the rifle than the bayonet, and this was a kind of warfare in which the
frontier men were at home. The elevated position of the enemy also
was in favor of the Americans, securing them from the danger of
their own cross-fire. Ferguson found that he was completely in
the hunter's toils, beset on every side; but he stood bravely at
bay, until the ground around him was strewn with the killed and
wounded, picked off by the fatal rifle. His men were at length
broken, and retreated in confusion along the ridge. He galloped from place to place endeavoring to rally them, when a rifle ball brought him to the ground, and his white horse was seen careering down the mountain without a rider. This closed the bloody fight; for Ferguson's second in command, seeing all further resistance hopeless, hoisted a white flag, beat a parley and sued for quarters. One hundred and fifty of the enemy had fallen and as many been wounded; while of the Americans, but twenty were killed, though a considerable number were wounded. Among those slain was Col. James Williams, who had commanded the troops of Ninety-Six, and proved himself one of the most daring of the partisan leaders. Eight hundred and ten men were taken prisoners, one hundred of whom were regulars, the rest royalists. The rancor awakened by civil war was shown in the treatment of some of the prisoners. A court-martial was held the day after the battle, and a number of tory prisoners who had been bitter in their hostility to the American cause, and flagitious in their persecution of their countrymen, were hanged. This was to revenge the death of American prisoners hanged at Camden and elsewhere. The army of mountaineers and frontier men did not attempt to follow up their signal blow. They had no general scheme, no plan of campaign; it was the spontaneous rising of the sons of the soil, to revenge it on its invaders, and, having effected their purpose, they returned in triumph to their homes. They were little aware of the importance of their achievement. The battle of King's Mountain, inconsiderable as it was in the numbers engaged, turned the tide of Southern warfare. The destruction of Ferguson and his corps gave a complete check to the expedition of Cornwallis. He began to fear for the safety of South Carolina, liable to such sudden eruptions from the mountains; lest, while he was facing to the north, these hordes of stark-riding warriors might throw themselves behind him, and produce a popular combustion in the province he had left. He resolved, therefore, to return with all speed to that province and provide for its security. On the 14th of October he commenced his retrograde and mortifying march, conducting it in the night, and with such hurry and confusion, that nearly twenty wagons, laden with baggage and supplies, were lost. As he proceeded, the rainy season set in; the brooks and rivers became swollen, and almost impassable; the roads deep and miry; provisions and forage scanty; the troops generally sickly, having no tents. Cornwallis himself was seized with a bilious fever, which obliged him to halt two days in the Catawba settlement, and afterwards to be conveyed in a wagon, giving up the command to Lord Rawdon. The British suffered as usual from the vengeance of an outraged country, being fired upon from behind trees and other coverts by the yeomanry; their sentries shot down at their encampments; their foraging parties cut off. For two weeks were they toiling through deep roads, and a country cut up by water-courses, with the very elements arrayed against them. At length, after fording the Catawba, where it was six hundred yards wide, and three and a half deep, and where a handful of riflemen might have
held them in check, the army arrived at Winnsborough, in South Carolina.

The victory at King's Mountain had set the partisan spirit throughout the country in a blaze. Francis Marion was soon in the field. He had been made a brigadier-general by Gov. Rutledge, but his brigade, as it was called, was formed of neighbors and friends, and was continually fluctuating in numbers. He was nearly fifty years of age, and small of stature, but hardy, healthy, and vigorous. Brave but not braggart, never avoiding danger, but never rashly seeking it. Taciturn and abstemious; a strict disciplinarian; careful of the lives of his men, but little mindful of his own. Just in his dealings, free from everything selfish or mercenary, and incapable of a meanness. He had his haunts and strongholds in the morasses of the Pedee and Black Rivers. His men were hardy and abstemious as himself; they ate their meat without salt, often subsisted on potatoes, were scantily clad, and almost destitute of blankets. Marion was full of stratagems and expedients. Sallying forth from his morasses, he would overrun the lower districts, pass the Santee, beat up the small posts in the vicinity of Charleston, cut up the communication between that city and Camden; and having struck some signal blow, so as to rouse the vengeance of the enemy, would retreat again into his fenny fastnesses. Hence the British gave him the bye name of the Swamp Fox, but those of his countrymen who knew his courage, his loftiness of spirit and spotless integrity, considered him the Bayard of the South. Tarleton undertook to draw the swamp fox from his cover. He marched cautiously down the east bank of the Wateree with a body of dragoons and infantry in compact order. The fox, however, kept close; he saw that the enemy was too strong for him. Tarleton now changed his plan. By day he broke up his force into small detachments or patrols, giving them orders to keep near enough to each other to render mutual support if attacked, and to gather together at night. The artifice had its effect. Marion sallied forth from his cover just before daybreak to make an attack upon one of these detachments, when, to his surprise, he found himself close upon the British camp. Perceiving the snare that had been spread for him, he made a rapid retreat. A close pursuit took place. For seven hours Marion was hunted from one swamp and fastness to another; when an express came spurring from Cornwallis, calling for the immediate services of Tarleton in another quarter. Sumter was again in the field! That indefatigable partisan having recruited a strong party in the mountainous country, to which he retreated after his defeat on the Wateree, had reappeared on the west side of the Santee, repulsed a British party sent against him, killing its leader; then, crossing Broad River, had effected a junction with Colonels Clark and Brannan, and now menaced the British posts in the district of Ninety-Six. Tarleton, advancing with his accustomed celerity, thought to surprise Sumter on the Enoree River. The latter pushed across the river, but was hotly pursued, and his rear-guard roughly handled. He
now made for the Tyger River, noted for turbulence and rapidity; Tarleton spurred forward in advance of his main body with one hundred and seventy dragoons and eighty mounted men of the infantry. Before five o’clock (Nov. 20) his advance guard overtook and charged the rear of the Americans. Sumter took post on Black Stock Hill, with a rivulet and rail fence in front, the Tyger River in the rear and on the right flank, and a large log barn on the left. The barn was turned into a fortress, and a part of the force stationed in it to fire through the apertures between the logs. Tarleton halted on an opposite height to await the arrival of his infantry, and a part of his men dismounted to ease their horses. Sumter seized this moment for an attack. He was driven back after some sharp fighting. The enemy pursued, but were severely galled by the fire from the log barn. Enraged at seeing his men shot down, Tarleton charged with his cavalry, but found it impossible to dislodge the Americans from their rustic fortress. At the approach of night he fell back to join his infantry, leaving the ground strewed with his killed and wounded. The latter were treated with great humanity by Sumter. The loss of the Americans was only three killed and four wounded. Sumter, who had received a severe wound in the breast, remained several hours on the field of action; but crossed the Tyger River in the night. He was then placed on a litter between two horses, and thus conducted across the country by a few faithful adherents. The rest of his little army dispersed themselves through the woods.

While the attention of the enemy was thus engaged by the enterprises of Sumter and Marion and their swamp warriors, Gen. Gates was gathering together the scattered fragments of his army at Hillsborough. When all were collected, his whole force, exclusive of militia, did not exceed fourteen hundred men. His troops, disheartened by defeat, were in a forlorn state, without clothing, without pay, and sometimes without provisions. His vanity was completely cut down by his late reverses. He had lost, too, the confidence of his officers, and was unable to maintain discipline among his men. On the retreat of Cornwallis from Charlotte, he advanced to that place to make it his winter-quarters. Gen. Greene arrived at Charlotte on the 2d of December. He had left the Baron Steuben in Virginia to defend that State and procure and send on reinforcements and stores for the Southern army. On the day following his arrival, Greene took formal command. Consulting with his officers as to the court of inquiry on the conduct of Gen. Gates, ordered by Congress, it was determined that there was not a sufficient number of general officers in camp to sit upon it; that the state of Gen. Gates’s feelings, in consequence of the recent death of an only son, disqualified him from entering upon the task of his defence; and that it would be indecorous in the extreme to press on him an investigation, which his honor would not permit him to defer. Greene, in a letter to Washington (Dec. 7th), writes: “General Gates sets out to-morrow for the northward. Many officers think very favorably of his conduct and that, when-
ever an inquiry takes place, he will honorably acquit himself.'" Gates retired with a lightened heart to his farm in Berkeley County, Virginia.

The whole force at Charlotte, when Greene took command, did not much exceed twenty-three hundred men, and more than half of them were militia. The state of the country in which he was to act was equally discouraging. "It is so extensive," said he, "and the powers of government so weak, that everybody does as he pleases. The inhabitants are much divided in their political sentiments, and the whigs and tories pursue each other with little less than savage fury. The back country people are bold and daring; but the people upon the sea-shore are sickly, and but indifferent militia." A recent exploit had given some animation to the troops. Lieut.-Col. Washington, detached with a troop of light-horse to check a foraging party of the enemy, scoured the country within thirteen miles of Camden. Here he found a body of loyalist militia strongly posted at Clermont, the seat of Colonel Rugeley, their tory commander. They had ensconced themselves in a large barn, built of logs, and had fortified it by a slight intrenchment and a line of abatis. To attack it with cavalry was useless. Col. Washington dismounted part of his troops to appear like infantry; placed on two wagon-wheels the trunk of a pine-tree, shaped and painted to look like a field-piece, brought it to bear upon the enemy, and, displaying his cavalry, sent in a flag summoning the garrison to surrender instantly, on pain of having their log castle battered about their ears. The garrison, to the number of one hundred and twelve men, with Col. Rugeley at their head, gave themselves up prisoners of war.

The first care of Gen. Greene was to reorganize his army, and it soon began to assume what he termed a military complexion. Finding the country round Charlotte exhausted by repeated foragings, he separated the army into two divisions. One, about one thousand strong, was commanded by Brig.-Gen. Morgan, of rifle renown, and was composed of four hundred Continental infantry, under Lieut.-Col. Howard of the Maryland line, two companies of Virginia militia under Captains Tripplet and Tate, and one hundred dragoons, under Lieut.-Col. Washington. With these Morgan was detached towards the district of Ninety-Six, in South Carolina, with orders to take a position near the confluence of the Pacolet and Broad Rivers, and assemble the militia of the country. With the other division, Greene made a march of toilful difficulty through a barren country to Hicks' Creek, in Chesterfield district, on the east side of the Pedee River, opposite the Cheraw Hills.

As Washington beheld one hostile armament after another winging its way to the South, and received applications from that quarter for assistance which he had not the means to furnish, it became painfully apparent to him, that the efforts to carry on the war had exceeded the natural capabilities of the country. Its widely diffused population, and the composition and temper of some of its
people, rendered it difficult to draw together its resources. Com-
merce was almost extinct; there was not sufficient natural wealth
on which to found a revenue; paper currency had depreciated
through want of funds for its redemption, until it was nearly
worthless. The mode of supplying the army by assessing a pro-
portion of the productions of the earth, had proved ineffectual,
oppressive, and productive of an alarming opposition. Domestic
loans yielded but trifling assistance. Washington's earnest coun-
seils and entreaties were at length successful in determining Con-
gress to seek aid both in men and money from abroad. Accord-
ingly, on the 28th of December they commissioned Lieut.-Col.
John Laurens, special minister at the court of Versailles, to apply
for such aid. The situation he had held, as aid-de-camp to the
commander-in-chief, had given him an opportunity of observing
the course of affairs, and acquainting himself with the wants and
resources of the country. Washington advised him to solicit a loan
sufficiently large to be a foundation for substantial arrangements
of finance, to revive public credit, and give vigor to future operations;
—next to a loan of money, a naval force was to be desired, sufficient
to maintain a constant superiority on the American coast; also addi-
tional succor in troops. He was to show the ample means pos-
sessed by the nation to repay the loan, from its comparative free-
dom from debt, and its vast and valuable tracts of unsettled lands,
the variety and fertility of its climates and soils, and its advantages
of every kind for a lucrative commerce, and rapid increase of
population and prosperity.

The first day of the New Year arrived. The men were excited
by an extra allowance of ardent spirits. In the evening, at a pre-
concerted signal, a great part of the Pennsylvania line, non-com-
missioned officers included, turned out under arms, declaring their
intention to march to Philadelphia, and demand redress from Con-
gress. Wayne endeavored to pacify them; they were no longer to
be pacified by words. He cocked his pistols; in an instant their
bayonets were at his breast. "We love, we respect you," cried
they, "but you are a dead man if you fire. Do not mistake us;
we are not going to the enemy: were they now to come out, you
would see us fight under your orders with as much resolution and
alacrity as ever." In an attempt to suppress the mutiny there was
a bloody affair, in which numbers were wounded on both sides;
among whom were several officers. The mutineers, to the number
of about thirteen hundred, seized upon six field-pieces, and set out
in the night for Philadelphia under command of their sergeants.
Wayne was not "Mad Anthony" on the present occasion. All
his measures were taken with judgment and forecast. He sent
provisions after the mutineers, lest they should supply their wants
from the country people by force. He sent a despatch with news
of the outbreak to Washington; and then set off after the muti-
neers, to seek every occasion to exert a favorable influence over
them. Washington received Wayne's letter at his headquarters at
New Windsor on the 3d of January. He wrote to him, approving
of his intention to keep with the troops, and improve every favor-
able interval of passion. His letter breathes that paternal spirit with which he watched over the army; and that admirable moderation mingled with discipline with which he managed and moulded their wayward moods. "Opposition," said he, "as it did not succeed in the first instance, cannot be effectual while the men remain together, but will keep alive resentment. I would therefore, recommend it to you to cross the Delaware with them, draw from them what they conceive to be their principal grievances, and promise faithfully to represent to Congress and to the State the substance of them, and endeavor to obtain a redress." How clearly one reads in this letter that temperate and magnanimous spirit which moved over the troubled waters of the Revolution, layed the fury of the storms, and controlled everything into peace. Clinton received intelligence at New York of the mutiny, and hastened to profit by it. Emissaries were despatched to the camp of the mutineers, holding out offers of pardon, protection, and ample pay, if they would return to their allegiance to the crown. On the 4th of Jan., although the rain poured in torrents, troops and cannon were hurried on board of vessels of every description and transported to Staten Island, Sir Henry accompanying them. There they were to be held in readiness, either to land at Amboy in the Jerseys, should the revolters be drawn in that direction, or to make a dash at West Point, should the departure of Washing- ton leave that post assailable. Gen. Wayne had overtaken the insurgent troops on the 3d of January, at Middlebrook, and held conferences with sergeants delegated from each regiment. They appeared to be satisfied with the mode and promises of redress held out to them; but the main body of the mutineers persisted in revolt, and proceeded on the next day to Princeton. The news of the revolt caused great consternation in Philadelphia. A committee of Congress set off to meet the insurgents, accompanied by Reed, the President of Pennsylvania, and one or two other officers, and escorted by a city troop of horse. At this critical juncture, two of Sir Henry’s emissaries arrived in the camp, and delivered to the leaders of the malcontents, a paper containing his seductive proposals and promises. The mutineers, though openly arrayed in arms against their government, spurned at the idea of turning "Arnolds," as they termed it. The emissaries were seized and conducted to Gen. Wayne, who placed them in confinement.

The propositions offered to the troops by President Reed were:—

To discharge all those who had enlisted indefinitely for three years or during the war; the fact to be inquired into by three commissioners appointed by the executive—where the original enlistment could not be produced in evidence, the oath of the soldier to suffice. To give immediate certificates for the deficit in their pay caused by the depreciation of the currency, and the arrearages to be settled as soon as circumstances would permit. To furnish them immediately with certain specified articles of clothing which were most wanted. These propositions proving satisfactory, the troops set out for Trenton, where the negotiation was concluded. The two spies who had tampered with the fidelity of the troops
were tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and hanged near Trenton. On the 20th of January, a part of the Jersey troops, stationed at Pompton, rose in arms, claiming the same terms just yielded to the Pennsylvanians. In this instance, Washington adopted a more rigorous course than in the other. The present insurgents were mostly foreigners, for whom he felt less sympathy than for native troops. He was convinced too of the fidelity of the troops under his immediate command, who were from the Eastern States. A detachment from the Massachusetts line was sent under Major-General Howe, who was instructed to compel the mutineers to unconditional submission; to grant them no terms while in arms, or in a state of resistance; and on their surrender, instantly to execute a few of the most active and incendiary leaders. Howe had the good fortune, after a tedious night march, to surprise the mutineers napping in their huts just at daybreak. Five minutes only were allowed them to parade without their arms and give up their ringleaders. This was instantly complied with, and two of them were executed on the spot. The mutiny was quelled, the officers resumed their command, and all things were restored to order. Thus terminated an insurrection, which, for a time, had spread alarm among the friends of American liberty, and excited the highest hopes of its foes. The circumstances connected with it had ultimately a beneficial effect in strengthening the confidence of those friends, by proving that, however the Americans might quarrel with their own government, nothing could again rally them under the royal standard.

A great cause of satisfaction to Washington was the ratification of the articles of confederation between the States, which took place not long after this agitating juncture. A set of articles had been submitted to Congress by Dr. Franklin, as far back as 1775. A form had been prepared and digested by a committee in 1776, and agreed upon, with some modifications in 1777, but had ever since remained in abeyance, in consequence of objections made by individual States. The confederation was now complete, and Washington, in a letter to the President of Congress, congratulated him and the body over which he presided, on an event long wished for, and which he hoped would have the happiest effects upon the politics of this country, and be of essential service to our cause in Europe. It was, after all, an instrument far less efficacious than its advocates had anticipated; but it served an important purpose in binding the States together as a nation, and keeping them from falling asunder into individual powers, after the pressure of external danger should cease to operate.

Benedict Arnold, now a brigadier-general in the enemy's service, sailed from New York, Dec. 20th, with a detachment of seventeen hundred British, German and refugee troops, to make an incursion into Virginia, destroy the public magazines, and cooperate with Cornwallis. His ships were tempest-tost and scattered, and half of his cavalry horses and several of his guns had to be thrown overboard. It was the close of the year when he anchored in the Chesapeake. Virginia, at the time, was almost in a defence-
THE TRAITOR IN VIRGINIA.

less state. Baron Steuben, who had the general command there, had recently detached such of his regular troops as were clothed and equipped, to the South to reinforce Gen. Greene. The remainder, five or six hundred in number, were scarcely fit to take the field. Gov. Jefferson, on hearing of the arrival of the fleet, called out the militia from the neighboring counties; but few could be collected on the spur of the moment, for the whole country was terror-stricken and in confusion. Having land and sea forces at his command, Arnold opened the new year with a buccaneering ravage. Ascending James River with some small vessels which he had captured, he landed on the 4th of January with nine hundred men at Westover, about twenty-five miles below Richmond, and pushed for the latter place, at that time little more than a village, though the metropolis of Virginia. Halting for the night within twelve miles of it, he advanced on the following day with as much military parade as possible. Gov. Jefferson got back by noon to Manchester, on the opposite side of James River, in time to see Arnold's marauders march into the town. Many of the inhabitants had fled to the country; some stood terrified spectators on the hills; not more than two hundred men were in arms for the defence of the place; these, after firing a few volleys, retreated to Richmond and Shockoe Hills, whence they were driven by the cavalry, and Arnold had possession of the capital. He sent some of the citizens to the governor, offering to spare the town, provided his ships might come up James River to be laden with tobacco from the warehouses. His offer was indignantly rejected, whereupon fire was set to the public edifices, stores, and workshops; private houses were pil- laged, and a great quantity of tobacco consumed. While this was going on, Col. Simcoe had been detached to Westham, six miles up the river, where he destroyed a cannon foundry and sacked a public magazine; broke off the trunnions of the can- non, and threw into the river the powder which he could not carry away, and, after effecting a complete devastation, rejoined Arnold at Richmond, which during the ensuing night resounded with the drunken orgies of the soldiery. Arnold reémbarked at Westover and fell slowly down the river, landing occasionally to burn, plunder, and destroy; pursued by Steuben with a few Continental troops and all the militia that he could muster. Gen. Nel- son, also, with similar levies opposed him. Lower down the river some skirmishing took place, but he made his way to Portsmouth, opposite Norfolk, where he took post on the 20th of January, and proceeded to fortify. Steuben collected from various parts of the country all the force that could be mustered; he so disposed it at different points as to hem the traitor in, and prevent his making further incursions.

Washington had repeatedly, in his communications to Congress; attributed much of the distresses and disasters of the war to the congressional mode of conducting business through committees and "boards," thus causing irregularity and delay, preventing
secrecy and augmenting expense. He was greatly rejoiced, therefore, when Congress decided to appoint heads of departments; secretaries of foreign affairs, of war and of marine, and a superintendant of finance.

The stress of war was at present shifted to the South. General Greene, in the latter part of December, was posted with one division of his army on the east side of the Pedee River in North Carolina, having detached Gen. Morgan with the other division, one thousand strong, to take post near the confluence of the Pacolet and Broad Rivers in South Carolina. Cornwallis lay encamped about seventy miles to the southwest of Greene, at Winnsborough in Fairfield district. Gen. Leslie had recently arrived at Charleston from Virginia, and was advancing to reinforce him with fifteen hundred men. His plan was to leave Lord Rawdon at the central post of Camden with a considerable body of troops to keep all quiet, while his lordship by rapid marches would throw himself between Greene and Virginia, cut him off from all reinforcements in that quarter, and oblige him either to make battle with his present force, or retreat precipitately from North Carolina. Morgan had passed both the Catawba and Broad Rivers, and was about seventy miles miles to the northwest of Cornwallis on his way to the district of Ninety-Six. Tarleton was sent in quest of him, with about eleven hundred choice troops. His instructions were to pass Broad River for the protection of Ninety-Six, and either to strike at Morgan and push him to the utmost; or to drive him out of the country. Cornwallis moved with his main force on the 12th of December, in a northwest direction between the Broad River and the Catawba, leading toward the back country. This was for the purpose of crossing the great rivers at their fords near their sources; for they are fed by innumerable petty streams which drain the mountains, and are apt in the winter time, when storms of rain prevail, to swell and become impassable below their forks. Tarleton, after several days’ hard marching, came upon the traces of Morgan, who was posted on the north bank of the Pacolet, to guard the passes of that river. His force was nearly equal in number to that of Tarleton, but, in point of cavalry and discipline, vastly inferior. Cornwallis, too, was on his left, and might get in his rear; checking his impulse, therefore, to dispute the passage of the Pacolet, he crossed that stream and retreated toward the upper fords of Broad River. Tarleton reached the Pacolet on the evening of the 15th. After some manœuvring to deceive his adversary, he crossed the river before daylight at Easterwood shoals. There was no opposition. Morgan was in full march towards Broad River. Tarleton now pressed on in pursuit. Morgan had been urged by his officers to retreat across Broad River, which was near by, and make for the mountainous country; but, closely pressed as he was, he feared to be overtaken while fording the river, and while his troops were fatigued, and in confusion. The place where he came to halt, was known in the early grants by the name of Hannah’s Cowpens, being part of a grazing establishment of a man named Hannah. It was in an open wood, favorable to the
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action of cavalry. There were two eminences of unequal height, and separated from each other by an interval about eighty yards wide. To the first eminence, which was the highest, there was an easy ascent of about three hundred yards. On these heights Morgan had posted himself. His flanks were unprotected, and the Broad River, running parallel on his rear, about six miles distant, and winding round on the left, would cut off retreat, should the day prove unfortunate. The ground, in the opinion of tacticians, was not well chosen; Morgan, a veteran bush-fighter, vindicated it in after times in his own characteristic way. "Had I crossed the river, one-half of the militia would have abandoned me. Had a swamp been in view, they would have made for it. As to covering my wings, I knew the foe I had to deal with, and that there would be nothing but downright fighting. As to a retreat, I wished to cut off all hope of one. Should Tarleton surround me with his cavalry, it would keep my troops from breaking away, and make them depend upon their bayonets. When men are forced to fight, they will sell their lives dearly." In arranging his troops for action, he drew out his infantry in two lines. The first was composed of the North and South Carolina militia, under Col. Pickens, having an advanced corps of North Carolina and Georgia volunteer riflemen. This line was charged to wait until the enemy were within dead shot; then to take good aim, fire two volleys and fall back. The second line, drawn up a moderate distance in the rear of the first, and near the brow of the main eminence, was composed of Col. Howard's light-infantry and the Virginia riflemen; all Continental troops. About a hundred and fifty yards in the rear of the second line, and on the slope of the lesser eminence, was Col. Washington's troop of cavalry, about eighty strong; with about fifty mounted Carolinian volunteers, under Major McCall, armed with sabres and pistols. It was about eight o'clock in the morning (Jan. 17th), when Tarleton came up. He led on his first line, which rushed shouting to the attack. The North Carolina and Georgia riflemen in the advance, delivered their fire with effect, and fell back to the flanks of Pickens' militia. These waited until the enemy were within fifty yards, and then made a destructive volley, but soon gave way before the push of the bayonet. The British infantry pressed up to the second line, while forty of their cavalry attacked it on the right, seeking to turn its flank. Col. Howard made a brave stand, and for some time there was a bloody conflict; his troops were falling into confusion, when Morgan rode up and ordered them to retreat over the hill, where Col. Washington's cavalry were hurried forward for their protection. The British rushed forward irregularly in pursuit of what they deemed a routed foe. To their astonishment, they were met by Col. Washington's dragoons, who spurred on them impetuously, while Howard's infantry facing about, gave them an effective volley of musketry, and then charged with the bayonet. The enemy now fell into complete confusion. Some few artillery-men attempted to defend their guns, but were cut down or taken prisoners, and the cannon and colors captured. A general flight
took place. Tarleton endeavored to bring his legion cavalry into action to retrieve the day. They had stood aloof as a reserve, and now, infected by the panic, turned their backs upon their commander, and galloped off through the woods, riding over the flying infantry. Fourteen of his officers, however, and forty of his dragoons, remained true to him; with these he attempted to withstand the attack of Washington's cavalry, and a fierce mêlée took place; but on the approach of Howard's infantry Tarleton gave up all for lost, and spurred off with his few but faithful adherents, trusting to the speed of their horses for safety. They made for Hamilton's ford on Broad River, thence to seek the main army under Cornwallis. The loss of the British in this action was ten officers and above one hundred men killed, two hundred wounded, and between five and six hundred rank and file made prisoners; while the Americans had but twelve men killed and sixty wounded. The disparity of loss shows how complete had been the confusion and defeat of the enemy. The spoils taken by Morgan were two field-pieces, two standards, eight hundred muskets, one travelling forge, thirty-five wagons, seventy negroes, upwards of one hundred dragoon-horses, and all the music. Leaving Col. Pickens with a body of militia under the protection of a flag, to bury the dead and provide for the wounded of both armies, he set out the same day about noon, with his prisoners and spoils. His object was to get to the Catawba before he could be intercepted by Cornwallis, who lay nearer than he did to the fords of that river. Before nightfall he crossed Broad River at the Cherokee ford, and halted for a few hours on its northern bank. Before daylight of the 18th he was again on the march. Col. Washington, who had been in pursuit of the enemy, rejoined him in the course of the day. He put his prisoners in charge of the cavalry, with orders to move higher up into the country and cross the main Catawba at the Island ford; while he himself pushed forward for that river by the direct route. Cornwallis, Jan. 17th, was at his camp on Turkey Creek, confidently waiting for tidings from Tarleton of a new triumph, when, towards evening, some of his routed dragoons came straggling into camp, haggard and forlorn, to tell the tale of his defeat. It was a thunder-stroke. Tarleton defeated! and by the rude soldier he had been so sure of entrapping! On the 19th, having been reinforced by Leslie, Cornwallis moved towards King's Creek, and thence in the direction of King's Mountain, until informed of Morgan's retreat toward the Catawba. He now altered his course in that direction, and, trusting that Morgan, encumbered, as he supposed him to be, by prisoners and spoils, might be overtaken before he could cross that river, detached a part of his force, without baggage, in pursuit of him, while he followed on with the remainder. Morgan succeeded in reaching the Catawba and crossing it in the evening, just two hours before those in pursuit of him arrived on its banks. A heavy rain came on and fell all night, and by daybreak the river was so swollen as to be impassable. Cornwallis was encumbered by an immense train of baggage; the roads were through deep red clay, and the
country was cut up by streams and morasses. It was not until the 25th, that he assembled his whole force at Ramsour’s Mills, on the Little Catawba, as the south fork of that river is called, and learnt that Morgan had crossed the main stream. Two days were spent by him at Ramsour’s Mills, in destroying all such baggage and stores as could possibly be spared. He was preparing for a trial of speed, where it was important to carry as light weight as possible.

Gen. Greene was gladdened by a letter from Morgan, written shortly after his defeat of Tarleton, and transmitted the news to Washington with his own generous comments. “The victory was complete,” writes he, “and the action glorious. The brilliancy and success with which it was fought, does the highest honor to the American arms, and adds splendor to the character of the general and his officers.” Greene left General Huger in command of the division on the Pedee, with orders to hasten on by forced marches to Salisbury, to join the other division; in the meantime he set off on horseback for Morgan’s camp, attended merely by a guide, an aide-de-camp, and a sergeant’s guard of dragoons. It was a hard ride of upwards of a hundred miles through a rough country. On the last day of January he reached Morgan’s camp at Sherrard’s ford on the east side of the Catawba. The British army lay on the opposite side of the river. He was aware of their ill-provided state, from the voluntary destruction of their wagons, tents and baggage. Indeed, when he first heard of this measure, on his arriving at Sherrard’s ford, he had exclaimed: “Then Cornwallis is ours.” His plan was to tempt the enemy with the prospect of a battle, but continually to elude one; to harass them by a long pursuit, draw them higher into the country, and gain time for the division advancing under Huger to join him. It was the Fabian policy that he had learnt under Washington, of whom he prided himself on being a disciple. He ordered Morgan to move off silently with his division, on the evening of the 31st, and to press his march all night.

Cornwallis set out for McGowan’s, a private and unfrequented ford, with the main body of his army, at one o’clock in the morning, Jan. 31st. The night was dark and rainy. He had to make his way through a wood and swamp where there was no road. His artillery stuck fast. The line passed on without them. It was near daybreak by the time the head of the column reached the ford. To their surprise, they beheld numerous camp fires on the opposite bank. The ford was guarded. Davidson was there with three hundred mounted riflemen. Cornwallis would have waited for his artillery, but the rain was still falling, and might render the river unfordable. At that place the Catawba was nearly five hundred yards wide, about three feet deep, very rapid, and full of large stones. The troops entered the river in platoons, to support each other against the current, and were ordered not to fire until they should gain the opposite bank. The noise of the water and the darkness covered their movements until they were nearly halfway across, when they were descried by an American sentinel.
Col. Hall, of the light-infantery of the guards led the way directly across the river; whereas the true ford inclined diagonally further down. Hall had to pass through deeper water, but he reached a part of the bank where it was unguarded. The American pickets had to deliver a distant and slanting fire. Three of the British were killed, and thirty-six wounded. Col. Hall was shot down as he ascended the bank. The horse on which Cornwallis rode was wounded, but the brave animal carried his lordship to the shore, where he sank under him. The steed of Brig.-Gen. O'Hara rolled over with him into the water, and Gen. Leslie's horse was borne away by the tumultuous current and with difficulty recovered. Gen. Davidson hastened with his men towards the place where the British were landing. The latter formed as soon as they found themselves on firm ground, charged Davidson's men before he had time to get them in order, killed and wounded about forty, and put the rest to flight. Gen. Davidson was killed just as he was mounting his horse. It was not until after midnight that Greene heard of the dispersion of the militia, and of the death of Davidson. He hastened to rejoin Morgan, who with his division was pushing forward for the Yadkin, first sending orders to Gen. Huger to conduct the other division by the most direct route to Guilford Court-house, where the forces were to be united. It was a dreary ride. At mid-day he alighted, weary and travel-stained, at the inn at Salisbury, where the army physician who had charge of the sick and wounded prisoners received him at the door, and inquired after his well-being. "Fatigued, hungry, alone, and penniless," was Greene's heavy-hearted reply. The landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, overheard his desponding words. While he was seated at table, she entered the room, closed the door, and drawing from under her apron two bags of money, which she had carefully hoarded in those precarious times, "Take these," said the noble-hearted woman; "you will want them, and I can do without them." This is one of the numberless instances of the devoted patriotism of our women during the Revolution. Their patriotism was apt to be purer and more disinterested than that of the men. Cornwallis, after crossing the Catawba, waited for his wagons and artillery, which had remained on the other side in the woods; so that by nightfall of the 1st of February he was not more than five miles on the road to Salisbury. Eager to come up with the Americans, he mounted some of the infantry upon the baggage horses, joined them to the cavalry, and sent the whole forward under Gen. O'Hara. They arrived on the banks of the Yadkin at night, between the 2d and 3d of February, just in time to capture a few wagons lingering in the rear of the American army. The rain had overflooded the ford by which the American cavalry had passed. Cornwallis took his course up the south side of the Yadkin, and crossed by what is still called the Shallow ford. Greene continued on unmolested to Guilford Court-house, where he was joined by Gen. Huger and his division on the 9th. His army numbered but two thousand and thirty-six, rank and file, fit for duty.
Of these upwards of six hundred were militia. Cornwallis had from twenty-five hundred to three thousand men, including three hundred cavalry, all thoroughly disciplined and well equipped. The great object of Greene now was to get across the river Dan, and throw himself into Virginia. With the reinforcements and assistance he might there expect to find, he hoped to effect the salvation of the South, and prevent the dismemberment of the Union. The object of Cornwallis was to get between him and Virginia, force him to a combat before he could receive those reinforcements, or enclose him in between the great rivers on the west, the sea on the east, and the two divisions of the British army under himself and Lord Rawdon on the north and south. Great abilities were shown by the commanders on either side at this momentous trial of activity and skill. It was a long and severe march for both armies, through a wild and rough country, thinly peopled, cut up by streams, partly covered by forests, along deep and frozen roads, under drenching rains, without tents at night, and with scanty supplies of provisions. The British suffered the least, for they were well equipped and comfortably clad; whereas the poor Americans were badly off for clothing, and many of them without shoes. The patriot armies of the Revolution, however, were accustomed in their winter marches to leave evidences of their hardships in bloody foot-prints. Greene, with the main body, reached the banks of the river Dan, and succeeded in crossing over with ease in the course of a single day at Boyd's and Irwin's ferries. Col. Williams, with the residue of the army, encamped as usual, in the evening, at a wary distance in front of the enemy, but stole a march upon them after dark, leaving his camp fires burning. He pushed on all night, arrived at the ferry in the morning of the 15th, having marched forty miles within the last four and twenty hours; and made such despatch in crossing, that his last troops had landed on the Virginia shore by the time the astonished enemy arrived on the opposite bank. Nothing, according to their own avowal, could surpass the grief and vexation of the British at discovering, on their arrival at Boyd's ferry, "that all their toils and exertions had been vain, and that all their hopes were frustrated."

For a day the two armies lay panting within sight of each other on the opposite banks of the river, which had put an end to the race. In a letter to Thomas Jefferson, (Feb. 14th) Greene writes: "On the Dan River, almost fatigued to death, having had a retreat to conduct of upwards of two hundred miles, manoeuvring constantly in the face of the enemy to give time for the militia to turn out and get off our stores." And to Washington he writes (Feb. 15), "Lord Cornwallis has been at our heels from day to day ever since we left Guilford, and our movements from thence to this place have been of the most critical kind, having a river in our front and the enemy in our rear." North Carolina was in a state of the utmost disorder and confusion; Cornwallis thought it better to remain in it for a time, and profit by having compelled Greene to abandon it. He put his troops once more in motion on the 18th, along the road by which he had pursued Greene. This changed the game. Lee,
with his legion, strengthened by two veteran Maryland companies, and Pickens, with a corps of South Carolina militia, all light troops, were transported across the Dan in the boats, with orders to gain the front of Cornwallis, hover as near as safety would permit, cut off his intercourse with the disaffected parts of the country, and check the rising of the royalists. "If we can but delay him a day or two," said Greene, "he must be ruined." Meanwhile, he remained with his main force on the northern bank of the Dan, ready to cross at a moment's warning. On the 20th, Cornwallis took post at Hillsborough. Here he issued a proclamation, inviting all his majesty's loyal subjects to hasten to his standard with their arms and ten days' provisions, to assist in suppressing the remains of the rebellion, and reëstablishing good order and constitutional government. These appeals produced but little effect on the people of the surrounding districts. Many hundreds rode into camp to talk over the proclamation, inquire the news of the day, and take a view of the king's troops. The generality seemed desirous of peace, but averse from any exertion to procure it. They acknowledged that the Continentals had been chased out of the province, but apprehended they would soon return. Greene saw that if Cornwallis were allowed to remain undisturbed, he would soon have complete command of North Carolina; he boldly determined, therefore, to recross the Dan at all hazards with the scanty force at his command, and give his lordship check. In this spirit he broke up his camp and crossed the river on the 23d. His reappearance disconcerted the schemes of Lord Cornwallis. On the 26th he abandoned Hillsborough, threw himself across the Haw, and encamped near Alamance Creek, one of its principal tributaries, in a country favorable to supplies and with a tory population. His position was commanding, at the point of concurrence of roads from Salisbury, Guilford, High Rockford, Cross Creek, and Hillsborough. It covered also the communication with Wilmington, where a depot of military stores, so important to his half-deserted army, had recently been established. Greene, with his main army, took post about fifteen miles above him, on the heights between Troublesome Creek and Reedy Fork, one of the tributaries of the Haw. He rarely lay more than two days in a place, and kept his light troops under Pickens and Williams between him and the enemy; hovering about the latter; intercepting his intelligence; attacking his foraging parties, and striking at his flanks whenever exposed. The country being much of a wilderness, obliged both parties to be on the alert; but the Americans, accustomed to bush-fighting, were not easily surprised. Greene's long-expected reinforcements arrived on the 10th, having been hurried on by forced marches. They consisted of a brigade of Virginia militia, under Gen. Lawson, two brigades of North Carolina militia, under Gens. Butler and Eaton, and four hundred regulars, enlisted for eighteen months. His whole effective force amounted to four thousand two hundred and forty-three foot, and one hundred and sixty-one cavalry. Of his infantry, not quite two thousand were regulars, and of these, three-fourths were new levies. His force
nearly doubled in number that of Cornwallis, which did not exceed two thousand four hundred men; but many of Greene’s troops were raw and inexperienced, and had never been in battle; those of the enemy were veterans, schooled in warfare, and, as it were, welded together by campaigning in a foreign land, where their main safety consisted in standing by each other. Greene determined to accept the battle which had so long been offered. The corps of light troops, under Williams, which had rendered such efficient service, was now incorporated with the main body, and all detachments were ordered to assemble at Guilford, within eight miles of the enemy, where he encamped on the 14th. Cornwallis trusted in his well-seasoned veterans, and determined to attack Greene in his encampment, now that he seemed disposed for a general action. To provide against the possibility of a retreat, he sent his carriages and baggage to Bell’s Mills, on Deep River, and set out at daybreak on the 15th for Guilford. Within four miles of that place, near the New Garden Meeting-house, Tarleton with the advanced guard of cavalry, infantry, and yagers, came upon the American advance-guard, composed of Lee’s partisan legion, and some mountaineers and Virginia militia. Tarleton and Lee were well matched in military prowess, and the skirmish between them was severe. Lee’s horses, being from Virginia and Pennsylvaina, were superior in weight and strength to those of his opponent, which had been chiefly taken from plantations in South Carolina. The latter were borne down by a charge in close column; several of their riders were dismounted, and killed or taken prisoners. Tarleton, seeing that his weakly mounted men fought to a disadvantage, sounded a retreat; Lee endeavored to cut him off: a general conflict of the vanguards, horse and foot, ensued, when the appearance of the main body of the enemy obliged Lee, in his turn, to retire with precipitation. During this time, Greene was preparing for action on a woody eminence, a little more than a mile south of Guilford Court-house. He had drawn out his troops in three lines. The first, composed of North Carolina militia, volunteers and riflemen, under Generals Butler and Eaton, was posted behind a fence, with an open field in front, and woods on the flanks and in the rear. About three hundred yards behind this, was the second line, composed of Virginia militia, under Generals Stevens and Lawson, drawn up across the road, and covered by a wood. The third line, about four hundred yards in the rear of the second, was composed of Continental troops or regulars; those of Virginia under Gen. Huger on the right, those of Maryland under Col. Williams on the left. Col. Washington with a body of dragoons, Kirkwood’s Delaware infantry, and a battalion of Virginia militia covered the right flank; Lee’s legion, with the Virginia riflemen under Col. Campbell, covered the left. Two six-pounders were in the road, in advance of the first line; two field-pieces with the rear-line near the court-house, where Gen. Greene took his station. About noon the head of the British army was descried advancing spiritedly from the south along the Salisbury road, (which passed though the centre of the place,) and defiling into the fields. A cannonade was opened from the two
six-pounders, in front of the first American line. It was answered by the British artillery. Neither produced much effect. The enemy now advanced coolly and steadily in three columns; the Hessians and Highlanders under Gen. Leslie, on the right, the Royal artillery and guards in the center, and Webster's brigade on the left. The North Carolinians, who formed the first line, waited until the enemy were within one hundred and fifty yards, when, agitated by their martial array and undaunted movement, they began to fall into confusion; some fired off their pieces without taking aim; others threw them down, and took to flight. A volley from the foe, a shout, and a charge of the bayonet, completed their discomfiture. Some fled to the woods, others fell back upon the Virginians, who formed the second line. Gen. Stevens, who commanded the latter, ordered his men to open and let the fugitives pass, pretending that they had orders to retire. He had taken care, however, to post forty riflemen in the rear of his own line with orders to fire upon any one who should leave his post. Under his spirited command and example, the Virginians kept their ground and fought bravely. The action became much broken up and diversified by the extent of the ground. The thickness of the woods impeded the movements of the cavalry. The reserves on both sides were called up. The British bayonet again succeeded; the second line gave way, and Gen. Stevens, who had kept the field for some time, after being wounded in the thigh by a musket-ball, ordered a retreat. The enemy pressed with increasing ardor against the third line, composed of Continental troops, and supported by Col. Washington's dragoons and Kirkwood's Delawares. Greene counted on these to retrieve the day. They were regulars; they were fresh, and in perfect order. He rode along the line, calling to them to stand firm, and give the enemy a warm reception. The first Maryland regiment which was on the right wing, was attacked by Col. Webster, with the British left. It stood the shock bravely, and being seconded by some Virginia troops, and Kirkwood's Delawares, drove Webster across a ravine. The second Maryland regiment was not so successful. Impetuously attacked by Col. Stewart, with a battalion of the guards, and a company of grenadiers, it faltered, gave way, and fled abandoning two field-pieces, which were seized by the enemy. Stewart was pursuing, when the first regiment, which had driven Webster across the ravine, came to the rescue with fixed bayonets, while Col. Washington spurred up with his cavalry. The fight now was fierce and bloody. Stewart was slain; the two field-pieces were retaken, and the enemy in their turn gave way and were pursued with slaughter; a destructive fire of grape-shot from the enemy's artillery checked the pursuit. Two regiments approached on the right and left; Webster recrossed the ravine and fell upon Kirkwood's Delawares. There was intrepid fighting in different parts of the field; but Greene saw that the day was lost; there was no retrieving the effect produced by the first flight of the North Carolinans. Unwilling to risk the utter destruction of his army, he directed a retreat, which was made in good order, but they had to
leave their artillery on the field, most of the horses having been killed. The British were too much cut up and fatigued to follow up their victory. Two regiments with Tarleton’s cavalry attempted a pursuit, but were called back. Efforts were made to collect the wounded of both armies, but they were dispersed over so wide a space, among woods and thickets, that night closed before the task was accomplished. It was a night of unusual darkness, with torrents of rain. The army was destitute of tents; there were not sufficient houses in the vicinity to receive the wounded: provisions were scanty; many had tasted very little food for the last two days; comforts were out of the question. Nearly fifty of the wounded sank under their aggravated miseries, and expired before morning. The cries of the disabled and dying, who remained on the field of battle, during the night, exceeded all description. The loss of the Americans in this hard-fought affair, by their official returns, made immediately after the action, give little more than four hundred killed and wounded, and between eight and nine hundred missing; the loss of the enemy, even if numerically less, was far more fatal, and it completely maimed him; ninety-three had fallen, four hundred and thirteen were wounded, and twenty-six missing. Among the killed and wounded were several officers of note. Thus, one-fourth of Cornwallis’ army was either killed or disabled; his troops were exhausted by fatigue and hunger; his camp was encumbered by the wounded. His victory, in fact, was almost as ruinous as a defeat. Greene lay for two days within ten miles of him, gathering up his scattered troops. He had imbibed the spirit of Washington, and remained undismayed by hardships or reverses. Writing to the latter, he says: “Lord Cornwallis will not give up this country without being soundly beaten. I am in hopes, by little and little, to reduce him in time. Virginia has given me every support I could wish or expect, and nothing has contributed more to this, than the prejudice of the people in favor of your Excellency.” Cornwallis set out, on the third day after the action, by easy marches, for Cross Creek, otherwise called the Haw, an eastern branch of Cape Fear River, where was a settlement of Scottish Highlanders. Here he expected to be plentifully supplied with provisions, and to have his sick and wounded well taken care of. Hence, too, he could open a communication by Cape Fear River, with Wilmington, and obtain from the depot recently established there, such supplies as the country about Cross Creek did not afford. Greene followed him, determined to bring him again to action; and presenting the singular spectacle of the vanquished pursuing the victor. His troops, however, suffered greatly in this pursuit from wintry weather, deep, wet, clayey roads, and scarcity of provisions, the country through which they marched being completely exhausted; but they harassed the enemy’s rear-guard with frequent skirmishes. On the 28th, he arrived at Ramsey’s Mills, on Deep River, hard on the traces of Cornwallis, who had left the place a few hours previously with such precipitation, that several of his wounded, who had died while on the march, were left behind unburied. Several fresh quarters of beef
had likewise been forgotten, and were seized upon with eagerness by the hungry soldiery. Such had been the urgency of the pursuit this day, that many of the American troops sank upon the road exhausted with fatigue. At Deep River, he was brought to a stand. Cornwallis had broken down the bridge by which he had crossed; and further pursuit for the present was impossible. The constancy of the militia now gave way. They were in want of everything, for the retreating enemy left a famished country behind him. The term for which most of them had enlisted was expired, and they now demanded their discharge. The demand was just and reasonable, and, after striving in vain to shake their determination, Greene felt compelled to comply with it. His force thus reduced, would be impossible to pursue the enemy further. The halt he was obliged to make to collect provisions and rebuild the bridge, would give them such a start as to leave no hope of overtaking them should they continue their retreat; nor could he fight them upon equal terms should they make a stand. Suddenly he determined to change his course, and carry the war into South Carolina. This would oblige the enemy either to follow him, and thus abandon North Carolina; or to sacrifice all his posts in the upper part of North Carolina and Georgia. He apprised Sumter, Pickens, and Marion, by letter, of his intentions, and called upon them to be ready to coöperate with all the militia they could collect; promising to send forward cavalry and small detachments of light infantry, to aid them in capturing outposts before the army should arrive. He set forward on the 5th of April towards Camden, where Lord Rawdon had his headquarters. Cornwallis' plans were all disconcerted. Never, we are told, was his lordship more affected than by this news. "My situation here is very distressing," writes he. "Greene took advantage of my being obliged to come to this place, and has marched to South Carolina. The mountaineers and militia have poured into the back part of that province, and I much fear that Lord Rawdon's posts will be so distant from each other, and his troops so scattered, as to put him into the greatest danger of being beaten in detail, and that the worst of consequences may happen to most of the troops out of Charleston." All thoughts of offensive operations against North Carolina were at an end. Sickness, desertion, and the loss sustained at Guilford Court-house, had reduced his little army to fourteen hundred and thirty-five men. In this predicament, he determined to take advantage of Greene's having left the back part of Virginia open, to march directly into that province, and attempt a junction with the force acting there under Gen. Phillips. The move, however, he felt to be perilous. His troops were worn down by upwards of eight hundred miles of marching and counter-marching through an inhospitable and impracticable country; they had now three hundred more before them. There was no time for hesitation or delay; and he set off on the 25th of April, on his fated march into Virginia.

We left Benedict Arnold fortifying himself at Portsmouth, after his ravaging incursion. At the solicitation of Gov. Jefferson,
backed by Congress, the Chevalier de la Luzerne had requested the French commander at the eastward to send a ship of the line and some frigates to Chesapeake Bay to oppose the traitor. Fortunately, at this juncture a severe snow-storm (Jan. 22d) scattered Arbuthnot's blockading squadron, wrecking one ship of the line and dismasting others, and enabled the French fleet at Newport to look abroad; and Rochambeau wrote to Washington that the Chevalier Destouches, who commanded the fleet, proposed to send three or four ships to the Chesapeake. Washington feared the position of Arnold, and his well-known address, might enable him to withstand a mere attack by sea; anxious to ensure his capture, he advised that Destouches should send his whole fleet; and that De Rochambeau should embark about a thousand men on board of it, with artillery and apparatus for a siege; engaging, on his own part, to send on immediately a detachment of twelve hundred men to cooperate. He gave the command of this detachment to Lafayette, instructing him to act in conjunction with the militia and the ships sent by Destouches, against the enemy's corps actually in Virginia. He wrote at the same time to the Baron Steuben: "If the fleet should have arrived before this gets to hand, secrecy will be out of the question; if not, you will conceal your expectations, and only seem to be preparing for defence. Arnold, on the appearance of the fleet, may endeavor to retreat through North Carolina. Should you be able to capture this detachment with its chief, it will be an event as pleasing as it will be useful." Lafayette set out on his march on the 22d of February. The French commanders determined to follow the plan suggested by Washington, and operate in the Chesapeake with their whole fleet and a detachment of land troops. Washington set out for Newport, and arrived there on the 6th of March. He found the French fleet ready for sea, the troops eleven hundred strong, commanded by General the Baron de Niomenil, being already embarked. He went immediately on board of the admiral's ship, where he had an interview with the Count de Rochambeau, and arranged the plan of the campaign. Returning on shore he was received by the inhabitants with enthusiastic demonstrations of affection; and was gratified to perceive the harmony and good will between them and the French army and fleet. The British fleet made sail in pursuit, on the morning of the 10th; as the French had so much the start, it was hoped they would reach the Chesapeake Bay before them. In the meantime, Lafayette with his detachment was pressing forward by forced marches for Virginia. Arriving at the Head of Elk on the 3d of March, he halted until he should receive tidings respecting the French fleet. On the 7th he conducted his troops by water to Annapolis, and concluding, from the time the ships were to sail, and the winds which had since prevailed, the French fleet must be already in the Chesapeake, he crossed the bay in an open boat to Virginia, and pushed on to confer with the American and French commanders; get a convoy for his troops, and concert matters for a vigorous coöperation. Arriving at York on the 14th,
he found the Baron Steuben in the bustle of military preparations, and confident of having five thousand militia ready to cooperate.

Admiral Arbuthnot had overtaken Destouches on the 16th of March, off the capes of Virginia. Their forces were nearly equal; eight ships of the line, and four frigates on each side, the French having more men, the English more guns. An engagement took place which lasted about an hour. The British van at first took the brunt of the action, and was severely handled; the center came up to its relief. The French line was broken and gave way, but rallied, and formed again at some distance. The crippled state of some of his ships prevented the British admiral from bringing on a second encounter; nor did the French seek one, but shaped their course the next day back to Newport. The British effected the main objects they had in view; the French were cut off from the Chesapeake; the combined enterprise against Portsmouth was disconcerted, and Arnold was saved. Great must have been the apprehensions of the traitor, while that enterprise threatened to entrap him. He knew the peculiar peril impending over him; it had been announced in the sturdy reply of an American prisoner to his inquiry what his countrymen would do to him if he were captured.

"They would cut off the leg wounded in the service of your country and bury it with the honors of war; the rest of you they would hang!"

Washington's anxiety was now awakened for the safety of Gen. Greene. Two thousand troops had sailed from New York under Gen. Phillips, probably to join with the force under Arnold, and proceed to reinforce Cornwallis. Should they form a junction, Greene would be unable to withstand them. With these considerations Washington wrote to Lafayette to push on with all possible speed to join the southern army. The letter found Lafayette on the 8th of April, at the Head of Elk. On his return through Virginia, he had gone out of his way, and travelled all night for the purpose of seeing Washington's mother at Fredericksburg, and paying a visit to Mount Vernon. His troops, who were chiefly from the Eastern States, murmured at the prospect of a campaign in a southern climate, and desertions began to occur. Upon this he announced in general orders, that he was about to enter on an enterprise of great difficulty and danger, in which he trusted his soldiers would not abandon him. Their pride was roused by this appeal. All engaged to continue forward. So great was the fear of appearing a laggard, or a craven, that a sergeant, too lame to march, hired a place in a cart to keep up with the army. In the zeal of the moment, Lafayette borrowed money on his own credit from the Baltimore merchants, to purchase summer clothing for his troops, in which he was aided, too, by the ladies of the city, with whom he was deservedly popular.

The detachment from New York, under Gen. Phillips, arrived at Portsmouth on the 26th of March. That officer immediately took command, greatly to the satisfaction of the British officers, who had been acting under Arnold. The force now collected there amounted to three thousand five hundred men. The disparity in
force was so great, that the Baron Steuben had to withdraw his troops, and remove the military stores into the interior.

Gen. Phillips on the 16th of April, left one thousand men in garrison, and embarking the rest in small vessels of light draught, proceeded up James River, destroying armed vessels, public magazines, and a ship-yard belonging to the State. Landing at City Point, he advanced against Petersburg, a place of deposit of military stores and tobacco. He was met about a mile below the town by about one thousand militia, under Gen. Muhlenburg, who, after disputing the ground inch by inch for nearly two hours, with considerable loss on both sides, retreated across the Appomattox, breaking down the bridge behind them. Phillips entered the town, set fire to the tobacco warehouses, and destroyed all the vessels lying in the river. Repairing and crossing the bridge over the Appomattox, he proceeded to Chesterfield Court-house, where he destroyed barracks and public stores; while Arnold, with a detachment laid waste the magazines of tobacco in the direction of Warwick. Richmond was a leading object of this desolating enterprise, for there a great part of the military stores of the State had been collected. Fortunately, Lafayette, with his detachment of two thousand men, had arrived there, by forced marches, the evening before, and being joined by about two thousand militia and sixty dragoons (the latter, principally young Virginians of family), had posted himself strongly on the high banks on the north side of the river. There being no bridge across the river at that time, Gen. Phillips did not think it prudent to attempt a passage in face of such a force so posted; but was extremely irritated at being thus foiled by the celerity of his youthful opponent, who now assumed the chief command of the American forces in Virginia. Returning down the south bank of the river, to the place where his vessels awaited him, he reembarked on the 2d of May, and dropped slowly down the river below the confluence of the Chickahominy. He was followed cautiously, and his movements watched by Lafayette, who posted himself behind the last-named river. Cornwallis was advancing with all speed from the South to effect a junction with him, and he made a rapid move to regain possession of Petersburg, where the junction was to take place. Lafayette attempted by forced marches to get there before him, but was too late. Falling back, therefore, he recrossed James River and stationed himself some miles below Richmond. Phillips' smaller vessels had carried on the plan of plunder and devastation in other of the rivers emptying into the Chesapeake Bay. One had ascended the Potomac and menaced Mount Vernon. Lund Washington, who had charge of the estate, met the flag which the enemy sent on shore, and saved the property from ravage, by furnishing the vessel with provisions. Washington was stung to the quick by the idea that his agent should go on board of the enemy's vessels, carry them refreshments, and "commune with a parcel of plundering scoundrels," as he termed them. "It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard," writes he, "that in consequence of your noncompliance
with their request, they had burnt my house and laid my plantation in ruins. Such were the steadfast purposes of Washington's mind when war was brought home to his door, and threatening his earthly paradise of Mount Vernon.

Cornwallis arrived at Petersburg on the 20th of May, after nearly a month's weary marching from Wilmington. His lordship, on taking command, found his force augmented by a considerable detachment of royal artillery, two battalions of light infantry, the 76th and 80th British regiments, a Hessian regiment, Lieut.-Col. Simcoe's corps of Queen's rangers, cavalry and infantry, one hundred yagers, Arnold's legion of royalists, and the garrison of Portsmouth.

Washington's whole force on the Hudson in the month of May, 1781, did not amount to seven thousand men, of whom little more than four thousand were effective. He still had his headquarters at New Windsor, just above the Highlands, and within a few miles of West Point. The enemy were in force on the opposite side of the Hudson, marauding the country on the north side of Croton River, and he ordered a hasty advance of Connecticut troops in that direction. The Croton River flows from east to west across Westchester County, and formed as it were the barrier of the American lines. The advanced posts of Washington's army guarded it, and by its aid, protected the upper country from the incursions of those foraging parties and marauders which had desolated the neutral ground below it. Col. Delancey's loyalists, a horde of tories and refugees which had their stronghold in Morrisania, were the terror of the neighboring country. There was a petty war continually going on between them and the American outposts, often of a ruthless kind. Delancey's horse and rangers scoured the country, and swept off forage and cattle from its fertile valleys for the British army at New York. Hence they were sometimes stigmatized by the opprobrious appellation of Cow Boys. The object of their present incursion was to surprise an outpost of the American army stationed near a fordable part of the Croton River, not far from Pine's Bridge. The post was commanded by Col. Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island, the same who had successfully defended Fort Mercer on the Delaware, when assailed by Count Donop. Delancey was successor to the unfortunate André as Adjutant-general of the British army. He conducted this foray in the night, at the head of a hundred horse and two hundred foot. The Croton was forded at daybreak, just as the night-guard had been withdrawn, and the farm houses were surprised and assaulted in which the Americans were quartered. That occupied by Col. Greene and a brother officer, Major Flagg, was first surrounded. The major started from his bed, and discharged his pistols from a window, but was shot through the head, and afterwards despatched by cuts and thrusts of the sabre. The door of Greene's room was burst open. He defended himself vigorously and effectively with his sword, for he had great strength, but he was overpowered by numbers, cut down, and barbarously mangled. A massacre was going on in other quarters. Besides these two officers, there were
between thirty and forty killed and wounded, and several made prisoners. Before the troops ordered out by Washington arrived at the post, the marauders had made a precipitate retreat. They had attempted to carry off Greene a prisoner, but he died within three quarters of a mile of the house. He was but forty-four years of age, and was a model of manly strength and comeliness. A true soldier of the Revolution, he had served at Lexington and Bunker's Hill; followed Arnold through the Kennebec wilderness to Quebec; fought under the walls of that city; distinguished himself by his defence of Fort Mercer on the Delaware, and by his kind treatment of his vanquished and wounded antagonist, Col. Donop. How different the treatment experienced by him at the hands of his tory countrymen! On the subsequent day, the corpse of Col. Greene was brought to headquarters, and his funeral solemnized with military honors and universal grief.—A frigate had arrived at Boston, bringing the Count de Barras, to take command of the French naval force. He was a veteran about sixty years of age, and had commanded D'Estaing's vanguard, when he forced the entrance of Newport harbor. The count brought the cheering intelligence that an armament of twenty ships of the line, with land forces, had sailed from France under the Count de Grasse for the West Indies, and that twelve of these ships were to relieve the squadron at Newport, and might be expected on the coast of the United States in July or August. The Count de Rochambeau now requested an interview with Washington, and they met at Weathersfield, Connecticut, on the 22d of May. Both as yet were ignorant of the arrival of Cornwallis in Virginia. It was determined that the French troops should march from Newport as soon as possible, and form a junction with the American army on the Hudson, and that both should move down to the vicinity of New York to make a combined attack, in which the Count de Grasse should be invited to cooperate with his fleet and a body of land troops. When, however, Washington mustered his forces at Peekskill, he was mortified to find not more than five thousand effective men. Notwithstanding all the resolutions passed in the legislatures of the various States for supplying the army, it would, at this critical moment, have been destitute of provisions, especially bread, had it not been for the zeal, talents, and activity of Mr. Robert Morris, now a delegate to Congress from the State of Pennsylvania, and recently appointed superintendent of finance. This patriotic and energetic man, when public means failed, pledged his own credit in transporting military stores and feeding the army. Washington now prepared for spirited operations, quickened by the intelligence that a part of the garrison of New York had been detached to forage the Jerseys. Two objects were contemplated by him: one, the surprise of the British works at the north end of New York Island; the other the capture or destruction of Delancey's corps of refugees in Morrisania. The attack upon the posts was to be conducted by Gen. Lincoln, with a detachment from the main army, which he was to bring down by water—that on Delancey's corps by the Duke de Lauzun with
his French legion, aided by Sheldon's dragoons, and a body of Connecticut troops. Both operations were to be carried into effect on the 3d of July. Lincoln left the camp near Peekskill on the 1st, with eight hundred men, and artillery, and proceeded to Teller's Point, were they were embarked in boats with muffled oars, and rowed silently at night down the Tappan Sea, that region of mystery and secret enterprise. At daylight they kept concealed under the land. The Duke de Lauzun was supposed, at the same time, to be on the way from Connecticut. Washington, at three o'clock on the morning of the 2d, left his tents standing at Peekskill, and commenced his march with his main force, without baggage; making a brief halt at Croton Bridge, about nine miles from Peekskill; another at the Sleepy Hollow Church, near Tarrytown, where he halted until dusk, and completed the rest of his march in the night, to Valentine's Hill, four miles above King's Bridge. Before daylight of the 3d, Lincoln landed his troops above Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and took possession of the high ground on the north of Harlem River, where Fort Independence once stood. Here he was discovered by a foraging party of the enemy, fifteen hundred strong. An irregular skirmish ensued. The firing was heard by the Duke de Lauzun, who was just arrived with his troops at Eastchester, fatigued by a long and forced march in sultry weather. Finding the country alarmed, and all hope of surprising Delancey's corps at an end, he hastened to the support of Lincoln. Washington also advanced with his troops from Valentine's Hill. The British, perceiving their danger, retreated to their boats on the east side of Harlem River, and crossed over to New York Island. Washington spent a good part of the day reconnoitering the enemy's works. In the afternoon he retired to Valentine's Hill, and the next day marched to Dobbs Ferry, where he was joined by the Count de Rochambeau on the 6th of July. The two armies now encamped; the American in two lines, resting on the Hudson at Dobbs Ferry, where it was covered by batteries, and extending eastward towards the Neperan or Sawmill River; the French in a single line on the hills further east, reaching to the Bronx River. The beautiful valley of the Neperan intervened between the encampments. It was a lovely country for a summer encampment, breezy hills commanding wide prospects: umbrageous valleys watered by bright pastoral streams, the Bronx, the Spraine, and the Neperan, and abounding with never-failing springs. The French encampment made a gallant display along the Greenburg hills. Some of the officers, young men of rank, to whom this was all a service of romance, took a pride in decorating their tents, and forming little gardens in their vicinity. General Washington was an object of their enthusiasm. He visited the tents they had so gayly embellished; for, with all his gravity, he was fond of the company of young men. They were apprised of his coming, and set out on their camp-tables plans of the battle of Trenton; of West Point, and other scenes connected with the war. The two commanders had their respective headquarters in farm houses, and occasionally, on festive occasions, long tables were
spread in the adjacent barns, which were converted into banquet-
ing halls. The young French officers gained the good graces of
the country belles, though little acquainted with their language.
Their encampment was particularly gay, and it was the boast of an
old lady of the neighborhood many years after the war, that she
had danced at headquarters when a girl with the celebrated Mar-
shal Berthier, at that time one of the aides-de-camp of the Count
de Rochambeau.

Washington crossed the river at Dobbs Ferry, accompanied by
the Count de Rochambeau, Gen. de Beville, and Gen. Duportail,
to reconnoitre the British posts on the north end of New York
Island. They were escorted by one hundred and fifty of the New
Jersey troops, and spent the day on the Jersey heights ascertaining
the exact position of the enemy on the opposite shore. Their next
movement was to reconnoitre the enemy’s posts at King’s Bridge
and on the east side of New York Island, and to cut off, if possi-
ble, such of Delancey’s corps as should be found without the Brit-
ish lines. Five thousand troops, French and American, led by
the Count de Chastellux and Gen. Lincoln, began their march in
separate columns, July 21; part down the Hudson River road,
part down the Sawmill River valley; part by the Eastchester road.
The whole detachment arrived at King’s Bridge about daylight, and
formed on the height back of Fort Independence. Washington
and De Rochambeau, accompanied by engineers and by their
staffs, set out under the escort of a troop of dragoons to reconnoitre
the enemy’s position and works from every point of view. It was
a wide reconnaissance, extending across the country outside of the
British lines from the Hudson to the Sound. The whole was done
slowly and scientifically, exact notes and diagrams being made of
everything that might be of importance in future operations. Mean-
time light troops and lances had performed their duty in scouring
the neighborhood. The refugee posts which had desolated the coun-
try were broken up. Most of the refugees, Washington says, had
fled and hid themselves in secret places; some got over by stealth to
the adjacent islands, and to the enemy’s shipping, and a few were
captured. The immediate effect of this threatening movement of
Washington, appears in a letter of Sir Henry Clinton to Cornwallis,
dated July 26th, requesting him to order three regiments to New
York from Carolina.

The first object of Cornwallis on the junction of his forces at
Petersburg, in May, was to strike a blow at Lafayette. The mar-
quis was encamped on the north side of James River, between
Wilton and Richmond, with about one thousand regulars, two
thousand militia, and fifty dragoons. He was waiting for rein-
forcements of militia, and for the arrival of Gen. Wayne, with the
Pennsylvania line. His lordship hoped to draw him into an
action before thus reinforced, and with that view, marched on the
24th of May, from Petersburg to James River, which he crossed at
Westover, about thirty miles below Richmond. Here he was
joined on the 26th by a reinforcement just arrived from New
York, part of which he sent under Gen. Leslie to strengthen the
garrison at Portsmouth. He was relieved also from military companionship with the infamous Arnold, who obtained leave of absence to return to New York, where business of importance was said to demand his attention. While he was in command of the British army in Virginia, Lafayette had refused to hold any correspondence, or reciprocate any of the civilities of war with him; for which he was highly applauded by Washington. Cornwallis moved to dislodge Lafayette from Richmond. The latter, conscious of the inferiority of his forces, decamped as soon as he heard his lordship had crossed James River. He now directed his march towards the upper country, inclining to the north, to favor a juncture with Wayne. Cornwallis soon found it impossible to overtake him. The great number of fine horses in the stables of Virginia gentlemen, who are noted for their love of the noble animal, had enabled the latter to mount many of his troops in first-rate style. These he employed in scouring the country, and destroying public stores. Tarleton and his legion, it is said, were mounted on race-horses. With one hundred and eighty cavalry and seventy mounted infantry, June 4th, he made a dash to Charlottesville, to break up the legislature, and carry off members. He crossed the Rivanna, which washes the hill on which Charlottesville is situated; dispersed a small force collected on the bank, and galloped into the town thinking to capture the whole assembly. Seven alone fell into his hands; the rest had made their escape. No better success attended a party of horse under Capt. McLeod, detached to surprise the Governor (Thomas Jefferson), at his residence in Monticello, about three miles from Charlottesville, where several members of the legislature were his guests. The dragoons were espied winding up the mountain; the guests dispersed; the family was hurried off to the residence of Col. Carter, six miles distant, while the Governor himself made a rapid retreat on horseback to Carter's Mountain. Cornwallis turned his face towards the lower part of Virginia, and made a retrograde march, first to Richmond, and afterwards to Williamsburg. Lafayette, being joined by Steuben and his forces, had about four thousand men under him, one half of whom were regulars. He now followed the British army at the distance of eighteen or twenty miles, throwing forward his light troops to harass their rear. Cornwallis arrived at Williamsburg on the 25th of June, and on the 4th of July he set out for Portsmouth.

Greene, on the 5th of April, set out from the Deep River on a retrograde march to carry the war again into South Carolina, beginning by an attack on Lord Rawdon's post at Camden. Sumter and Marion had been keeping alive the revolutionary fire in that State; the former on the north-east frontier, the latter in his favorite fighting ground between the Pedee and Santee Rivers. On his way to Camden, Greene detached Lee to join Marion with his legion, and make an attack upon Fort Watson by way of diversion. For himself, he appeared before Camden, but finding it too strong and too well garrisoned, fell back about two miles, and took post at Hobkirk's Hill. Rawdon attacked him on the 25th of April,
coming upon him partly by surprise. There was a hard-fought battle, but through some false move among part of his troops, Greene was obliged to retreat. His lordship had heard of the march of Cornwallis into Virginia, and that all hope of aid from him was at an end. His garrison was out of provisions. All supplies were cut off by the Americans; he had no choice but to evacuate. He left Camden in flames. Immense quantities of stores and baggage were consumed, together with the court-house, the gaol, and many private houses. Rapid successes now attended the American arms. Fort Mott, the middle post between Camden and Ninety-Six, was taken by Marion and Lee. Lee next captured Granby, and marched to aid Pickens in the siege of Augusta; while Greene, having acquired a supply of arms, ammunition, and provisions, from the captured forts, sat down before the fortress of Ninety-Six, on the 22d of May. It was the great mart and stronghold of the royalists, and was principally garrisoned by royalists from New Jersey and New York, commanded by Col. Cruger, a native of New York. The siege lasted for nearly a month. Lord Rawdon was but a few miles distant on the Saluda. The troops were eager to storm the works before he should arrive. A partial assault was made on the 18th of June. It was a bloody contest. The stockaded fort was taken, but the troops were repulsed from the main works. Greene retreated across the Saluda, and halted at Bush River, at twenty miles distance, to observe the motions of the enemy. Rawdon entered Ninety-Six on the 21st. Leaving about one-half of his force there, under Col. Cruger, at the head of eleven hundred infantry, with cavalry, artillery, and field-pieces, he marched by the south side of the Saluda for the Congaree. He was pursued by Greene and Lee. In this march more than fifty of his soldiers fell dead from heat, fatigue and privation. At Orangeburg, where he arrived on the 8th of July, he was joined by a large detachment under Col. Stuart. Greene had followed him closely, and having collected all his detachments, and being joined by Sumter, appeared within four miles of Orangeburg, on the 10th of July, and offered battle. The offer was not accepted, and the position of Lord Rawdon was too strong to be attacked. Greene remained there two or three days; when, learning that Col. Cruger was advancing with the residue of the forces from Ninety-Six, which would again give his lordship a superiority of force, he moved off with his infantry on the night of the 13th of July, crossed the Saluda, and posted himself on the east side of the Wateree at the high hills of Santee. In this salubrious and delightful region, he allowed his weary soldiers to repose. At Orangeburg he had detached about a thousand light troops, under Sumter, Marion, Lee, the Hamptons, and other partisans, towards Charleston. Col. Henry Hampton with a party was posted to keep an eye on Orangeburg. Lee with his legion, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Wade Hampton, and a detachment of cavalry, was sent to carry Dorchester, and then press forward to the gates of Charleston; while Sumter with the main body, took up his line of march along the road on the south side of the Con-
garee, towards Monk's Corner. One of the best effects of the incursion was the drawing down Lord Rawdon from Orangeburg, with five hundred of his troops. He returned no more to the upper country, but sailed not long after from Charleston for Europe. Col. Stuart, who was left in command at Orangeburg, moved forward from that place, and encamped on the south side of the Congaree River, near its junction with the Wateree, and within sixteen miles of Greene's position on the high hills of Santee. The two armies lay in sight of each other's fires, but two large rivers intervened, to secure each party from sudden attack. Both armies, however, needed repose, and military operations were suspended, as if by mutual consent, during the sultry summer heat. The campaign had been a severe and trying one, and checkered with vicissitudes; but Greene had succeeded in regaining the greater part of Georgia and the two Carolinas, and, as he said, only wanted a little assistance from the North to complete their recovery. He was soon rejoiced by a letter from Washington, informing him that a detachment from the army of Lafayette might be expected to bring him the required assistance.

After the grand reconnaissance of the posts on New York Island, the confederate armies remained encamped about Dobbs Ferry and the Greenburg hills awaiting an augmentation of force for their meditated attack. To Washington's great disappointment, his army was but tardily and scantily recruited, while the garrison of New York was augmented by the arrival of three thousand Hessian troops from Europe. Until we study Washington's full, perspicuous letters, we know little of the difficulties he had to struggle with in conducting his campaigns; how often the sounding resolves of legislative bodies disappointed him; how often he had to maintain a bold front when his country failed to back him; how often, as in the siege of Boston, he had to carry on the war without powder!

In a few days came letters from Lafayette, dated 26th and 30th of July, speaking of the embarkation of the greatest part of Cornwallis's army at Portsmouth. "There are in Hampton Roads thirty transport ships full of troops, most of them red coats, and eight or ten brigs with cavalry on board." He supposed their destination to be New York, yet, though wind and weather were favorable, they did not sail. "Should a French fleet now come into Hampton Roads," adds the sanguine Marquis, "the British army would, I think, be ours." At this juncture arrived the French frigate Concorde at Newport, bringing despatches from Admiral the Count de Grasse. He was to leave St. Domingo on the 3d of August, with between twenty-five and thirty ships of the line, and a considerable body of land forces, and to steer immediately for the Chesapeake. All attempt upon New York was postponed; the whole of the French army, and as large a part of the Americans as could be spared, were to move to Virginia, and cooperate with the Count de Grasse for the redemption of the Southern States. Washington wrote to Lafayette on the 15th of August: "By the time this reaches you,
Badge of the Order of Cincinnatus.
the Count de Grasse will either be in the Chesapeake, or may be looked for every moment." Should Gen. Wayne, with the troops destined for South Carolina, still remain in the neighborhood of James River, and the enemy have made no detachment to the southward, the Marquis was to detain these troops until he heard again from Washington, and was to inform Gen. Greene of the cause of their detention. "You shall hear further from me," concludes the letter, "as soon as I have concerted plans and formed dispositions for sending a reinforcement from hence. You will be particularly careful to conceal the expected arrival of the Count; because, if the enemy are not apprised of it, they will stay on board their transports in the bay, which will be the luckiest circumstance in the world." Washington's "soul was now in arms." At length, after being baffled and disappointed so often by the incompetency of his means, and above all, thwarted by the enemy's naval potency, he had the possibility of coping with them both on land and sea. The contemplated expedition was likely to consummate his plans, and wind up the fortunes of the war, and he determined to lead it in person. He would take with him something more than two thousand of the American army; the rest, chiefly Northern troops, were to remain with Gen. Heath, who was to hold command of West Point, and the other posts of the Hudson. Preparations were still carried on, as if for an attack upon New York. An extensive encampment was marked out in the Jerseys, and ovens erected, and fuel provided for the baking of bread; as if a part of the besieging force was to be stationed there, thence to make a descent upon the enemy's garrison on Staten Island, in aid of the operations against the city. The American troops, themselves, were kept in ignorance of their destination. Washington sent forward a party of pioneers to clear the roads towards King's Bridge, as if the posts recently reconnoitred were about to be attempted. On the 19th of August, his troops were paraded with their faces in that direction. When all were ready, however, they were ordered to face about, and were marched up along the Hudson River towards King's Ferry. De Rochambeau, in like manner, broke up his encampment, and took the road by White Plains, North Castle, Pine's Bridge, and Crompond, towards the same point. All Westchester County was again alive with the tramp of troops, the gleam of arms, and the lumbering of artillery and baggage wagons along its roads. On the 20th, Washington arrived at King's Ferry, and his troops began to cross the Hudson with their baggage, stores, and cannon, and encamped at Haverstraw. Thence he wrote confidentially to Lafayette, on the 21st, now first apprising him of his being on the march with the expedition, and repeating his injunctions that the land and naval forces, already at the scene of action, should so combine their operations, that the English, on the arrival of the French fleet, might not be able to escape. He wrote also to the Count de Grasse, (presuming that the letter would find him in the Chesapeake,) urging him to send up all his frigates and transports to the Head of Elk, by the 8th of September, for the transportation of the combined army, which
would be there by that time. He informed him also, that the Count de Barras had resolved to join him in the Chesapeake with his squadron. One is reminded of the tissue of movements planned from a distance, which ended in the capture of Burgoyne. On the 22d, the French troops arrived by their circuitous route, and began to cross to Stony Point with their artillery, baggage, and stores. The operation occupied between two and three days; during which time Washington took the Count de Rochambeau on a visit to West Point, to show him the citadel of the Highlands, an object of intense interest, in consequence of having been the scene of Arnold's treason. The two armies having safely crossed the Hudson, commenced, on the 25th, their several lines of march towards the Jerseys; the Americans for Springfield on the Rahway, the French for Whippany towards Trenton. Both armies were still kept in the dark, as to the ultimate object of their movement, and the enemy were equally bewildered.

Washington had in fact reached the Delaware with his troops, before Sir Henry Clinton was aware of their destination. It was too late to oppose their march, even had his forces been adequate. As a kind of counterplot, he hurried off an expedition to the eastward, to attack New London. The command of this expedition, which was to be one of ravage and destruction, was given to Arnold, as if it was necessary to complete the measure of his infamy, that he should carry fire and sword into his native State, and desecrate the very cradle of his infancy. On the 6th of September he appeared off the harbor of New London with a fleet of ships and transports and a force of two thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry; partly British troops, but a great part made up of American royalists and refugees, and Hessian Yagers. New London stands on the west bank of the river Thames. The approach to it was defended by two forts on opposite sides of the river, and about a mile below the town; Fort Trumbull on the west and Fort Griswold on the east side, on a height called Groton Hill. The troops landed in two divisions of about eight hundred men each; one under Lieut.-Col. Eyre on the east side, the other under Arnold on the west, on the same side with New London, and about three miles below it. Arnold met with but little opposition. Col. Eyre had a harder task. The militia, about one hundred and fifty-seven strong, had collected in Fort Griswold, hastily and imperfectly armed it is true, some of them merely with spears; but they were brave men, and had a brave commander, Col. William Ledyard, brother of the celebrated traveler. The fort was square and regularly built. Eyre forced the pickets; made his way into the fosse, and attacked the fort on three sides; it was bravely defended; the enemy were repeatedly repulsed; they returned to the assault, scrambled up on each other's shoulders, effected a lodgment on the fraise, and made their way with fixed bayonets through the embrasure. Col. Eyre received a mortal wound near the works; Major Montgomery took his place; a negro thrust him through with a spear as he mounted the parapet; Major Bromfield suc-
ceeded to the command, and carried the fort at the point of the bayonet. In fact, after the enemy were within the walls, fighting was at an end and the slaughter commenced. Col. Ledyard, it is said, was thrust through with his own sword after yielding it up to Major Bromfield. Seventy of the garrison were slain, and thirty-five desperately wounded; and most of them after the fort had been taken. The massacre was chiefly perpetrated by the tories, refugees and Hessians. Major Bromfield himself was a New Jersey loyalist. The rancor of such men against their patriot countrymen was always deadly. The loss of the enemy was two officers and forty-six soldiers killed, and eight officers and one hundred and thirty-five soldiers wounded. Arnold in the meantime, had carried on the work of destruction at New London. Some of the American shipping had effected their escape up the river, but a number were burnt. Fire, too, was set to the public stores; it communicated to the dwelling-houses, and, in a little while, the whole place was wrapped in flames. The destruction was immense, not only of public but private property; many families once living in affluence were ruined and rendered homeless. Arnold retreated to his boats, leaving the town still burning. Alarm guns had roused the country; the traitor was pursued by the exasperated yeomanry; he escaped their well-merited vengeance, but several of his men were killed and wounded. So ended his career of infamy in his native land; a land which had once delighted to honor him, but in which his name was never thenceforth to be pronounced without a malediction.

Washington arrived at Philadelphia about noon, Aug. 30th, and alighted at the city tavern amidst enthusiastic crowds, who welcomed him with acclamations. During his sojourn in the city he was hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. Morris, the patriotic financier. The greatest difficulty with which he had to contend in his present enterprise, was the want of funds, part of the troops not having received any pay for a long time. The service upon which they were going was disagreeable to the northern regiments, and the douceur of a little hard money would have an effect, Washington thought, to put them into a proper temper. In this emergency he was accommodated by the Count de Rochambeau, with a loan of twenty thousand hard dollars, which Mr. Robert Morris engaged to repay by the first of October. This pecunary pressure was relieved by the arrival in Boston, on the 25th of August, of Col. John Laurens from the mission to France, bringing with him two and a half millions of livres in cash, being part of a subsidy of six millions of livres granted by the French King. On the 2d of September the American troops passed through Philadelphia. Their line of march, including appendages and attendants, extended nearly two miles. In the rear of every brigade were several field-pieces with ammunition wagons. The soldiers kept step to the sound of the drum and fife. Notwithstanding the dusty and somewhat ragged plight of the soldiers, however, they were cheered with enthusiasm by the populace, which hailed them as the war-worn defenders of the country.
The French troops entered on the following day, but in different style. Halting within a mile of the city, they arranged their arms and accoutrements; brushed the dust off their gay white uniforms faced with green, and then marched in with buoyant step and brilliant array to the swelling music of a military band. The streets were again thronged by the shouting populace. The windows were crowded with ladies; among whom probably were some of the beauties who had crowned the British knights in the chivalrous mime of the Mischianza, now ready to bestow smiles and wreaths on their Gallic rivals. At Philadelphia Washington received despatches from Lafayette, dated the 21st and 24th of August, from his camp at the Forks of York River in Virginia. The embarkation at Portsmouth was for Yorktown, where Cornwallis had determined to establish the permanent post ordered in his instructions. Yorktown was a small place situated on a projecting bank on the south side of York River, opposite a promontory called Gloucester Point. The river between was not more than a mile wide, but deep enough to admit ships of a large size and burthen. Here concentrating his forces, he had proceeded to fortify the opposite points, calculating to have the works finished by the beginning of October; at which time Sir Henry Clinton intended to recommence operations on the Chesapeake. Lafayette, in conformity to the instructions of Washington, was taking measures to cut off any retreat by land which his lordship might attempt on the arrival of De Grasse. He was prepared, as soon as he should hear of the arrival of De Grasse, to march at once to Williamsburg and form a junction with the troops which were to be landed from the fleet. Thus a net was quietly drawn round Cornwallis by the youthful general, while the veteran felt himself so secure that he was talking of detaching troops to New York.

Washington left Philadelphia on the 5th of September, on his way to the Head of Elk. About three miles below Chester, he was met by an express bearing tidings of the arrival of the Count de Grasse in the Chesapeake with twenty-eight ships of the line. He instantly rode back to Chester to rejoice with the Count de Rochambeau, who was coming down to that place from Philadelphia by water. They had a joyous dinner together, after which Washington proceeded in the evening on his destination. At Philadelphia there had been a grand review of the French troops, at which the President of Congress and all the fashion of the city were present. It was followed by a banquet given to the officers by the French Minister, the Chevalier de Luzerne. Scarcely were the company seated at table, when despatches came announcing the arrival of De Grasse and the landing of three thousand troops under the Marquis St. Simon, who, it was added, had opened a communication with Lafayette. All now was mutual gratulation at the banquet. The news soon went forth and spread throughout the city. Acclamations were to be heard on all sides, and crowds assembling before the house of the French Minister rent the air with hearty huzzas for Louis the Sixteenth. Washington reached the Head of Elk on the 6th. The troops and a great part of the
stores were already arrived, and beginning to embark. Thence he wrote to the Count de Grasse, felicitating him on his arrival; and informing him that the van of the two armies were about to embark and fall down the Chesapeake, form a junction with the troops under the Count de St. Simon and the Marquis de Lafayette, and coöperate in blocking up Cornwallis in York River, so as to prevent his retreat by land or his getting any supplies from the country. "As it will be of the greatest importance," writes he, "to prevent the escape of his lordship from his present position, I am persuaded that every measure which prudence can dictate will be adopted for that purpose, until the arrival of our complete force, when I hope his lordship will be compelled to yield his ground to the superior power of our combined forces." Everything had thus far gone on well, but there were not vessels enough at the Head of Elk for the immediate transportation of all the troops, ordnance and stores; a part of the troops would have to proceed to Baltimore by land. Leaving Gen. Heath to bring on the American forces, and the Baron de Viomenil the French, Washington, accompanied by De Rochambeau, crossed the Susquehanna early on the 8th, and pushed forward for Baltimore. He was met by a deputation of the citizens, who made him a public address, to which he replied, and his arrival was celebrated in the evening with illuminations. On the 9th he left Baltimore a little after daybreak, accompanied only by Col. Humphreys; he was determined to reach Mount Vernon that evening. Six years had elapsed since last he was under its roof; six wearing years of toil, of danger, and of constant anxiety. During all that time, and amid all his military cares, he had kept up a regular weekly correspondence with his steward or agent, regulating all the affairs of his rural establishment with as much exactness as he did those of the army. It was a late hour when he arrived at Mount Vernon; where he was joined by his suite at dinner time on the following day, and by the Count de Rochambeau in the evening. Gen. Chastellux and his aides-de-camp arrived there on the 11th, and Mount Vernon was now crowded with guests, who were all entertained in the ample style of old Virginia hospitality. On the 12th, tearing himself away once more from the home of his heart, Washington with his military associates continued onward to join Lafayette at Williamsburg.
CHAPTER XXII.

COMBINED AMERICAN AND FRENCH ARMIES BEFORE YORKTOWN—
SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS—PEACE!

Lord Cornwallis had been completely roused from his dream of security by the appearance, on the 28th of August, of the fleet of Count de Grasse within the capes of the Delaware. Three French ships of the line and a frigate soon anchored at the mouth of York River. The boats of the fleet were immediately busy conveying three thousand three hundred land forces, under the Marquis de St. Simon, up James River to form the preconcerted junction with those under Lafayette. Cornwallis, as Washington had foreseen, meditated a retreat to the Carolinas. It was too late. York River was blocked up by French ships; James River was filled with armed vessels covering the transportation of the troops. Williamsburg was too strong to be forced. Seeing his retreat cut off in every direction, Cornwallis proceeded to strengthen his works; sending off repeated expresses to apprise Sir Henry Clinton of his perilous situation. The Count de Grasse, eager to return to the West Indies, urged Lafayette to make an immediate attack upon the British army, with the American and French troops under his command, without waiting for the combined force under Washington and Rochambeau, offering to aid him with marines and sailors from the ships. The admiral was seconded by the Marquis de St. Simon. It was a brilliant achievement which they held out to tempt the youthful commander, but he remained undazzled. He would not, for the sake of personal distinction, lavish the lives of the brave men confided to him; but would await the arrival of the combined forces, when success might be attained with little loss, and would leave to Washington the coup de grâce; in all probability the closing triumph of the war. The Count de Grasse had been but a few days anchored within the Chesapeake, and fifteen hundred of his seamen were absent, conveying the troops up James River, when Admiral Graves, who then commanded the British naval force on the American coast, appeared with twenty sail off the capes of Virginia. De Grasse, anxious to protect the squadron of the Count de Barras, which was expected from Rhode Island, and which it was the object of Graves to intercept, immediately slipped his cables and put to sea with twenty-four ships, leaving the rest to blockade York and James Rivers. His plan was to occupy the enemy by partial actions and skilful manœuvres, so as to retain his possession of the Chesapeake, and cover the arrival of De Barras. The vans of the two fleets, and some ships of the centre, engaged about four o’clock in the afternoon of the 7th of Sept. The conflict soon became animated. Several ships were damaged, and many men killed and wounded on both sides. De Grasse, who had the advantage of the wind, drew off after sunset; satisfied with the
damage done and sustained, and not disposed for a general action; nor was the British admiral inclined to push the engagement so near night, and on a hostile coast. One of his ships had been so severely handled, that she was no longer seaworthy, and had to be burnt. For four days the fleets remained in sight of each other, repairing damages and manoeuvring, but the French having still the advantage of the wind, maintained their prudent policy of avoiding a general engagement. At length De Grasse, learning that De Barras was arrived within the capes, formed a junction with him, and returned with him to his former anchoring ground, with two English frigates which he had captured. Admiral Graves, finding the Chesapeake guarded by a superior force with which he could not prudently contend, left the coast and bore away for New York. Under convoy of the squadron of De Barras came a fleet of transports, conveying land forces under M. de Choisy, with siege artillery and military stores. From Williamsburg, Washington sent forward Count Fersen, one of the aides-de-camp of De Rochambeau, to hurry on the French troops with all possible despatch. He wrote to the same purport to Gen. Lincoln: "Every day we now lose," said he, "is comparatively an age; as soon as it is in our power with safety, we ought to take our position near the enemy. Hurry on, then, my dear sir, with your troops, on the wings of speed. The want of our men and stores is now all that retards our immediate operations. Lord Cornwallis is improving every moment to the best advantage; and every day that is given him to make his preparations may cost us many lives to encounter them."

Washington learned that Admiral de Barras had anticipated his wishes, in sending transports and prize vessels up the bay to assist in bringing on the French troops. Washington and De Rochambeau, with the Chevalier de Chastellux and Generals Knox and Duportail, embarked on the 18th, in the Queen Charlotte, which had been captured on its voyage from Charleston to New York, having Lord Howden on board, and proceeding down James River, came the next morning in sight of the French fleet riding at anchor in Lynn Haven Bay, just under the point of Cape Henry. About noon they got along-side of the admiral's ship, the Ville de Paris, and were received on board with great ceremony, and naval and military parade. Admiral de Grasse was a tall, fine-looking man, plain in his address and prompt in the discharge of business. A plan of cooperation was soon arranged, to be carried into effect on the arrival of the American and French armies from the North, which were actually on their way down the Chesapeake from the Head of Elk. Business being despatched, dinner was served, after which they were conducted throughout the ships, and received the visits of the officers of the fleet, almost all of whom came on board. About sunset Washington and his companions returned on board their own little ship; when the yards of all the ships of the fleet were manned, and a parting salute was thundered from the Ville de Paris. It was determined that a large part of the French fleet should anchor in York River; four or five vessels be
stationed so as to pass up and down James River, and a battery for cannon and mortars be erected with the aid of the allied troops on Point Comfort. By the 25th the American and French troops were mostly arrived and encamped near Williamsburg, and preparations were made for the decisive blow. Cornwallis had fortified Yorktown by seven redoubts and six batteries on the land side, connected by intrenchments; and there was a line of batteries along the river. The town was flanked on each side by deep ravines and creeks emptying into York River; their heads, in front of the town, being not more than half a mile apart. The enemy had availed themselves of these natural defences, in the arrangement of extensive outworks, with redoubts strengthened by abatis; field-works mounted with cannon, and trees cut down and left with the branches pointed outward. Gloucester Point had likewise been fortified. Its defence was confided to Lieut.-Col. Dundas, with six or seven hundred men. The enemy's main army was encamped about Yorktown, within the range of the outer redoubts and field-works.

Washington and his staff bivouacked that night on the ground in the open air. He slept under a mulberry tree, the root serving for his pillow. On the following morning the two armies drew out on each side of Beaver Dam Creek. The Americans, forming the right wing, took station on the east side of the creek; the French, forming the left wing, on the west. That evening Cornwallis received despatches from Sir Henry Clinton, informing him of the arrival of Admiral Digby, and that a fleet of twenty-three ships of the line, with about five thousand troops, would sail to his assistance probably on the 5th of October. That night his lordship abandoned his outworks, and drew his troops within the town. These outworks were seized upon the next morning by detachments of American light infantry and French troops, and served to cover the troops employed in throwing up breastworks. The combined French and American forces were now twelve thousand strong, exclusive of the Virginia militia which Governor Nelson had brought into the field. The treasury of Virginia was empty; the governor, fearful that the militia would disband for want of pay, pledged his own property and obtained a loan at his individual risk.

On the morning of the 28th of Sept. the combined armies marched from Williamsburg towards Yorktown, about twelve miles distant, and encamped at night within two miles of it, driving in the pickets and some patrols of cavalry. Gen. de Choisy was sent across York River, with Lauzun's legion and Gen. Weedon's brigade of militia, to watch the enemy on the side of Gloucester Point. By the first of October the line of the besiegers nearly two miles from the works, formed a semicircle, each end resting on the river, so that the investment by land was complete; while the Count de Grasse, with the main fleet, remained in Lynn Haven Bay, to keep off assistance by sea. About this time the Americans threw up two redoubts in the night, which, on being discovered in the morning, were severely cannonaded. Three of the men were
killed and several severely wounded. While Washington was superintending the works, a shot struck the ground close by him, throwing up a cloud of dust. The Rev. Mr. Evans, chaplain in the army, who was standing by him, was greatly agitated. Taking off his hat and showing it covered with sand, "See here, General," exclaimed he. "Mr. Evans," said Washington with grave pleasantry, "you had better carry that home, and show it to your wife and children." The besieged army began now to be greatly distressed for want of forage, and had to kill many of their horses, the carcasses of which were continually floating down the river. In the evening of the 2d of October Tarleton with his legion and the mounted infantry were passed over the river to Gloucester Point, to assist in foraging. At daybreak Lieut.-Col. Dundas led out part of his garrison to forage the neighboring country. About ten o'clock the wagons and bat horses laden with Indian corn were returning, and had nearly reached York River, when they encountered Lauzun and the French hussars and lancers. A skirmish ensued, gallantly sustained on each side, but the superiority of Tarleton's horses gave him the advantage. Gen. Choisy hastened up with a corps of cavalry and infantry to support the hussars. Tarleton ordered a retreat to be sounded, and the conflict came to an end. The loss of the British in killed and wounded was one officer and eleven men; that of the French two officers and fourteen hussars. This was the last affair of Tarleton and his legion in the revolutionary war. The next day Gen. Choisy, being reinforced by a detachment of marines from the fleet of De Grasse, cut off all communication by land between Gloucester and the country.

For some weeks in the months of July and August, Gen. Greene had remained encamped with his main force on the high hills of Santee, refreshing and disciplining his men. In the meantime, Marion with his light troops, aided by Col. Washington with his dragoons, held control over the lower Santee. Lee was detached to operate with Sumter's brigade on the Congaree, and Col. Harden with his mounted militia was scouring the country about the Edisto. The enemy was thus harassed in every quarter; their convoys and foraging parties waylaid; and Stuart was obliged to obtain all his supplies from below. Greene prepared for a bold effort to drive the enemy from their remaining posts. For that purpose, on the 22d of August he broke up his encampment on the "benign hills of Santee," to march against Col. Stuart. The latter still lay encamped about sixteen miles distant in a straight line; but the Congaree and Wateree lay between, bordered by swamps overflowed by recent rains; to cross them and reach the hostile camp, it was necessary to make a circuit of seventy miles. While Greene was making it Stuart abandoned his position, and moved down forty miles to the vicinity of Eutaw Springs, where he was reinforced by a detachment from Charleston with provisions. Greene followed on slowly to give time for Marion, who was scouring the country about the Edisto, to rejoin him. This was done on the 5th of September at Laurens' place, and on the afternoon of the seventh
the army was pushed on within seven miles of the Eutaws, where it bivouacked for the night, Greene lying on the ground wrapped in his cloak, with the root of a tree for a pillow. At four o'clock in the morning his little army was in motion. His whole force at that time did not exceed two thousand men; that of the enemy he was seeking, about twenty-three hundred. His army advanced in two columns, which were to form the two lines of battle. The first column, commanded by Gen. Marion, was composed of two battalions of North and two of South Carolina militia. The second column of three brigades; one of North Carolina, one of Virginia, and one of Maryland Continental troops. Col. Lee with his legion covered the right flank, Col. Henderson the left. Col. Washington, with his dragoons and the Delaware troops, formed the reserve. Each column had two field-pieces. Within four miles of Eutaw they met with a British detachment of one hundred and fifty infantry and fifty cavalry under Major Coffin, sent forward to reconnoitre; it was put to flight after a severe skirmish, in which a number were killed and wounded, and several taken prisoners. Within a mile of the camp they encountered a body of infantry drawn up in line in a wood two hundred yards west of Eutaw Springs. The right rested on Eutaw Creek (or brook), and was covered by a battalion of grenadiers and infantry under Major Majoribanks. The left of the line extended across the Charleston road, with a reserve corps in a commanding situation covering the road. About fifty yards in the rear of the British line was a cleared field, in which was their encampment, with the tents all standing. Adjoining it was a brick house with a palisadoed garden, which Col. Stuart intended as a protection, if too much pressed by cavalry. The advanced party of infantry, which had retired firing before the Americans, formed on the flanks of Col. Stuart's line. About nine o'clock the action was commenced by the left of the American line, and soon became general; there was great carnage on both sides. The militia fought until they had expended seventeen rounds, when they gave way, covered by Lee and Henderson, who fought bravely on the flanks of the line. Sumner, with the regulars who formed the second line, advanced in fine style to take the place of the first. The enemy likewise brought their reserve into action; the conflict continued to be bloody and severe. Col. Henderson, who commanded the State troops in the second line, was severely wounded; this caused some confusion. Sumner's brigade, formed partly of recruits, gave way under the superior fire of the enemy. The British rushed forward to secure their fancied victory. Greene, seeing their line disordered, instantly ordered Williams with his Marylanders to "sweep the field with the bayonet." Williams was seconded by Col. Campbell with the Virginians. The order was gallantly obeyed. They delivered a deadly volley at forty yards' distance, and then advanced at a brisk rate, with loud shouts and trailed arms, prepared to make the deadly thrust. The British recoiled. While the Marylanders and Virginians attacked them in front, Lee with his legion turned their left flank and charged them in rear. Col.
Hampton with the State cavalry made a great number of prisoners, and Col. Washington, coming up with his reserve of horse and foot, completed their defeat. They were driven back through their camp; many were captured; many fled along the Charleston road, and others threw themselves into the brick house. Major Majoribanks and his troops could still enfilade the left flank of the Americans from their covert among the thickets on the border of the stream. Greene ordered Col. Washington with his dragoons and Kirkwood's Delaware infantry to dislodge them, and Col. Wade Hampton to assist with the State troops. Col. Washington, without waiting for the infantry, dashed forward with his dragoons. It was a rash move. The thickets were impervious to cavalry. The dragoons separated into small squads, and endeavored to force their way in. Horses and riders were shot down or bayonet-ed; most of the officers were either killed or wounded. Col. Washington had his horse shot under him; he himself was bayonet-ed, and a British officer took him prisoner. By the time Hampton and Kirkwood came up, the cavalry were routed; the ground was strewed with the dead and the wounded; horses were plunging and struggling in the agonies of death; others galloping about without their riders. While Hampton rallied the scattered cavalry, Kirkwood with his Delawares charged with bayonet upon the enemy in the thickets. Majoribanks fell back with his troops, and made a stand in the palisadoed garden of the brick house. Victory now seemed certain on the side of the Americans. They had driven the British from the field, and had taken possession of their camp; unfortunately, the soldiers, thinking the day their own, fell to plundering the tents, devouring the food and carousing on the liquors found there. Many of them became intoxicated and unmanageable—the officers interfered in vain; all was riot and disorder. The enemy in the meantime recovered from their confusion, and opened a fire from every window of the house and from the palisadoed garden. There was a scattering fire also from the woods and thickets on the right and left. Four cannon, one of which had been captured from the enemy, were now advanced by the Americans to batter the house. The fire from the windows was so severe, that most of the officers and men who served the cannon were either killed or wounded. Greene ordered the survivors to retire: they did so, leaving the cannon behind. Col. Stuart was by this time rallying his left wing, and advancing to support the right; when Greene, finding his ammunition nearly exhausted, determined to give up the attempt to dislodge the enemy from their places of refuge, since he could not do it without severe loss. He remained on the ground long enough to collect his wounded, excepting those who were too much under the fire of the house, and then, leaving Col. Hampton with a strong picket on the field, he returned to the position seven miles off, which he had left in the morning. The enemy decamped in the night after destroying a large quantity of provisions, staving many barrels of rum, and breaking upwards of a thousand stand of arms which they threw into the springs of the Eutaw; they left behind also seventy of their wounded, who might
have impeded the celerity of their retreat. Their loss in killed, wounded, and captured, in this action, was six hundred and thirty-three, of whom five hundred were prisoners in the hands of the Americans; the loss sustained by the latter in killed, wounded and missing, was five hundred and thirty-five. One of the slain most deplored was Col. Campbell, who had so bravely led on the Virginians. He fell in the shock of the charge with the bayonet. It was a glorious close of a gallant career. In his dying moments he was told of the defeat of the enemy, and is said to have uttered the celebrated ejaculation of General Wolfe, ‘I die contented.’

Gen. Lincoln had the honor, on the night of the 6th of October, of opening the first parallel before Yorktown. It was within six hundred yards of the enemy; nearly two miles in extent, and the foundations were laid for two redoubts. He had under him a large detachment of French and American troops, and the work was conducted with such silence and secrecy in a night of extreme darkness, that the enemy were not aware of it until daylight. A severe cannonade was then opened from the fortifications; but the men were under cover and continued working; the greatest emulation and good will prevailing between the officers and soldiers of the allied armies thus engaged. By the afternoon of the 9th the parallel was completed, and two or three batteries were ready to fire upon the town. ‘General Washington put the match to the first gun,’ says an observer who was present; ‘a furious discharge of cannon and mortars immediately followed, and Earl Cornwallis received his first salutation.’ Gov. Nelson, who had so nobly pledged his own property to raise funds for the public service, gave another proof of his self-sacrificing patriotism on this occasion. He was asked which part of the town could be most effectively cannonaded. He pointed to a large handsome house on a rising ground as the probable headquarters of the enemy. It proved to be his own. The governor had an uncle in the town, very old, and afflicted with the gout. He had been for thirty years secretary under the royal colonial government, and was still called Mr. Secretary Nelson. He had taken no part in the Revolution, unfitted, perhaps, for the struggle, by his advanced age and his infirmities; and had remained in Yorktown when taken possession of by the English. He had two sons in Washington’s army, who now were in the utmost alarm for his safety. At their request Washington sent in a flag, desiring that their father might be permitted to leave the place. Cornwallis granted the request. The appearance of the venerable secretary, his stately person, noble countenance and gray hairs, commanded respect and veneration. He related with a serene visage what had been the effect of our batteries. His house had received some of the first shots; one of his negroes had been killed, and the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis had been so battered, that he had been driven out of them. The cannonade was kept up almost incessantly for three or four days from the batteries above mentioned, and from three others managed by the French. The half-finished works of the enemy suffered severely, the guns were dismounted or silenced, and many
men killed. The red-hot shot from the French batteries north-west of the town reached the English shipping. The Charon, a forty-four gun ship, and three large transports, were set on fire by them. The flames ran up the ragging to the tops of the masts. The conflagration, seen in the darkness of the night, with the accompanying flash and thundering of cannon, and soaring and bursting of shells; and the tremendous explosions of the ships, all presented a scene of mingled magnificence and horror. On the night of the 11th the second parallel was opened by the Baron Steuben's division, within three hundred yards of the works. The British now made new embrasures, and for two or three days kept up a galling fire upon those at work. The latter were still more annoyed by the flanking fire of two redoubts three hundred yards in front of the British works. As they enfiladed the intrenchments, and were supposed also to command the communication between Yorktown and Gloucester, it was resolved to storm them both, on the night of the 14th; the one nearest the river by a detachment of Americans commanded by Lafayette; the other by a French detachment led by the Baron de Viomenil. The grenadiers of the regiment of Gatinais were to be at the head of the French detachment. This regiment had been formed out of that of Auvergne, of which De Rochambeau had been colonel, and which, by its brave and honorable conduct, had won the appellation of the regiment D'Auvergne sans tache (Auvergne without a stain). In the arrangements for the American assault Lafayette had given the honor of leading the advance to his own aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Col. Gimat. This instantly touched the military pride of Hamilton, who exclaimed against it as an unjust preference. Washington sent for the marquis, and, finding that it really was Hamilton's tour of duty, directed that he should be reinstated in it, which was done. It was therefore arranged that Col. Gimat's battalion should lead the van, and be followed by that of Hamilton, and that the latter should command the whole advanced corps. About eight o'clock in the evening rockets were sent up as signals for the simultaneous attack. Hamilton, to his great joy, led the advance of the Americans. The men, without waiting for the sappers to demolish the abatis in regular style, pushed them aside or pulled them down with their hands, and scrambled over, like rough bush-fighters. Hamilton was the first to mount the parapet, placing one foot on the shoulder of a soldier, who knelt on one knee for the purpose. The men mounted after him. Not a musket was fired. The redoubt was carried at the point of the bayonet. The loss of the Americans was one sergeant and eight privates killed, seven officers and twenty-five non-commissioned officers and privates wounded. The loss of the enemy was eight killed and seventeen taken prisoners. Among the latter was Major Campbell, who had commanded the redoubt. The French stormed the other redoubt, which was more strongly garrisoned, with equal gallantry, but less precipitation. They proceeded according to rule. The soldiers paused while the sappers removed the abatis, during which time they were exposed to a destructive fire, and lost
more men than did the Americans in their headlong attack. As
the Baron de Viomenil, who led the party, was thus waiting,
Major Barbour, Lafayette's aide-de-camp, came through the
tremendous fire of the enemy, with a message from the marquis,
lettine him know that he was in his redoubt, and wished to know
where the Baron was. "Tell the marquis," replied the latter,
"that I am not in mine, but will be in it in five minutes." The
abatis being removed, the troops rushed to the assault. The
Chevalier de Lameth, Lafayette's adjutant-general, was the first
to mount the parapet of the redoubt, and received a volley at
arms' length from the Hessians who manhed it. Shot through
both knees, he fell back into the ditch, and was conveyed away
under care of his friend, the Count de Dumas. The Count de
Deuxponts, leading on the royal grenadiers of the same name,
was likewise wounded. The grenadiers of the Gatinais regiment
fought with true Gallic fire. One third of them were slain, and
among them Captain de Sireuil, a valiant officer of chasseurs;
but the regiment by its bravery on this occasion regained from the
king its proud name of the Royal Auvergne. Washington was
an intensely excited spectator of these assaults, on the result of
which so much depended. He had dismounted, given his horse
to a servant, and taken his stand in the grand battery with Generals
Knox and Lincoln and their staffs. The risk he ran of a chance
shot, while watching the attack through an embrasure, made those
about him uneasy. One of his aides-de-camp ventured to observe
that the situation was very much exposed. "If you think so,"
replied he gravely, "you are at liberty to step back." Shortly
afterwards a musket ball struck the cannon in the embrasure,
rolled along it, and fell at his feet. Gen. Knox grasped his arm,
"My dear general," exclaimed he, "we can't spare you yet."
"It is a spent ball," replied Washington quietly; "no harm is
done." When all was over and the redoubts were taken, he drew
a long breath, and turning to Knox, observed, "The work is done,
and well done!" Then he called to his servant, "William, bring
me my horse." In his despatches he declared that in these assaults
nothing could exceed the firmness and bravery of the troops.
Lafayette also testified to the conduct of Col. Hamilton, "whose
well-known talents and gallantry," writes he, "were on this occa-
sion most conspicuous and serviceable." The redoubts thus taken
were included the same night in the second parallel, and howitzers
were mounted upon them the following day. "The capture of them
reduced Lord Cornwallis almost to despair. Writing that same
day to Sir Henry Clinton, he observes, "My situation now becomes
very critical; we dare not show a gun to their old batteries, and I
expect that their new ones will open to-morrow morning. The
safety of the place is, therefore, so precarious, that I cannot recom-
mand that the fleet and army should run great risk in endeavor-
ing to save us." The second parallel was now nearly ready to
open. Cornwallis dreaded the effect of its batteries on his almost
dismantled works. To retard the danger as much as possible, he
ordered an attack on two of the batteries that were in the greatest
state of forwardness. It was made a little before daybreak of the 16th, by about three hundred and fifty men, under the direction of Lieut.-Col. Abercrombie. He divided his forces; a detachment of guards and a company of grenadiers attacked one battery, and a corps of light infantry the other. The redoubts which covered the batteries were forced in gallant style, and several pieces of artillery hastily spiked. By this time the supporting troops from the trenches came up, and the enemy were obliged to retreat, leaving behind them seven or eight dead and six prisoners. The French who had guard of this part of the trenches, had four officers and twelve privates killed or wounded, and the Americans lost one sergeant. The mischief had been done too hastily. The spikes were easily extracted, and before evening all the batteries and the parallel were nearly complete. At this time the garrison could not show a gun on the side of the works exposed to attack, and the shells were nearly expended; the place was no longer tenable. Rather than surrender, Cornwallis determined to attempt an escape. In pursuance of this design, sixteen large boats were secretly prepared; a detachment was appointed to remain and capitulate for the town's people, the sick and the wounded; a large part of the troops were transported to the Gloucester side of the river before midnight, and the second division had actually embarked, when a violent storm of wind and rain scattered the boats, and drove them a considerable distance down the river. They were collected with difficulty. It was now too late to effect the passage of the second division before daybreak, and an effort was made to get back the division which had already crossed. It was not done until the morning was far advanced, and the troops in recrossing were exposed to the fire of the American batteries. The hopes of Cornwallis were now at an end. His works were tumbling in ruins about him, under an incessant cannonade; his garrison was reduced in number by sickness and death, and exhausted by constant watching and severe duty. Unwilling to expose the residue of the brave troops which had stood by him so faithfully, to the dangers and horrors of an assault, which could not fail to be successful, he ordered a parley to be beaten about ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th of October and despatched a flag with a letter to Washington proposing a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and that two officers might be appointed by each side to meet and settle terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester. Washington felt unwilling to grant such delay, when reinforcements might be on the way for Cornwallis from New York. In reply, therefore, he requested that, previous to the meeting of commissioners, his lordship's proposals might be sent in writing to the American lines, for which purpose a suspension of hostilities during two hours from the delivery of the letter, would be granted. This was complied with; but as the proposals offered by Cornwallis were not all admissible, Washington drew up a schedule of such terms as he would grant, and transmitted it to his lordship. The armistice was prolonged. Commissioners met, the Viscount de Noailles and Lieut.-Col. Laurens on the part
of the allies; Col. Dundas and Major Ross on the part of the British. After much discussion, a rough draft was made of the terms of capitulation to be submitted to the British general. These Washington caused to be promptly transcribed, and sent to Lord Cornwallis early in the morning of the 19th, with a note expressing his expectation that they would be signed by eleven o'clock, and that the garrison would be ready to march out by two o'clock in the afternoon. Cornwallis was fain to comply, and, accordingly, on the same day, the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester were surrendered to Gen. Washington as commander-in-chief of the combined army; and the ships of war, transports and other vessels, to the Count de Grasse, as commander of the French fleet. The garrison of Yorktown and Gloucester, including the officers of the navy and seamen of every denomination, were to surrender as prisoners of war to the combined army; the land force to remain prisoners to the United States, the seamen to the King of France. The garrison was to be allowed the same honors granted to the garrison of Charleston when it surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton. The officers were to retain their side arms; both officers and soldiers their private property, and no part of their baggage or papers was to be subject to search or inspection. The soldiers were to be supplied with the same rations of provisions as the American soldiers. The officers were to be permitted to proceed, upon parole, to Europe or to any maritime port on the continent of America in possession of British troops. The Bonetta sloop-of-war was to be at the disposal of Lord Cornwallis; to convey an aide-de-camp with despatches to Sir Henry Clinton, with such soldiers as he might think proper to send to New York, and was to sail without examination. Gen. Lincoln received the submission of the royal army, precisely in the manner in which the submission of his own army had been received on the surrender of Charleston. An eye-witness has given us a graphic description of the ceremony. "At about 12 o'clock the combined army was drawn up in two lines more than a mile in length, the Americans on the right side of the road, the French on the left. Washington, mounted on a noble steed, and attended by his staff, was in front of the former; the Count de Rochambeau and his suit, of the latter. The French troops, in complete uniform, and well equipped, made a brilliant appearance, and had marched to the ground with a band of music playing, which was a novelty in the American service. The American troops, but part in uniform, and all in garments much the worse for wear, yet had a spirited, soldier-like air, and were not the worse in the eyes of their countrymen for bearing the marks of hard service and great privations. The concourse of spectators from the country seemed equal in number to the military, yet silence and order prevailed. About two o'clock the garrison saluted forth, and passed through with shouldered arms, slow and solemn steps, colors cased, and drums beating a British march. They were all well clad, having been furnished with new suits prior to the capitulation. They were led by Gen. O'Hara on horseback, who, riding up to General Washington, took off his hat and
apologized for the non-appearance of Lord Cornwallis, on account of indisposition. Washington received him with dignified courtesy, but pointed to Major-general Lincoln as the officer who was to receive the submission of the garrison. By him they were conducted into a field where they were to ground their arms. In passing through the line formed by the allied army, their march was careless and irregular, and their aspect sullen, the order to "ground arms" was given by their platoon officers with a tone of deep chagrin, and many of the soldiers threw down their muskets with a violence sufficient to break them. This ceremony over, they were conducted back to Yorktown, to remain under guard until removed to their places of destination." The number of prisoners made by the capitulation (says Holmes's Annals) amounted to 7,073, of whom 5,950 were rank and file; six commissioned, and twenty-eight non-commissioned officers, and privates, had previously been captured in the two redoubts, or in the sortie of the garrison. The loss sustained by the garrison during the siege, in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to 552. That of the combined army in killed was about 300. The combined army to which Cornwallis surrendered, was estimated at 16,000, of whom 7,000 were French, 5,500 Continentals, and 3,500 militia.

On the following morning, Washington in general orders congratulated the allied armies on the recent victory, awarding high praise to the officers and troops both French and American, for their conduct during the siege, and specifying by name several of the generals and other officers who had especially distinguished themselves. All those of his army who were under arrest, were pardoned and set at liberty. "Divine service," it was added, "is to be performed to-morrow in the several brigades and divisions. The commander-in-chief earnestly recommends that the troops, not on duty, should universally attend, with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence demand of us." Cornwallis felt deeply the humiliation of this close to all his wide and wild campaigning, and was made the more sensitive on the subject by circumstances of which he soon became apprised. On the very day that he had been compelled to lay down his arms before Yorktown, the lingering armament intended for his relief sailed from New York. It consisted of twenty-five ships of the line, two fifty-gun ships, and eight frigates, with Sir Henry Clinton and seven thousand of his best troops. Sir Henry arrived off the Capes of Virginia on the 24th. He hovered off the mouth of the Chesapeake until the 29th, when, having fully ascertained that he had come too late, he turned his tardy prows toward New York.

In the meantime, the rejoicings which Washington had commenced with appropriate solemnities in the victorious camp, had spread throughout the Union. "Cornwallis is taken!" was the universal acclaim. It was considered a death-blow to the war. Congress gave way to transports of joy. Thanks were voted to the commander-in-chief, to the Counts De Rochambeau and De Grasse, to the officers of the allied armies generally, and to the
corps of artillery and engineers especially. Two stands of colors, trophies of the capitulation, were voted to Washington, two pieces of field ordnance to De Rochambeau and De Grasse; and it was decreed that a marble column, commemorative of the alliance between France and the United States, and of the victory achieved by their associated arms, should be erected in Yorktown. Finally, Congress issued a proclamation, appointing a day for general thanksgiving and prayer, in acknowledgment of this signal interposition of Divine Providence. Far different was the feeling of the British ministry when news of the event reached the other side of the Atlantic. Lord George Germain was the first to announce it to Lord North at his office in Downing street. "And how did he take it?" was the inquiry. "As he would have taken a ball in the breast," replied Lord George, "for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly as he paced up and down the apartment, 'Oh God! it is all over!'"

Washington would have followed up the reduction of Yorktown by a combined operation against Charleston, and addressed a letter to the Count de Grasse on the subject, but the count alleged in reply that the orders of his court, ulterior projects, and his engagements with the Spaniards, rendered it impossible to remain the necessary time for the operation. The prosecution of the Southern war, therefore, upon the broad scale which Washington had contemplated, had to be relinquished; and he detached two thousand Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia Continental troops, under Gen. St. Clair, for the support of Gen. Greene, trusting that, with this aid, he would be able to command the interior of South Carolina, and confine the enemy to the town of Charleston. A dissolution of the combined forces now took place. The Marquis St. Simon embarked his troops on the last of October, and the Count de Grasse made sail on the 4th of November, taking with him two beautiful horses which Washington had presented to him in token of cordial regard. The British prisoners were marched to Winchester in Virginia, and Frederickstown in Maryland, and Lord Cornwallis and his principal officers sailed for New York on parole.

The main part of the American army embarked for the Head of Elk, and returned northward under the command of Gen. Lincoln, to be cantoned for the winter in the Jerseys and on the Hudson. The French army were to remain for the winter, in Virginia, and the Count de Rochambeau established his headquarters at Williamsburg. Washington left Yorktown on the 5th of November, and arrived the same day at Eltham, the seat of his friend Col. Bassett. He arrived just in time to receive the last breath of John Parke Custis, the son of Mrs. Washington, as he had, several years previously, rendered tender and pious offices at the deathbed of his sister, Miss Custis. The deceased had been an object of Washington's care from childhood, and been cherished by him with paternal affection. Formed under his guidance and instructions, he had been fitted to take a part in the public concerns of his country, and had acquitted himself with credit as a member of the Virginia Legislature. He was but twenty-eight years old at
the time of his death, and left a widow and four young children. It was an unexpected event, and the dying scene was rendered peculiarly affecting from the presence of the mother and wife of the deceased. Washington remained several days at Eltham to comfort them in their afflictions. As a consolation to Mrs. Washington in her bereavement, he adopted the two youngest children of the deceased, a boy and girl, who thenceforth formed a part of his immediate family. From Eltham he proceeded to Mount Vernon; but public cares gave him little leisure to attend to his private concerns. We have seen how repeatedly his steady mind had been exercised in the darkest times of the revolutionary struggle, in buoying up the public heart when sinking into despondency. He had now an opposite task to perform, to guard against an overweening confidence inspired by the recent triumph. In a letter to Gen. Greene, he writes: "I shall remain but a few days here, and shall proceed to Philadelphia, when I shall attempt to stimulate Congress to the best improvement of our late success, by taking the most vigorous and effectual measures to be ready for an early and decisive campaign the next year." In a letter to Lafayette, who, having obtained from Congress an indefinite leave of absence, was about to sail, he says: "I owe it to your friendship and to my affectionate regard for you, my dear marquis, not to let you leave this country, without carrying with you fresh marks of my attachment to you, and new expressions of the high sense I entertain of your military conduct, and other important services in the course of the last campaign." In reply to inquiries which the marquis had made respecting the operations of the coming year, he declares that everything must depend absolutely for success upon the naval force to be employed in these seas and the time of its appearance. "A doubt did not exist, nor does it at this moment, in any man's mind, of the total extirpation of the British force in the Carolinas and Georgia, if the Count de Grasse could have extended his coöperation two months longer." Towards the end of November, Washington was in Philadelphia, where Congress received him with distinguished honors.

He again established his headquarters at Newburg on the Hudson. The solicitude felt by him on account of the universal relaxation of the sinews of war, was not allayed by reports of pacific speeches, and motions made in the British parliament, which might be delusive. "No nation," said he, "ever yet suffered in treaty by preparing, even in the moment of negotiation, most vigorously for the field."

Sir Guy Carleton arrived in New York early in May to take the place of Sir Henry Clinton, who had solicited his recall. In a letter dated May 7th, Sir Guy informed Washington of his being joined with Admiral Digby in the commission of peace; he transmitted at the same time printed copies of the proceedings in the House of Commons on the 4th of March respecting an address to the king in favor of peace; and of a bill reported in consequence thereof, authorizing the king to conclude a peace or truce with the revolted provinces of North America.
Great discontents prevailed at this time in the army, both among officers and men. There was scarce money sufficient to feed the troops from day to day; indeed, there were days when they were absolutely in want of provisions. The pay of the officers, too, was greatly in arrear; many of them doubted whether they would ever receive the half-pay decreed to them by Congress for a term of years after the conclusion of the war, and fears began to be expressed that, in the event of peace, they would all be disbanded with their claims unliquidated, and themselves cast upon the community penniless, and unfitted, by long military habits, for the gainful pursuits of peace. At this juncture, Washington received an extraordinary letter from Col. Lewis Nicola, a veteran officer, once commandant of Fort Mifflin, who had been in habits of intimacy with him, and had warmly interceded in behalf of the suffering army. In this letter he attributed all the ills experienced and anticipated by the army and the public at large, to a republican form of government, and advised a mixed government like that of England. "In that case," he adds, "it will, I believe, be uncontroverted, that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power, to victory and glory; those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace." Washington saw at once that Nicola was but the organ of a military faction, disposed to make the army the basis of an energetic government, and to place him at the head. The suggestion, backed by the opportunity, might have tempted a man of meaner ambition: from him it drew the following indignant letter: "If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, 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."

On the 2d of August, Sir Guy Carleton and Admiral Digby wrote a joint letter to Washington, informing him that negotiations for a general peace had already been commenced at Paris, and that the independence of the United States would be proposed in the first instance by the British commissioner, instead of being made a condition of a general treaty. Even yet, Washington was wary. "From the former infatuation, duplicity, and perverse system of British policy," said he, "I confess I am induced to doubt everything; to suspect everything." No offers had been made on the part of Great Britain, for a general cessation of hostilities, and, although the British commanders were in a manner tied down by the resolves of the House of Commons, to a defensive war only in the United States, they might be at liberty to transport part of their force to the West Indies, to act against the French possessions in that quarter. He wrote to the Count de Rochambeau advising him, for the good of the common cause, to march his troops to the banks of the Hudson, and form a junction with the American
army. The junction took place about the middle of September. The French army crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry to Verplanck's Point, where the American forces were paraded under arms to welcome them. The clothing and arms recently received from France or captured at Yorktown, enabled them to make an unusually respectable appearance. The French army encamped on the left of the American, near the Crompond, about ten miles from Verplanck's Point. The greatest good will continued to prevail between the allied forces, though the Americans had but little means of showing hospitality to their gay Gallic friends.

Washington established his headquarters at Newburgh. In the leisure and idleness of a winter camp, the discontents of the army had time to ferment. The arrearages of pay became a topic of constant and angry comment, as well as the question whether the resolution of Congress, granting half pay to officers who should serve to the end of the war, would be carried into effect. The national treasury was empty; the States were slow to tax themselves; the resource of foreign loans was nearly exhausted. The articles of confederation required the concurrence of nine States to any act appropriating money. There had never been nine States in favor of the half pay establishment; was it probable that as many would concur in the payment of claims known to be unpopular, and the support of men, who, the necessity for their services being at an end, might be regarded as drones in the community? A memorial to Congress in December, from the officers in camp, on behalf of the army, represented the hardships of the case, and proposed that a specific sum should be granted them for the money actually due, and as a commutation for half pay. The memorial gave rise to animated and long discussions in Congress. Some members were for admitting the claims as founded on engagements entered into by the nation; others were for referring them to the respective States of the claimants. On the 10th of March, 1783, an anonymous paper was circulated through the camp, calling a meeting at eleven o'clock the next day, of the general and field-officers, of an officer from each company, and a delegate from the medical staff, to consider a letter just received from their representatives in Philadelphia, and what measures, if any, should be adopted to obtain that redress of grievances which they seemed to have solicited in vain. On the following morning an anonymous address (written, as he subsequently avowed, by Gen. John Armstrong), to the the officers of the army was privately put into circulation. It professed to be from a fellow-soldier, who had shared in their toils and mingled in their dangers, and who till very lately had believed in the justice of his country. "After a pursuit of seven long years," observed he, "the object for which we set out is at length brought within our reach. Your suffering courage has conducted the United States of America through a doubtful and bloody war; it has placed her in the chair of independence, and peace returns to bless—whom? a country willing to redress your wrongs, cherish your worth, and reward your services? a country courting your return to private life, with
tears of gratitude and smiles of admiration? Or is it rather a
country that tramples upon your rights, disdains your cries, and
insults your distress? Have you not more than once suggested
your wishes, and made known your wants to Congress—wants and
wishes which gratitude and policy should have anticipated, rather
than evaded? How have you been answered? Let the letter,
which you are called to consider to-morrow, make reply. If you
have sense enough to discover, and spirits sufficient to oppose
tyrranny, under whatever garb it may assume, whether it be the
plain coat of republicanism, or the splendid robe of royalty; if
you have yet learned to discriminate between a people and cause,
between men and principles; awake, attend to your situation, and
redress yourselves! If the present moment be lost, every future
effort is in vain; and your threats then will be as empty as your
entreaties now."

This dangerous appeal called for the full exercise of Washing-
ton's characteristic firmness, caution and discrimination. With a
view to counteract its effects, he requested a like meeting of officers
on the 15th instant, to hear the report of the committee deputed to
Congress. "After mature deliberation," added he, "they will
devise what further measures ought to be adopted as most
rational and best calculated to obtain the just and important object
in view." On Saturday, the 15th of March, the meeting took
place. Washington had previously sent for the officers, one by
one, in private, and enlarged on the loss of character to the whole
army, that would result from intemperate resolutions. Gen. Gates
was called to the chair. Washington rose and apologized for
appearing there, which he had not intended to do when he issued
the order directing the assemblage. The diligence, however, which
had been used in circulating anonymous writings, rendered it neces-
sary he should give his sentiments to the army. "If my conduct
heretofore," said he, "has not evinced to you, that I have been a
faithful friend to the army, my declaration of it at this time would
be equally unavailing and improper. But as I was among the
first who embarked in the cause of our common country; as I have
never left your side one moment, but when called from you on
public duty; as I have been the constant companion and witness
of your distresses, and not among the last to feel and acknowledge
your merits; as I have ever considered my own military reputation
as inseparably connected with that of the army; as my heart has
ever expanded with joy when I have heard its praises, and my
indignation has arisen when the mouth of detraction has been
opened against it; it can scarcely be supposed at this last stage of
the war that I am indifferent to its interests. For myself, a recol-
clection of the cheerful assistance and prompt obedience I have
experienced from you under every vicissitude of fortune, and the
sincere affection I feel for an army I have so long had the honor
to command, will oblige me to declare in this public and solemn
manner, that for the attainment of complete justice for all your
toils and dangers, and the gratification of every wish, so far as
may be done consistently with the great duty I owe my country and
those powers we are bound to respect, you may fully command my
services to the utmost extent of my abilities. While I give you these
assurances, let me entreat you, gentlemen, not to take any meas-
ures which, viewed in the calm light of reason, will lessen the dig-
nity and sully the glory you have hitherto maintained;—let me
request you to rely on the plighted faith of your country, and place
a full confidence in the purity of the intentions of Congress; that,
previous to your dissolution as an army, they will cause all your
accounts to be fairly liquidated, as directed in the resolutions
which were published to you two days ago; and that they will adopt
the most effectual measures in their power to render ample justice
to you for your faithful and meritorious services. And let me con-
jure you, in the name of our common country, as you value your
own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, and as
you regard the military and national character of America, to
express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes,
under specious pretences, to overturn the liberties of our country;
and who wickedly attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord,
and deluge our rising empire in blood. Give one more distinguis-
hed proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue; and you
will, by the dignity of your conduct, afford occasion for pos-
terity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have
exhibited to mankind;—"Had this day been wanting, the world
had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human
nature is capable of attaining." Major Shaw, who was present,
and from whose memoir we note this scene, relates that Washin-
ton, after concluding the address, read the first paragraph of a let-
ter from the Hon. Joseph Jones, a member of Congress, made a
short pause, took out his spectacles, and begged the indulgence of
his audience while he put them on, observing at the same time
that he had grown gray in their service, and now found himself
growing blind. "There was something," adds Shaw, "so nat-
ural, so unaffected, in this appeal, as rendered it superior to the
most studied oratory; it forced its way to the heart, and you might
see sensibility moisten every eye. Happy for America, that she
has a patriot army, and equally so that Washington is its leader.
I rejoice in the opportunity I have had of seeing this great man in
a variety of situations;—calm and intrepid when the battle raged;
patient and persevering under the pressure of misfortune, moder-
ate and possessing himself in the full career of victory. Great as
these qualifications deservedly render him, he never appeared to
me more truly so than at the assembly we have been speaking of.
On other occasions he has been supported by the exertions of an
army and the countenance of his friends; but on this he stood single
and alone. There was no saying where the passions of an army
which were not a little inflamed, might lead; but it was generally
allowed that further forbearance was dangerous, and moderation
had ceased to be a virtue. Under these circumstances he appeared,
not at the head of his troops, but, as it were, in opposition to them;
and for a dreadful moment the interests of the army and its gen-
eral seemed to be in competition! He spoke,—every doubt was
dispelled, and the tide of patriotism rolled again in its wonted course. Illustrious man! What he says of the army may with equal justice be applied to his own character:—'HAD THIS DAY BEEN WANTING, THE WORLD HAD NEVER SEEN THE LAST STAGE OF PERFECTION TO WHICH HUMAN NATURE IS CAPABLE OF ATTAINING.'"

The moment Washington retired from the assemblage, a resolution was moved by the warm-hearted Knox, seconded by Gen. Putnam, and passed unanimously, assuring him that the officers reciprocated his affectionate expressions with the greatest sincerity of which the human heart is capable. Then followed resolutions, declaring that no circumstances of distress or danger should induce a conduct calculated to sully the reputation and glory acquired at the price of their blood and eight years' faithful services; that they continued to have an unshaken confidence in the justice of Congress and their country; and that the commander-in-chief should be requested to write to the President of Congress, earnestly entreating a speedy decision on the late address forwarded by a committee of the army. A letter was accordingly written by Washington, breathing that generous, yet well-tempered spirit, with which he ever pleaded the cause of the army. "The result of the proceedings of the grand convention of officers," said he, "which I have the honor of enclosing to your Excellency for the inspection of Congress, will, I flatter myself, be considered as the last glorious proof of patriotism which could have been given by men who aspired to the distinction of a patriot army, and will not only confirm their claim to the justice, but will increase their title to the gratitude, of their country. A country, rescued by their arms from impending ruin, will never leave unpaid the debt of gratitude." The subject was again taken up in Congress, nine States concurred in a resolution commuting the half pay into a sum equal to five years' whole pay; and the whole matter, at one moment so fraught with danger to the republic, through the temperate wisdom of Washington, was happily adjusted.

At length arrived the wished-for news of peace. A general treaty had been signed at Paris on the 20th of January. An armed vessel, the Triumph, belonging to the Count d'Estaing's squadron, arrived at Philadelphia from Cadiz, on the 23d of March, bringing a letter from the Marquis de Lafayette, to the President of Congress, communicating the intelligence. In a few days Sir Guy Carleton informed Washington by letter, that he was ordered to proclaim a cessation of hostilities by sea and land. A similar proclamation issued by Congress, was received by Washington on the 17th of April. The troops expected that a speedy discharge must be the consequence of the proclamation. Most of them could not distinguish between a proclamation of a cessation of hostilities and a definitive declaration of peace, and might consider any further claim on their military services an act of injustice. It was becoming difficult to enforce the discipline necessary to the coherence of an army. Washington earnestly entreated a prompt determination on the part of Congress, as to what was to be the period of the
services of these men, and how he was to act respecting their discharge. 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, 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 had of their suffering virtues and services. 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." He notified in general orders, that the cessation of hostilities should 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, adds he, "the chaplains with the several brigades 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." Having noticed that this auspicious day, the 19th of April, completed the eighth year of the war, and was the anniversary of the eventful conflict at Lexington, he went on in general orders, to impress upon the army a proper idea of the dignified part they were called upon to act. "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 theatre with the same approbation of angels and men which has crowned all their former virtuous actions."

The letter which he had written to the president produced a resolution in Congress, that the service of the men engaged in the war did not expire until the ratification of the definitive articles of peace; but that the commander-in-chief might grant furloughs to such as he thought proper, and that they should be allowed to take their arms with them. Washington availed himself freely of this permission: furloughs were granted without stint; the men set out singly or in small parties for their rustic homes, and the danger and inconvenience were avoided of disbanding large masses at a time, of unpaid soldiery. Now and then were to be seen three or four in a group, bound probably to the same neighborhood, beguiling the way with camp jokes and camp stories. The war-worn soldier was always kindly received at the farm-house along the road, where he might shoulder his gun and fight over his battles. The
men thus dismissed on furlough were never called upon to rejoin the army. Once at home, they sank into domestic life; their weapons were hung up over their fire-places; military trophies of the Revolution to be prized by future generations.

Sir Guy Carleton was making preparations for the evacuation of the City of New York. As early as the 27th of April a fleet had sailed for different parts of Nova Scotia, carrying off about seven thousand persons, with all their effects. A great part of these were troops, but many were royalists and refugees, exiled by the laws of the United States. They looked forward with a dreary eye to their voyage, "bound," as one of them said, "to a country where there were nine months of winter every year." On the 6th of May a personal conference took place between Washington and Sir Guy at Orangetown, about the transfer of posts in the United States, held by the British troops, and the delivery of all property stipulated by the treaty to be given up to the Americans. On the 8th of May, Egbert Benson, William S. Smith, and Daniel Parker, were commissioned by Congress to inspect and superintend at New York the embarkation of persons and property, in fulfillment of the seventh article of the provisional treaty. Eight years of dangers and hardships, shared in common and nobly sustained, by the officers in the patriot camp, had welded their hearts together, and made it hard to rend them asunder. Prompted by such feelings, Gen. Knox, ever noted for generous impulses, suggested, as a mode of perpetuating the friendships thus formed, and keeping alive the brotherhood of the camp, the formation of a society composed of the officers of the army. Meetings were held, at which the Baron Steuben, as senior officer, presided. A plan was drafted by a committee composed of Gens. Knox, Hand, and Huntingdon, and Captain Shaw; and the society was organized at a meeting held on the 13th of May, at the Baron's quarters in the old Verplanck House, near Fishkill. In memory of the illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus, who retired from war to the peaceful duties of the citizen, it was to be called "The Society of the Cincinnati." The objects proposed by it were to preserve inviolate the rights and liberties for which they had contended; to promote and cherish national honor and union between the States; to maintain brotherly kindness towards each other, and extend relief to such officers and their families as might stand in need of it. In order to obtain funds for the purpose, each officer was to contribute one month's pay, the interest only to be appropriated to the relief of the unfortunate. The society was to have an insignia called "The Order of the Cincinnati." It was to be a golden American eagle, bearing on its breast emblematical devices; this was to be suspended by a deep-blue ribbon two inches wide, edged with white; significative of the union of America with France. Washington was chosen unanimously to officiate as president of it, until the first general meeting, to be held in Philadelphia, May 1st, 1784. He continued to preside over it until his death, and it became a rallying place for old comrades in arms.

On the 8th of June, Washington addressed a letter to the gov-
ernors of the several States on the subject of the dissolution of the army. The opinion of it breathes that aspiration after the serene quiet of private life, which had been his dream of happiness throughout the storms and trials of his anxious career, but the full fruition of which he was never to realize. "The great object," said he, "for which I had the honor to hold an appointment in the service of my country being accomplished, I am now preparing to return to that domestic retirement which, it is well known, I left with the greatest reluctance; a retirement for which I have never ceased to sigh, through a long and painful absence, and in which (remote from the noise and trouble of the world) I meditate to pass the remainder of life in a state of undisturbed repose." His letter then descried the enviable condition of the citizens of America. "Sole lords and proprietors of a vast tract of continent, comprehending all the various soils and climates of the world, and abounding with all the necessaries and conveniences of life; and acknowledged possessors of absolute freedom and independence." "This is the time," said he, "of their political probation; this is the moment when the eyes of the whole world are turned upon them; this is the moment to establish or ruin their national character forever. This is the favorable moment to give such a tone to the federal government, as will enable it to answer the ends of its institution; or this may be the moment for relaxing the powers of the Union, annihilating the cement of the confederation, and exposing us to become the sport of European politics, which may play one State against another to prevent their growing importance, and to serve their own interested purposes." He then proceeded ably and eloquently to discuss what he considered the four things essential to the well-being, and even the existence of the United States as an independent power. First. An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head, and a perfect acquiescence of the several States, in the full exercise of the prerogative vested in such a head by the constitution. Second. A sacred regard to public justice in discharging debts and fulfilling contracts made by Congress, for the purpose of carrying on the war. Third. The adoption of a proper peace establishment in which care should be taken to place the militia throughout the Union on a regular, uniform and efficient footing. "The militia of this country," said he, "must be considered as the palladium of our security, and the first effectual resort in case of hostility. It is essential, therefore, that the same system should pervade the whole." Fourth. A disposition among the people of the United States to forget local prejudices and policies; to make mutual concessions, and to sacrifice individual advantages to the interests of the community. These four things Washington pronounced the pillars on which the glorious character must be supported. "Liberty is the basis; and whoever would dare to sap the foundation, or overturn the structure, under whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, will merit the bitterest execration and the severest punishment which can be inflicted by his injured country." We forbear to go
into the ample and admirable reasoning with which he expatiates on these heads, and above all, enforces the sacred inviolability of the Union; they have become familiar with every American mind, and ought to govern every American heart. We cannot omit the affecting close of this letter:—"I have thus freely declared what I wished to make known, before I surrendered up my public trust to those who committed it to me. The task is now accomplished. I now bid adieu to your Excellency, as the chief magistrate of your State, at the same time I bid a last farewell to the cares of office and all the employments of public life. It remains, then, to be my final and only request, that your Excellency will communicate these sentiments to your legislature at their next meeting, and that they may be considered the legacy of one who has ardently wished, on all occasions, to be useful to his country, and who, even in the shade of retirement, will not fail to implore the divine benediction on it. I now make it my earnest prayer, that God would have you, and the State over which you preside, in his holy protection; that he would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government, to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for brethren who have served in the field; and finally, that He would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which are the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without whose example in those things we can never hope to be a happy nation." Washington resolved to while away part of the time that must intervene before the arrival of the definitive treaty, by making a tour to the northern and western parts of the State, and visiting the places which had been the theatre of important military transactions, and to facilitate as far as in his power the operations which would be necessary for occupying, as soon as evacuated by British troops, the posts ceded by the treaty of peace. Gov. Clinton accompanied him on the expedition. They set out by water from Newburg, ascended the Hudson to Albany, visited Saratoga and the scene of Burgoyne's surrender, embarked on Lake George, where light boats had been provided for them, traversed that beautiful lake so full of historic interest, proceeded to Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and after reconnoitring those eventful posts, returned to Schenectady, whence they proceeded up the valley of the Mohawk River, "to have a view," writes Washington, "of that tract of country which is so much celebrated for the fertility of its soil and the beauty of its situation." Having reached Fort Schuyler, formerly Fort Stanwix, they crossed over to Wood Creek, which empties into Oneida Lake, and affords the water communication with Ontario. They then traversed the country to the head of the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, and viewed Lake Otsego and the portage between that lake and the Mohawk River. Washington returned to headquarters at Newburg on the 5th of August, after a tour of at least seven hundred and fifty
miles, performed in nineteen days, and for the most part on horseback. In a letter to the Chevalier de Chastellux, written two or three months afterwards, and giving a sketch of his tour through what was, as yet, an unstudied wilderness, he writes: "Prompted by these actual observations, I could not help taking a more extensive view of the vast inland navigation of these United States from maps and the information of others; and could not but be struck with the immense extent and importance of it, and with the goodness of that Providence which has dealt its favors to us with so profuse a hand; would to God, we may have wisdom enough to improve them. I shall not rest contented till I have explored the western country, and traversed those lines, or a great part of them, which have given bounds to a new empire." The vast advantages of internal communication between the Hudson and the great lakes, which dawmed upon Washington's mind in the course of his tour, have since been realized in that grand artery of national wealth, the Erie Canal.

By a proclamation of Congress, dated 18th of October, all officers and soldiers absent on furlough were discharged from further service; and all others who had engaged to serve during the war, were to be discharged from and after the 3d of November. A small force only, composed of those who had enlisted for a definite time, were to be retained in service until the peace establishment should be organized. In general orders of November 2d, Washington, after advertizing to this proclamation, adds: "It only remains for the commander-in-chief to address himself once more, and that for the last time, to the armies of the United States, however widely dispersed the individuals who compose them may be, and to bid them an affectionate and a long farewell." He then goes on to make them one of those paternal address which so eminently characterize his relationship with his army, so different from that of any other commander. He takes a brief view of the glorious struggle from which they had just emerged; the unpromising circumstances under which they had undertaken it, and the signal interposition of Providence in behalf of their feeble condition; the unparalleled perseverance of the American armies for eight long years, through almost every possible suffering and discouragement; a perseverance which he justly pronounces to be little short of a standing miracle. Adverting then to the enlarged prospects of happiness opened by the confirmation of national independence and sovereignty, and the ample and profitable employments held out in a Republic so happily circumstanced, he exhorts them to maintain the strongest attachment to the Union, and to carry with them into civil society the most conciliatory dispositions; proving themselves not less virtuous and useful as citizens, than they had been victorious as soldiers; feeling assured that the private virtues of economy, prudence, and industry would not be less amiable in civil life, than the more splendid qualities of valor, perseverance, and enterprise were in the field. "To the various branches of the army the General takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his invariable attachment and friendship. He wishes more
than bare professions were in his power; that he was really able to be useful to them all in future life. He can only offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country, and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done then here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the Divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others. With these wishes, and this benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed forever."

There was a straightforward simplicity in Washington's addresses to his army; they were so void of timid phrases or rhetorical embellishments; the counsels given in them were so sound and practicable; the feelings expressed in them so kind and benevolent; and so perfectly in accordance with his character and conduct, that they always had an irresistible effect on the rudest and roughest hearts. A person who was present at the breaking up of the army, and whom we have had frequent occasion to cite, observes, on the conduct of the troops, "The advice of their beloved commander-in-chief, and the resolves of Congress to pay and compensate them in such manner as the ability of the United States would permit, operated to keep them quiet and prevent tumult, but no description would be adequate to the painful circumstances of the parting scene."

Sir Guy Carleton had given notice to Washington of the time he supposed the different posts would be vacated, that the Americans might be prepared to take possession of them. On the 21st the British troops were drawn in from the oft-disputed post of King's Bridge and from M'Gowan's Pass, also from the various posts on the eastern part of Long Island. Paulus Hook was relinquished on the following day, and the afternoon of the 25th of November was appointed by Sir Guy for the evacuation of the city and the opposite village of Brooklyn. Washington, in the meantime, had taken his station at Harlem, accompanied by Gov. Clinton, who, in virtue of his office, was to take charge of the city. On the morning of the 25th the American troops, composed of dragoons, light infantry and artillery, moved from Harlem to the Bowery at the upper part of the city. There they remained until the troops in that quarter were withdrawn, when they marched into the city and took possession, the British embarking from the lower parts. A formal entry then took place of the military and civil authorities. General Washington and Gov. Clinton, with their suites, on horseback, led the procession, escorted by a troop of Westchester cavalry. Then came the lieutenant-governor and members of the council, Gen. Knox and the officers of the army, the speaker of the Assembly, and a large number of citizens on horseback and on foot. An American lady, who was at that time very young, and had resided during the latter part of the war in the city, has given us an account of the striking contrast between the American and British troops. "We had been accustomed for a long time," said she, "to military display in all the finish and finery of garrison
life; the troops just leaving us were as if equipped for show, and with their scarlet uniforms and burnished arms, made a brilliant display; the troops that marched in, on the contrary, were ill-clad and weather-beaten, and made a forlorn appearance; but then they were our troops, and as I looked at them, and thought upon all they had done and suffered for us, my heart and my eyes were full, and I admired and gloried in them the more, because they were weather-beaten and forlorn." The city was now a scene of public festivity and rejoicing. The governor gave banquets to the French ambassador, the commander-in-chief, the military and civil officers, and a large number of the most eminent citizens, and at night the public were entertained by splendid fireworks. In the course of 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 Fraunces' 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 devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand." Gen. Knox, who was the nearest, was the first to advance. Washington, affected even to tears, grasped 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 find no 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 waived a silent adieu.

On his way to Annapolis, Washington stopped for a few days at Philadelphia, where with his usual exactness in matters of business, he adjusted with the Comptroller of the Treasury his accounts from the commencement of the war down to the 13th of the actual month of December. These were all in his own handwriting, and kept in the cleanest and most accurate manner, each entry being accompanied by a statement of the occasion and object of the charge. The gross amount was about fourteen thousand five hundred pounds sterling; in which were included moneys expended for secret intelligence and service, and in various incidental charges. All this, it must be noted, was an account of money actually expended in the progress of the war; not for arrearage of pay; for it will be recollected Washington accepted no pay. In-
deed, on the final adjustment of his accounts, he found himself a considerable loser, having frequently, in a hurry of business, neglected to credit himself with sums drawn from his private purse in moments of exigency. The schedule of his public account furnishes not the least among the many noble and impressive lessons taught by his character and example. It stands a touchstone of honesty in office, and a lasting rebuke on the lavish expenditure of the public money, too often heedlessly, if not wilfully, indulged by military commanders.

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 with addresses 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 outbreaking of a fame, that was to go on widening and deepening from generation to generation, and extending over the whole civilized world. At twelve o'clock on the 23d of December, 1783, the gallery, and a great part of the floor of the Hall of Congress, were filled with ladies, with public functionaries of the State, and with general officers. The members of Congress were seated and covered, as representatives of the sovereignty of the Union. The gentlemen present as spectators were standing and uncovered. Washington entered, conducted by the secretary of Congress, and took his seat in a chair appointed for him. After a brief pause the president (Gen. Mifflin) informed him, that "the United States in Congress assembled, were prepared to receive his communication." Washington then rose, and in a dignified and impressive manner, delivered a short address. "The great events," said he, "on which my resignation depended, 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. I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last solemn 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." Having delivered his commission into the hands of the president, the latter, in reply to his address, bore testimony to the patriotism with which he had answered to the call of his country, and defended its invaded rights before it had formed alliances, and while it was without funds or a government to support him; to the wisdom and fortitude with which he had conducted the great military contest, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power, through all disasters and changes. "You retire," added he, "from the theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; but the glory of your virtues will not ter-
minute with your military command: it will continue to animate remotest ages." The very next morning Washington left Annapolis, and hastened to his beloved Mount Vernon, where he arrived the same day, on Christmas-eve, in a frame of mind suited to enjoy the sacred and genial festival. "The scene is at last closed," said he in a letter to Gov. Clinton; "I feel myself eased of a load of public care. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men, and in the practice of the domestic virtues."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SOLDIER'S REPOSE.

For some time after his return to Mount Vernon, Washington was in a manner locked up by the ice and snow of an uncommonly rigorous winter, so that social intercourse was interrupted, and he could not even pay a visit of duty and affection to his aged mother at Fredericksburg. But it was enough for him at present that he was at length at home at Mount Vernon. Yet the habitues of the camp still haunted him; he could hardly realize that he was free from military duties; on waking in the morning he almost expected to hear the drum going its stirring rounds and beating the reveille. "I feel now," wrote he to Gen. Howe, "as I conceive a weary traveller must do, who, after treading many a weary step, with a heavy burthen on his shoulders, is eased of the latter, and from his house-top is looking back, and tracing, with an eager eye, the meanders by which he escaped the quicksands and mires which lay in his way; and into which none but the all-powerful Guide and Dispenser of human events could have prevented his falling." And in a letter to Lafayette he writes: "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." And subsequently, in a letter to the Marchioness de Lafayette: "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.

During the winter storms, he anticipates the time when the return of the sun will enable him to welcome his friends and companions in arms to partake of his hospitality; and lays down his unpretending plan of receiving the curious visitors who are likely to throng in upon him. "My manner of living," writes he to a friend, "is plain, and I do not mean to be put out of it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready; and such as will be content to partake of them, are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed." Some degree of economy was necessary, for his financial concerns had suffered, and the products of his estate had fallen off, during his long absence. His old friend, Dr. Craik, made application to Washington in behalf of a person who purposed to write his memoirs. He replied, that any memoir of his life distinct and unconnected with the general history of the war, would rather hurt his feelings than flatter his pride, while he could not furnish the papers and information connected with it without subjecting himself to the imputation of vanity, adding: "I had rather leave it to posterity to think and say what they please of me, than, by any act of mine, to have vanity or ostentation imputed to me." As spring advanced, Mount Vernon began to attract numerous visitors. They were received in the frank, unpretending style Washington had determined upon. It was truly edifying to behold how easily and contentedly he subsided from the authoritative commander-in-chief of armies, into the quiet country gentleman. There was nothing awkward or violent in the transition. He seemed to be in his natural element. Mrs. Washington, too, who had presided with quiet dignity at headquarters, and cheered the wintry gloom of Valley Forge with her presence, presided with equal amenity and grace at the simple board of Mount Vernon. She had a cheerful good sense that always made her an agreeable companion, and was an excellent manager. She has been remarked for an inveterate habit of knitting. It had been acquired, or at least fostered, in the winter encampments of the Revolution, where she used to set an example to her lady visitors, by diligently plying her needles knitting stockings for the poor destitute soldier.

Washington had never virtually ceased to be the agriculturist. Throughout all his campaign he had kept himself informed of the course of rural affairs at Mount Vernon. By means of maps on which every field was laid down and numbered, he was enabled to give directions for their several cultivation, and receive accounts of their several crops. No hurry of affairs prevented a correspondence with his overseer or agent, and he exacted weekly reports. Thus his rural were interwoven with his military cares; the agriculturist was mingled with the soldier; and those strong sympathies with the honest cultivators of the soil, and that paternal care
of their interest to be noted throughout his military career, may be ascribed, in a great measure, to the sweetening influences of Mount Vernon. Yet as spring returned, and he resumed his rides about the beautiful neighborhood of this haven of his hopes, he must have been mournfully sensible, now and then, of the changes which time and events had effected there. The Fairfaxes, the kind friends of his boyhood, and social companions of his riper years, were no longer at hand to share his pleasures and lighten his cares. There were no more hunting dinners at Belvoir. Old Lord Fairfax, the Nimrod of Greenway Court, Washington's early friend and patron, with whom he had first learned to follow the hounds, had lived on in a green old age at his sylvan retreat in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah; popular with his neighbors and unmolested by the Whigs, although frank and open in his adherence to Great Britain. He had attained his ninety-second year, when tidings of the surrender of Yorktown wounded the national pride of the old cavalier to the quick, and snapped the attenuated thread of his existence.—Washington, in September, made a tour to the west of the Appalachian Mountains, to visit his lands on the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers. Dr. Craik, the companion of his various campaigns, and who had accompanied him in 1770 on a similar tour, was his fellow-traveller. This soldier-like tour, made in hardy military style, with tent, pack-horses, and frugal supplies, took him once more among the scenes of his youthful expeditions when a land surveyor in the employ of Lord Fairfax; a leader of Virginia militia, or an aide-de-camp of the unfortunate Braddock. A veteran now in years, and a general renowned in arms, he soberly permitted his steed to pick his way across the mountains by the old military route, still called Braddock's Road, over which he had spurred in the days of youthful ardor. He proceeded no further west than the Monongahela; ascended that river, and then struck southward through the wild, unsettled regions of the Alleghanies, until he came out into the Shenandoah Valley near Staunton. He returned to Mount Vernon on the 4th of October; having, since the 1st of September, travelled on horseback six hundred and eighty miles, for a great part of the time in wild, mountainous country, where he was obliged to encamp at night. This, like his tour to the northern forts with Gov. Clinton, gave proof of his unfailing vigor and activity. During all this tour he had carefully observed the course and character of the streams flowing from the west into the Ohio, and the distance of their navigable parts from the head navigation of the rivers east of the mountains, with the nearest and best portage between them. For many years he had been convinced of the practicability of an easy and short communication between the Potomac and James Rivers, and the waters of the Ohio, and thence on to the great chain of lakes; and of the vast advantages that would result therefrom to the States of Virginia and Maryland. The industry of the western settlers had hitherto been checked by the want of outlets to their products. "But smooth the road," said he, "and make easy the way for them, and then see what an influx
of articles will pour upon us; how amazingly our exports will be increased by them, and how amply all shall be compensated for any trouble and expense we may encounter to effect it." Such were some of the ideas ably and amply set forth by him in a letter to Benjamin Harrison, Governor of Virginia, who laid the letter before the State legislature. The favor with which it was received induced Washington to repair to Richmond on the 15th of November. On the following morning a committee of five members of the House of Assembly, headed by Patrick Henry, waited on him in behalf of that body, to testify their reverence for his character and affection for his person, and their sense of the proofs given by him since his return to private life, that no change of situation could turn his thoughts from the welfare of his country. The suggestions of Washington in his letter to the governor, and his representations, during this visit to Richmond, gave the first impulse to the great system of internal improvement since pursued throughout the United States. At Richmond he was joined by the Marquis de Lafayette; who had recently arrived from France, had visited Mount Vernon August 17th, and had since accompanied commissioners to Fort Schuyler, and been present at the formation of a treaty with the Indians; after which he had made a tour of the Eastern States, "crowned everywhere," writes Washington, "with wreaths of love and respect." They returned together to Mount Vernon, where Lafayette again passed several days, a cherished inmate of the domestic circle. When his visit was ended, Washington, to defer the parting scene, accompanied him to Annapolis. On returning to Mount Vernon, he wrote a farewell letter to the marquis: "In the moment of our separation, upon the road as I have travelled, and every hour since, I have felt all that love, respect and attachment for you, with which length of years, close connection, and your merits have inspired me. I often asked myself, as our carriages separated, whether that was the last sight I ever should have of you? And though I wished to answer no, my fears answered yes. I called to mind the days of my youth, and found they had long since fled to return no more; that I was now descending the hill I had been fifty-two years climbing, and that, though I was blessed with a good constitution, I was of a short-lived family, and might soon expect to be entombed in the mansion of my fathers."

Washington's late tours into the interior of the Union had quickened ideas long existing in his mind on the subject of internal navigation. In a letter to Richard Henry Lee, recently chosen President of Congress, he urged it upon his attention; suggesting that the western waters should be explored, their navigable capabilities ascertained, and that a complete map should be made of the country; that in all grants of land by the United States, there should be a reserve made for special sale of all mines, mineral and salt springs; that a medium price should be adopted for the western lands sufficient to prevent monopoly, but not to discourage useful settlers. In the latter part of December he was at Annapolis, at the request of the Assembly of Virginia, to arrange
matters with the Assembly of Maryland respecting the communication between the Potomac and the western waters. Through his indefatigable exertions two companies were formed under the patronage of the governments of these States, for opening the navigation of the Potomac and James Rivers, and he was appointed president of both. By a unanimous vote of the assembly of Virginia, fifty shares in the Potomac, and one hundred in the James River company, were appropriated for his benefit, to the end that, while the great works he had promoted would remain monuments of his glory, they might also be monuments of the gratitude of his country. He declined to receive the proffered shares for his own benefit, and they were ultimately appropriated by him to institutions devoted to public education. Yet, though the love for his country would thus interfere with his love for his home, the dream of rural retirement at Mount Vernon still went on. "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 those 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." At the opening of the year (1785) the entries in his diary show him diligently employed in preparations to improve his groves and shrubbery. On the 10th of January he notes that the white thorn is full in berry. On the 20th he begins to clear the pine groves of undergrowth. In February he transplants ivy under the walls of the garden to which it still clings. In March he is planting hemlock trees, that most beautiful species of American evergreen, numbers of which had been brought hither from Occoquan. In April he is sowing holly berries in drills, some adjoining a green-briar hedge on the north side of the garden gate; others in a semicircle on the lawn. Many of the holly bushes thus produced, are still flourishing about the place in full vigor. He had learnt the policy, not sufficiently adopted in our country, of clothing his ornamented grounds as much as possible with evergreens, which resist the rigors of our winter, and keep up a cheering verdure throughout the year. Of the trees fitted for shade in pasture land he notes the locust, maple, black mulberry, black walnut, black gum, dogwood and sassafras, none of which, he observes, materially injure the grass beneath them. Is then for once a soldier's dream realized? Is he in perfect enjoyment of that seclusion from the world and its distractions, which he had so often pictured to himself amid the hardships and turmoils of the camp? "Alas, no! The "post," that "herald of a noisy world," invades his quiet and loads his table with letters, until correspondence becomes an intolerable burthen. He looks in despair at the daily accumulating mass of unanswered letters. "Many mistakenly think," writes he, "that I am retired to ease, and to that kind of tranquillity which would grow tiresome for want of employment; but at no period of my life, not in the eight years I served the public, have
I have been obliged to write so much myself, as I have done since my retirement. From much of this drudgery of the pen he was subsequently relieved by Mr. Tobias Lear, who acted as his private secretary, and at the same time took charge of the instruction of the two children of the late Mr. Parke Curtis, whom Washington had adopted. There was another tax imposed by his celebrity upon his time and patience. Applications were continually made to him to sit for his likeness. The following is his sportive reply to Mr. Francis Hopkinson, who applied in behalf of Mr. Pine: ‘In for a penny in for a pound,’ is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painters’ pencil, that I am altogether at theirbeck, and sit ‘like Patience on a monument,’ while they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others, of what habit and custom can accomplish. At first I was impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is under the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no drayhorse moves more readily to his thill, than I do to the painter’s chair.” It was not long after this that M. Houdon, an artist of great merit, chosen by Mr. Jefferson and Dr. Franklin, arrived from Paris to make a study of Washington for a statue, for the Legislature of Virginia. He remained a fortnight at Mount Vernon, and having formed his model, took it with him to Paris, where he produced that excellent statue and likeness to be seen in the State House in Richmond, Virginia.

We find in Washington’s diary noted down with curious exactness, each day’s labor and the share he took in it; his frequent rides to the Mill Swamp; the Dogue Creek; the “Plantation of the Neck,” and other places along the Potomac in quest of young elms, ash trees, white thorn, crab-apples, maples, mulberries, willows and lilacs; the winding walks which he lays out, and the trees and shrubs which he plants along them. Now he sows acorns and buck-eye nuts brought by himself from the Monongahela; now he opens vistas through the Pine Grove, commanding distant views through the woodlands; and now he twines round his columns scarlet honeysuckles, which his gardener tells him will bloom all the summer. His care-worn spirit freshens up in these employments. With him Mount Vernon is a kind of idyl. The transient glow of poetical feeling which once visited his bosom, when in boyhood he rhymed beneath its groves, seems about to return once more; and we please ourselves with noting among the trees set out by him, a group of young horse-chestnuts from Westmoreland, his native county, the haunt of his schoolboy days; which had been sent to him by Col. Lee (Light Horse Harry), the son of his “Lowland Beauty.” A diagram of the plan in which he had laid out his grounds, still remains among his papers at Mount Vernon; the places are marked on it for particular trees and shrubs. Some of those trees and shrubs are still to be found in the places thus assigned to them. In the present neglected state of Mount Vernon, its walks are overgrown, and vegetation runs wild; but it is deeply interesting still to find traces of these toils in which Wash-
ton delighted, and to know that many of the trees which gave it its present umbrageous beauty were planted by his hand. The ornamental cultivation 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 3,260 acres; each farm having its bailiff or overseer, with a house for his accommodation, barns and outhouses 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 five 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 last ran at large in the woods. He corresponded with the celebrated Arthur Young; from whom he obtained seeds of all kinds, improved ploughs, 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 to furnish me, I shall return to it, though rather late in the day, with more alacrity than ever." His active day began some time before the dawn. Much of his correspondence was despatched before breakfast, which took place at half-past seven. After breakfast he mounted his horse, and rode out to different parts of his estate, to see that all was right at the out-posts, and every one at his duty. At half-past two he dined. If there was no company he would write until dark, or, if pressed by business until nine o'clock in the evening; otherwise he read in the evening, or amused himself with a game of whist. His secretary, Mr. Lear, after two years' residence in the family on the most confidential footing, says,—"General Washington is, I believe, almost the only man of an exalted character, who does not lose some part of his respectability by an intimate acquaintance. I have never found a single thing that could lessen my respect for him. A complete knowledge of his honesty, uprightness and candor in all his private transactions, has sometimes led me to think him more than a man." The children of Parke Curtis formed a lively part of his household. He was fond of the children and apt to unbend with them. Miss Curtis, recalling in after life the scenes of her childhood, writes: "I have sometimes made him laugh most heartily from sympathy with my joyous and extravagant spirits;" she observes, however, that "he was a silent, thoughtful man. He spoke little generally; never of himself. I never heard him relate a single act of his life during the war. I have often seen him perfectly abstracted, his lips moving; but no
sound was perceptible." An observant traveller, Mr. Elkanah Watson, who visited Mount Vernon in the winter of 1785, bearer of a letter of introduction from Gen. Greene and Col. Fitzgerald, gives a home picture of Washington in his retirement: "The cautious reserve which wisdom and policy dictated, whilst engaged in rearing the glorious fabric of our independence, was evidently the result of consummate prudence, and not characteristic of his nature. I observed a peculiarity in his smile, which seemed to illuminate his eye; his whole countenance beamed with intelligence, while it commanded confidence and respect. I found him kind and benignant in the domestic circle; revered and beloved by all around him; agreeably social, without ostentation; delighting in anecdote and adventures; without assumption; his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic. His servants seemed to watch his eye, and to anticipate his every wish; hence a look was equivalent to a command. His servant Billy, the faithful companion of his military career, was always at his side. Smiling content animated and beamed on every countenance in his presence." Mr. Watson had taken a severe cold in the course of a harsh winter journey, and coughed excessively. Washington pressed him to take some remedies but he declined. After retiring for the night his coughing increased. "When some time had elapsed," writes he, "the door of my room was gently opened, and, on drawing my bed curtains, I beheld Washington himself, standing at my bedside with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. I was mortified and distressed beyond expression. This little incident, occurring in common life with an ordinary man, would not have been noticed; but as a trait of the benevolence and private virtue of Washington, deserves to be recorded." The late Bishop White, in subsequent years, speaking of Washington's unassuming manners, observes: "I know no man who so carefully guarded against the discoursing of himself or of his acts, or of anything that pertained to him; and it has occasionally occurred to me when in his company, that, if a stranger to his person were present, he would never have known from anything said by him that he was conscious of having distinguished himself in the eye of the world." An anecdote is told of Washington's conduct while commander-in-chief; illustrative of his benignant attention to others, and his freedom from all assumption. While the army was encamped at Morristown, he one day attended a religious meeting where divine service was to be celebrated in the open air. A chair had been set out for his use. Just before the service commenced, a woman with a child in her arms approached. All the seats were occupied. Washington immediately rose, placed her in the chair which had been assigned to him, and remained standing during the whole service. The reverential awe which his deeds and elevated position threw around him was often a source of annoyance to him in private life; especially when he perceived its effect upon the young and gay. We have been told of a case in point, when he made his appearance at a private ball where all were enjoying themselves with the utmost glee. The moment he en-
tered the room the buoyant mirth was checked; the dance lost its animation; every face was grave; every tongue was silent. He remained for a time, endeavoring to engage in conversation with some of the young people, and to break the spell; finding it in vain, he retired sadly to the company of the elders in an adjoining room, expressing his regret that his presence should operate as such a damper. After a little while light laughter and happy voices again resounded from the ball-room; upon which he rose cautiously, approached on tip-toe the door, which was ajar, and there stood some time a delighted spectator of the youthful revelry. Though habitually grave and thoughtful, he was of a social disposition, and loved cheerful society. He was fond of the dance; and it was the boast of many ancient dames in our day, who had been bells in the time of the Revolution, that they had danced minuets with him, or had him for a partner in contra-dances. "We had a little dance at my quarters," writes Gen. Greene from Middlebrook, in March, 1779. "His Excellency and Mrs. Greene danced upwards of three hours without once sitting down."

More than one instance is told of Washington's being surprised into hearty fits of laughter, even during the war. We have recorded one produced by the sudden appearance of old Gen. Putnam on horseback, with a female prisoner *en croupe*. The following is another which occurred at the camp at Morristown. Washington had purchased a young horse of great spirit and power. A braggadocio of the army, vain of his horsemanship, asked the privilege of breaking it. Washington gave his consent, and with some of his officers attended to see the horse receive his first lesson. After much preparation, the pretender to equitation mounted into the saddle and was making a great display of his science, when the horse suddenly planted his forefeet, threw up his heels, and gave the unlucky Gambado a somerset over his head. Washington, a thorough horseman, and quick to perceive the ludicrous in these matters, was so convulsed with laughter, that, we are told, the tears ran down his cheeks. Still another instance is given, which occurred at the return of peace, when he was sailing in a boat on the Hudson, and was so overcome by the drollery of a story told by Major Fairlie of New York, of facetious memory, that he fell back in the boat in a paroxysm of laughter. In that fit of laughter, it was sagely presumed that he threw off the burthen of care which had been weighing down his spirits throughout the war. He certainly relaxed much of his thoughtful gravity of demeanor when he had no longer the anxieties of a general command to harass him. Hearty laughter, however, was rare with Washington. The sudden explosions we hear of were the result of some sudden and ludicrous surprise. His general habit was a calm seriousness, easily softening into a benevolent smile. In some few of his familiar letters, yet preserved, and not relating to business, there is occasionally a vein of pleasantry and even of humor; but almost invariably, they treat of matters of too grave import to admit of anything of the kind. The passion for hunting had revived with Washington on returning to his old hunting-
grounds; but he had no hounds. His kennel had been broken up when he went to the wars, and the dogs given away, and it was not easy to replace them. After a time he received several hounds from France, sent out by Lafayette and other of the French officers, and once more sallied forth to renew his ancient sport.

General Greene died on the 18th of June, 1786, at his estate of Mulberry Grove, on Savannah River, presented to him by the State of Georgia. His last illness was brief; caused by a stroke of the sun; he was but forty-four years of age. The news of his death struck heavily on Washington's heart, to whom, in the most arduous trials of the Revolution, he had been a second self. He had taken Washington as his model, and possessed naturally many of his great qualities. Like him, he was sound in judgment; persevering in the midst of discouragements; calm and self-possessed in time of danger; heedful of the safety of others; heedless of his own. Like him, he was modest and unpretending, and like him he had a perfect command of temper. He had Washington's habits of early rising, and close and methodical despatch of business, "never suffering the day to crowd upon the morrow." In private intercourse he was frank, noble, candid and intelligent; in the hurry of business he was free from petulence, and had, we are told, "a winning blandness of manner that won the affection of his officers." His campaigns in the Carolinas showed him to be a worthy disciple of Washington, keeping the war alive by his own persevering hope and inexhaustible energy, and, as it were, fighting almost without weapons. His great contest of generalship with the veteran Cornwallis, has insured for him a lasting renown. "He was a great and good man!" was Washington's comprehensive eulogy on him.

Washington was watching with intense solicitude the working together of the several parts in the great political confederacy; anxious to know whether the thirteen distinct States, under the present organization, could form a sufficiently efficient general government. He was daily becoming more and more doubtful of the solidity of the fabric he had assisted to raise. The form of confederation which had bound the States together and met the public exigencies during the Revolution, when there was a pressure of external danger, was daily proving more and more incompetent to the purposes of a national government. Congress had devised a system of credit to provide for the national expenditure and the extinction of the national debts, which amounted to something more than fifty millions of dollars. The system experienced neglect from some States and opposition from others; each consulting its local interests and prejudices, instead of the interests and obligations of the whole. In like manner treaty stipulations, which bound the good faith of the whole, were slighted, if not violated by individual States, apparently unconscious that they must each share in the discredit thus brought upon the national name.

From letters written by Washington, we gather some of the ideas on national policy which were occupying his mind:—"I have ever been a friend to adequate powers in Congress, without which
it is evident to me we never shall establish a national character, or be considered as on a respectable footing by the powers of Europe—We are either a united people under one head and for federal purposes, or we are thirteen independent sovereignties, eternally counteracting each other.—If the former, whatever such a majority of the States as the constitution points out, conceives to be for the benefit of the whole, should, in my humble opinion, be submitted to by the minority.—I can foresee no evil greater than disunion; than those unreasonable jealousies (I say unreasonable, because I would have a proper jealousy always awake, and the United States on the watch to prevent individual States from infracting the constitution with impunity), which are continually poisoning our minds and filling them with imaginary evils for the prevention of real ones. The consequences of a lax or inefficient government are too obvious to be dwelt upon. Thirteen sovereignties pulling against each other, and all tugging at the federal head, will soon bring ruin on the whole; whereas, a liberal and energetic constitution, well checked and well watched, to prevent encroachments, might restore us to that degree of respectability and consequence to which we had the fairest prospect of attaining. Thus Washington, even though in retirement, was almost unconsciously exercising a powerful influence on national affairs; no longer the soldier, he was now becoming the statesman. The leading expedient for federate organization, mooted in his conferences with the commissioners of Maryland and Virginia, during their visit to Mount Vernon in the previous year, had been extended and ripened in legislative Assemblies, and ended in a plan of a convention composed of delegates from all the States, to meet in Philadelphia for the sole and express purpose of revising the federal system, and correcting its defects; the proceedings of the convention to be subsequently reported to Congress, and the several Legislatures, for approval and confirmation. He was unanimously put at the head of the Virginia delegation; but for some time objected to accept the nomination. "It will have," said he, "a tendency to sweep me back into the tide of public affairs, when retirement and ease are so much desired by me, and so essentially necessary." The weight and influence of his name and counsel were felt to be all important in giving dignity to the delegation. He made up his mind to serve, and went into a course of preparatory reading on history, and of ancient and modern confederacies. An abstract of the general principles of each with notes of their vices or defects, exists in his own handwriting, among his papers. On the 9th of May, he set out in his carriage from Mount Vernon to attend the convention. At Chester, where he arrived on the 13th, he was met by Gen. Mifflin, now speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, Gen. Knox and Varnum, Col. Humphreys, and other personages of note. At Gray's Ferry the city light-horse were in attendance, by whom he was escorted into Philadelphia. It was not until the 25th of May that a sufficient number of delegates were assembled to form a quorum; when they proceeded to organ-
ize the body, and by a unanimous vote Washington was called up to the chair as President.

This memorable convention sat from four to seven hours each day for four months; every point was the subject of able and scrupulous discussion by the best talent, and noblest spirits of the country. Washington felt restrained by his situation as President, from taking part in the debates, but his well-known opinions influenced the whole. The result was the formation of the constitution of the United States, which (with some amendments made in after years) still exists. As the members on the last day of the session were signing the engrossed constitution, Dr. Franklin, looking towards the President's chair, at the back of which a sun was painted, observed to those persons next to him, "I have often and often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at the sun behind the President, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; at length I have the happiness to know it is a rising and not a setting sun." The constitution thus formed, was forwarded to Congress, and thence transmitted to the State Legislatures, each of which submitted it to a State convention composed of delegates chosen for that express purpose by the people. The ratification of the instrument by nine States was necessary to carry it into effect; and as the several State conventions would assemble at different times, nearly a year must elapse before the decisions of the requisite number could be obtained. Washington resumed his retired life at Mount Vernon, but was kept informed by his numerous correspondents, such as James Madison, John Jay, and Generals Knox, Lincoln and Armstrong, of the progress of the constitution through its various ordeals, and of the strenuous opposition which it met with in different quarters; both in debate and through the press. A diversity of opinions and inclinations on the subject had been expected by him. Still he never had a doubt that it would ultimately be adopted; and, in fact, the national decision in its favor was more fully and strongly pronounced than even he had anticipated. His feelings on learning the result were expressed with that solemn and religious faith in the protection of heaven, manifested by him in all the trials and vicissitudes through which his country had passed. "We may," said he, "with a kind of pious and grateful exultation, trace the finger of Providence through those dark and mysterious events, which first induced the States to appoint a general convention, and then led them, one after another, by such steps as were best calculated to effect the object, into an adoption of the system recommended by the general convention; thereby, in all human probability, laying a lasting foundation for tranquillity and happiness, when we had but too much reason to fear, that confusion and misery were coming rapidly upon us." The testimonials of ratification having been received by Congress from a sufficient number of States, an act was passed by that body on the 13th of Sept., appointing the first Wednesday in Jan., 1789, for the people of the United States to choose electors of a President according to the constitution, and the first Wednesday in the month of Feb. follow-
ing for the electors to meet and make a choice. The meeting of the government was to be on the first Wednesday in March, and in the city of New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.

The adoption of the Federal constitution was another epoch in the life of Washington. 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," writes he 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." "Should circumstances render it in a manner inevitably necessary," (to accept the office of President), writes he to Lafayette, "I shall assume the task with the most unfeigned reluctance, and with a real diffidence, for which I shall probably receive no credit from the world. If I know my own heart, nothing short of a conviction of duty will induce me again to take an active part in public affairs; and in that case, if I can form a plan for my own conduct, my endeavors shall be unremittingly exerted, even at the hazard of former fame or present popularity, to extricate my country from the embarrassments in which it is entangled through want of credit; and to establish a general system of policy, which if pursued will ensure permanent felicity to the commonwealth. I think I see a path clear and direct as a ray of light, which leads to the attainment of that object. Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry, and frugality, are necessary to make us a great and happy people. Happily the present posture of affairs, and the prevailing disposition of my countrymen, promise to co-operate in establishing those four great and essential pillars of public felicity." The election took place at the appointed time, and it was soon ascertained that Washington was chosen President for the term of four years from the 4th of March: and he made preparations to depart for the seat of government, as soon as he should receive official notice of his election.—Among other duties, he paid a visit to his mother at Fredericksburg; it was a painful, because likely to be a final one, for she was afflicted with a malady which, it was evident, must soon terminate her life. Their parting was affectionate, but solemn; she had always been reserved and moderate in expressing herself in regard to the successes of her
son; but it must have been a serene satisfaction at the close of her life to see him elevated by his virtues to the highest honor of his country. From a delay in forming a quorum of Congress the votes of the electoral college were not counted until early in April, when they were found to be unanimous in favor of Washington. On the 14th of April, he received a letter from the president of Congress, duly notifying him of his election; and he prepared to set out immediately for New York, the seat of government. At the first stage of his journey a trial of his tenderest feelings awaited him in a public dinner given him at Alexandria, by his neighbors and personal friends. The mayor, who presided, and spoke the sentiments of the people of Alexandria, deplored in his departure the loss of the first and best of their citizens, the ornament of the aged, the model of the young, the improver of their agriculture; the friend of their commerce, the protector of their infant academy, the benefactor of their poor,—but "go," added he, "and make a grateful people happy, who will be doubly grateful when they contemplate this new sacrifice for their interests." Washington was too deeply affected for many words in reply. "Just after having bade adieu to my domestic connections," said he, "this tender proof of your friendship is but too well calculated to awaken still further my sensibility, and increase my regret at parting from the enjoyments of private life. All that now remains for me is to commit myself and you to the care of that beneficent Being, who, on a former occasion, happily brought us together after a long and distressing separation. Perhaps the same gracious Providence will again indulge me. But words fail me. Unutterable sensations must, then, be left to more expressive silence, while from an aching heart I bid all my affectionate friends and kind neighbors farewell!" His progress to the seat of government was a continual ovation. The ringing of bells and roaring of cannonry proclaimed his course through the country. The old and young, women and children, thronged the highways to bless and welcome him. Deputations of the most respectable inhabitants from the principal places came forth to meet and escort him. At Baltimore, on his arrival and departure, his carriage was attended by a numerous cavalcade of citizens, and he was saluted by the thunder of artillery. At the frontier of Pennsylvania his former companion in arms, Mifflin, now governor of the State, with Judge Peters and a civil and military escort, was waiting to receive him. At Chester, where he stopped to breakfast, there were preparations for a public entrance into Philadelphia. Cavalry had assembled from the surrounding country; a superb white horse was led out for Washington to mount, and a grand procession set forward, with Gen. St. Clair of revolutionary notoriety at its head. It gathered numbers as it advanced; passed under triumphal arches entwined with laurel, and entered Philadelphia amid the shouts of the multitude. A day of public festivity succeeded, ended by a display of fireworks. Washington's reply to the congratulations of the mayor at a great civic banquet, spoke the genuine feelings of his modest nature, amid these testimonials of a world's applause.
"When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifested in guiding us through the Revolution, in preparing for the reception of the general government, and in conciliating the good will of the people of America towards one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country."

We question whether any of these testimonials of a nation's gratitude affected Washington more sensibly than those he received at Trenton. It was on 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. 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 the midnight retreat which turned the fortunes of the 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. His whole progress through New Jersey, must have afforded a similar contrast to his weary marchings to and fro, harassed by doubts and perplexities, with bale fires blazing on its hills, instead of festive illuminations, and when the ringing of bells and booming of cannon, now so joyous, were the signals of invasion and maraud. At Elizabethtown Point, a committee of both Houses of Congress, with various civic functionaries, waited by appointment to receive him. He embarked on board of a splendid barge, constructed for the occasion, and commanded by Commodore Nicholson. Other barges fancifully decorated followed, having on board the heads of departments and other public officers, and several distinguished citizens. As they passed through the strait between the Jerseys and Staten Island, called the Kills, other boats decorated with flags fell in their wake, until the whole, forming a nautical procession, swept up the broad and beautiful bay of New York, to the sound of instrumental music. On board of two vessels were parties of ladies and gentlemen who sang congratulatory odes as Washington's barge approached. The ships at anchor in the har-
The progress before the present functionaries were military; at the address; passed and with evergreens, a proof of his high esteem in the streets. The citizens of Galveston, stepped and saluted. He approached the landing place of Murray's Wharf, amid the ringing of bells, the roaring of cannonry, and the shouting of multitudes collected on every pier-head. On landing, he was received by Gov. Clinton. Gen. Knox, too, who had taken such affectionate leave of him on his retirement from military life, was there to welcome him in his civil capacity. Other of his fellow-soldiers of the Revolution were likewise there, mingled with the civic dignitaries. At this juncture, an officer stepped up and requested Washington's orders, announcing himself as commanding his guard. Washington desired him to proceed according to the directions he might have received in the present arrangements, but that for the future the affection of his fellow-citizens was all the guard he wanted. Carpets had been spread on a carriage prepared to convey him to his destined residence, but he preferred to walk. He was attended by a long civil and military train. In the streets through which he passed the houses were decorated with flags, silken banners, garlands of flowers and evergreens, and bore his name in every form of ornament. The streets were crowded with people, so that it was with difficulty a passage could be made by the city officers. That day he dined with Gov. Clinton, who had invited a numerous company of public functionaries and foreign diplomatists to meet him, and in the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated. Would the reader know the effect upon Washington's mind of this triumphant entry into New York? It was to depress rather than to excite him. Modestly diffident of his abilities to cope with the new duties on which he was entering, he was overwhelmed by what he regarded as proofs of public expectation. Noting in his diary the events of the day, he writes: "The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board; the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies, as I passed along the wharves, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing." A question arose as to the form or title by which the President elect was to be addressed; and a committee in both Houses was appointed to report upon the subject. It was finally resolved that the address should be simply "the President of the United States," without any addition of title; a judicious form which has remained to the present day. The inauguration took place on the 30th of April. At nine o'clock in the morning, there were religious services in all the churches, and prayers put up for the blessing of Heaven on the new government. At twelve o'clock the city troops paraded before Washington's door, and soon after the committees of Congress and heads of departments came in their carriages. At half-
past twelve the procession moved forward, preceded by the troops; next came the committees and heads of departments in their carriages; then Washington in a coach of state, his aide-de-camp, Col. 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, 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 to be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York, in a balcony in front of the senate chamber, and in full view of an immense multitude occupying the street, the windows, and even roofs of the adjacent houses. The balcony formed a kind of open recess, with lofty columns supporting the roof. In the center 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 on his right; on his left the Chancellor of the State, Robert R. Livingston; somewhat in the rear were Roger Sherman, Alexander Hamilton, Generals Knox, St. Clair, the Baron Steuben and others. 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. 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 dis-
charge of artillery on the battery. All the bells in the city rang out a joyful peal, and the multitude rent the air with acclamations. Washington again bowed to the people and returned into the senate chamber, where he delivered, to both Houses of Congress, his inaugural address, characterized by his usual modesty, moderation and good sense, but uttered with a voice deep, slightly tremulous, and so low as to demand close attention in the listeners. After this he proceeded with the whole assemblage on foot to St. Paul’s church, where prayers suited to the occasion were read by Dr. Prevost, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, who had been appointed by the Senate one of the chaplains of Congress. So closed the ceremonies of the inauguration.

We have been accustomed to look to Washington’s private letters for the sentiments of his heart. Those written to several of his friends immediately after his inauguration, show how little he was excited by his official elevation. “I greatly fear,” writes he, “that my countrymen will expect too much from me. I fear, if the issue of public measures should not correspond with their sanguine expectations, they will turn the undue praises, which they are heaping upon me at this moment, into equally extravagant, though I will fondly hope unmerited censures.” Little was his modest spirit aware that the praises so dubiously received were but the opening notes of a theme that was to increase from age to age, to pervade all lands and endure throughout all generations.

We have endeavored to narrate faithfully the career of Washington from childhood, through his early surveying expeditions in the wilderness, his diplomatic mission to the French posts on the frontier, his campaigns in the French war, his arduous trials as commander-in-chief throughout the Revolution, the noble simplicity of his life in retirement, until we have shown him elevated to the presidential chair, by no effort of his own, in a manner against his wishes, by the unanimous vote of a grateful country. The plan of our work has necessarily carried us widely into the campaigns of the Revolution, even where Washington was not present in person; for his spirit pervaded and directed the whole, and a general knowledge of the whole is necessary to appreciate the sagacity, forecast, enduring fortitude, and comprehensive wisdom with which he conducted it. We have endeavored to keep in view the prevailing poverty of resources, the scandalous neglects, the squalid miseries of all kinds, with which its champions had to contend in their expeditions through trackless wildernesses, or thinly peopled regions; beneath scorching suns or inclement skies; their wintry marches to be traced by bloody footprints on snow and ice; their desolate encampments, rendered still more desolate by nakedness and famine. It was in the patience and fortitude with which these ills were sustained by a half-disciplined yeomanry, voluntary exiles from their homes, destitute of all the “pomp and circumstance” of war to excite them, and animated solely by their patriotism, that we read the noblest and most affecting characteristics of that great struggle for human rights. They do wrong to its moral grandeur, who seek by com-
monplace exaggeration, to give a melo-dramatic effect and false glare to its military operations, and to place its greatest triumphs in the conflicts of the field. Lafayette showed a true sense of the nature of the struggle, when Napoleon, accustomed to effect ambitious purposes by hundreds of thousands of troops, and tens of thousands of slain, sneered at the scanty armies of the American Revolution and its "boasted allies." "Sire," was the admirable and comprehensive reply, "it was the grandest of causes won by skirmishes of sentinels and outposts." We have quoted Washington's own words and writings largely, to explain his feelings and motives, and give the true key to his policy; for never did man leave a more truthful mirror of his heart and mind, and a more thorough exponent of his conduct, than he has left in his copious correspondence. There his character is to be found in all its majestic simplicity, its massive grandeur, and quiet colossal strength. He was no hero of romance; there was nothing of romantic heroism in his nature. As a warrior, he was incapable of fear, but made no merit of defying danger. He fought for a cause, but not for personal renown. Gladly, when he had won the cause, he hung up his sword never again to take it down. Glory, that blatant word, which haunts some military minds like the bray of the trumpet, formed no part of his aspirations. To act justly was his instinct, to promote the public weal his constant effort, to deserve the "affections of good men" his ambition. With such qualifications for the pure exercise of sound judgment and comprehensive wisdom, he ascended the presidential chair.

The eyes of the world were upon him at the commencement of his administration. 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. A diversity of opinions still existed concerning the new government. Some feared that it would have too little control over the individual States; that the political connection would prove too weak to preserve order and prevent civil strife: others, that it would be too strong for their separate independence, and would tend towards consolidation and despotism. 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 magnitudes, in the 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 outlets 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. Great Britain, too, was giving grounds for territorial solicitude in these distant quarters, by retaining possession of the Western posts, the surrender of which had been stipulated by the treaty. Her plea was, that debts due to British subjects, for which by the same treaty the United States were bound, remained unpaid. This the Americans alleged was a mere pretext; the real object of their retention being the monopoly of the fur trade; and to the mischievous influence exercised by these posts over the Indian tribes, was attributed much of the hostile disposition manifested by the latter along the Western frontier. While these brooding causes of anxiety existed at home, the foreign commerce of the Union was on a most unsatisfactory footing, and required prompt and thorough attention. It was subject to maraud, even by the corsairs of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, who captured American merchant vessels and carried their crews into slavery; no treaty having yet been made with any of the Barbary powers excepting Morocco. To complete the perplexities which beset the new government, the finances of the country were in a lamentable state. There was no money in the treasury. The efforts of the former government to pay or fund its debts, had failed; there was a universal state of indebtedness, foreign and domestic, and public credit was prostrate. Washington was painfully aware of the difficulties and dangers of an undertaking in which past history and past experience afforded no precedents. "I walk, as it were, on untrodden ground," said he; "so many 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." As yet he was without the support of constitutional advisers, the departments under the new government not being organized; he could turn with confidence, however, 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, Gen. 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 inefficient; 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. "The idea of a perfect equality of political rights among the citizens, exclusive of all permanent or hereditary distinctions," had not hitherto, he thought, from an imperfect structure of the government, had a fair trial, and "was of a nature to engage the good wishes of every good man, whatever might be his theoretic doubts;" the endeavor, therefore, in his opinion, ought to be to give it "a better chance of success by a government more capable of energy and order." 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. James Madison was among the members of Congress: he had been in the convention, had labored in the The Federalist; and his talents as a speaker, and calm, dispassionate reasoner, his 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," would he say, "but you must excuse me; ascribe it to friendship and confidence." Knox's 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.

The conflict of opinions that had already occurred as to the form and title by which the President was to be addressed, had made Washington aware that every step at the outset of his career would be subject to scrutiny, perhaps cavil, and might hereafter be cited as a precedent. Looking round, therefore, upon the able men at hand, such as Adams, Hamilton, Jay, Madi-
son, he propounded to them a series of questions as to a line of conduct proper for him to observe. In regard to visitors, for instance, would not one day in the week be sufficient for visits of compliment, and one hour every morning (at eight o'clock for example) for visits on business? Might he make social visits to acquaintances and public characters, not as President, but as a private individual? And then as to his table—under the preceding form of government the Presidents of Congress had been accustomed to give dinners twice a week to large parties of both sexes, and invitations had been so indiscriminate, that every one who could get introduced to the President, conceived he had a right to be invited to his board. The table was, therefore, always crowded and with a mixed company; yet, as it was in the nature of things impracticable to invite everybody, as many offenses were given as if no table had been kept. Washington asked whether he might not invite, informally or otherwise, six, eight, or ten official characters, including in rotation the members of both Houses of Congress, to dine with him on the days fixed for receiving company, without exciting clamors in the rest of the community. Adams in his reply talked of chamberlains, aids-de-camp, masters of ceremony, and evinced a high idea of the presidential office and the state with which it ought to be maintained. "The office," writes he, "by its legal authority defined in the constitution, has no equal in the world excepting those only which are held by crowned heads. The royal office in Poland is a mere shadow in comparison with it. The Dogeship in Venice, and the Stadtholdership in Holland, are not so much. Neither dignity nor authority can be supported in human minds, collected into nations or any great numbers, without a splendor and majesty in some degree proportioned to them. The sending and receiving ambassadors is one of the most splendid and important prerogatives of sovereigns, absolute or limited, and this in our constitution is wholly in the President. If the state and pomp essential to this great department are not in a good degree preserved, it will be in vain for America to hope for consideration with foreign powers." Hamilton considered it for the public good that the dignity of the presidential office should be supported, but advised that care should be taken to avoid so high a tone in the demeanor of the occupant, as to shock the prevalent notions of equality. The President, he thought, should hold a levee at a fixed time once a week, remain half an hour, converse cursorily on indifferent subjects with such persons as invited his attention, and then retire. He should accept no invitations; give formal entertainments twice, or at most, four times in the year; on the anniversaries of the declaration of independence, of his inauguration, of the treaty of alliance with France, and of the definitive treaty with Great Britain. On levee days he should give informal invitations to family dinners; not more than six or eight to be asked at a time, and the civility to be confined essentially to members of the legislature, and other official characters:—the President never to remain long at table. The heads of departments should, of course, have access to the President on business.
On the 17th of May, Mrs. Washington, accompanied by her grandchildren, Eleanor Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, set out from Mount Vernon in her travelling carriage with a small escort of horse, to join her husband at the seat of government. Throughout the journey she was greeted with public testimonials of respect and affection.

On the evening of Friday, May 29th, she had a general reception, which was attended by all that was distinguished in official and fashionable society. Henceforward there were similar receptions every Friday evening, from eight to ten o'clock, to which the families of all persons of respectability, native or foreign, had access, without special invitation; and at which the President was always present. These assemblages were as free from ostentation and restraint as the ordinary receptions of polite society; yet the reader will find they were soon subject to invidious misrepresentation; and cavilled at as "court-like levees" and "queenly drawing-rooms." The sanctity and quiet of Sunday were strictly observed by Washington. He attended church in the morning, and passed the afternoon alone in his closet. No visitors were admitted, excepting perhaps an intimate friend in the evening, which was spent by him in the bosom of his family. The household establishment was conducted on an ample and dignified scale, but without ostentation. Samuel Fraunces, once landlord of the city tavern in Broad street, where Washington took leave of the officers of the army in 1783, was now Steward of the presidential household. He was required to render a weekly statement of receipts and expenditures, and warned to guard against waste and extravagance. "We are happy to inform our readers," says Fenno's Gazette of the day, "that the President is determined to pursue that system of regularity and economy in his household which has always marked his public and private life."

Washington retained a military air of command which had become habitual to him. At levees and drawing-rooms he sometimes appeared cold and distant, but this was attributed by those who best knew him to the novelty of his position and his innate diffidence, which seemed to increase with the light which his renown shed about him. His reserve had nothing repulsive in it, and in social intercourse soon gave way to soldier-like frankness and cordiality. At all times his courtesy was genuine and belligerant, and totally free from the stately condescension sometimes mistaken for politeness. Nothing we are told could surpass the noble grace with which he presided at a ceremonial dinner; kindly attentive to all his guests, but particularly attentive to put those at their ease and in a favorable light, who appeared to be most diffident. As to Mrs. Washington, those who really knew her at the time, speak of her as free from pretension or affectation; undazzled by her position, and discharging its duties with the truthful simplicity and real good-breeding of one accustomed to preside over a hospitable mansion in the "Ancient Dominion." She had her husband's predilection for private life. In a letter to an intimate she writes: "It is owing to the kindness of our numer-
ous friends in all quarters that my new and unwished for situation is not indeed a burden to me. When I was much younger, I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gayeties of life as much as most persons of my age; but I had long since placed all the prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon. I little thought, when the war was finished, that any circumstances could possibly happen, which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that from that moment we should be suffered to grow old together in solitude and tranquillity."

Much has been said of Washington's equipages, when at New York, and of his having four, and sometimes six horses before his carriage, with servants and outriders in rich livery. Such style we would premise was usual at the time both in England and the colonies, and had been occasionally maintained by the continental dignitaries, and by Governors of the several States, prior to the adoption of the new constitution. It was still prevalent, we are told, among the wealthy planters of the South, and sometimes adopted by "merchant princes," and rich individuals at the North. It does not appear, however, that Washington ever indulged in it through ostentation. When he repaired to the Hall of Congress, at his inauguration, he was drawn by a single pair of horses in a chariot presented for the occasion, on the panels of which were emblazoned the arms of the United States. Beside this modest equipage there was the ample family carriage which had been brought from Virginia. To this four horses were put when the family drove out into the country, the state of the roads in those days requiring it. For the same reason six horses were put to the same vehicle on journeys, and once on a state occasion. His favorite exercise when the weather permitted it was on horseback, accompanied by one or more of the members of his household, and he was noted always for being admirably mounted, and one of the best horsemen of his day. The first Presidential residence was at the junction of Pearl and Cherry streets, Franklin square. At the end of about a year, the President removed to the house on the west side of Broadway, near Rector street, afterwards known as Bunker's Mansion House. Both of these buildings have disappeared, in the course of modern "improvements."

Washington called unofficially upon the heads of departments to furnish him with such reports in writing as would aid him in gaining a distinct idea of the state of public affairs. For this purpose also he had recourse to the public archives, and proceeded to make notes of the foreign official correspondence from the close of the war until his inauguration. He was interrupted in his task by a virulent attack of anthrax, which for several days threatened mortification. The knowledge of his perilous condition spread alarm through the community; he, however, remained unagitated. His medical adviser was Dr. Samuel Bard, of New York, an excellent physician and most estimable man, who attended him with unremitting assiduity. Being alone one day with the doctor, Washington regarded him steadily, and asked his candid opinion as to
the probable result of his case. "Do not flatter me with vain hopes," said he, with placid firmness; "I am not afraid to die, and therefore can bear the worst." The doctor expressed hope, but owned that he had apprehensions. "Whether to-night or twenty years hence, makes no difference," observed Washington. "I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." His sufferings were intense, and his recovery was slow. For six weeks he was obliged to lie on his right side; but after a time he had his carriage so contrived that he could extend himself at full length in it, and take exercise in the open air. While rendered morbidly sensitive by bodily pain, he suffered deep annoyance from having one of his earliest nominations, that of Benjamin Fishburn, for the place of naval officer of the port of Savannah, rejected by the Senate. He was scrupulously conscientious in the exercise of the nominating power; scrutinizing the fitness of candidates; their comparative claims on account of public services and sacrifices, and with regard to the equable distribution of offices among the States; in all which he governed himself solely by considerations for the public good. He was especially scrupulous where his own friends and connections were concerned. "So far as I know my own mind," would he say, "I would not be in the remotest degree influenced in making nominations by motives arising from the ties of family or blood." The Senate assigned no reason for rejecting his nomination of Mr. Fishburn. He sent in the name of another candidate; but at the same time administered a temperate and dignified rebuke. "Whatever may have been the reasons which induced your dissent," writes he to the Senate, "I am persuaded that they were such as you deemed sufficient. Permit me to submit to your consideration, whether, on occasions where the propriety of nominations appears questionable to you, it would not be expedient to communicate that circumstance to me, and thereby avail yourselves of the information which led me to make them, and which I would with pleasure lay before you." He then proceeds to state, that Col. Fishburn had served under his own eye with reputation as an officer and a gentleman; had distinguished himself at the storming of Stony Point; had repeatedly been elected to the Assembly of Georgia as a representative from Chatham County, in which Savannah was situated; had been elected by the officers of the militia of that county, Lieut.-Colonel of the militia of the district; had been member of the Executive Council of the State and president of the same; had been appointed by the council to an office which he actually held, in the port of Savannah, nearly similar to that for which Washington had nominated him. This was the only instance in which a nomination by Washington was rejected by the Senate.

While yet in a state of convalescence, Washington received intelligence of the death of his mother, at Fredericksburg in Virginia, on the 25th of August; she was eighty-two years of age, and had for some time been sinking under an incurable malady. Mrs. Mary Washington is represented as a woman of strong plain sense, strict integrity, and an inflexible spirit of command. We have
mentioned the exemplary manner in which she, a lone widow, had trained her little flock in their childhood. The deference for her, then instilled into their minds, continued throughout life, and was manifested by Washington when at the height of his power and reputation. Eminently practical, she had thwarted his military aspirations when he was about to seek honor in the British navy. During his early and disastrous campaigns on the frontier, she would often shake her head and exclaim, "Ah, George had better have staid at home and cultivated his farm." Even his ultimate success and renown had never dazzled, however much they may have gratified her. When others congratulated her, and were enthusiastic in his praise, she listened in silence, and would temperately reply that he had been a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man.

Hitherto the new government had not been properly organized, but its several duties had been performed by the officers who had them in charge at the time of Washington’s inauguration. It was not until the 10th of Sept. that laws were passed instituting a department of Foreign Affairs (afterwards termed Department of State), a Treasury department, and a department of War, and fixing their respective salaries. Sept. 11th, Washington nominated Gen. Knox to the department of War, the duties of which that officer had hitherto discharged. The post of Secretary of the Treasury was one of far greater importance at the present moment. It was a time of financial exigency. As yet no statistical account of the country had been attempted; its fiscal resources were wholly unknown; its credit was almost annihilated, for it was obliged to borrow money even to pay the interest of its debts. Washington nominated Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury. His qualifications for the office were so well understood by the Senate that his nomination was confirmed on the same day on which it was made. On the 27th of Sept., he nominated Edmund Randolph as Attorney-General of the United States. Randolph had joined the army at Cambridge in 1775, and acted for a time as aide-de-camp to Washington in place of Mifflin. He had since gained experience in legislative business as member of Congress, from 1779 to 1782, Governor of Virginia in 1786, and delegate to the convention in 1787. Dissatisfied with some of the provisions of the constitution as adopted, he had refused to sign it; but had afterwards supported it in the State convention of Virginia. As we recollect him many years afterwards, his appearance and address were dignified and prepossessing; he had an expressive countenance, a beaming eye, and somewhat of the ore rotundo in speaking. Randolph promptly accepted the nomination, but did not take his seat in the cabinet until some months after Knox and Hamilton. John Jay, of New York, received the appointment of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and in a letter enclosing his commission, Washington expressed the singular pleasure he felt in addressing him "as the head of that department which must be considered as the keystone of our political fabric." Jay’s associate judges were, John Rutledge of South Carolina, James
Wilson of Pennsylvania, William Cushing of Massachusetts, John Blair of Virginia, and James Iredell of North Carolina.

On the 29th of September, Congress adjourned to the first Monday in January. It was inferior in eloquence and shining talent to the first Congress of the revolution; but it possessed men well fitted for the momentous work before them; sober, solid, upright, and well informed. An admirable harmony had prevailed between the legislature and the executive, and the utmost decorum had reigned over the public deliberations. Fisher Ames, then a young man, who had acquired a brilliant reputation in Massachusetts by the eloquence with which he had championed the new constitution in the convention of that important State, and who had recently been elected to Congress, speaks of it in the following terms: "I have never seen an assembly where so little art was used. If they wish to carry a point, it is directly declared and justified. Its merits and defects are plainly stated, not without sophistry and prejudice, but without management. There is no intrigue, no caucusing, little of clannish together, little asperity in debate, or personal bitterness out of the House."

The cabinet was still incomplete; the department of State was yet to be supplied with a head. Thomas Jefferson, who had so long filled the post of Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Versailles, had recently solicited and obtained permission to return, for a few months, to the United States, for the purpose of placing his children among their friends in their native country, and of arranging his private affairs, which had suffered from his protracted absence. His political principles as a democratic republican, had been avowed at an early date in his draft of the Declaration of Independence, and subsequently in the successful war which he made upon the old cavalier traditions of his native State; its laws of entails and primogeniture, and its church establishment, a war which broke down the hereditary fortunes and hereditary families, and put an end to the hereditary aristocracy of the Ancient Dominion. Being sent to Paris as minister plenipotentiary a year or two after the peace, he arrived there, as he says, "when the American revolution seemed to have awakened the thinking part of the French nation from the sleep of despotism in which they had been sunk." His house became the resort of Lafayette and others of the French officers who had served in the American revolution. They were mostly, he said, young men little shackled by habits and prejudices, and had come back with new ideas and new impressions which began to be disseminated by the press and in conversation. Politics became the theme of all societies, male and female, and a very extensive and zealous party was formed which acquired the appellation of the Patriot Party, who, sensible of the abuses of the government under which they lived, sighed for occasions of reforming it. This party, writes Jefferson, "comprehended all the honesty of the kingdom sufficiently at leisure to think, the men of letters, the easy bourgeois, the young nobility, partly from reflection, partly from the mode." By this party Jefferson was considered high authority from his republican principles and experience,
and his advice was continually sought in the great effort for political reform which was daily growing stronger and stronger. His absence in Europe had prevented his taking part in the debates on the new constitution, but he had exercised his influence through his correspondence. What he greatly objected to was the perpetual reeligibility of the President. "This, I fear," said he, "will make that an office for life, first, and then hereditary. I was much an enemy to monarchies before I came to Europe, and am ten thousand times more so since I have seen what they are. There is scarcely an evil known in these countries which may not be traced to their king as its source, nor a good which is not derived from the small fibres of republicanism existing among them. I can further say, with safety, there is not a crowned head in Europe whose talents or merits would entitle him to be elected a vestryman by the people of any parish in America." In short, such a horror had he imbibed of kingly rule, that, in a familiar letter to Col. Humphreys; who had been his Secretary of Legation, he gives it as the duty of our young Republic "to besiege the throne of heaven with eternal prayers to extirpate from creation this class of human lions, tigers, and mammoths, called kings, from whom, let him perish who does not say, 'Good Lord, deliver us!'" His political fervor occasionally tended to exaltation, but it was genuine. His sensitiveness had been awakened by the debates in Congress as to the title to be given to the President, whether or not he should be addressed as His Highness; and had been relieved by the decision that he was to have no title but that of office, viz.: President of the United States. "I hope," said Jefferson, "the terms of Excellency, Honor, Worship, Esquire, will forever disappear from among us. I wish that of Mr. would follow them." With regard to the reeligibility of the President, his anxiety was quieted for the present, by the elevation of Washington to the Presidential chair. "Since the thing [reeligibility] is established," writes he, "I would wish it not to be altered during the life-time of our great leader, whose executive talents are superior to those, I believe, of any man in the world, and who, alone, by the authority of his name, and the confidence reposed in his perfect integrity, is fully qualified to put the new government so under way as to secure it against the efforts of opposition. But, having derived from our error all the good there was in it, I hope we shall correct it the moment we can no longer have the same name at the helm."

Gouverneur Morris had arrived in Paris on the 3d of Feb., 1789, furnished by Washington with letters of introduction to persons in England, France, and Holland. His brilliant talents, ready conversational powers, easy confidence in society, and striking aristocratical appearance, had given him great currency, especially in the court party and among the ancient nobility; in which direction his tastes most inclined. In a letter to the French Minister, residing in New York, Morris writes on the 23d of Feb., 1789: "Your nation is now in a most important crisis, and the great question—shall we hereafter have a constitution, or shall will continue to be

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law—employs every mind and agitates every heart in France. Even voluptuousness itself rises from its couch of roses and looks anxiously abroad at the busy scene to which nothing can now be indifferent. A spirit which has been dormant for generations starts up and stares about, ignorant of the means of obtaining, but ardently desirous to possess its object—consequently active, energetic, easily led, but also easily, too easily misled. Such is the instinctive love of freedom which now grows warm in the bosom of your country." Morris, speaking of Jefferson at this juncture, observes, "He and I differ in our system of politics. He, with all the leaders of liberty here, is desirous of annihilating distinctions of order. How far such views may be right, respecting mankind in general, is, I think, extremely problematical. But, with respect to this nation, I am sure it is wrong and cannot eventuate well."

The first news of the revolution in France, reached America in October, and was hailed by the great mass of the people with enthusiasm. Washington, in reply to his old comrade in arms, the Count de Rochambeau, observes: "I am persuaded I express the sentiments of my fellow-citizens, when I offer as an earnest prayer that it may terminate in the permanent honor and happiness of your government and people." But, in a reply of the same date (13th Oct.) to Gouverneur Morris, he shows that his circumspect and cautious spirit was not to be hurried away by popular excitement. "The revolution which has been effected in France," writes he, "is of so wonderful a nature, that the mind can hardly realize the fact. If it ends as our last accounts of the 1st of August predict, that nation will be the most powerful and happy in Europe; but I fear, though it has gone triumphantly through the first paroxysm, it is not the last it has to encounter before matters are finally settled. In a word, the revolution is of too great a magnitude to be effected in so short a space, and with the loss of so little blood. To forbear running from one extreme to the other, is no easy matter: and should this be the case, rocks and shelves, not visible at present, may wreck the vessel and give a higher-toned despotism than the one which existed before." Hamilton, too, regarded the recent events in France with a mixture of pleasure and apprehension. In a letter to Lafayette he writes: "As a friend to mankind and to liberty, I rejoice in the efforts which you are making to establish it, while I fear much for the final success of the attempts, for the fate of those who are engaged in it, and for the danger, in case of success, of innovations greater than will consist with the real felicity of your nation. I dread disagreements among those who are now united, about the nature of your constitution; I dread the vehement character of your people, whom, I fear, you may find it more easy to bring on, than to keep within proper bounds after you have put them in motion. I dread the interested refractoriness of your nobles, who cannot all be gratified, and who may be unwilling to submit to the requisite sacrifices. And I dread the reveries of your philosophic politicians, who appear in the moment to have great influence, and who, being mere speculatists, may aim at more refinement than suits either with human nature or the
composition of your nation." The opposite views and feelings of Hamilton and Jefferson, with regard to the French revolution, are the more interesting, as these eminent statesmen were soon to be brought face to face in the cabinet, the policy of which would be greatly influenced by French affairs; for it was at this time that Washington wrote to Jefferson, offering him the situation of Secretary of State.

Washington was on the eve of a journey through the Eastern States, with a view, as he said, to observe the situation of the country, and with a hope of perfectly re-establishing his health, which a series of indispositions had much impaired. He set out from New York on the 15th of October, travelling in his carriage with four horses, and accompanied by his official secretary, Major Jackson, and his private secretary, Mr. Lear. Though averse from public parade, he could not but be deeply affected and gratified at every step by the manifestations of a people's love. Wherever he came, all labor was suspended; business neglected. The bells were rung, the guns were fired; there were civic processions and military parades and triumphal arches, and all classes poured forth to testify, in every possible manner, their gratitude and affection for the man whom they hailed as the Father of His Country; and well did his noble stature, his dignified demeanor, his matured years, and his benevolent aspect, suit that venerable appellation.

In pursuance of the Governor's (the Hon. John Hancock's) arrangement, the militia, with General Brooks at their head, and Mr. Samuel Adams, the Lieut.-Governor, at the head of the Executive Council, met Washington at Cambridge, and escorted him with great ceremony to Boston. Being arrived at the grand entrance, which is over what is called "The Neck," the Lieut.-Governor and the Executive Council were brought to a sudden halt by observing the municipal authorities drawn up in their carriages, in formal array, to pay civic honors to the city's guest. Here ensued a great question of etiquette. The Executive Council insisted on the right of the Governor, as chief of the State, to receive and welcome its guest, at the entrance of its capital. "He should have met him at the boundary of the State over which he presides," replied the others; "and there have welcomed him to the hospitalities of the commonwealth. When the President is about to enter the town, it is the delegated right of the municipal authorities thereof to receive and bid him welcome." The contending parties remained drawn up resolutely in their carriages, while aides-de-camp and marshals were posting to and fro between them, carrying on a kind of diplomatic parley. In the meantime the President, and Major Jackson, his secretary, had mounted on horseback, and were waiting on the Neck to be conducted into the town. The day was unusually cold and murky. Washington became chilled and impatient, and when informed of the cause of the detention, "Is there no other avenue into the town?" demanded he of Major Jackson. He was, in fact, on the point of wheeling about, when word was brought that the controversy was
over, and that he would be received by the municipal authorities. The streets, the doors, the windows, the housetops, were crowded with well-dressed people of both sexes. "He was on horseback," says an observer, "dressed in his old continental uniform, with his hat off. He did not bow to the spectators as he passed, but sat on his horse with a calm, dignified air. He dismounted at the old State House, now City Hall, and came out on a temporary balcony at the west end; a long procession passed before him, whose salutations he occasionally returned. These and other ceremonials being over, the Lieutenant-Governor and Council, accompanied by the Vice President, conducted Washington to his lodgings, where they took leave of him." Various addresses were made to him in the course of his visit, but none that reached his heart more directly than that of his old companions in arms, the Cincinnati Society of Massachusetts, who hailed him as "their glorious leader in war, their illustrious example in peace." "Dear, indeed," said he, in reply, "is the occasion which restores an intercourse with my associates in prosperous and adverse fortune; and enhanced are the triumphs of peace participated with those whose virtue and valor so largely contributed to procure them. To that virtue and valor your country has confessed her obligations. Be mine the grateful task to add to the testimony of a connection which it was my pride to own in the field, and is now my happiness to acknowledge in the enjoyments of peace and freedom." After remaining in Boston for a week, feted in the most hospitable manner, he departed on Thursday, October 29th, at eight o'clock. The escort was not punctual, but overtook him on the road. His journey eastward terminated at Portsmouth, whence he turned his face homeward by a middle route through the interior of the country to Hartford, and thence to New York, where he arrived between two and three o'clock on the 13th of November.

Not long after Washington's return, Col. John Trumbull, his aide-de-camp in former days, now an historical painter of eminence, arrived from Europe, where he had been successfully prosecuting his art and preparing for his grand pictures, illustrative of our revolutionary history. At Mr. Jefferson's house in Paris, he had been enabled to sketch from the life the portraits of several of the French officers who had been present at the capture of Cornwallis, and were now among the popular agitators of France. He had renewed his military acquaintance with Lafayette; witnessed the outbreak of the revolution; the storming of the Bastille; and attended the Marquis on one occasion, when the latter succeeded in calming the riotous excesses of a mob, principally workmen, in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Mr. Jefferson had embarked for America, and had already landed at Norfolk in Virginia. Washington immediately forwarded to him his commission as Secretary of State, requesting to know his determination on the subject. Jefferson, in reply, expressed himself flattered by the nomination, but dubious of his being equal to its extensive and various duties, while, on the other hand, he felt familiar with the duties of his present office. "But
it is not for an individual to choose his path," said he. "You are to marshal us as may best be for the public good. Signify to me, by another line, your ultimate wish, and I shall conform to it cordially. If it should be to remain in New York, my chief comfort will be to work under your eye; my only shelter the authority of your name and the wisdom of measures to be dictated by you and implicitly executed by me." Washington replied that he considered the successful administration of the general government an object of almost infinite consequence to the present and future happiness of the citizens of the United States; that he regarded the office of Secretary for the department of State very important, and that he knew of no person who, in his judgment, could better execute the duties of it than himself. Jefferson accordingly accepted the nomination.

Congress reassembled on the 4th of January (1790), but a quorum of the two Houses was not present until the 8th, when the session was opened by Washington in form, with an address delivered before them in the Senate chamber. Among the most important objects suggested in the address for the deliberation of Congress, were provisions for national defence; provisions for facilitating intercourse with foreign nations, and defraying expenses of diplomatic agents; laws for the naturalization of foreigners; uniformity in the currency, weights, and measures of the United States; facilities for the advancement of commerce, agriculture, and manufactures; attention to the post-office and post-roads; measures for the promotion of science and literature, and for the support of public credit. The government was now organized, apparently, to the satisfaction of all parties; but its efficiency would essentially depend on the success of a measure which Washington had pledged himself to institute, and which was yet to be tried; namely, a system of finance adapted to revive the national credit, and place the public debt in a condition to be paid off. At the close of the war the debt amounted to forty-two millions of dollars; but so little had the country been able to fulfil its engagements, owing to the want of a sovereign legislature having the sole and exclusive power of laying duties upon imports, and thus providing adequate resources, that the debt had swollen, through arrears of interest, to upwards of fifty-four millions. Of this amount nearly eight millions were due to France, between three and four millions to private lenders in Holland, and about two hundred and fifty thousand in Spain; making, altogether, nearly twelve millions due abroad. The debt contracted at home amounted to upwards of forty-two millions, and was due, originally, to officers and soldiers of the revolutionary war, who had risked their lives for the cause; farmers who had furnished supplies for the public service, or whose property had been assumed for it; capitalists who, in critical periods of the war, had adventured their fortunes in support of their country's independence. The domestic debt, therefore, could not have had a more sacred and patriotic origin; but in the long delay of national justice, the paper which represented these outstanding claims, had sunk to less than
a sixth of its nominal value, and the larger portion of it had been parted with at that depreciated rate, either in the course of trade, or to speculative purchasers, who were willing to take the risk of eventual payment. In public newspapers, however, and in private circles, the propriety of a discrimination between the assignees and the original holders of the public securities, was freely discussed. Beside the foreign and domestic debt of the federal government, the States, individually, were involved in liabilities contracted for the common cause, to an aggregate amount of about twenty-five millions of dollars; of which more than one-half was due from three of them; Massachusetts and South Carolina each owing more than five millions, and Virginia more than three and a half. The reputation and the well-being of the government were, therefore, at stake upon the issue of some plan to retrieve the national credit, and establish it upon a firm and secure foundation. The Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Hamilton), had prepared such a plan. He asserted the propriety of paying the foreign debt according to its terms. He asserted, also, the equal validity of the original claims of the American creditors of the government, whether those creditors were the original holders of its certificates or subsequent purchasers of them at a depreciated value. The idea of any distinction between them, which some were inclined to advance, he repudiated as alike unjust, impolitic, and impracticable. He urged, moreover, the assumption, by the general government, of the separate debts of the States, contracted for the common cause, and that a like provision should be made for their payment as for the payment of those of the Union. They were all contracted in the struggle for national independence, not for the independence of any particular part. No more money would be required for their discharge as federal, than as State debts. Money could be raised more readily by the federal government than by the States, and all clashing and jealousy between State and federal debtors would thus be prevented. He recommended, therefore, that the entire mass of debt be funded; the Union made responsible for it, and taxes imposed for its liquidation. He suggested, moreover, the expediency, for the greater security of the debt and punctuality in the payment of interest, that the domestic creditors submit to an abatement of accruing interest. The plan was reported to the House by Mr. Hamilton, the 14th of January, but did not undergo consideration until the 8th of February, when it was opposed with great earnestness, especially the point of assuming the State debts, as tending to consolidation, as giving an undue influence to the general government, and as being of doubtful constitutionality. The measure, however, passed, in Committee of the Whole, on the 9th of March, by a vote of 31 to 26. The funding of the State debts was supposed to benefit, materially, the Northern States, in which was the entire capital of the country; yet South Carolina voted for the assumption. Opinions were honestly divided on the subject. The great majority were aiming to do their duty—to do what was right; but their disagreement was the result of real difficulties incident to the intricate and compli-
icated problem with which they had to deal. Washington had little sympathy with these sectional jealousies; and the noble language in which he rebukes them, cannot be too largely cited. "I am sorry," observes he, "such jealousies should be gaining ground and poisoning the minds of the southern people; but, admit the fact which is alleged as the cause of them, and give it full scope, does it amount to more than was known to every man of information before, at, and since the adoption of the Constitution? Was it not always believed that there are some points which peculiarly interest the Eastern States? Are there not other points which equally concern the Southern States? If these States are less tenacious of their interest, or if, while the Eastern move in a solid phalanx to effect their views, the Southern are always divided, which of the two is most to be blamed? That there is a diversity of interests in the Union, none has denied. That this is the case, also, in every State, is equally certain; and that it even extends to the counties of individual States, can be as readily proved. To constitute a dispute, there must be two parties. To understand it well, both parties, and all the circumstances must be fully heard; and, to accommodate differences, temper and mutual forbearance are requisite. Common danger brought the States into confederacy, and on the union our safety and importance depend. A spirit of accommodation was the basis of the present Constitution. Can it be expected, then, that the southern or eastern parts of the empire will succeed in all their measures? Certainly not. But I will readily grant that more points will be carried by the latter than the former, and for the reason that in all great national questions, they move in unison, whilst the others are divided. I will ask another question, of the highest magnitude in my mind, to wit, if the Eastern and Northern States are dangerous in union, will they be less in separation? If self-interest is their governing principle, will it forsake them, or be restrained by such an event? I hardly think it would. Then, independently of other considerations, what would Virginia, and such other States as might be inclined to join her, gain by a separation? Would they not, most unquestionably, be the weaker party?"

At this juncture (March 21st), Mr. Jefferson arrived in New York to undertake the duties of the Department of State. He had just been in Virginia, where the forms and ceremonials adopted at the seat of our government, were subjects of cavil and sneer; where it was reported that Washington affected a monarchical style in his official intercourse; that he held court-like levees, and Mrs. Washington "queenly drawing-rooms," at which none but the aristocracy were admitted, that the manners of both were haughty, and their personal habits reserved and exclusive. Jefferson looked round him with an apprehensive eye, and appears to have seen something to startle him at every turn. We give, from his private correspondence, his own account of his impressions. "Being fresh from the French revolution, while in its first and pure stage, and, consequently, somewhat whetted up in my own republican principles, I found a state of things in the general society of the
place, which I could not have supposed possible. I was astonished to find the general prevalence of monarchical sentiments, insomuch, that in maintaining those of republicanism, I had always the whole company on my hands, never scarcely finding among them a single co-advocate in that argument, unless some old member of Congress happened to be present. The furthest that any one would go in support of the republican features of our new government, would be to say, "the present constitution is well as a beginning, and may be allowed a fair trial, but it is, in fact, only a stepping stone to something better." This picture, given under excitement and with preconceived notions, is probably overcharged; but, allowing it to be true, we can hardly wonder at it, viewed in connection with the place and times. New York, during the session of Congress, was the gathering place of politicians of every party. The revolution of France had made the forms of government once more the usual topics of conversation, and revived the conflicts of opinions on the subject. As yet, the history of the world had furnished no favorable examples of popular government; speculative writers in England had contended that no government more popular than their own, was consistent with either internal tranquillity, the supremacy of the laws, or a great extent of empire. Our republic was ten times larger than any that had yet existed. Jay, one of the calmest thinkers of the Union, expressed himself dubiously on the subject. "Whether any people could long govern themselves in an equal, uniform, and orderly manner, was a question of vital importance to the cause of liberty, but a question which, like others, whose solution depends on facts, could only be determined by experience—now, as yet, there had been very few opportunities of making the experiment." Alexander Hamilton, though pledged and sincerely disposed to support the republican form, with regard to our country, preferred, theoretically, a monarchical form; and, being frank of speech, and, as Gouverneur Morris writes, "prone to mount his hobby," may have spoken openly in favor of that form as suitable to France; and as his admirers took their creed from him, opinions of the kind may have been uttered pretty freely at dinner-tables. These, however, which so much surprised and shocked Mr. Jefferson, were probably merely speculative opinions, broached in unguarded hours, with no sinister design, by men who had no thought of paving the way for a monarchy.

The question of the assumption of the State debts was resumed in Congress on the 29th of March. On the 12th of April, when the question to commit was taken, there was a majority of two against the assumption. The decision of Congress, however, was ultimately in favor of it. A specific sum was assumed ($21,500,000), and this was distributed among the States in specific portions. Thus modified, it passed the Senate, July 22d, by the close vote of fourteen to twelve; and the House, July 24th, by thirty-four to twenty-eight, "after having," says Washington, "been agitated with a warmth and intemperance, with prolixity and threats which, it is to be feared, have lessened the dignity of Congress and decreased the respect once entertained for it." The question about
the permanent seat of government, was now compromised. It
was agreed that Congress should continue for ten years to hold
its sessions at Philadelphia; during which time the public build-
ings should be erected at some place on the Potomac, to which the
government should remove at the expiration of the above term. A
territory, ten miles square, selected for the purpose on the confines
of Maryland and Virginia, was ceded by those States to the United
States, and subsequently designated as the District of Columbia.
One of the last acts of the Executive during the session was the
conclusion of a treaty of peace and friendship with the Creek
nation of Indians, represented at New York by Mr. M'Gillivray,
and thirty of the chiefs and head men. By this treaty (signed
August 7th), an extensive territory, claimed by Georgia, was re-
linquished greatly to the discontent of that State; being considered
by it an unjustifiable abandonment of its rights and interests.
Congress adjourned on the 12th of August. Jefferson, com-
menting on the discord that had prevailed for a time among the
members, observes, that in the latter part of the session, they had
reacquired the harmony which had always distinguished their pro-
ceedings before the introduction of the two disagreeable subjects
of the Assumption and the Residence: "these," said he, "really
threatened, at one time, a separation of the legislature sine die."

Washington, free himself from all jealousy of the talents and
popularity of others, and solely actuated by zeal for the public
good, had sought the ablest men to assist him in his arduous task,
and supposed them influenced by the same unselfish spirit. In a
letter to Lafayette, he writes, "Many of your old acquaintances and
friends are concerned with me in the administration of this govern-
ment. By having Mr. Jefferson at the head of the department of
State, Mr. Jay of the judiciary, Hamilton of the treasury, and
Knox of war, I feel myself supported by able coadjuvators who har-
monize extremely well together." Yet, at this very moment, a
lurking spirit of rivalry between Jefferson and Hamilton was
already existing and daily gaining strength. Jefferson, who con-
sidered Hamilton a monarchist in his principles, regarded all his
financial schemes with suspicion, as intended to strengthen the in-
fluence of the treasury, and make its chief the master of every
vote in the legislature, "which might give to the government the
direction suited to his political views."

The attention of Washington was often called off from affairs at
home to affairs in France; and to the conspicuous and perilous
part which his friend and disciple Lafayette, was playing in the
great revolutionary drama. "Your friend, the Marquis de Lafay-
ette," writes the Marquis de la Luzerne, "finds himself at the head
of the revolution; and, indeed, it is a very fortunate circumstance
for the State that he is, but very little so for himself. Never has
any man been placed in a more critical situation." Lafayette
looked back to the time when, in his early campaigns in America,
he had shared Washington's councils, bivouacked with him on the
field of battle, and been benefitted by his guardian wisdom in every
emergency. "How often, my well-beloved general," writes he
(January, 1790), "have I regretted your sage councils and friendly support. We have advanced in the career of the revolution without the vessel of State being wrecked against the rocks of aristocracy or faction. At present, that which existed has been destroyed; a new political edifice is forming; without being perfect, it is sufficient to assure liberty. The result will, I hope, be happy for my country and for humanity. One perceives the germs of liberty in other parts of Europe. I will encourage their development by all the means in my power." Far removed as Washington was from the theatre of political action, and but little acquainted with many of the minute circumstances which might influence important decisions, he was cautious in hazarding opinions in his replies to his French correspondents. Indeed, the whole revolutionary movement appeared to him so extraordinary in its commencement, so wonderful in its progress, and so stupendous in its possible consequences, that he declared himself almost lost in the contemplation of it. "Of one thing you may rest perfectly assured," writes he to the Marquis de la Luzerne, "that no one can wish more sincerely for the prosperity of the French nation than I do. Nor is it without the most sensible pleasure that I learn that our friend, the Marquis de Lafayette, has, in acting the arduous part which has fallen to his share, conducted himself with so much wisdom and apparently with such general satisfaction."

In March, 1790, Lafayette writes: "Permit me, my dear general, to offer you a picture representing the Bastille, such as it was some days after I had given orders for its demolition. I make you homage, also, of the principal key of this fortress of despotism. It is a tribute which I owe you; as son to my adopted father, as aide-de-camp to my general, as missionary of liberty to its patriarch." Thomas Paine was to have been the bearer of the key, but he forwarded it to Washington from London. "I feel myself happy," writes he, "in being the person through whom the Marquis has conveyed this early trophy of the spoils of despotism, and the first ripe fruits of American principles, transplanted into Europe, to his great master and patron. That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted, and, therefore, the key comes to the right place." Washington received the key with reverence, as a "token of the victory gained by liberty over despotism;" and it is still preserved at Mount Vernon, as a precious historical relic. While his regard for the French nation made him rejoice in the progress of the political reform which he considered essential to its welfare, he felt a generous solicitude for the personal safety of the youthful monarch, who had befriended America in its time of need. "Happy am I, my good friend," writes he to the Marquis, (August II), "that, amidst all the tremendous tempests which have assailed your political ship, you have had address and fortitude enough to steer her hitherto safely through the quicksands and rocks which threatened instant destruction on every side; and that your young king, in all things, seems so well disposed to conform to the wishes of the nation. In such an important, such a hazardous voyage, when everything dear and sacred is embarked,
you know full well, my best wishes have never left you for a moment. Yet I will avow, that the accounts we received through the English papers, which were sometimes our only channels of information, caused our fears of failure almost to exceed our expectations of success." Those fears were not chimerical; for, at the very time he penned this letter, the Jacobin club of Paris had already sent forth ramifications throughout France; corresponding clubs were springing up by hundreds in the provinces, and everything was hurrying forward to a violent catastrophe.

Washington, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson, departed by water (August 14) on a visit to Rhode Island, which State had recently acceded to the Union. He was cordially welcomed by the inhabitants, and after an absence of ten days, he departed for his beloved Mount Vernon, there to cast off public cares as much as possible, and enjoy the pleasures of the country during the residue of the recess of Congress.

Frequent depredations had of late been made on our frontier settlements by what Washington termed "certain banditti of Indians" from the north-west side of the Ohio. Some of our people had been massacred and others carried into deplorable captivity. Strict justice and equity had always formed the basis of Washington's dealings with the Indian tribes, and he had endeavored to convince them that such was the general policy of our government; but his efforts were often thwarted by the conduct of our own people; the encroachments of land speculators and the lawless conduct of our frontiersmen; and jealousies thus excited were fomented by the intrigues of foreign agents. The Indians of the Wabash and Miami rivers, who were the present aggressors, were numerous, warlike, and not deficient in discipline. They were well armed also, obtaining weapons and ammunition from the posts which the British still retained within the territories of the United States, contrary to the treaty of peace. An act had been provided for emergencies, by which the President was empowered to call out the militia for the protection of the frontier; this act Washington put in force in the interval of Congress; and under it an expedition was set on foot, which began its march on the 30th of Sept., from Fort Washington (which stood on the site of the present city of Cincinnati). Brig. Gen. Harmer, a veteran of the Revolution, led the expedition, having under him 320 regulars, with militia detachments from Pennsylvania and Virginia (or Kentucky), making in all 1453 men. After a march of seventeen days, they approached the principal village of the Miamis. The Indians did not await an attack, but set fire to the village and fled to the woods. The destruction of the place, with that of large quantities of provisions, was completed. An Indian trail being discovered, Col. Hardin, a continental officer who commanded the Kentucky militia, was detached to follow it, at the head of one hundred and fifty of his men, and about thirty regulars, under Capt. Armstrong and Ensign Hartshorn. They followed the trail for about six miles, and were crossing a plain covered by thickets, when suddenly there were volleys of rifles on each side, from un-
seen marksmen, accompanied by the horrid war-whoop. The trail had, in fact, decoyed them into an ambush of seven hundred savages, under the famous warrior Little Turtle. The militia fled, without firing a musket. The savages now turned upon the little handful of regulars, who stood their ground, and made a brave resistance with the bayonet until all were slain, excepting Capt. Armstrong, Ensign Hartshorn, and five privates. The ensign was saved by falling behind a log, which screened him from his pursuers. Armstrong plunged into a swamp, where he sank up to his neck, and remained for several hours of the night within two hundred yards of the field of action, a spectator of the war-dance of the savages over the slain. The two officers who escaped thus narrowly, found their way back to the camp about six miles distant. The army effected the main purpose of the expedition in laying waste the Indian villages and destroying their winter's stock of provisions, after which it commenced its march back to Fort Washington. On the 21st of Oct., when it was halted about ten miles to the west of Chillicothe, Col. Hardin was detached with a body of militia and sixty regulars, under Major Willys, and had another encounter with Little Turtle and his braves. It was a bloody battle, fought well on both sides. The militia behaved bravely, and lost many men and officers, as did the regulars; Major Willys fell at the commencement of the action, Col. Hardin was at length compelled to retreat, leaving the dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy. The expedition made its way back to Fort Washington, on the banks of the Ohio.

Congress reassembled, according to adjournment, on the first Monday in Dec., at Philadelphia. A house belonging to Mr. Robert Morris, the financier, had been hired by Washington for his residence, and at his request, had undergone additions and alterations "in a plain and neat, and not by any means in an extravagant style." His secretary, Mr. Lear, had made every preparation for his arrival and accommodation, and among other things, had spoken of the rich and elegant style in which the state carriage was fitted up. "I had rather have heard," replied Washington, "that my repaired coach was plain and elegant than rich and elegant." Congress, at its opening, was chiefly occupied in financial arrangements. According to the statement of the Secretaries of the Treasury, an additional annual revenue of $826,000 would be required, principally to meet the additional charges arising from the assumption of the State debts. He proposed to raise it by an increase of the impost on foreign distilled spirits, and a tax by way of excise on spirits distilled at home. An impost and Excise bill was accordingly introduced into Congress, and finally carried through the House. Mr. Hamilton, in his former Treasury report, had recommended the establishment of a National Bank; he now, in a special report, urged the policy of the measure. A bill, introduced in conformity with his views, was passed in the Senate, but vehemently opposed in the House; partly on considerations of policy; but chiefly on the ground of constitutionality. On one side it was denied that the constitution
had given to Congress the power of incorporation; on the other side it was insisted that such power was incident to the power vested in Congress for raising money. The bill, after passing the House of Representatives by a majority of nineteen votes, came before the executive for his approval. Washington was fully alive to the magnitude of the question and the interest felt in it by the opposing parties. The cabinet was divided on it. Jefferson and Randolph denied its constitutionality, Hamilton and Knox maintained it. Washington gave his sanction to the act, and the bill was carried into effect.

The objection of Jefferson to a bank was not merely on constitutional grounds. In his subsequent writings he avows himself opposed to banks, as introducing a paper instead of a cash system—raising up a moneyed aristocracy, and abandoning the public to the discretion of avarice and swindlers. Paper money might have some advantages, but its abuses were inevitable, and by breaking up the measure of value, it made a lottery of all private property. These objections he maintained to his dying day. Washington, he affirmed, was not aware of the drift or effect of Hamilton’s schemes. “Unversed in financial projects and calculations and budgets, his approbation of them was bottomed on his confidence in the man.” Washington, however, was not prone to be swayed in his judgments by blind partiality. When he distrusted his own knowledge in regard to any important measure, he asked the written opinions of those of his council who he thought were better informed, and examined and weighed them, and put them to the test of his almost unfailing sagacity. His confidence in Hamilton’s talents, information, and integrity had led him to seek his counsels; but his approbation of those counsels was bottomed on a careful investigation of them. It was the same in regard to the counsels of Jefferson; they were received with great deference, but always deliberately and scrupulously weighed. The opposite policy of these rival statesmen brought them into incessant collision. “Hamilton and myself,” writes Jefferson, “were daily pitted in the cabinet like two cocks.” The warm-hearted Knox always sided with his old companion in arms, whose talents he revered. He is often noticed with a disparaging sneer by Jefferson, in consequence. Randolph commonly adhiered to the latter. Washington’s calm and massive intellect overruled any occasional discord. His policy with regard to his constitutional advisers has been happily estimated by R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia. “He sought no unit cabinet, according to the set phrase of succeeding times. He asked no suppression of sentiment, no concealment of opinion; he exhibited no mean jealousy of high talent in others. He gathered around him the greatest public men of that day, and some of them to be ranked with the greatest of any day. He did not leave Jefferson and Hamilton without the cabinet, to shake, perhaps, the whole fabric of government in their fierce wars and rivalries, but he took them within, where he himself might arbitrate their disputes as they arose, and turn to the best account for the country their suggestions as they were made.” In the meantime two political parties
were forming throughout the Union, under the adverse standards of these statesmen. Both had the good of the country at heart, but differed as to the policy by which it was to be secured. The Federalists, who looked up to Hamilton as their model, were in favor of strengthening the general government so as to give it weight and dignity abroad and efficiency at home; to guard it against the encroachments of the individual States and a general tendency to anarchy. The other party, known as republicans or democrats, and taking Mr. Jefferson's view of affairs, saw in all the measures advocated by the Federalists, an intention to convert the Federal into a great central or consolidated government, preparatory to a change from a republic to a monarchy.

The particulars of General Harmer's expedition against the Indians, when reported to Congress, gave great dissatisfaction. Further troubles in that quarter were apprehended, for the Miamis were said to be less disheartened by the ravage of their villages than exultant at the successful ambuscades of Little Turtle. Three Seneca chiefs, Cornplanter, Half Town, and Great Tree, being at the seat of government on business of their own nation, offered to visit these belligerent tribes, and persuade them to bury the hatchet. Washington, in a set speech, encouraged them in the undertaking. "By this humane measure," said he, "you will render these mistaken people a great service, and probably prevent their being swept off of the face of the earth. The United States require only that these people should demean themselves peaceably. But they may be assured that the United States are able, and will most certainly punish them severely for all their robberies and murders." He had always been earnest in his desire to civilize the savages, but had little faith in the expedient of sending their young men to our colleges; the true means, he thought, was to introduce the arts and habits of husbandry among them.

In the course of the present session, Congress received and granted the applications of Kentucky and Vermont for admission into the Union, the former after August, 1792; the latter immediately. On the 3d of March the term of this first Congress expired. Washington, after reciting the various important measures that had been effected, testified to the great harmony and cordiality which had prevailed. As the Indians on the north-west side of the Ohio still continued their hostilities, one of the last measures of Congress had been an act to augment the military establishments, and to place in the hands of the executive more ample means for the protection of the frontiers. A new expedition against the belligerent tribes had, in consequence, been projected. Gen. St. Clair, actually governor of the territory west of the Ohio, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces to be employed. Washington had been deeply chagrined by the mortifying disasters of Gen. Harmer's expedition to the Wabash. In taking leave of his old military comrade, St. Clair, he wished him success and honor, but gave him a solemn warning. "You have your instructions from the Secretary of War. I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word—Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight,
I repeat it—Beware of a surprise!” With these warning words sounding in his ear, St. Clair departed.

In the month of March Washington set out on a tour through the Southern States; travelling with one set of horses and making occasional halts. The route was by Fredericksburg, Richmond, Wilmington (N. C.) and Charleston to Savannah; thence to Augusta, Columbia, and the interior towns of North Carolina and Virginia, comprising a journey of 1887 miles; all which he accomplished without any interruption from sickness, bad weather, or any untoward accident. “Indeed,” writes he, “so highly were we favored that we arrived at each place where I proposed to make any halt, on the very day I fixed upon before we set out. The same horses performed the whole tour; and, although much reduced in flesh, kept up their full spirits to the last day.” He returned to Philadelphia on the 6th of July, much pleased with his tour. It had enabled him, he said, to see, with his own eyes, the situation of the country, and to learn more accurately the disposition of the people, than he could have done from any verbal information. “Every day’s experience of the government of the United States,” writes he to David Humphreys, “seems to confirm its establishment, and to render it more popular. A ready acquiescence in the laws made under it shows, in a strong light, the confidence which the people have in their representatives, and in the upright views of those who administer the government. Our public credit stands on that ground, which, three years ago, it would have been madness to have foretold. The astonishing rapidity with which the newly instituted bank was filled, gives an unexampled proof of the resources of our countrymen and their confidence in public measures. On the first day of opening the subscription the whole number of shares (twenty thousand) were taken up in one hour, and application made for upwards of four thousand shares more than were granted by the institution, besides many others that were coming in from various quarters.”—Letters from Gouverneur Morris gave a gloomy picture of French affairs. “This unhappy country,” writes he to Washington, “bewildered in pursuit of metaphysical whimsies, presents to our moral view a mighty ruin. Like the remnants of ancient magnificence, we admire the architecture of the temple, while we detest the false god to whom it was dedicated. Daws and ravens, and the birds of night, now build their nests in its niches. The sovereign, humbled to the level of a beggar’s pity, without resources, without authority, without a friend. The Assembly at once a master and a slave, new in power, wild in theory, raw in practice. It engrosses all functions, though incapable of exercising any, and has taken from this fierce, ferocious people, every restraint of religion and of respect. Lafayette has hitherto acted a splendid part. The king obeys but detests him. He obeys because he fears. Whoever possesses the royal person may do whatever he pleases with the royal character and authority. Hence, it happens that the ministers are of Lafayette’s appointment.” Lafayette’s letters depict the troubles of a patriot leader in the stormy time of a revolution; a leader
warm, generous, honest, impulsive, but not far-seeing. "I con-
tinue to be forever tossed about on an ocean of factions and com-
motions of every kind. Unfortunately, the people have much bet-
ter learnt how to overturn despotism, than to comprehend the duty of submission to law. It is to you, my dear general, the patriarch and generalissimo of the promoters of universal liberty, that I ought always to render a faithful account of the conduct of your aide-de-
camp in the service of this grand cause." Sympathy with the popular cause prevailed with a part of Washington's cabinet. Jefferson was ardent in his wishes that the revolution might be established. He felt, he said, that the permanence of our own revolution leaned, in some degree, on that of France; that a failure there would be a powerful argument to prove there must be a fail-
ure here, and that the success of the French revolution was neces-
sary to stay up our own and "prevent its falling back to that kind of half-way house, the English constitution." Outside of the cab-
inet, the Vice President, John Adams, regarded the French revo-
lution with strong distrust. His official position, however, was too negative in its nature to afford him an opportunity of exerting influ-
ence on public affairs. He considered the post of Vice President beneath his talents. "My country," writes he, "has, in its wisdom, contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the inven-
tion of a man contrived or his imagination conceived." Impatient of a situation in which, as he said, he could do neither good nor evil, he resorted, for mental relief, to the press, and for upwards of a year had exercised his fertile and ever ready pen, in furnishing Fenno's Gazette of the United States with a series of papers entitled "Discourses on Davila," being an analysis of Davila's History of the Civil Wars of France in the 16th century. The aim of Mr. Adams, in this series, was to point out to his countrymen the dangers to be apprehended from powerful factions in ill-bal-
anced forms of government; but he was charged with advocating monarchy, and laboring to prepare the way for an hereditary presidency. To counteract these "political heresies," a reprint of Paine's Rights of Man, written in reply to Burke's pamphlet on the French revolution, appeared under the auspices of Mr. Jeffer-
son. While the public mind was thus agitated with conflicting opinions, news arrived in August, of the flight of Louis XVI. from Paris, and his recapture at Varennes. All Jefferson's hatred of royalty was aroused by this breach of royal faith. "Such are the fruits of that form of government," said he, scornfully, "which heaps importance on idiots, and which the Tories of the present day are trying to preach into our favor. It would be unfortunate were it in the power of any one man to defeat the issue of so beau-
tiful a revolution. I hope and trust that it is not, and that, for the good of suffering humanity all over the earth, that revolution will be established and spread all over the world." He was the first to communicate the intelligence to Washington, who was holding one of his levees, and observes, "I never saw him so much dejected by any event in my life."

The second Congress assembled at Philadelphia on the 24th of
October, and on the 25th Washington delivered his opening speech. After remarking upon the prosperous situation of the country, and the success which had attended its financial measures, he adverted to the offensive operations against the Indians, which government had been compelled to adopt for the protection of the Western frontier. Two expeditions had been organized in Kentucky against the villages on the Wabash. The first, in May, was led by Gen. Charles Scott, having Gen. Wilkinson as second in command. The second, a volunteer enterprise, in August, was led by Wilkinson alone. Very little good was effected, or glory gained by either of these expeditions. The troops for Gen. St. Clair's expedition assembled early in September, in the vicinity of Fort Washington (now Cincinnati). There were about two thousand regulars, and one thousand militia. An arduous task was before them. Roads were to be opened through a wilderness; bridges constructed for the conveyance of artillery and stores, and forts to be built so as to keep up a line of communication between the Wabash and the Ohio, the base of operations. The troops commenced their march directly North, on the 6th or 7th of September, cutting their way through the woods, and slowly constructing the line of forts. After placing garrisons in the forts, the general continued his march. It was a forced one with him, for he was so afflicted with the gout that he could not walk, and had to be helped on and off of his horse; but his only chance to keep his little army together was to move on. A number of the Virginia troops had already, on the 27th of October, insisted on their discharges, and the time of the other battalions was nearly up. The army had proceeded six days after leaving Fort Jefferson, and were drawing near a part of the country where they were likely to meet with Indians, when, on the 30th of October, sixty of the militia deserted in a body. The 1st United States regiment, 300 men, under Major Hamtramck, was detached to march back beyond Fort Jefferson, apprehend these deserters, if possible, and, at all events, prevent the provisions that might be on the way, from being rifed. Thus reduced to 1,400 effective rank and file, the army continued its march to a point about twenty-nine miles from Fort Jefferson, and ninety-seven from Fort Washington, and fifteen miles south of the Miami villages, where it encamped November 3d, on a rising ground with a stream forty feet wide in front, running westerly. This stream was mistaken by Gen. St. Clair for the St. Mary, which empties itself into the Miami of the lakes; but it was, in fact, a tributary of the Wabash. A number of new and old Indian camps showed that this had been a place of general resort; and in the bends of the stream were tracks of a party of fifteen, horse and foot; a scouting party most probably, which must have quitted the ground just before the arrival of the army. The ground descended gradually in front of the encampment to the stream, which, at this time, was fordable, and meandered in its course; in some places, one hundred yards distant from the camp, in others not more than twenty-five. The immediate spot of the encampment was very defensible against regular troops; but it was
surrounded by close woods, dense thickets, and trunks of fallen trees, with here and there a ravine, and a small swamp—all the best kind of cover for stealthy Indian warfare. The militia were encamped beyond the stream about a quarter of a mile in the advance, on a high flat, a much more favorable position than that occupied by the main body. About half an hour before sunrise on November 4, and just after the troops had been dismissed on parade, a horrible sound burst forth from the woods around the militia camp, resembling, says an officer, the jangling of an infinitude of horse-bells. It was the direful Indian yell, followed by the sharp reports of the deadly rifle. The militia returned a feeble fire and then took to flight, dashing helter-skelter into the other camp. The first line of continental troops, which was hastily forming, was thrown into disorder. The Indians were close upon the heels of the flying militia, and would have entered the camp with them, but the sight of troops drawn up with fixed bayonets to receive them, checked their ardor, and they threw themselves behind logs and bushes at the distance of seventy yards; and immediately commenced an attack upon the first line, which soon was extended to the second. The great weight of the attack was upon the center of each line where the artillery was placed. The artillery, if not well served, was bravely fought; a quantity of canister and some round shot were thrown in the direction whence the Indians fired; but, concealed as they were, and only seen occasionally as they sprang from one covert to another, it was impossible to direct the pieces to advantage. The artillerists themselves were exposed to a murderous fire, and every officer, and more than two-thirds of the men, were killed and wounded. Twice the Indians pushed into camp, delivering their fire and then rushing on with the toma-hawk, but each time they were driven back. Gen. Butler had been shot from his horse, and was sitting down to have his wound dressed, when a daring savage, darting into camp, tomahawked and scalped him. He failed to carry off his trophy, being instantly slain. The veteran St. Clair, who, unable to mount his horse, was borne about on a litter, preserved his coolness in the midst of the peril and disaster, giving his orders with judgment and self-possesion. He ordered Col. Darke, with his regiment of regulars, to rouse the Indians from their covert with the bayonet, and turn their left flank. This was executed with great spirit: the enemy were driven three or four hundred yards; but, for want of cavalry or riflemen, the pursuit slackened, and the troops were forced to give back in turn. The savages had now got into the camp by the left flank; again several charges were made, but in vain. Great carnage was suffered from the enemy concealed in the woods; every shot seemed to take effect; all the officers of the second regiment were picked off, excepting three. The contest had now endured for more than two hours and a half. The spirits of the troops flagged under the loss of the officers; half of the army was killed, and the situation of the remainder was desperate. There appeared to be no alternative but a retreat. St. Clair ordered Col. Darke, with the second regiment, to make another
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charge, as if to turn the right wing of the enemy, but, in fact, to regain the road from which the army was cut off. This object was effected. Some of the wounded officers were brought off on horses, but several of the disabled men had to be left on the ground. The poor fellows charged their pieces before they were left: and the firing of musketry heard by the troops after they quitted the camp, told that their unfortunate comrades were selling their lives dear. It was a disorderly flight. The troops threw away arms, ammunition, accoutrements; even the officers, in some instances, divested themselves of their fuses. The general was mounted on a pack horse which could not be pricked out of a walk. By seven in the evening, the fugitives reached Fort Jefferson, a distance of twenty-nine miles. Here they met Major Hamtramck with the first regiment; but, as this force was far from sufficient to make up for the losses of the morning, the retreat was continued to Fort Washington, where the army arrived on the 8th at noon, shattered and broken-spirited. The whole loss of regular troops and levies amounted to five hundred and fifty killed, and two hundred wounded. Out of ninety-five commissioned officers who were on the field, thirty-one were slain and twenty-four wounded. Poor St. Clair's defeat has been paralleled with that of Braddock. No doubt, when he realized the terrible havoc that had been made, he thought sadly of Washington's parting words, "Beware of a surprise!"

Toward's the close of a winter's day in December, an officer in uniform dismounted in front of the President's house, and, giving the bridle to his servant, knocked at the door. He was informed by the porter that the President was at dinner and had company. The officer was not to be denied; he brought despatches for the President. Washington rose from the table and went into the hall, whence he returned in a short time and resumed his seat, apologizing for his absence, but without alluding to the cause of it. One of the company, however, overheard him, as he took his seat, mutter to himself, with an ejaculation of extreme impatience, "I knew it would be so!" Mrs. Washington held her drawing-room that evening. Washington appeared there with his usual serenity; speaking courteously to every lady, as was his custom. By ten o'clock all the company had gone; Mrs. Washington retired soon after, and Washington and his secretary alone remained. The general walked slowly backward and forward for some minutes in silence. As yet there had been no change in his manner. Taking a seat on a sofa by the fire he told Mr. Lear to sit down; the latter had scarce time to notice that he was extremely agitated, when he broke out suddenly: "It's all over!—St. Clair's defeated!—routed: the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the rout complete; too shocking to think of, and a surprise into the bargain!" All this was uttered with great vehemence. Then pausing and rising from the sofa, he walked up and down the room in silence, violently agitated, but saying nothing. When near the door he stopped short; stood still for a few moments, when there was another terrible explosion of wrath. "Yes," exclaimed he,
"HERE, on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor. "You have your instructions from the Secretary of War," said I, "I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word, BEWARE OF A SURPRISE! You know how the Indians fight us. I repeat it, BEWARE OF A SURPRISE." He went off with that, my last warning, thrown into his ears. And yet!! To suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against—O God! O God!!" exclaimed he, throwing up his hands, and while his very frame shook with emotion, "he's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country! The blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of heaven!" Mr. Lear remained speechless; awed into breathless silence by the appalling tone in which this torrent of invective was poured forth. The paroxysm passed by. Washington again sat down on the sofa—he was silent—apparently uncomfortable, as if conscious of the ungovernable burst of passion which had overcome him. "This must not go beyond this room," said he at length, in a subdued and altered tone—there was another and a longer pause; then, in a tone quite low: "Gen. St. Clair shall have justice," said he. "I looked hastily through the despatches; saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice."

In the course of the present session of Congress a bill was introduced for apportioning representatives among the people of the several States, according to the first enumeration. The constitution had provided that the number of representatives should not exceed one for every thirty thousand persons, and the House of Representatives passed a bill allotting to each State one member for this amount of population. This ratio would leave a fraction, greater or less, in each State. Its operation was unequal, as in some States a large surplus would be unrepresented, and hence, in one branch of the legislature, the relative power of the State be affected. That, too, was the popular branch, which those who feared a strong executive, desired to provide with the counterpoise of as full a representation as possible. To obviate this difficulty the Senate adopted a new principle of apportionment. They assumed the total population of the United States, and not the population of each State, as the basis on which the whole number of representatives should be ascertained. After an earnest debate, the House concurred, and the bill came before the President for his decision. After maturely deliberating, he made up his mind that the act was unconstitutional. It was the obvious intent of the constitution to apply the ratio of representation according to the separate numbers of each State, and not to the aggregate of the population of the United States. Now this bill allotted to eight of the States more than one representative for thirty thousand inhabitants. He accordingly returned the bill with his objections, being the first exercise of the veto power. A new bill was substituted, and passed into a law; giving a representative for every thirty-three thousand to each State.
Washington had observed with pain the political divisions which were growing up in the country; and was deeply concerned at finding that they were pervading the halls of legislation. The press, too, was contributing its powerful aid to keep up and increase the irritation. Two rival papers existed at the seat of government; one was Fenno's Gazette of the United States; the other was the National Gazette, edited by Philip Freneau. Freneau had been editor of the New York Daily Advertiser, but had come to Philadelphia in the autumn of 1791 to occupy the post of translating clerk in Mr. Jefferson's office, and had almost immediately (October 31) published the first number of his Gazette. Notwithstanding his situation in the office of the Secretary of State, Freneau became and continued to be throughout the session, a virulent assailant of most of the measures of government; excepting such as originated with Mr. Jefferson, or were approved by him.

Washington longed to be once more master of himself, free to indulge those rural and agricultural tastes which were to give verdure and freshness to his future existence. He had some time before this expressed a determination to retire from public life at the end of his presidential term. But one more year of that term remained to be endured; he was congratulating himself with the thought, when Mr. Jefferson intimated that it was his intention to retire from office at the same time with himself. In his Anas, he assures us that the President remonstrated with him against it, "in an affectionate tone." For his own part, he observed, many motives compelled him to retire. It was only after much pressing that he had consented to take a part in the new government and get it under way. Were he to continue in it longer, it might give room to say that, having tasted the sweets of office, he could not do without them. He observed, moreover, to Jefferson, that he really felt himself growing old; that his bodily health was less firm, and his memory, always bad, was becoming worse. The other faculties of his mind, perhaps, might be evincing to others a decay of which he himself might be insensible. This apprehension, he said, particularly oppressed him. His activity, too, had declined; business was consequently more irksome, and the longing for tranquility and retirement had become an irresistible passion; yet he should consider it unfortunate if he should bring on the retirement of the great officers of government, which might produce a shock on the public mind of a dangerous consequence. Jefferson, in reply, stated the reluctance with which he himself had entered upon public employment, and the resolution he had formed on accepting his station in the cabinet, to make the resignation of the President the epoch of his own retirement from labors of which he was heartily tired. He did not believe, however, that any of his brethren in the administration had any idea of retiring; on the contrary, he had perceived, at a late meeting of the trustees of the sinking fund, that the Secretary of the Treasury had developed the plan he intended to pursue, and that it embraced years in its views. Washington rejoined, that he consid-
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ered the Treasury department a limited one, going only to the single object of revenue, while that of the Secretary of State, embracing nearly all the objects of administration, was much more important, and the retirement of the officer, therefore, would be more noticed; that though the government had set out with a pretty general good will, yet that symptoms of dissatisfaction had lately shown themselves, far beyond what he could have expected; and to what height these might arise, in case of too great a change in the administration, could not be foreseen. Jefferson availed himself of this opportunity to have a thrust at his political rival, "I told him that in my opinion there was only a single source of these discontents. That a system had been contrived by the Treasury for deluging the States with paper money instead of gold and silver, for withdrawing our citizens from the pursuits of commerce, manufactures, buildings, and other branches of useful industry, to occupy themselves and their capitals in a species of gambling, destructive to morality, and which had introduced its poison into the government itself." Yet with all this political rivalry, Jefferson has left on record his appreciation of the sterling merit of Hamilton. In his Anas, he speaks of him as of "acute understanding, disinterested, honest, and honorable in all private transactions; amiable in society, and duly valuing virtue in private life. Yet so bewitched and pervaded by the British example, as to be under thorough conviction that corruption was essential to the government of a nation." He gives a conversation which occurred between Hamilton and Adams, at his (Jefferson's) table, after the cloth was removed. "Conversation," writes he, "began on other matters, and by some circumstance was led to the British constitution, on which Mr. Adams observed, 'purge that constitution of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect constitution ever devised by the wit of man.' Hamilton paused and said, 'purge it of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would become an impracticable government; as it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government which ever existed.'" Washington had, also, confidential conversations with Mr. Madison on the subject of his intended retirement from office at the end of the presidential term. Madison remonstrated in the most earnest manner against such a resolution, setting forth, in urgent language, the importance to the country of his continuing in the presidency. Washington listened to his reasoning with profound attention, but still clung to his resolution.

Gen. St. Clair resigned his commission, and was succeeded in his Western command by Gen. Wayne, the mad Anthony of the revolution, still in the vigor of his days, being forty-seven years of age. "He has many good points as an officer," writes Washington, "and it is to be hoped that time, reflection, good advice, and, above all, a due sense of the importance of the trust which is committed to him, will correct his foibles, or cast a shade over them." Washington's first thought was that a decisive expe-
dition conducted by this energetic man of the sword, might retrieve the recent frontier disgrace, and put an end to the persevering hostility of the Indians. In deference, however, to the clamors which had been raised against the war and its expenses, and to meet what appeared to be the prevalent wish of the nation, he reluctantly relinquished his more energetic policy, and gave in to that which advised further negotiations for peace; though he was far from anticipating a beneficial result. In regard to St. Clair, a committee of the House of Representatives ultimately inquired into the cause of the failure of his expedition, and rendered a report, in which he was explicitly exculpated. Public sentiment, however, remained for a long time adverse to him; but Washington, satisfied with the explanation which had been given, continued to honor him with his confidence and friendship.

Congress adjourned on the 8th of May, and soon afterward Washington set off on a short visit to Mount Vernon. The season was in all its beauty, and never had this rallying place of his affections appeared to him more attractive. How could he give up the prospect of a speedy return to its genial pursuits and pleasures from the harassing cares and janglings of public life. On the 20th of May, he wrote to Mr. Madison on the subject of their late conversation. "I have not been unmindful," says he, "of the sentiments expressed by you. On the contrary, I have again and again revolved them with thoughtful anxiety, but without being able to dispose my mind to a longer continuation in the office I have now the honor to hold. I therefore, still look forward with the fondest and most ardent wishes to spend the remainder of my days, which I cannot expect to be long, in ease and tranquillity." He requested Mr. Madison's advice as to the proper time and mode for announcing his intention of retiring, and for assistance in preparing the announcement. "In revolving this subject myself," writes he, "my judgment has always been embarrassed. On the one hand, a previous declaration to retire, not only carries with it the appearance of vanity and self-importance, but it may be construed into a maneuver to be invited to remain; and, on the other hand, to say nothing, implies consent, or, at any rate, would leave the matter in doubt; and to decline afterwards, might be deemed as bad and uncandid. I would fain carry my request to you further; that you would turn your thoughts to a valedictory address from me to the public." He suggested a number of the topics and ideas which the address was to contain; all to be expressed in "plain and modest terms." Madison advised that the notification and address should appear together, and be promulgated through the press in time to pervade every part of the Union by the beginning of November. With the letter he sent a draft of the address. "You will readily observe," writes he, "that, in executing it, I have aimed at that plainness and modesty of language, which you had in view, and which, indeed, are so peculiarly becoming the character and occasion; and that I had little more to do as to the matter, than to follow the just and comprehensive outline which you had sketched. I flatter myself, however, that, in everything which
has depended on me, much improvement will be made, before so interesting a paper shall have taken its last form." He expressed a hope that Washington would reconsider his idea of retiring from office, and that the country might not, at so important a conjuncture, be deprived of the inestimable advantage of having him at the head of its councils. On the 23d of May, Jefferson also addressed a long letter to Washington on the same subject. "When you first mentioned to me your purpose of retiring from the government, though I felt all the magnitude of the event, I was in a considerable degree silent. I knew that, to such a mind as yours, persuasion was idle and impertinent; that, before forming your decision, you had weighed all the reasons for and against the measure, had made up your mind in full view of them, and that there could be little hope of changing the result. Pursuing my reflections, too, I knew we were some day to try to walk alone, and, if the essay should be made while you should be alive and looking on, we should derive confidence from that circumstance, and resource if it failed. The public mind, too, was then calm and confident, and therefore in a favorable state for making the experiment. But the public mind is no longer so confident and serene; and that from causes in which you are no ways personally mixed. The confidence of the whole Union is centered in you. Your being at the helm will be more than an answer to every argument which can be used to alarm and lead the people in any quarter into violence or secession. North and South will hang together, if they have you to hang on. I am perfectly aware of the oppression under which your present office lays your mind, and of the ardor with which you pant for retirement to domestic life. But there is sometimes an eminence of character on which society have such peculiar claims, as to control the predilections of the individual for a particular walk of happiness, and restrain him to that alone, arising from the present and future benedictions of mankind. This seems to be your condition, and the law imposed on you by Providence, in forming your character, and fashioning the events on which it was to operate; and it is to motives like these that I appeal from your former determination and urge a revival of it, on the ground of change in the aspect of things. Should an honest majority result from the new and enlarged representation, should those acquiesce, whose principles or interests they may control, your wishes for retirement would be gratified with less danger, as soon as that shall be manifest, without awaiting the completion of the second period of four years."

This letter was not received by Washington until after his return to Philadelphia, and the purport of it was so painful to him, that he deferred from day to day having any conversation with Jefferson on the subject. In regard to the suspicions and apprehensions which apparently were haunting Jefferson's mind, Hamilton expressed himself roundly in one of his cabinet papers: "The idea of introducing a monarchy or aristocracy into this country, by employing the influence and force of a government continually changing hands, towards it, is one of those visionary things that
none but madmen could meditate, and that no wise man will believe. If it could be done at all, which is utterly incredible, it would require a long series of time, certainly beyond the life of any individual, to effect it—who, then, would enter into such a plot? for what purpose of interest or ambition?"

On the 10th of July, Washington had a conversation with Jefferson, and endeavored with his usual supervising and moderating assiduity to allay the jealousies and suspicions which were disturbing the mind of that ardent politician. There might be desires, he said, among a few in the higher walks of life, particularly in the great cities, to change the form of government into a monarchy, but he did not believe there were any designs; and he believed the main body of the people in the Eastern States were as steadily for republicanism as in the Southern. He spoke with earnestness about articles in the public papers, especially in the Gazette edited by Erneon, the object of which seemed to be to excite opposition to the government, and which had actually excited it in Pennsylvania, in regard to the excise law. "These articles," said he, feelingly, "tend to produce a separation of the Union, the most dreadful of calamities; and whatever tends to produce anarchy, tends, of course, to produce a resort to monarchical government. In condemning the administration of the government, they condemned me, for, if they thought these were measures pursued contrary to my sentiments, they must conceive me too careless to attend to them or too stupid to understand them."

Hamilton was equally strenuous in urging upon Washington the policy of reelection, as it regarded the public good, and wrote to him fully on the subject. It was the opinion of every one, he alleged, with whom he had conversed, that the affairs of the national government were not yet firmly established; that the period of the next House of Representatives was likely to prove the crisis of its national character; that if Washington continued in office, nothing materially mischievous was to be apprehended; but, if he should quit, much was to be dreaded; that, indeed, it would have been better as it regarded his own character, that he had never consented to come forward, than now to leave the business unfinished and in danger of being undone; that in the event of storms arising, there would be an imputation either of want of foresight or want of firmness; and, in fine, that on public and personal accounts, on patriotic and prudential considerations, the clear path to be pursued by him would be again to obey the voice of his country; which, it was not doubted, would be as earnest and unanimous as ever. Mr. Edmund Randolph also, after a long letter on the "jeopardy of the Union," which seemed to him "at the eve of a crisis," adds: "The fuel which has been already gathered for combustion wants no addition. But how awfully might it be increased, were the violence, which is now suspended by a universal submission to your pretensions, let loose by your resignation. The constitution would never have been adopted but from a knowledge that you had sanctioned it, and an expectation that you would execute it. It is the fixed opinion of
the world, that you should surrender nothing incomplete." All parties, however discordant in other points, concurred in a desire that Washington should continue in office—so truly was he regarded as the choice of the nation.—Washington in a letter to Jefferson (August 23d), on the subject of Indian hostilities, observes: "How unfortunate, and how much to be regretted that, while we are encompassed on all sides with armed enemies and insidious friends, internal dissension should be harrowing and tearing our vitals. The latter, to me, is the most serious, the most alarming and the most afflicting of the two; and without more charity for the opinions and acts of one another in governmental matters, I believe it will be difficult, if not impracticable, to manage the reins of government, or to keep the parts of it together; for if, instead of laying our shoulders to the machine after measures are decided on, one pulls this way and another that, it must inevitably be torn asunder; and, in my opinion, the fairest prospect of happiness and prosperity that ever was presented to man, will be lost perhaps forever. Admonitions to the same purport were addressed by him to Hamilton: "I would fain hope that liberal allowances will be made for the political opinions of each other; and, instead of those wounding suspicions and irritating charges, with which some of our gazettes are so strongly impregnated, and which cannot fail, if persevered in, of pushing matters to extremity, and thereby tearing the machine asunder, that there may be mutual forbearance on all sides. Without these I do not see how the reins of government are to be managed, or how the Union of the State can be much longer preserved." Hamilton was prompt and affectionate in his reply: "I pledge my hand to you, sir, that, if you shall hereafter form a plan to reunite the members of your administration upon some steady principle of cooperation, I will faithfully concur in executing it during my continuance in office. And I will not, directly or indirectly, say or do a thing that shall endanger a feud." Jefferson, too, assured Washington that to no one had the dissensions of the cabinet given deeper concern than to himself—to no one equal mortification at being himself a part of them.

Washington's solicitude for harmony in his cabinet had been rendered more anxious by public disturbances in some parts of the country. The excise law on ardent spirits distilled within the United States, had, from the time of its enactment by Congress in 1791, met with opposition from the inhabitants of the Western counties of Pennsylvania. It had been modified and rendered less offensive within the present year; but the hostility to it had continued. Combinations were formed to defeat the execution of it, and the revenue officers were riotously opposed in the execution of their duties. Washington, on the 15th of September, issued a proclamation, warning all persons to desist from such unlawful combinations and proceedings, and requiring all courts, magistrates, and officers to bring the infractors of the law to justice; copies of which proclamation were sent to the governors of Pennsylvania and North and South Carolina.
It was after a long and painful conflict of feelings that Washing-
ton consented to be a candidate for a reëlection. There was no opposition on the part of the public, and the vote for him in the Electoral College was unanimous. In a letter to a friend, he declared himself gratefully impressed by so distinguished and honor-
ble a testimony of public approbation and confidence. George Clinton, of New York, was held up for the Vice-presidency, in oppo-
sition to John Adams; but the latter was reëlected by a majority of twenty-seven electoral votes. But though gratified to find that the hearts of his countrymen were still with him, it was with no emotion of pleasure that Washington looked forward to another term of public duty, and a prolonged absence from the quiet retire-
ment of Mount Vernon. Congress opened on the fifth of Novem-
ber. The continuance of the Indian war formed a painful topic in the President’s address. Efforts at pacification had as yet been unsuccessful: two brave officers, Col. Hardin and Major Trueman, who had been sent to negotiate with the savages, had been mur-
dered. Vigorous preparations were therefore making for an active prosecution of hostilities, in which Wayne was to take the field. Washington, with benevolent earnestness, dwelt upon the humane system of civilizing the tribes, by inculcating agricultural tastes and habits. The factions and turbulent opposition which had been made in some parts of the country to the collection of duties on spirituous liquors distilled in the United States, was likewise ad-
verted to by the President, and a determination expressed to assert and maintain the just authority of the laws. He expressed a strong hope that the state of the national finances was now suffi-
ciently matured to admit of an arrangement for the redemption and discharge of the public debt. “No measure,” said he, “can be more desirable, whether viewed with an eye to its intrinsic im-
portance, or to the general sentiment and wish of the nation.” The address was well received by both houses, and a disposi-
tion expressed to concur with the President’s views and wishes. The Secretary of the Treasury, in reporting, at the request of the House, a plan for the annual reduction of so much of the national debt as the United States had a right to redeem, spoke of the ex-
penses of the Indian war, and the necessity of additional internal taxes. This gave an opportunity for sternly criticising the mode in which the Indian war had been conducted; for discussing the comparative merits and cost of regular and militia forces, and for inveighing against standing armies, as dangerous to liberty. The veneration inspired by the character of Washington, and the per-
suasion that he would never permit himself to be considered the head of a party, had hitherto shielded him from attack: a little circumstance, however, showed that the rancor of party was begin-
ing to glance at him. On his birthday (February 22) many of the members of Congress were desirous of waiting on him in testi-
mony of respect as chief magistrate of the Union, and a motion was made to adjourn for half an hour for the purpose. It met with serious opposition as a species of homage—it was setting up an idol dangerous to liberty—it had a bias towards monarchy!
Washington, though he never courted popularity, was attentive to the signs of public opinion, and disposed to be guided by them when right. The time for entering upon his second term of Presidency was at hand. There had been much cavilling at the parade attending his first installation. Jefferson especially had pronounced it "not at all in character with simplicity of republican government." At Washington's request, the heads of departments held a consultation, and gave their individual opinions in writing, with regard to the time, manner, and place of the President's taking the oath of office. As they gave no positive advice as to any change, no change was made. On the 4th of March, the oath was publicly administered to Washington by Mr. Justice Cushing, in the Senate Chamber, in presence of the heads of departments, foreign ministers, members of the House of Representatives, and many spectators.

Early in 1793, Gouverneur Morris had received the appointment of minister plenipotentiary to the French Court. His diplomatic correspondence from Paris gave shocking accounts of the excesses attending the revolution. France was governed by Jacobin clubs. Lafayette, by endeavoring to check their excesses, had completely lost his authority. "Were he to appear just now in Paris, unattended by his army," writes Morris, "he would be torn to pieces." Washington received these accounts with deep concern. What was to be the fate of that distracted country—what was to be the fate of his friend! His forebodings were soon verified. On the 20th of June bands from the Faubourg St. Antoine, armed with pikes, and headed by Santerre, marched to the Tuileries, insulted the king in the presence of his family, obliging him to put on the bonnet rouge, the baleful cap of liberty of the revolution. Lafayette, still loyal to his sovereign, hastened to Paris, appeared at the bar of the Assembly, and demanded, in the name of the army, the punishment of those who had thus violated the constitution, by insulting in his palace, the chief of the executive power. His intervention proved of no avail, and he returned with a sad and foreboding heart to his army. On the 9th of August, Paris was startled by the sound of the fatal tocsin at midnight. On the 10th the chateau of the Tuileries was attacked, and the Swiss guard who defended it, were massacred. The king and queen took refuge in the National Assembly, which body decreed the suspension of the king's authority. It was at once the overthrow of the monarchy, the annihilation of the constitutional party, and the commencement of the reign of terror. Lafayette, who was the head of the constitutionalists, was involved in their downfall. The Jacobins denounced him in the National Assembly; his arrest was decreed, and emissaries were sent to carry the decree into effect. Leaving everything in order in his army, which remained encamped at Sedan, he set off with a few trusty friends for the Netherlands, to seek an asylum in Holland or the United States, but, with his companions, was detained a prisoner at Rochefort, the first Austrian post. The reign of terror continued. "We have
had one week of unchecked murders, in which some thousands have perished in this city," writes Morris to Jefferson on the 10th of September. "It began with between two and three hundred of the clergy, who had been shot because they would not take the oaths prescribed by the law, and which they said, were contrary to their conscience." Thence these executors of speedy justice went on the abbaye where persons were confined who were at court on the 10th of August. These were despatched also, and afterwards they visited the other prisons. "All those who were confined either on the accusation or suspicion of crimes, were destroyed." The accounts of these massacres grieved Mr. Jefferson. They were shocking in themselves, and he feared they might bring great discredit upon the Jacobins of France, whom he considered republican patriots, bent on the establishment of a free constitution. In a letter to Mr. Short, he wrote: "The liberty of the whole earth was depending on the issue of the contest, and was ever such a prize won with so little innocent blood? My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to this cause, but rather than it should have failed, I would have seen half the earth desolated; were there but an Adam and Eve left in every country, and left free, it would be better than as it now is." Washington wrote to the Marchioness Lafayette: "If I had words that could convey to you an adequate idea of my feelings on the present situation of the Marquis Lafayette, this letter would appear to you in a different garb. The sole object in writing to you now, is to inform you that I have deposited in the hands of Mr. Nicholas Van Staphorst of Amsterdam, two thousand three hundred and ten guilders, Holland currency, equal to two hundred guineas, subject to your orders." Madame de Lafayette was at that time a prisoner in France, in painful ignorance of her husband’s fate. She had been commanded by the Jacobin committee to repair to Paris about the time of the massacres, but was subsequently permitted to reside at Chavaniac, under the surveillance of the municipality. Afterwards, finding her husband was a prisoner in Austria, she obtained permission to leave France, and ultimately, with her two daughters, joined him in his prison at Olmutz. His son, George Washington Lafayette, determined to seek an asylum in America. In the meantime, the armies of revolutionary France were crowned with great success. "Townes fall before them without a blow," writes Gouverneur Morris, "and the declaration of rights produces an effect equal at least to the trumpets of Joshua." But Morris was far from drawing a favorable augury from this success. "We must observe the civil, moral, religious, and political institutions," said he. "These have a steady and lasting effect, and these only. Since I have been in this country, I have seen the worship of many idols, and but little of the true God. I have seen many of those idols broken, and some of them beaten to dust. I have seen the late constitution, in one short year, admired as a stupendous monument of human wisdom, and ridiculed as an egregious production of folly and vice. I wish much, very much, the happiness of this inconstant people. I love them.
I feel grateful for their efforts in our cause, and I consider the establishment of a good constitution here as the principal means, under Divine Providence, of extending the blessings of freedom to the many millions of my fellow-men, who groan in bondage on the continent of Europe. But I do not greatly indulge the flattering illusions of hope, because I do not perceive that reformation of morals, without which, liberty is but an empty sound."

It was under gloomy auspices, a divided cabinet, an increasing exasperation of parties, a suspicion of monarchical tendencies, and a threatened abatement of popularity, that Washington entered upon his second term of presidency. It was a portentous period in the history of the world, for in a little while came news of that tragical event, the beheading of Louis XVI. It was an event deplored by the truest advocates of liberty in America, who, like Washington, remembered that unfortunate monarch as the friend of their country in her revolutionary struggle; but others, zealots in the cause of political reform, considered it with complacency, as sealing the downfall of the French monarchy and the establishment of a republic. Early in April intelligence was received that France had declared war against England. Popular excitement was now wound up to the highest pitch. Many, in the wild enthusiasm of the moment, would at once have precipitated the country into a war. This belligerent impulse was checked by the calm, controlling wisdom of Washington. He was at Mount Vernon when he received news of the war. Hastening back to Philadelphia, he held a cabinet council on the 19th of April. It was unanimously determined that a proclamation should be issued by the President, "forbidding the citizens of the United States to take part in any hostilities on the seas, and warning them against carrying to the belligerents any articles deemed contraband according to the modern usages of nations, and forbidding all acts and proceedings inconsistent with the duties of a friendly nation towards those at war." No one at the present day questions the wisdom of Washington's proclamation of neutrality. The measure, however, was at variance with the enthusiastic feelings and excited passions of a large proportion of the citizens. They treated it for a time with some forbearance, out of long-cherished reverence for Washington's name; but his popularity, hitherto unlimited, was no proof against the inflamed state of public feeling. The proclamation was stigmatized as a royal edict; a daring assumption of power; an open manifestation of partiality for England and hostility to France. The French republic had recently appointed Edmond Charles Genet, or "Citizen Genet," as he was styled, minister to the United States. He had served in the bureau of Foreign Affairs under the ministry of Vergennes, and had been employed in various diplomatic situations until the overthrow of the monarchy, when he joined the popular party, became a political zealot, and member of the Jacobin club, and was rewarded with the mission to America. A letter from Gouverneur Morris apprised Mr. Jefferson that the Executive Council had furnished Genet with three hundred blank commissions for privateers, to be
given clandestinely to such persons as he might find in America inclined to take them. Genet landed at Charleston, South Carolina, from the French frigate the Ambuscade, on the 8th of April, a short time before the proclamation of neutrality, and was received with great rejoicing and extravagant demonstrations of respect. His landing at a port several hundred miles from the seat of government, was a singular move for a diplomat. It is usual for a foreign minister to present his credentials to the government to which he comes, and be received by it in form before he presumes to enter upon the exercise of his functions. Citizen Genet, however, did not stop for these formalities. Confident in his nature, heated in his zeal, and flushed with the popular warmth of his reception, he could not pause to consider the proprieties of his mission and the delicate responsibilities involved in diplomacy. The contiguity of Charleston to the West Indies made it a favorable port for fitting out privateers against the trade of these islands; and during Genet's short sojourn there he issued commissions for arming and equipping vessels of war for that purpose, and manning them with Americans. In the latter part of April, he set out for the north by land. As he proceeded on his journey, the newspapers teemed with accounts of the processions and addresses with which he was greeted, and the festivities which celebrated his arrival at each place. On the 16th of May, he arrived at Philadelphia. His belligerent operations at Charleston had already been made a subject of complaint to the government by Mr. Hammond, the British minister; but they produced no abatement in the public enthusiasm. On the 17th, various societies and a large body of citizens waited upon him with addresses, recalling with gratitude the aid given by France in the achievement of American Independence, and extolling and rejoicing in the success of the arms of the French republic. On the same day, he was invited to a grand republican dinner, "at which," we are told, "the company united in singing the Marseilles Hymn. A deputation of French sailors were received by the guests with the 'fraternal embrace.' The table was decorated with the 'tree of liberty'; the red cap of liberty was placed on the head of the minister, and from his travelled in succession from head to head round the table." This enthusiasm of the multitude was regarded with indulgence, if not favor, by Jefferson, as being the effervescence of the true spirit of liberty; but was deprecated by Hamilton as an infatuation that might "do us much harm, and could do France no good." Washington, from his elevated and responsible situation, endeavored to look beyond the popular excitement, and regard the affairs of France with a dispassionate and impartial eye, but he confessed that he saw in the turn they had lately taken the probability of a terrible confusion, to which he could predict no certain issue: a boundless ocean whence no land was to be seen. He feared less, he said, for the cause of liberty in France from the pressure of foreign enemies, than from the strifes and quarrels of those in whose hands the government was intrusted, who were
ready to tear each other to pieces, and would most probably prove the worst foes the country had.

On the 18th of May, Genet presented his letter of credence to the President; who took the occasion to express his sincere regard for the French nation. Genet's acts at Charleston, had not been the sole ground of the complaint preferred by the British minister. The capture of a British vessel, the Grange, by the French frigate Ambuscade, formed a graver one. Occurring within our waters, it was a clear usurpation of national sovereignty, and a violation of neutral rights. The British minister demanded a restitution of the prize, and the cabinet was unanimously of opinion that restitution should be made; but restitution was likewise claimed of other vessels captured on the high seas, and brought into port by the privateers authorized by Genet. Hamilton and Knox were of opinion that the government should interpose to restore the prizes; it being the duty of a neutral nation to remedy any injury sustained by armaments fitted out in its ports. Jefferson and Randolph contended that the case should be left to the decision of the courts of justice. If the courts adjudged the commissions issued by Genet to be invalid, they would, of course, decide the captures made under them to be void, and the property to remain in the original owners; if, on the other hand, the legal right to the property had been transferred to the captors, they would so decide. Seeing this difference of opinion in the cabinet, Washington reserved the point for further deliberation; but directed the Secretary of State to communicate to the ministers of France and Britain, the principles in which they concurred; these being considered as settled. Genet took umbrage at these decisions of the government, complaining of them as violations of natural right, and subversive of the existing treaties between the two nations. He was informed that in the opinion of the executive, the vessels which had been illegally equipped, should depart from the ports of the United States. Washington was very much harried and perplexed by the "disputes, memorials, and what not," with which he was pestered, by one or other of the powers at war. It was a sore trial of his equanimity, his impartiality, and his discrimination, and wore upon his spirits and his health. "The President is not well," writes Jefferson to Madison (June 9th); "little lingering fevers have been hanging about him for a week or ten days, and affected his looks most remarkably. He is also extremely affected by the attacks made and kept up on him, in the public papers. I think he feels these things more than any other person I ever yet met with. I am sincerely sorry to see them." Washington might well feel sensitive to these attacks, which Jefferson acknowledges were the more mischievous, from being planted on popular ground, on the universal love of the people to France and its cause. But he was not to be deterred by personal considerations, from the strict line of his duty. In withstanding the public infatuation in regard to France, he put an unparalleled popularity at hazard, without hesitation; and, in so doing, set a magnanimous example for his successors in office to endeavor to follow.
The latter part of July, Washington was suddenly called to Mount Vernon by the death of Mr. Whiting, the manager of his estates. During his brief absence from the seat of government, occurred the case of the Little Sarah. This was a British merchant vessel which had been captured by a French privateer, and brought into Philadelphia, where she had been armed and equipped for privateering; manned with 120 men, many of them Americans, and the name changed into that of Le Petit Democrat. This, of course, was in violation of Washington's decision, which had been communicated to Genet. Gen. Mifflin, now Governor of Pennsylvania, being informed, on the 6th of July, that the vessel was to sail the next day, sent his secretary, Mr. Dallas, at midnight to Genet, to persuade him to detain her until the President should arrive, intimating that otherwise force would be used to prevent her departure. Genet flew into one of the transports of passion to which he was prone; contrasted the treatment experienced by him from the officers of government, with the attachment to his nation professed by the people at large; and threatened to repel force by force, should an attempt be made to seize the privateers. Mr. Jefferson, on the 7th of July, in an interview with Genet, repeated the request that the privateer be detained until the arrival of the President. Genet instantly took up the subject in a very high tone, and went into an immense field of declamation and complaint. Jefferson made a few efforts to be heard, but, finding them ineffectual, suffered the torrent of vituperation to pour on. Genet censured the executive for the measures it had taken without consulting Congress, and declared, that, on the President's return, he would certainly press him to convene that body. "I stopped him," writes Jefferson, "at the subject of calling Congress; explained our constitution to him as having divided the functions of government among three different authorities, the executive, legislative, and judiciary, each of which were supreme on all questions belonging to their department, and independent of the others; that all the questions which had arisen between him and us, belonged to the executive department, and, if Congress were sitting, could not be carried to them, nor would they take notice of them." Genet asked with surprise, if Congress were not the sovereign. "No," replied Jefferson. "They are sovereign only in making laws; the executive is the sovereign in executing them, and the judiciary in construing them, where they relate to that department." "But at least," cried Genet, "Congress are bound to see that the treaties are observed." "No," rejoined Jefferson, "There are very few cases, indeed, arising out of treaties, which they can take notice of. The President is to see that treaties are observed." "If he decides against the treaty," demanded Genet, "to whom is a nation to appeal?" "The constitution," replied Jefferson, "has made the President the last appeal." Genet, perfectly taken aback at finding his own ignorance in the matter, shrugged his shoulders, made a bow, and said, "he would not compliment Mr. Jefferson on such a constitution!" He had now subsided into coolness and good humor, and the subject of the Little Sarah
being resumed, Jefferson pressed her detention until the President's return; intimating that her previous departure would be considered a very serious offence. Genet made no promise, but expressed himself very happy to be able to inform Mr. Jefferson that the vessel was not in a state of readiness; she had to change her position that day, he said, and fall down the river, somewhere about the lower end of the town, for the convenience of taking some things on board, and would not depart yet. Washington arrived at Philadelphia on the 11th of July. No immediate measures of a coercive nature were taken with regard to the Little Sarah; but, in a cabinet council held the next day, it was determined to detain in port all privateers which had been equipped within the United States by any of the belligerent powers. No time was lost in communicating this determination to Genet; but, in defiance of it, the vessel sailed on her cruise.

About this time a society was formed under the auspices of the French minister, and in imitation of the Jacobin clubs of Paris. It was called the Democratic Society, and soon gave rise to others throughout the Union; all taking the French side in the present questions. The term democrat, thenceforward, began to designate an ultra-republican.—Fresh mortifications awaited Washington, from the distempered state of public sentiment. The trial came on of Gideon Henfield, an American citizen, prosecuted under the advice of the Attorney General, for having enlisted, at Charleston, on board of a French privateer which had brought prizes into the port of Philadelphia. The populace took part with Henfield. He had enlisted before the proclamation of neutrality had been published, and even if he had enlisted at a later date, was he to be punished for engaging with their ancient ally, France, in the cause of liberty against the royal despot of Europe? His acquittal exposed Washington to the obloquy of having attempted a measure which the laws would not justify. It showed him, moreover, the futility of attempts at punishment for infractions of the rules proclaimed for the preservation of neutrality. Nothing, however, could induce him to swerve from that policy. Hitherto he had exercised great forbearance toward the French minister, notwithstanding the little respect shown by the latter to the rights of the United States; but the official communications of Genet were becoming too offensive and insulting to be longer tolerated. Meetings of the heads of departments and the Attorney General were held at the President's on the 1st and 2d of August, in which the whole of the official correspondence and conduct of Genet was passed in review; and it was agreed that his recall should be desired.

Washington was threatened with the cabinet's dissolution. Mr. Hamilton had informed him by letter, that private as well as public reasons had determined him to retire from office towards the close of the next session. Now came a letter from Mr. Jefferson, dated July 31st, in which he recalled the circumstances which had induced him to postpone for a while his original intention of retiring from office at the close of the first four years of the republic.
These circumstances, he observed, had now ceased to such a degree as to leave him free to think again of a day on which to withdraw; "at the close, therefore, of the ensuing month of September, I shall beg leave to retire to scenes of greater tranquillity, from those for which I am every day more and more convinced that neither my talents, tone of mind, nor time of life fit me." Washington called upon Jefferson at his country residence near Philadelphia; pictured his deep distress at finding himself in the present perplexing juncture of affairs, about to be deserted by those of his cabinet on whose counsel he had counted, and whose places he knew not where to find persons competent to supply; and, in his chagrin, again expressed his repentance that he himself had not resigned as he had once meditated. A new Congress was to assemble, more numerous than the last, perhaps of a different spirit; the first expressions of its sentiments would be important, and it would relieve him considerably if Jefferson would remain in office, if it were only until the end of the season. Jefferson, in reply, pleaded an excessive repugnance to public life; and that the opposition of views between Mr. Hamilton and himself was peculiarly unpleasant, and destructive of the necessary harmony. With regard to the republican party he was sure it had not a view which went to the frame of the government; he believed the next Congress would attempt nothing material but to render their own body independent. Washington replied, that he believed the views of the republican party to be perfectly pure: "but when men put a machine into motion," said he, "it is impossible for them to say where it will stop. The constitution we have is an excellent one, if we can keep it where it is." He adverted to Jefferson's constant suspicion that there was a party disposed to change the constitution into a monarchical form, declaring that there was not a man in the United States who would set his face more decidedly against such a change than himself; and added: "The republican spirit of the Union is so manifest and so solid that it is astonishing how any one can expect to move it." He had the highest opinion of Jefferson's abilities, his knowledge of foreign affairs, his thorough patriotism; and it was his earnest desire to retain him in his cabinet through the whole of the ensuing session of Congress. A compromise was eventually made, according to which Jefferson was to be allowed a temporary absence in the autumn, and on his return was to continue in office until January.

In the mean time Genet had proceeded to New York, which very excitable city was just then in a great agitation. The frigate Ambuscade, while anchored in the harbor, had been challenged to single combat by the British frigate Boston, Capt. Courtney, which was cruising off the Hook. The challenge was accepted; a severe action ensued; Courtney was killed; and the Boston, much damaged, was obliged to stand for Halifax. The Ambuscade returned triumphant to New York, and entered the port amid the enthusiastic cheers of the populace. On the same day, a French fleet of fifteen sail arrived from the Chesapeake and anchored in the Hudson river. The officers and crews were objects of unbounded favor
with all who inclined to the French cause. Bompard, the commander of the Ambuscade, was the hero of the day. Tri-colored cockades, and tri-colored ribbons were to be seen on every side, and rude attempts to chant the Marseilles Hymn and the Carmagnole resounded through the streets. In the midst of this excitement, the ringing of the bells and the firing of cannon announced that Citizen Genet was arrived at Powles Hook Ferry, directly opposite the city. There was an immediate assemblage of the republican party in the fields now called the Park. A committee was appointed to escort Genet into the city. He entered it amid the almost frantic cheerings of the populace. "The cause of France is the cause of America," cried the enthusiasts, "it is time to distinguish its friends from its foes." The tri-colored cockade figured in the hats of the shouting multitude; tri-colored ribbons fluttered from the dresses of females in the windows; the French flag was hoisted on the top of the Tontine Coffee House (the City Exchange), surmounted by the cap of liberty. Can we wonder that what little discretion Genet possessed, was completely overborne by this tide of seeming popularity? In the midst of his self-gratulation and complacency, however, he received a letter from Jefferson (Sept. 15th), acquainting him with the measures taken to procure his recall, and inclosing a copy of the letter written for that purpose to the American minister at Paris. Meantime out of anxious regard lest the interests of France might suffer, the Executive would admit the continuance of his functions so long as they should be restrained within the law, and should be of the tenor usually observed towards independent nations, by the representative of a friendly power residing with them. Genet resented the part Mr. Jefferson had taken, notwithstanding their cordial intimacy, in the present matter, although this part had merely been the discharge of an official duty. "Whatever, Sir," writes Genet, "may be the result of the exploit of which you have rendered yourself the generous instrument, after having made me believe that you were my friend, after having initiated me in the mysteries which have influenced my hatred against all those who aspire to absolute power, there is an act of justice which the American people, which the French people, which all free people are interested in demanding; it is, that a particular inquiry should be made, in the approaching Congress, into the motives which have induced the chief of the executive power of the United States to take upon himself to demand the recall of a public minister, whom the sovereign people of the United States had received fraternally and recognized, before the diplomatic forms had been fulfilled in respect to him at Philadelphia." Unfortunately for Genet's ephemeral popularity, a rumor got abroad that he had expressed a determination to appeal from the President to the people. This at first was contradicted, but was ultimately, established by a certificate of Chief Justice Jay and Mr. Rufus King, of the United States Senate, which was published in the papers. The spirit of audacity thus manifested by a foreign minister shocked the national pride. Meetings were held in every part of the Union to express the public feeling
in the matter. In these meetings the proclamation of neutrality and the system of measures flowing from it, were sustained, partly from a conviction of their wisdom and justice, but more from an undiminished affection for the person and character of Washington; for many who did not espouse his views, were ready to support him in the exercise of his constitutional functions.

The neutrality of the United States, so jealously guarded by Washington, was also put to imminent hazard by ill-advised measures of the British cabinet. There was such a scarcity in France, in consequence of the failure of the crops, that a famine was apprehended. England, availing herself of her naval ascendency, determined to increase the distress of her rival by cutting off all her supplies from abroad. In June, 1793, therefore, her cruisers were instructed to detain all vessels bound to France with cargoes of corn, flour, or meal, take them into port, unload them, purchase the cargoes, make a proper allowance for the freight, and then release the vessels; or to allow the masters of them, on a stipulated security, to dispose of their cargoes in a port in amity with England. This measure gave umbrage to all parties in the United States, and brought out an earnest remonstrance from the government, as being a violation of the law of neutrals. Another grievance which helped to swell the tide of resentment against Great Britain, was the frequent impressment of American seamen, a wrong to which they were particularly exposed from national similarity. To these may be added her persistence in holding the posts to the south of the lakes, which, according to treaty stipulations, ought to have been given up. Washington did not feel himself in a position to press our rights under the treaty, with the vigorous hand that some would urge; questions having risen in some of the State courts, to obstruct the fulfillment of our part of it, which regarded the payment of British debts contracted before the war.

Congress assembled on the 2d of Dec., (1793). Washington, in his opening speech, after expressing his deep and respectful sense of the renewed testimony of public approbation manifested in his re-election, proceeded to state the measures he had taken, in consequence of the war in Europe, to protect the rights and interests of the United States, and maintain peaceful relations with the belligerent parties. Still he pressed upon Congress the necessity of placing the country in a condition of complete defence. "There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace—one of the most powerful instruments of our prosperity—it must be known that we are, at all times, ready for war." In the spirit of these remarks, he urged measures to increase the amount of arms and ammunition in the arsenals, and to improve the militia establishment. One part of his speech conveyed an impressive admonition to the House of Representatives: "No pecuniary consideration is more urgent than the regular redemp-
tion and discharge of the public debt; in none can delay be more injurious, or an economy of time more valuable."

In a message to both Houses, on the 5th of Dec., concerning foreign relations, Washington spoke feelingly with regard to those with the representative and executive bodies of France: "It is with extreme concern I have to inform you that the proceedings of the person whom they have unfortunately appointed their minister plenipotentiary here, have breathed nothing of the friendly spirit of the nation which sent him; their tendency, on the contrary, has been to involve us in war abroad, and discord and anarchy at home. So far as his acts, or those of his agents, have threatened our immediate commitment in the war, or flagrant insult to the authority of the laws, their effect has been counteracted by the ordinary cognizance of the laws, and by an exertion of the powers confided to me. Where their danger was not imminent, they have been borne with, from sentiments of regard for his nation; from a sense of their friendship towards us; and, I will add, from a reliance on the firmness of my fellow-citizens in their principles of peace and order." John Adams, speaking on this passage of the message, says: "The President has given Genet a bolt of thunder. Although he stands at present, as high in the admiration and confidence of the people as ever he did, I expect he will find many bitter and desperate enemies arise in consequence of his just judgment against Genet." In fact, the choice of speaker showed that there was a majority of ten against the administration, in the House of Representatives; yet it was manifest, from the affectionate answer on the 6th, of the two Houses, to Washington's speech, and the satisfaction expressed at his reélection, that he was not included in the opposition which, from this act, appeared to await his political system. The House did justice to the purity and patriotism of the motives which had prompted him again to obey the voice of his country, when called by it to the Presidential chair. "It is to virtues which have commanded long and universal reverence, and services from which have flowed great and lasting benefits, that the tribute of praise may be paid, without the reproach of flattery; and it is from the same sources that the fairest anticipations may be derived in favor of the public happiness." As to his proclamation of neutrality, while the House approved of it in guarded terms, the Senate pronounced it a "measure well-timed and wise; manifesting a watchful solicitude for the welfare of the nation, and calculated to promote it."

Early in the session, Mr. Jefferson, in compliance with a requisition which the House of Representatives had made, Feb. 23d, 1791, furnished an able and comprehensive report of the state of trade of the United States with different countries; specifying, also, the various restrictions and prohibitions by which our commerce was embarrassed, and, in some instances, almost ruined. "Two methods," he said, "presented themselves, by which these impediments might be removed, modified, or counteracted. Friendly arrangements are preferable with all who would come into them, and we should carry into such arrangements all the liberality and
spirit of accommodation which the nature of the case would admit. But should any nation continue its system of prohibitive duties and regulations, it behooves us to protect our citizens, their commerce, and navigation, by counter prohibitions, duties, and regulations.”

To effect this, he suggested a series of legislative measures of a retaliatory kind. With this able and elaborate report, he closed his labors as Secretary of State. His last act was a kind of parting gun to Mr. Genet. This restless functionary had, on the 20th of Dec., sent to him translations of the instructions given him by the executive council of France; desiring that the President would lay them officially before both Houses of Congress, and proposing to transmit successively, other papers to be laid before them in like manner. Jefferson, on the 31st of Dec. informed Genet that he had laid his letter and its accompaniments before the President. "I have it in charge to observe," adds he, "that your functions as the missionary of a foreign nation here, are confined to the transactions of the affairs of your nation, with the Executive of the United States; that the communications which are to pass between the executive and legislative branches, cannot be a subject for your interference, and that the President must be left to judge for himself what matters his duty or the public good may require him to propose to the deliberations of Congress. I have, therefore, the honor of returning you the copies sent for distribution." 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 Dec. 31st, Jefferson wrote to Washington, reminding him of his having postponed his retirement from office until the end of the annual year. "That term being now arrived, 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 which you have been so good as to exercise towards me in the discharge of its duties. I carry into my retirement a lively sense of your goodness, and shall continue gratefully to remember it." Washington replied: "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." The place thus made vacant in the cabinet was filled by Mr. Edmond Randolph, whose office of Attorney General was conferred on Mr. William Bradford, of Pennsylvania.

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 another newspaper of any sort. "I think it is Montaigne," writes he, "who has 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." We subjoin his compre-
hensive character of Washington, the result of long observation
and cabinet experience, and written in after years, when there was
no temptation to insincere eulogy: "His integrity was the
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."

Events in Europe were full of gloomy portent. "The news of
this evening," writes John Adams to his wife, on the 9th of Jan.,
"is, that the queen of France is no more. When will savages be
satisfied with blood? No prospect of peace in Europe, therefore
none of internal harmony in America. We cannot well be in a
more disagreeable situation than we are with all Europe, with all
Indians, and with all Barbary rovers. Nearly one-half of the
Continent is in constant opposition to the other." He speaks of
having had two hours' conversation with Washington alone in his
cabinet, but intimates that he could not reveal the purport of it,
even by a hint; it had satisfied him, however, of Washington's
earnest desire to do right; his close application to discover it, and
his deliberate and comprehensive view of our affairs with all the
world. "The anti-federalists and the Frenchified zealots," adds
Adams, "have nothing now to do that I can conceive of, but to
ruin his character, destroy his peace, and injure his health. He
supports all their attacks with firmness, and his health appears to
be very good."

The report of Mr. Jefferson on commercial intercourse, was soon
taken up in the House in a committee of the whole. A series of
resolutions based on it were introduced by Mr. Madison, and
became the subject of a warm and acrimonious debate. The
report upheld the policy of turning the course of trade from Eng-
land to France, by discriminations in favor of the latter; and the
resolutions were to the same purport. Though the subject was, or
might seem to be, of a purely commercial nature, it was inevitably
mixed up with political considerations, according as a favorable
inclination to England or France was apprehended. The debate
waxed warm as it proceeded, with a strong infusion of bitterness.
Fisher Ames stigmatized the resolutions as having French stamped
upon the very face of them. Whereupon Col. Parker, of Virginia,
wished that there were a stamp on the forehead of every one to
designate whether he were for France or England. For himself,
he would not be silent and hear that nation abused, to whom
America was indebted for her rank as a nation. There was a
burst of applause in the gallery; but the indecorum was rebuked
by the galleries being cleared. The debate, which had com-
cenced on the 13th of Jan., (1794,) was protracted to the 3d of
Feb., when the question being taken on the first resolution, it was
carried by a majority of only five, so nearly were parties divided.
The further consideration of the remaining resolutions was suspended in March, without a decision.

Algerine corsairs had captured eleven American merchant vessels, and upwards of one hundred prisoners. A bill was introduced into Congress proposing a force of six frigates, to protect the commerce of the United States against the cruisers of this piratical power. The bill met with strenuous opposition. The force would require time to prepare it; and would then be insufficient. It might be laying the foundation of a large permanent navy and a great public debt. It would be cheaper to purchase the friendship of Algiers with money, as was done by other nations of superior maritime force, or to purchase the protection of those nations. It seems hardly credible at the present day, that such policy could have been urged before an American Congress, without provoking a burst of scorn and indignation; yet it was heard without any emotion of the kind; and, though the bill was eventually passed by both Houses, it was but by a small majority. It received the hearty assent of the President.

The French minister of foreign affairs had reproved the conduct of Genet as unauthorized by his instructions and deserving of punishment. Mr. Fauchet, secretary of the executive council, was appointed to succeed him, and arrived in the United States in February.

We have noticed the orders issued by Great Britain to her cruisers in June, 1793, and the resentment thereby excited in the United States. On the 6th of Nov., 1793, Great Britain had given her cruisers instructions to detain all vessels laden with the produce of any colony belonging to France, or carrying supplies to any such colony, and to bring them, with their cargoes, to British ports, for adjudication in the British courts of admiralty. Captures of American vessels were taking place in consequence of these orders, and heightening public irritation. They produced measures in Congress preparatory to an apprehended state of war. An embargo was laid, prohibiting all trade from the United States to any foreign place for the space of thirty days. On the 27th of March, resolutions were moved that all debts due to British subjects be sequestered and paid into the treasury, as a fund to indemnify citizens of the United States for depredations sustained from British cruisers, and that all intercourse with Great Britain be interdicted until she had made compensation for these injuries, and until she should make surrender of the Western posts. The popular excitement was intense. Meetings were held on the subject of British spoliations. 'Peace or war' was the absorbing question. The partisans of France were now in the ascendent. It was scouted as pusillanimitous any longer to hold terms with England. It was suggested that those who were in favor of resisting British aggressions should mount the tri-colored cockade; and forthwith it was mounted by many; while a democratic society was formed to correspond with the one at Philadelphia, and aid in giving effect to these popular sentiments.

Washington received advices from Mr. Pinckney, the American
minister in London, informing him that the British ministry had issued instructions to the commanders of armed vessels, revoking those of the 6th of Nov., and that Lord Grenville had explained the real motives for that order, showing that, however oppressive in its execution, it had not been intended for the special vexation of American commerce. He laid Pinckney's letter before Congress on the 4th of April. It had its effect on both parties; federalists opposed all measures calculated to irritate; the other party did not press their belligerent propositions to any immediate decision, but showed no solicitude to avoid a rupture. Busy partisans saw that the feeling of the populace was belligerent, and every means were taken by the press and the democratic societies to exasperate this feeling; according to them the crisis called, not for moderation, but for decision, for energy. To adhere to a neutral position, would argue tameness—cowardice! Washington, however, was too morally brave to be clamored out of his wise moderation by such taunts. He resolved to prevent a war if possible, by an appeal to British justice. John Jay, Chief Justice of the United States, was chosen as a special envoy to represent to the British government the injuries we had sustained from it, and to urge indemnification. "A mission like this," observes Washington in his message nominating Mr. Jay, "while it corresponds with the solemnity of the occasion, will announce to the world a solicitude for a friendly adjustment of our complaints and a reluctance to hostility. Going immediately from the United States, such an envoy will carry with him a full knowledge of the existing temper and sensibility of our country, and will thus be taught to vindicate our rights with firmness, and to cultivate peace with sincerity." The nomination was approved by a majority of ten Senators. By this sudden and decisive measure Washington sought to stay the precipitate impulses of public passion; to give time to put the country into a complete state of defence, and to provide such other measures as might be necessary if negotiation, in a reasonable time, should prove unsuccessful.

The French Government having so promptly complied with the wishes of the American government in recalling citizen Genet, requested, as an act of reciprocity, the recall of Gouverneur Morris, whose political sympathies were considered highly aristocratical. Washington, in a letter to Morris notifying him of his being superseded, assured him of his own undiminished confidence and friendship. James Monroe, who was appointed in his place, arrived at Paris in a moment of great reaction. Robespierre had terminated his bloody career on the scaffold, and the reign of terror was at end. The sentiments expressed by Monroe on delivering his credentials, were so completely in unison with the feelings of the moment, that the President of the Convention embraced him with emotion, and it was decreed that the American and French flags should be entwined and hung up in the hall of the Convention, in sign of the union and friendship of the two republics. Chiming in with popular impulse, Monroe presented the American flag to the Convention, on the part of his country. It was received with enthusiasm, and a decree was passed, that the national flag
of France should be transmitted in return, to the government of the United States.

Washington was becoming painfully aware that censorious eyes at home were keeping a watch upon his administration, and censorious tongues and pens were ready to cavil at every measure. "The affairs of this country cannot go wrong," writes he ironically to Gouverneur Morris; "there are so many watchful guardians of them, and such infallible guides, that no one is at a loss for a director at every turn." This is almost the only instance of irony to be found in his usually plain, direct correspondence, and to us is mournfully suggestive of that soreness and weariness of heart with which he saw his conscientious policy misunderstood or misrepresented, and himself becoming an object of party hostility.

An insurrection had broken out in the western part of Pennsylvania on account of the excise law. Bills of indictment had been found against some of the rioters. The marshal, when on the way to serve the processes issued by the court, was fired upon by armed men, and narrowly escaped with his life. He was subsequently seized and compelled to renounce the exercise of his official duties. The house of Gen. Nevil, inspector of the revenue, was assailed, but the assailants were repulsed. They assembled in greater numbers; the magistrates and militia officers shrank from interfering, lest it should provoke a general insurrection; a few regular soldiers were obtained from the garrison at Fort Pitt. The insurgents demanded that the inspector and his papers should be given up; and the soldiers march out of the house and ground their arms. The demand being refused, the house was attacked, the outhouses set on fire, and the garrison was compelled to surrender. The marshal and inspector finally escaped out of the country; descended the Ohio, and, by a circuitous route, found their way to the seat of government. Washington deplored the result of these outrageous proceedings. "If the laws are to be so trampled upon with impunity," said he, "and a minority, a small one too, is to dictate to the majority, there is an end put, at one stroke, to republican government." On the 7th of Aug. he issued a proclamation, warning the insurgents to disperse, and declaring that if tranquillity were not restored before the 1st of Sept., force would be employed to compel submission to the laws. He made a requisition on the governors of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, for militia to compose an army of twelve thousand men; afterwards augmented to fifteen thousand. The insurgents manifesting a disposition to persevere in their rebellious conduct, the President issued a second proclamation on the 25th of Sept. describing in forcible terms the perverse and obstinate spirit with which the lenient propositions of government had been met, and declaring his fixed purpose to reduce the refractory to obedience. Shortly after this he left Philadelphia for Carlisle, to join the army. On the 9th of Oct. he wrote from Carlisle to the Secretary of State: "The insurgents are alarmed, but not yet brought to their proper senses. Every means is devised by them and their friends and associates, to induce a belief that there is no
necessity for troops crossing the mountains; although we have information, at the same time, that part of the people there are obliged to embody themselves to repel the insults of another part." On the 10th, the Pennsylvania troops set out from Carlisle for their rendezvous at Bedford, and Washington proceeded to Williamsport, thence to go on to Fort Cumberland, the rendezvous of the Virginia and Maryland troops. He arrived at the latter place on the 16th of Oct. and found a respectable force assembled from those States, and learnt that fifteen hundred more from Virginia were at hand. At Bedford he arranged matters and settled a plan of military operations. The Governors of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, were at the head of the troops of their respective States. In a letter to Gov. Lee, of Virginia, (Light-Horse Harry) on leaving him in command, he conveyed to the army the very high sense he entertained of the enlightened and patriotic zeal for the constitution and the laws which had led them cheerfully to quit their families, homes, and the comforts of private life, to undertake, and thus far to perform, a long and fatiguing march, and to encounter and endure the hardships and privations of a military life. No citizens of the United States can ever be engaged in a service more important to their country. It is nothing less than to consolidate and to preserve the blessings of that revolution which, at much expense of blood and treasure, constituted us a free and independent nation."

Washington pushed on for Philadelphia, through deep roads and a three days' rain, and arrived there about the last of October. Gov. Lee marched with fifteen thousand men into the western counties of Pennsylvania. This great military array extinguished at once the kindling elements of a civil war, "by making resistance desperate." At the approach of so overwhelming a force the insurgents laid down their arms, gave assurance of submission, and craved the clemency of government. It was extended to them. A few were tried for treason, but were not convicted; but as some spirit of discontent was still manifest, Major-Gen. Morgan was stationed with a detachment, for the winter, in the disaffected region. It must have been a proud satisfaction to Washington to have put down, without an effusion of blood, an insurrection which, at one time, threatened such serious consequences. In his speech on the opening of Congress (Nov. 10th), he did not hesitate to denounce "certain self-created societies" as "fomenters of it." After detailing its commencement and progress, he observes: "While there is cause to lament that occurrences of this nature should have disgraced the name or interrupted the tranquillity of any part of our community, or should have diverted to a new application any portion of the public resources, there are not wanting real and substantial consolations for the misfortune. It has demonstrated, that our prosperity rests on solid foundations; by furnishing an additional proof that my fellow-citizens understand the true principles of government and liberty; that they feel their inseparable union; that, notwithstanding all the devices which have been used to sway them from their interest and duty, they
are now as ready to maintain the authority of the laws against licentious invasions, as they were to defend their rights against usurpation. It has been a spectacle, displaying to the highest advantage the value of republican government, to behold the most and least wealthy of our citizens standing in the same ranks as private soldiers; pre-eminently distinguished by being the army of the constitution; undeterred by a march of three hundred miles over rugged mountains, by the approach of an inclement season, or by any other discouragement. To every description, indeed, of citizens, let praise be given; but let them persevere in their affectionate vigilance over that precious depository of American happiness, the constitution of the United States. Let them cherish it, too, for the sake of those who, from every clime, are daily seeking a dwelling in our land."

It was with great satisfaction that Washington had been able to announce favorable intelligence of the campaign of Gen. Wayne against the hostile Indians west of the Ohio. In the spring (of 1794), that brave commander had advanced cautiously into the wild country west of his winter encampment on the Ohio, skirmishing with bands of lurking savages, and establishing posts to keep up communication, and secure the transmission of supplies. It was not until the 8th of August that he arrived at the junction of the rivers Au Glaize and Miami in a fertile and populous region, where the Western Indians had their most important villages. Here he threw up some works, which he named Fort Defiance. Being strengthened by 1,100 mounted volunteers from Kentucky, his force exceeded that of the savage warriors, which scarcely amounted to 2,000 men. These, however, were strongly encamped in the vicinity of Fort Miami, a British post, about thirty miles distant, and far within the limits of the United States, and seemed prepared to give battle, expecting, possibly, to be aided by the British garrison. Wayne's men were eager for a fight. In a letter to his old comrade Knox, secretary of war, he writes, "Though now prepared to strike, I have thought proper to make the enemy a last overture of peace, nor am I without hopes that they will listen to it." The reply he received was such as to leave him in doubt of the intentions of the enemy. He advanced, therefore, with the precautions he had hitherto observed, hoping to be met in the course of his march by deputies on peaceful missions. On the 20th, his advanced guard was fired upon by an ambush concealed in a thicket, and an attack of horse and foot was made upon the enemy's position; the Indians were roused from their lair with the point of the bayonet; driven, fighting, for more than two miles, through thick woods, and pursued with great slaughter until within gunshot of the British Fort. "We remained," writes the general, "three days and nights on the banks of the Miami, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and corn were consumed, or otherwise destroyed, for a considerable distance both above and below Fort Miami; and we were within pistol-shot of the garrison of that place, who were compelled to remain quiet spectators of this general devastation and conflagration." It was trusted that this decis-
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ive battle, and the wide ravages of villages and fields of corn with which it was succeeded, would bring the Indians to their senses, and compel them to solicit the peace which they had so repeatedly rejected.

In his official address to Congress, Washington had urged the adoption of some definite plan for the redemption of the public debt. A plan was reported by Mr. Hamilton, 20th January, 1795, which he had digested and prepared on the basis of the actual revenues, for the further support of public credit. The report embraced a comprehensive view of the system which he had pursued, and made some recommendations, which after much debate were adopted. So closed Mr. Hamilton's labors as Secretary of the Treasury. He was succeeded in office by Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, a man of judgment and ability, who had served as comptroller, and was familiar with the duties of the office. Knox likewise had given in his resignation at the close of the month of December. He was succeeded in the war department by Col. Timothy Pickering, at that time Postmaster-General. The session of Congress closed on the 3d of March, 1795.

Washington had watched the progress of the mission of Mr. Jay to England, with an anxious eye. It was one of great delicacy, from the many intricate and difficult points to be discussed, and the various and mutual grounds of complaint to be adjusted. He hardly permitted himself to hope for its complete success. To 'give and take,' he presumed would be the result. In the meantime there were so many hot heads and impetuous spirits at home to be managed and restrained, that he was anxious the negotiation might assume a decisive form and be brought to a speedy close. At length, on the 7th of March, 1795, four days after the close of the session of Congress, a treaty arrived which had been negotiated by Mr. Jay, and signed by the ministers of the two nations on the 19th of Nov. In a letter to Washington, which accompanied the treaty, Mr. Jay wrote: "To do more was impossible. I ought not to conceal from you that the confidence reposed in your personal character was visible and useful throughout the negotiation." Washington immediately made the treaty a close study; some of the provisions were perfectly satisfactory; of others, he did not approve; on the whole, he considered it a matter, to use his own expression, of 'give and take,' and believing the advantages to outweigh the objections, and that, as Mr. Jay alleged, it was the best treaty attainable, he made up his mind to ratify it, should it be approved by the Senate. He kept its provisions secret, that the public mind might not be preoccupied on the subject. In the course of a few days, however, enough leaked out to be seized upon by the opposition press to excite public distrust, though not enough to convey a distinct idea of the merits of the instrument. In fact, the people were predisposed to condemn, because vexed that any overtures had been made towards a negotiation, such overtures having been stigmatized as cowardly and degrading. If it had been necessary to send a minister to England, said they, it should have been to make a downright demand of reparation.
for wrongs inflicted on our commerce, and the immediate surrender of the Western posts. Mr. Jay arrived on the 28th of May, and found that during his absence in Europe he had been elected governor of the State of New York; an honorable election, the result of no effort nor intrigue, but of the public sense entertained by his native State, of his pure and exalted merit. He, in consequence, resigned the office of Chief Justice of the United States. The Senate was convened by Washington on the 8th of June, and the treaty was laid before it, with its accompanying documents. The session was with closed doors, discussions were long and arduous, and the treaty underwent a scrutinizing examination. The twelfth article provided for a direct trade between the United States and the British West India Islands, in American vessels not exceeding seventy tons burden, conveying the produce of the States or of the Islands; but it prohibited the exportation of molasses, sugar, coffee, cocoa, or cotton, in American vessels, either from the United States or the Islands, to any part of the world. Under this article it was a restricted intercourse, but Mr. Jay considered the admission even of small vessels, to the trade of these Islands, an important advantage to the commerce of the United States. He had not sufficiently adverted to the fact that, among the prohibited articles, cotton was also a product of the Southern States. Its cultivation had been but recently introduced there; so that when he sailed for Europe hardly sufficient had been raised for domestic consumption, and at the time of signing the treaty very little, if any, had been exported. Still it was now becoming an important staple of the South. On the 24th of June, two-thirds of the Senate, the constitutional majority, voted for the ratification of the treaty, stipulating, however, that an article be added suspending so much of the twelfth article as respected the West India trade, and that the President be requested to open, without delay, further negotiation on this head. Here was a novel case to be determined. Could the Senate be considered to have ratified the treaty before the insertion of this new article? Was the act complete and final, so as to render it unnecessary to refer it back to that body? Could the President put his final seal upon an act before it was complete? After much reflection, Washington was satisfied of the propriety of ratifying the treaty with the qualification imposed by the Senate. The popular discontent concerning it was daily increasing. The secrecy which had been maintained with regard to its provisions was wrested into a cause of offence. Republics should have no secrets. The Senate should not have deliberated on the treaty with closed doors. Such was the irritable condition of the public mind when, on the 29th of June, a senator of the United States (Mr. Mason of Virginia) sent an abstract of the treaty to be published in a leading opposition paper in Philadelphia. The whole country was immediately in a blaze. Besides the opposition party, a portion of the Cabinet was against the ratification. The attack upon it was vehement and sustained. Meetings to oppose it were held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Charleston. The smaller towns throughout the Union followed their example. In New
York, a copy of the treaty was burnt before the governor's house. In Philadelphia, it was suspended on a pole, carried about the streets, and finally burnt in front of the British minister's house, amid the shoutings of the populace. News came that the order of the British government of the 8th of June, 1793, for the seizure of provisions in vessels going to French ports, was renewed. Washington instantly directed that a strong memorial should be drawn up against this order; as it seemed to favor a construction of the treaty which he was determined to resist. While this memorial was in course of preparation, he was called off to Mount Vernon. On his way thither, though little was said to him on the subject of the treaty, he found, he says, from indirect discourses, that endeavors were making to place it in all the odious points of view of which it was susceptible, and in some which it would not admit. Never, during his administration, had he seen a crisis, in his judgment, so pregnant with interesting events. The public clamor continued, but did not shake his purpose. "There is but one straight course," said he, "and that is to seek truth and pursue it steadily."

The difficult and intricate questions pressing upon the attention of government left Washington little mood to enjoy the retirement of Mount Vernon, being constantly in doubt whether his presence in Philadelphia were not necessary. He returned there on August 11th. The predominant object of his thoughts recently had been to put a stop to the public agitation on the subject of the treaty. On the next day, therefore, (12th), he brought before the cabinet the question of immediate ratification. All the members were in favor of it excepting Mr. Randolph. It was finally agreed to accompany the ratification with a strong memorial against the provision order. The ratification was signed by Washington on the 18th of August.

During the late agitations, George Washington Lafayette, the son of the General, had arrived at Boston under the name of Motier, accompanied by his tutor, M. Frestel, and had written to Washington apprising him of his arrival. It was an embarrassing moment to Washington. The letter excited his deepest sensibility, bringing with it recollections of Lafayette's merits, services, and sufferings, and of their past friendship, and he resolved to become "father, friend, protector, and supporter" to his son. Caution was necessary, not to endanger the situation of the young man himself, and of his mother and friends whom he had left behind. Philadelphia would not be an advisable residence for him at present, until it was seen what opinions would be excited by his arrival; as Washington would for some time be absent from the seat of government, while all the foreign functionaries were residing there, particularly those of his own nation. It was thought best that young Lafayette should proceed to New York, and remain in retirement, at the country house of a friend in its vicinity, pursuing his studies with his tutor, until Washington should direct otherwise.

In his speech at the opening of the session of Congress in December, Washington presented a cheerful summary of the events
of the year. "I trust I do not deceive myself," said he, "while I indulge the persuasion, that I have never met you at any period when, more than at present, the situation of our public affairs has afforded just cause for mutual congratulation, and for inviting you to join with me in profound gratitude to the Author of all good, for the numerous and extraordinary blessings we enjoy." He announced that a treaty had been concluded provisionally, confirmed by a definitive treaty on the 7th of August, by Gen. Wayne, with the Indians northwest of the Ohio, by which the termination of the long, expensive, and distressing war with those tribes was placed at the option of the United States. "In the adjustment of the terms," said he, "the satisfaction of the Indians was deemed an object worthy no less of the policy than of the liberality of the United States, as the necessary basis of durable tranquillity. This object, it is believed, has been fully attained. The articles agreed upon will immediately be laid before the Senate, for their consideration." A letter from the Emperor of Morocco, recognizing a treaty which had been made with his deceased father, insured the continuance of peace with that power. The terms of a treaty with the Dey and regency of Algiers had been adjusted in a manner to authorize the expectation of a speedy peace in that quarter, and the liberation of a number of American citizens from a long and grievous captivity. A speedy and satisfactory conclusion was anticipated of a negotiation with the court of Madrid, "which would lay the foundation of lasting harmony with a power whose friendship we have uniformly and sincerely desired to cherish." In regard to internal affairs, every part of the Union gave indications of rapid and various improvement. "With burthens so light as scarcely to be perceived; with resources fully adequate to present exigencies; with governments founded on the genuine principles of rational liberty; and with mild and wholesome laws, was it too much to say that our country exhibited a spectacle of national happiness never surpassed, if ever before equalled?" In regard to the late insurrection: "The misled have abandoned their errors, and pay the respect to our constitution and laws which is due from good citizens to the public authorities. These circumstances have induced me to pardon generally the offenders here referred to, and to extend forgiveness to those who had been adjudged to capital punishment." There was, as usual, a cordial answer from the Senate; but, in the present House of Representatives, as in the last one, the opposition were in the majority. In the response reported by a committee, one clause expressing undiminished confidence in the chief magistrate was demurred to; it was recommitted, and the clause objected to modified. The following is the form adopted: "In contemplating that spectacle of national happiness which our country exhibits, and of which you, sir, have been pleased to make an interesting summary, permit us to acknowledge and declare the very great share which your zealous and faithful services have contributed to it, and to express the affectionate attachment which we feel for your character."

The first day of January, being "a day of general joy and con-
gratulation," had been appointed by Washington to receive the colors of France, sent out by the Committee of Safety. On that day they were presented by Mr. Adet, the successor of Mr. Fauchét, as minister to the United States, with an address, representing, in glowing language, the position of France, "struggling not only for her own liberty, but for that of the human race. Assimilated to or rather identified with free people by the form of her government, she saw in them only friends and brothers. Long accustomed to regard the American people as her most faithful allies, she sought to draw closer the ties already formed in the fields of America, under the auspices of victory, over the ruins of tyranny." Washington received the colors with lively sensibility and a brief reply, expressive of the deep solicitude and high admiration produced by the events of the French struggle, and his joy that the interesting revolutionary movements of so many years had issued in the formation of a constitution designed to give permanency to the great object contended for.

In February the treaty with Great Britain, as modified by the advice of the Senate, came back ratified by the king of Great Britain, and on the last of the month a proclamation was issued by the President, declaring it to be the supreme law of the land. The opposition in the House of Representatives were offended that Washington should issue this proclamation before the sense of that body had been taken on the subject, and denied the power of the President and Senate to complete a treaty without its sanction. They passed a resolution requesting the President to lay before the House the instructions to Mr. Jay, and the correspondence and other documents relative to the treaty. Washington, believing that these papers could not be constitutionally demanded, with the assistance of the heads of departments and the Attorney-General, prepared and sent in to the House an answer to their request. In this he dwelt upon the necessity of caution and secrecy in foreign negotiations, as one cogent reason for vesting the power of making treaties in the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, the principle on which that body was formed, confining it to a small number of members. To admit a right in the House of Representatives to demand and have all the papers respecting a foreign negotiation would, he observed, be to establish a dangerous precedent. "As, therefore, it is perfectly clear to my understanding that the assent of the House of Representatives is not necessary to the validity of a treaty; as the treaty with Great Britain exhibits itself in all the objects requiring legislative provision; and on these the papers called for can throw no light; and as it is essential to the due administration of the government, that the boundaries fixed by the constitution between the different departments should be observed, a just regard to the constitution and to the duty of my office, under all the circumstances of this case, forbid a compliance with your request." A resolution to make provision for carrying the treaty into effect, gave rise to an animated and protracted debate. It soon became apparent that the popular feeling was with the minority in the House of Representatives, who favored the making
of the necessary appropriations. The public will prevailed, and, on the last day of April, the resolution was passed, though by a close vote of fifty-one to forty-eight.

For some months past, Mr. Thomas Pinckney had been solicitous to be relieved from his post of Minister Plenipotentiary at London. Rufus King, of New York, was nominated to the Senate on the 19th of May, to succeed him; and his nomination was confirmed. On the 1st of June, this session of Congress terminated.

Shortly after the recess of Congress another change was made in the foreign diplomacy. Mr. Monroe, when sent envoy to France, had been especially instructed to explain the views and conduct of the United States in forming the treaty with England; and had been amply furnished with documents for the purpose. From his own letters, however, it appeared that he had omitted to use them. Whether this rose from undue attachment to France, from mistaken notions of American interests, or from real dislike to the treaty, the result was the very evil he had been instructed to prevent. The French government misconceived the views and conduct of the United States, suspected their policy in regard to Great Britain, and when aware that the House of Representatives would execute the treaty made by Jay, became bitter in their resentment. Symptoms of this appeared in the capture of an American merchantman by a French privateer. Under these circumstances it was deemed expedient by Washington and his cabinet, to recall Mr. Monroe, and appoint another American citizen in his stead. The person chosen was Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of South Carolina, elder brother of the late minister to London. Still the resentful policy of the French continued, and, in October, they issued an arret ordering the seizure of British property found on board of American vessels, and of provisions bound for England—a direct violation of their treaty with the United States.

The period for the presidential election was drawing near, and great anxiety began to be felt that Washington would consent to stand for a third term. No one, it was agreed, had greater claim to the enjoyment of retirement, in consideration of public services rendered; but it was thought the affairs of the country would be in a very precarious condition should he retire before the wars of Europe were brought to a close. Washington, however, had made up his mind irrevocably on the subject, and resolved to announce, in a farewell address, his intention of retiring. Such an instrument had been prepared for him from his own notes, by Mr. Madison, when he had thought of retiring at the end of his first term. As he was no longer in confidential intimacy with Mr. Madison, he turned to Mr. Hamilton as his adviser and coadjutor: "If you should think it best to throw the whole into a different form," writes Washington, "let me request, notwithstanding, that my draft may be returned to me (along with yours) with such amendments and corrections as to render it as perfect as the formation is susceptible of; curtailed if too verbose, and relieved of all tautology not necessary to enforce the ideas in the original or quoted part. My wish is, that the whole may appear in a plain style;
and be handed to the public in an honest, unaffected, simple garb." We forbear to go into the vexed question concerning this address; how much of it is founded on Washington's original "notes and heads of topics;" how much was elaborated by Madison, and how much is due to Hamilton's recasting and revision. The whole came under the supervision of Washington; and the instrument, as submitted to the press, was in his handwriting, with many ultimate corrections and alterations. Washington had no pride of authorship; his object always was to effect the purpose in hand, and for that he occasionally invoked assistance, to ensure a plain and clear exposition of his thoughts and intentions. The address certainly breathes his spirit throughout, is in perfect accordance with his words and actions, and "in an honest, unaffected, simple garb," embodies the system of policy on which he had acted throughout his administration. It was published in September, in a Philadelphia paper called the Daily Advertiser, and produced a great sensation. Several of the State legislatures ordered it to be put on their journals. "The President's declining to be again elected," writes the elder Wolcott, "constitutes a most important epoch in our national affairs. The country meets the event with reluctance, but they do not feel that they can make any claim for the further services of a man who has conducted their armies through a successful war; has so largely contributed to establish a national government; has so long presided over our councils and directed the public administration, and in the most advantageous manner settled all national differences, and who can leave the administration where nothing but our folly and internal discord can render the country otherwise than happy."

Congress formed a quorum on the 5th day of December, the first day of the session which succeeded the publication of the Farewell Address. On the 7th, Washington met the two Houses of Congress for the last time. In his speech he recommended an institution for the improvement of agriculture, a military academy, a national university, and a gradual increase of the navy. The disputes with France were made the subject of the following remarks: "Our trade has suffered and is suffering extensive injuries in the West Indies from the cruisers and agents of the French Republic. It has been my constant, sincere, and earnest wish, in conformity with that of our nation, to maintain cordial harmony and a perfectly friendly understanding with that Republic. This wish remains unabated; and I shall persevere in the endeavor to fulfil it to the utmost extent of what shall be consistent with a just and indispensable regard to the rights and honor of our country; nor will I easily cease to cherish the expectation, that a spirit of justice, candor and friendship, on the part of the Republic, will eventually ensure success." In concluding his address he observes, "The situation in which I now stand for the last time in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally recalls the period when the administration of the present form of government commenced, and I cannot omit the occasion to congratulate you and my country on the success of the experi-
ment, nor to repeat my fervent supplications to the Supreme Ruler of the universe and Sovereign Arbiter of nations, that his providential care may be still extended to the United States; that the virtue and happiness of the people may be preserved, and that the government which they have instituted for the protection of their liberties may be perpetual.'

The Senate, in their reply to the address, after concurring in its views of the national prosperity, as resulting from the excellence of the constitutional system and the wisdom of the legislative provisions, added, that they would be deficient in gratitude and justice did they not attribute a great portion of these advantages to the virtue, firmness and talents of his administration, conspicuously displayed in the most trying times, and on the most critical occasions. Recalling his arduous services, civil and military, as well during the struggles of the revolution as in the convulsive period of a later date, their warmest affections and anxious regards would accompany him in his approaching retirement. The reply of the House concluded by a warm expression of gratitude and admiration, inspired by the virtues and the services of the President, by his wisdom, firmness, moderation, and magnanimity; and testifying to the deep regret with which they contemplated his intended retirement from office. "May you long enjoy that liberty which is so dear to you, and to which your name will ever be so dear," added they. "May your own virtue and a nation's prayers obtain the happiest sunshine for the decline of your days, and the choicest of future blessings. For our country's sake, and for the sake of republican liberty, it is our earnest wish that your example may be the guide of your successors; and thus, after being the ornament and safeguard of the present age, become the patrimony of our descendants." The reverence and affection expressed for him in both Houses of Congress, and their regret at his intended retirement, were in unison with testimonials from various State legislatures and other public bodies, which were continually arriving since the publication of his Farewell Address.

In the month of February the votes taken at the recent election were opened and counted in Congress; when Mr. Adams, having the highest number, was declared President, and Mr. Jefferson, having the next number, Vice President; their term of four years to commence on the 4th of March next ensuing. Washington now began to count the days and hours that intervened between him and his retirement. On the day preceding it, he writes to his old fellow-soldier and political coadjutor, Henry Knox: "To the wearied traveller, who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon, I now compare myself; but to be suffered to do this in peace, is too much to be endured by some. The consolation, however, which results from conscious rectitude, and the approving voice of my country, unequivocally expressed by its representatives, deprive their sting of its poison. The remainder of my life, which in the course of nature cannot be long, will be occupied in rural amusements; and though I shall seclude myself as much as possible from the noisy and bustling world, none
would, more than myself, be regaled by the company of those I esteem, at Mount Vernon; more than twenty miles from which, after I arrive there, it is not likely that I shall ever be." On the 3d of March, the last day of his official career, he gave a kind of farewell dinner to the foreign ministers and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. Jefferson, and other conspicuous personages of both sexes. "During the dinner much hilarity prevailed," says Bishop White, who was present. When the cloth was removed Washington filled his glass: "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man; I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness." The gayety of the company was checked in an instant; all felt the importance of this leave-taking; Mrs. Liston, the wife of the British minister, was so much affected that tears streamed down her cheeks. On the 4th of March, an immense crowd had 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. 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 late 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.
CHAPTER XXIV.

WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON—HIS DEATH—CHARACTER.

His official career being terminated, Washington set off for Mount Vernon accompanied by Mrs. Washington, her granddaughter Miss Nelly Custis, and George Washington Lafayette, with his preceptors. Of the enthusiastic devotion manifested towards him wherever he passed, he takes the following brief and characteristic notice: "The attentions we met with on our journey were very flattering, and to some, whose minds are differently formed from mine, would have been highly relished; but I avoided, in every instance where I had any previous notice of the intention, and could, by earnest entreaties, prevail, all parade and escorts."

He is at length at Mount Vernon, that haven of repose to which he had so often turned a wishful eye, throughout his agitated and anxious life, and where he trusted to pass quietly and serenely the remainder of his days. He finds himself, however, "in the situation of a new beginner; almost everything about him required considerable repairs, and a house is immediately to be built for the reception and safe keeping of his military, civil, and private papers." "In a word," writes he, "I am already surrounded by joiners, masons, and painters, and such is my anxiety to be out of their hands, that I have scarcely a room to put a friend into, or to sit in myself, without the music of hammers and the odoriferous scent of paint." Still he is at Mount Vernon, and as the spring opens the rural beauties of the country exert their sweetening influence. In a letter to his friend Oliver Wolcott, who, as Secretary of the Treasury, was still acting on "the great theatre," he advertes but briefly to public affairs. "For myself," adds he, exultingly, "having turned aside from the broad walks of political into the narrow paths of private life, I shall leave it with those whose duty it is to consider subjects of this sort, and, as every good citizen ought to do, conform to whatsoever the ruling powers shall decide. To make and sell a little flour annually, to repair houses going fast to ruin, to build one for the security of my papers of a public nature, and to amuse myself in agricultural and rural pursuits, will constitute employment for the few years I have to remain on this terrestrial globe. If, also, I could now and then meet the friends I esteem, it would fill the measure and add zest to my enjoyments; but, if ever this happens, it must be under my own vine and fig-tree." And again, to another friend he indulges in pleasant anticipations: "Retired from noise myself and the responsibility attached to public employment, my hours will glide smoothly on. My best wishes, however, for the prosperity of our country will always have the first place in my thoughts; while to repair buildings and to cultivate my farms, which require close attention, will occupy the few years, perhaps days, I may be a sojourner here, as I am now in the sixty-fifth year of my peregrina-
tion through life." A letter to his friend James McHenry, Secretary of War, furnishes a picture of his every-day life. "I am indebted to you," writes he, "for several unacknowledged letters; but never mind that; go on as if you had answers. You are at the source of information, and can find many things to relate, while I have nothing to say that could either inform or amuse a Secretary of War in Philadelphia. I might tell him that I begin my diurnal course with the sun; that, if my hirelings are not in their places at that time, I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; that, having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; that the more they are probed the deeper I find the wounds which my buildings have sustained, by an absence and neglect of eight years; that, by the time I have accomplished these matters, breakfast (a little after seven o'clock,) is ready; that, this being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces. How different this from having a few social friends at a cheerful board! The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea bring me within the dawn of candle light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that, as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing table and acknowledge the letters I have received; but when the lights are brought I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well." In his solitary rides about Mount Vernon and its woodlands, fond and melancholy thoughts would occasionally sadden the landscape, as his mind reverted to past times and early associates. In a letter to Mrs. S. Fairfax, now in England, he writes: "It is a matter of sore regret when I cast my eyes toward Belvoir, which I often do, to reflect that the former inhabitants of it, with whom we lived in such harmony and friendship, no longer reside there, and the ruins only can be viewed as the mementoes of former pleasures." The influx of strange faces soon became overwhelming, and Washington felt the necessity of having some one at hand to relieve him from a part of the self-imposed duties of Virginia hospitality. With this view he bethought him of his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, the same who had gained favor with him by volunteering in the Western expedition, and accompanying General Knox as aide-de-camp. Lawrence thenceforward became an occasional inmate at Mount Vernon. The place at this time possessed attractions for gay as well as grave, and was often enlivened by young company. One great attraction was Miss Nelly Custis, Mrs. Washington's grand-daughter, who, with her brother George W. P. Custis, had been adopted by the General at their father's death, when they were quite children, and brought up by him with the most affectionate care. He was fond of children, especially girls; as to boys, with all his spirit of command, he found them at times somewhat ungovernable. I can govern men, would he say, but I cannot govern boys. Miss Nelly had grown up under the special eye of her grandmother, to whom she was devotedly attached, and who was particular in enforcing her
observance of all her lessons, as well as instructing her in the arts of housekeeping. She was a great favorite with the General; whom she delighted with her gay whims and sprightly sallies, often overcoming his habitual gravity, and surprising him into a hearty laugh. She was now maturing into a lovely and attractive woman, and the attention she received began to awaken some solicitude in the General’s mind. This is evinced in a half-sportive letter of advice written to her during a temporary absence from Mount Vernon, when she was about to make her first appearance at a ball at Georgetown. It is curious as a specimen of Washington’s counsel in love matters. It would appear that Miss Nelly, to allay his solicitude, had already, in her correspondence, professed “a perfect apathy toward the youth of the present day, and a determination never to give herself a moment’s uneasiness on account of any of them.” Washington doubted the firmness and constancy of her resolves. “Men and women,” writes he, “feel the same inclination towards each other now that they always have done, and which they will continue to do, until there is a new order of things; and you, as others have done, may find that the passions of your sex are easier raised than allayed. Do not, therefore, boast too soon, nor too strongly of your insensibility. Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is, therefore, contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress; but let this be withdrawn, and it may be stifled in its birth, or much stinted in its growth. Although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard. When the fire is beginning to kindle and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it:—Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character? A man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and as my sisters do live? And is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If all these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one. Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated.” The sage counsels of Washington, and the susceptible feelings of Miss Nelly, were soon brought to the test by the residence of Lawrence Lewis at Mount Vernon. A strong attachment for her grew up on his part, or perhaps already existed, and was strengthened by daily intercourse. It was favorably viewed by his uncle. Whether it was fully reciprocated was uncertain. A formidable rival to Lewis appeared in the person of young Carroll of Carrollton, who had just returned from Europe, adorned with the graces of foreign travel, and whose suit was countenanced by Mrs. Washington. These were among the poetic days of Mount Vernon, when its halls echoed to the tread of lovers. They were halcyon days with Miss Nelly, as she herself declared,
in after years, to a lady from whom we have the story: "I was young and romantic then," said she, "and fond of wandering alone by moonlight in the woods of Mount Vernon. Grandmamma thought it wrong and unsafe, and scolded and coaxed me into a promise that I would not wander in the woods again unaccompanied. But I was missing one evening, and was brought home from the interdicted woods to the drawing-room, where the General was walking up and down with his hands behind him, as was his wont. Grandmamma, seated in her great arm-chair, opened a severe reproof." Poor Miss Nelly was reminded of her promise, and taxed with her delinquency. She knew that she had done wrong—admitted her fault, and essayed no excuse; but, when there was a slight pause, moved to retire from the room. She was just shutting the door when she overheard the General attempting, in a low voice, to intercede in her behalf. "My dear," observed he, "I would say more—perhaps she was not alone." His intercession stopped Miss Nelly in her retreat. She reopened the door and advanced up to the General with a firm step. "Sir," said she, "you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told Grandmamma I was alone, I hope you believed I was alone." The General made one of his most magnanimous bows. "My child," replied he, "I beg your pardon." We will anticipate dates, and observe that Miss Nelly became the happy wife of Lawrence Lewis.

Early in the autumn, Washington had been relieved from his constant solicitude about the fortunes of Lafayette. Letters received by George W. Lafayette from friends in Hamburg, informed the youth that his father and family had been liberated from Olmutz and were on their way to Paris, with the intention of embarking for America. George and his tutor, Mr. Frestel, sailed from New York on the 26th of October. Washington writes from Mount Vernon to Lafayette: "This letter, I hope and expect, will be presented to you by your son, who is highly deserving of such parents as you and your amiable lady. He can relate, much better than I can describe, my participation in your sufferings, my solicitude for your grief; the measures I adopted, though ineffectual, to facilitate your liberation from an unjust and cruel imprisonment, and the joy I experienced at the news of its accomplishment. I shall hasten, therefore, to congratulate you, and be assured that no one can do it with more cordiality, with more sincerity, or with greater affection, on the restoration of that liberty which every act of your life entitles you to the enjoyment of; and I hope I may add, to the uninterrupted possession of your estates, and the confidence of your country." The liberation of the prisoners of Olmutz did not take place until the 19th of September, nor was it until in the following month of February that the happy meeting took place between George and his family, whom he found residing in the chateau of a relative in Holstein.

Washington had been but a few months at Mount Vernon, when he received intelligence that his successor in office had issued a proclamation for a special session of Congress. He was not long in doubt as to its object. The French government had declared,
on the recall of Mr. Monroe, that it would not receive any new minister plenipotentiary from the United States until that power should have redressed the grievances of which the republic had complained. When Mr. Monroe had his audience of leave, Mr. Barras, the president of the Directory, said: "The French Republic hopes that the successors of Columbus, of Raleigh, and of Penn, ever proud of their liberty, will never forget that they owe it to France." A few days afterwards, when Mr. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney presented himself as successor to Mr. Monroe, the Directory refused to receive him, and followed up the indignity by ordering him to leave the territories of the republic. Its next step was to declare applicable to American ships the rules in regard to neutrals, contained in the treaty which Washington had signed with England.

Congress convened on the 15th of May. Three envoys extraordinary were appointed to the French republic, viz: Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, John Marshall, and Elbridge Gerry; the two former federalists, the latter a democrat. The object of their mission, according to the President, was "to dissipate umbrages, remove prejudices, rectify errors, and adjust all differences by a treaty between the two powers." Washington doubted an adjustment of the differences. "Candor," said he, "is not a more conspicuous trait in the character of governments than it is of individuals. It is hardly to be expected, then, that the Directory of France will acknowledge its errors and tread back its steps immediately." The three ministers met in Paris on the 4th of October, (1797,) but were approached by Talleyrand in a manner which demonstrated that the avenues to justice could only be opened by gold. Talleyrand's agent said, "Gentlemen, you must take the point, you say nothing of the money you are to give—you make no offer of money—on that point you are not explicit." "We are explicit enough," replied the American envoys. "We will not give you one farthing; and before coming here, we should have thought such an offer as you now propose, would have been regarded as a mortal insult." The envoys remained several months in Paris unaccredited, and finally returned at separate times, without an official discussion of the object of their mission. The Directory enacted a law subjecting to capture and condemnation neutral vessels and their cargoes, if any portion of the latter was of British fabric or produce, although the entire property might belong to neutrals. As the United States were at the time the great neutral carriers of the world, this iniquitous decree struck at a vital point in their maritime power. When this act and the degrading treatment of the American envoys became known, the spirit of the nation was aroused, and war with France seemed inevitable. The crisis was at once brought to Washington's own door. "You ought to be aware," writes Hamilton to him, May 19th, "that in the event of an open rupture with France, the public voice will again call you to command the armies of your country; and though all who are attached to you will deplore an occasion which should once more tear you from that repose to which you
have so good a right, yet it is the opinion of all those with whom I converse, that you will be compelled to make the sacrifice. All your past labors may demand, to give them efficacy, this farther, this very great sacrifice."

The government was resolved upon vigorous measures. Congress on the 28th of May, authorized Mr. Adams to enlist ten thousand men as a provisional army, to be called by him into actual service, in case of hostilities. Adams was perplexed by the belligerent duties thus suddenly devolved upon him. How should he proceed in forming an army? Should he call on all the old generals who had figured in the revolution, or appoint a young set? Washington was nominated to the Senate (July 3d) commander-in-chief of all the armies raised or to be raised. His nomination was unanimously confirmed on the following day, and the Secretary of War was the bearer of the commission to Mount Vernon, accompanied by a letter from the President. "The reasons and motives," writes Mr. Adams in his instructions to the Secretary, "which pre- vailed with me to venture upon such a step as the nomination of this great and illustrious character, whose voluntary resignation alone occasioned my introduction to the office I now hold, were too numerous to be detailed in this letter, and are too obvious and important to escape the observation of any part of America or Europe. If the General should decline the appointment, all the world will be silent and respectfully assent. If he should accept it, all the world, except the enemies of this country, will rejoice." It was with a heavy heart that Washington found his dream of re- pose once more interrupted; but his strong fidelity to duty would not permit him to hesitate. He accepted the commission, however, with the condition that he should not be called into the field until the army was in a situation to require his presence. He added, in his letter to the President, "I beg it to be understood that I do not mean to withhold any assistance to arrange and organize the army, which you may think I can afford. I take the liberty, also, to men- tion that I must decline having my acceptance considered as drawing after it any immediate charge upon the public; or that I can receive any emoluments annexed to the appointment before enter- ing into a situation to incur expense." As to the question which had perplexed Mr. Adams whether, in forming the army, to call on all the old generals or appoint a new set, Washington's idea was that, as the armies about to be raised were commencing de novo, the President had the right to make officers of citizens or soldiers at his discretion, availing himself of the best aid the country afforded. In the arrangements made by him with the Secretary of War, Hamilton was to be Inspector-General, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney (not yet returned from Europe), and Knox, Major-Generals; in which order he wished their commissions to be dated. The appointment of Hamilton as second in command was desired by the public, on account of his distinguished ability, energy, and fidelity. Pinckney was placed next in rank, not solely on account of his military qualifications, which were great, but of his popular- ity and influence in the Southern States, where his connections were
numerous and powerful. Thus Hamilton and Pinckney took precedence of Knox, an officer whom Washington declared he loved and esteemed; but he trusted the exigencies of the case would reconcile the latter to the position assigned to him. Knox wrote on the 23d of October to the Secretary of War, declining to serve under Hamilton and Pinckney, on the principle that "no officer can consent to his own degradation by serving in an inferior station." Gen. Pinckney, on the contrary, cheerfully accepted his appointment, although placed under Hamilton, who had been of inferior rank to him in the last war. He regretted that General Knox had declined his appointment, and that his feelings should be hurt by being outranked. "If the authority," adds he, "which appointed me to the rank of second major in the army, will review the arrangement, and place General Knox before me, I will neither quit the service nor be dissatisfied."

Early in November (1798) Washington repaired to Philadelphia, at the earnest request of the Secretary of War, to meet that public functionary and Major-Generals Hamilton and Pinckney, and make arrangements respecting the forces about to be raised. They were closely engaged for nearly five weeks, at great inconvenience and in a most inclement season. The result of their deliberations was communicated to the Secretary in two letters drafted by Hamilton, and signed by the commander-in-chief. Washington then set out once more for Mount Vernon.

The nuptials of Lawrence Lewis, Washington's nephew, and Miss Nellie Custis, were celebrated at Mount Vernon on Washington's birthday, the 22d of February (1799). Lawrence had recently received the commission of major of cavalry in the new army which was forming; and Washington made arrangements for settling the newly married couple near him on a part of Mount Vernon lands, which he had designated in his will to be bequeathed to Miss Nelly.

The military measures taken in America had produced an effect on French policy. Efforts had been made by M. Talleyrand, through unofficial persons, to induce an amicable overture on the part of the United States. Mr. Adams caught at the chance for an extrication from his belligerent difficulties, and laid this letter before the Senate on the 18th of February, at the same time nominating Mr. Murray to be minister plenipotentiary to the French Republic. Oliver Ellsworth and Patrick Henry were associated with him in the mission. The three envoys being confirmed, Mr. Murray was instructed by letter to inform the French Minister of Foreign Affairs of the fact, but to apprise him that his associate envoys would not embark for Europe until the Directory had given assurance, through their Minister for Foreign Affairs, that those envoys would be received in proper form and treated with on terms of equality. Mr. Henry declined to accept his appointment on account of ill health, and Mr. William Richardson Davie was substituted for him. Washington continued to superintend from a distance the concerns of the army, as his ample and minute correspondence manifests; and he was at the same time earnestly
endeavoring to bring the affairs of his rural domain into order. A
sixteen years' absence from home, with short intervals, had, he
said, deranged them considerably, so that it required all the time
he could spare from the usual avocations of life to bring them into
tune again. It was a period of incessant activity and toil, there-
fore, both mental and bodily. He was for hours in his study occu-
pied with his pen, and for hours on horseback, riding the rounds of
his extensive estate, visiting the various farms, and superintending
and directing the works in operation. All this he did with unfail-
ing vigor, though now in his sixty-seventh year." Occasional
reports of the sanguinary conflict that was going on in Europe
would reach him in the quiet groves of Mount Vernon, and awaken
his solicitude. "A more destructive sword," said he, "was never
drawn, at least in modern times, than this war has produced. It
is time to sheathe it and give peace to mankind." Amid this strife
and turmoil of the nations, he felt redoubled anxiety about the
success of the mission to France. The commissioners sailed in
a frigate from Rhode Island on the 3d of November.
Winter had now set in, with occasional wind and rain and frost,
yet Washington still kept up his active round of in-door and out-
door avocations, as his diary records. He was in full health and
vigor, dined out occasionally, and had frequent guests at Mount
Vernon, and, as usual, was part of every day in the saddle, going
the rounds of his estates, and, in his military phraseology, "visiting
the outposts." He had recently walked with his favorite nephew
about the grounds, showing the improvements he intended to make,
and had especially pointed out the spot where he purposed build-
ing a new family vault; the old one being damaged by the roots
of trees which had overgrown it and caused it to leak. "This
change," said he, "I shall make the first of all, for I may require
it before the rest." "When I parted from him," adds the neph-
ew, "he stood on the steps of the front door. It was a bright
frosty morning; he had taken his usual ride, and the clear healthy
flush on his cheek, and his sprightly manner, brought the remark
from both of us that we had never seen the General look so well.
I have sometimes thought him decidedly the handsomest man I
ever saw; and when in a lively mood, so full of pleasantry, so
agreeable to all with whom he associated, that I could hardly
realize he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who
approached him."
For some time past Washington had been occupied in digesting
a complete system on which his estate was to be managed for
several succeeding years; specifying the cultivation of the several
farms, with tables designating the rotations of the crops. It occu-
pied thirty folio pages, and was executed with that clearness and
method which characterized all his business papers. This was
finished on the 10th of December, and was accompanied by a
letter of that date to his manager or steward. It is a valuable
document, showing the soundness and vigor of his intellect at this
advanced stage of his existence, and the love of order that reigned
throughout his affairs. "My greatest anxiety," said he on a pre-
rious occasion, "is to have all these concerns in such a clear and distinct form, that no reproach may attach itself to me when I have taken my departure for the land of spirits." It was evident, however, that full of health and vigor, he looked forward to his long-cherished hope, the enjoyment of a serene old age in this home of his heart. According to his diary, the morning on which these voluminous instructions to his steward were dated was clear and calm, but the afternoon was lowering. The next day (11th) he notes that there was wind and rain, and "at night a large circle round the moon." The morning of the 12th was overcast. That morning he wrote a letter to Hamilton, heartily approving of a plan for a military academy, which the latter had submitted to the Secretary of War. "The establishment of an institution of this kind upon a respectable and extensive basis," observes he, "has ever been considered by me an object of primary importance to this country; and while I was in the chair of government I omitted no proper opportunity of recommending it in my public speeches and otherwise, to the attention of the legislature." About ten o'clock he mounted his horse, and rode out as usual to make the rounds of the estate. The ominous ring round the moon, which he had observed on the preceding night, proved a fatal portent. "About one o'clock," he notes, it began to snow, soon after to hail, and then turned to a settled cold rain. Having on an over-coat, he continued his ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to the house until after three. His secretary approached him with letters to be franked, and perceived that snow was hanging from his hair, and expressed fears that he had got wet; but he replied, "No, his great-coat had kept him dry." As dinner had been waiting for him, he sat down to table without changing his dress. "In the evening," writes his secretary, "he appeared as well as usual." On the following morning the snow was three inches deep and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride. He complained of a sore throat, and had evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and he went out on the grounds between the house and the river, to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A hoarseness which had hung about him through the day grew worse towards night, but he made light of it. He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, amusing himself with the papers which had been brought from the post-office. When he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he would read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit, or he listened and made occasional comments, while Mr. Lear read the debates of the Virginia Assembly. On retiring to bed, Mr. Lear suggested that he should take something to relieve the cold. "No," replied he, "you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came." In the night he was taken extremely ill with ague and difficulty of breathing. Between two and three o'clock in the morning he awoke Mrs. Washington, who would have risen to call a servant; but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At daybreak, Mr. Lear found the gen-
eral breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. Washington desired that Dr. Craik, who lived in Alexandria, should be sent for, and that in the meantime Rawlins, one of the overseers, should be summoned, to bleed him before the doctor could arrive. A gargle was prepared for his throat, but whenever he attempted to swallow any of it, he was convulsed and almost suffocated. Rawlins made his appearance soon after sunrise, but when the general’s arm was ready for the operation, became agitated. “Don’t be afraid,” said the general, as well as he could speak. Rawlins made an incision. “The orifice is not large enough,” said Washington. The blood, however, ran pretty freely, and Mrs. Washington, uncertain whether the treatment was proper, and fearful that too much blood might be taken, begged Mr. Lear to stop it. When he was about to untie the string the general put up his hand to prevent him, and as soon as he could speak, murmured, “more—more;” but Mrs. Washington’s doubts prevailed, and the bleeding was stopped, after about half a pint of blood had been taken. External applications were now made to the throat, and his feet were bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief. His old friend, Dr. Craik, arrived between eight and nine, and two other physicians, Drs. Dick and Brown, were called in. Various remedies were tried, and additional bleeding, but all of no avail. “About half past four o’clock,” writes Mr. Lear, “he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk two wills, which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them, he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet. After this was done, I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: ‘I find I am going, my breath cannot last long. I believed from the first, that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters which he has begun.’ I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I could recollect nothing; but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that, as it was the debt which we must all pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation.”

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. Mr. Lear endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much ease as possible. “I am afraid I fatigue you too much,” the general would say. Upon being assured to the contrary, “Well,” observed he gratefully, “it is a debt we must pay to each other and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it.” His servant, Christopher, had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The gen-
eral noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down. About five o'clock Dr. Craik came again into the room, and approached the bedside. "Doctor," said the general, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it—my breath cannot last long." The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief. Between five and six the other physicians came in, and he was assisted to sit up in his bed. "I feel I am going," said he; "I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." He lay down again; all retired excepting Dr. Craik. The general continued uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was. Further remedies were tried without avail in the evening. He took whatever was offered him, did as he was desired by the physicians, and never uttered sigh or complaint. "About ten o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, '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.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes.' 'Tis well," said he. About ten minutes before he expired (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 seated 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.'"

We add from Mr. Lear's account a few particulars concerning the funeral. The old family vault on the estate had been opened, the rubbish cleared away, and a door made to close the entrance, which before had been closed with brick. The funeral took place on the 18th of December. About eleven o'clock the people of the neighborhood began to assemble. The corporation of Alexandria, with the militia and Free Masons of the place, and eleven pieces of cannon, arrived at a later hour. A schooner was stationed off Mount Vernon to fire minute guns. About three o'clock the procession began to move, passing out through the gate at the left wing of the house, proceeding round in front of the lawn and down to the vault, on the right wing of the house; minute guns being fired at the time. The troops, horse and foot, formed the escort; then came four of the clergy. Then the general's horse, with his saddle, holsters, and pistols, led by two grooms in black. The body was borne by the Free Masons and officers; several members of the family and old friends, among the number Dr. Craik,
and some of the Fairfaxs, followed as chief mourners. The corporation of Alexandria and numerous private persons closed the procession. The Rev. Mr. Davis read the funeral service at the vault, and pronounced a short address; after which the Masons performed their ceremonies, and the body was deposited in the vault. Such were the obsequies of Washington, simple and modest, according to his own wishes; all confined to the grounds of Mount Vernon, which, after forming the poetical dream of his life, had now become his final resting-place.

On opening the will which he had handed to Mrs. Washington shortly before his death, it was found to have been carefully drawn up by himself in the preceding July; and by an act in conformity with his whole career, one of its first provisions directed the emancipation of his slaves on the decease of his wife. It had long been his earnest wish that the slaves held by him in his own right should receive their freedom during his life, but he had found that it would be attended with insuperable difficulties on account of their interchange by marriage with the "dower negroes," whom it was not in his power to manumit under the tenure by which they were held. With provident benignity he also made provision in his will for such as were to receive their freedom under this devise, but who, from age, bodily infirmities, or infancy, might be unable to support themselves, and he expressly forbade, under any pretense whatsoever, the sale or transportation out of Virginia, of any slave of whom he might die possessed. Though born and educated a slave holder, this was all in consonance with feelings, sentiments and principles which he had long entertained. In a letter to Mr. John F. Mercer, in September, 1786, he writes, "I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law." And eleven years afterwards, in August, 1797, he writes to his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, in a letter which we have had in our hands, "I wish from my soul that the legislature of this State could see the policy of a gradual abolition of slavery. It might prevent much future mischief."

A deep sorrow spread over the nation on hearing that Washington was no more. Congress, which was in session, immediately adjourned for the day. The next morning it was resolved that the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black: that the members and officers of the House wear black during the session, and that a joint committee of both Houses be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of doing honor to the memory of the man, "FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS."

Public testimonials of grief and reverence were displayed in every part of the Union. Nor were these sentiments confined to the United States. When the news of Washington's death reached England, Lord Bridport, who had command of a British fleet of nearly sixty sail of the line, lying at Torbay, lowered his flag half-mast, every ship following the example; and Bonaparte, First
Consul of France, on announcing his death to the army, ordered that black crape should be suspended from all the standards and flags throughout the public service for ten days.

We have traced the career of Washington from early boyhood to his elevation to the presidential chair. It was an elevation he had neither sought nor wished; for when the independence of his country was achieved, the modest and cherished desire of his heart had been "to live and die a private citizen on his own farm;" and he had shaped out for himself an ideal elysium in his beloved shades of Mount Vernon. But power sought him in his retirement. The weight and influence of his name and character were deemed all essential to complete his work; to set the new government in motion, and conduct it through its first perils and trials. With unfeigned reluctance he complied with the imperative claims of his country, and accepted the power thus urged upon him: advancing to its exercise with diffidence, and aiming to surround himself with men of the highest talent and information whom he might consult in emergency; but firm and strong in the resolve in all things to act as his conscience told him was "right as it respected his God, his country, and himself." For he knew no divided fidelity, no separate obligation; his most sacred duty to himself was his highest duty to his country and his God. In treating of his civil administration we have endeavored to show how truly he adhered to this resolve, and with what inflexible integrity and scrupulous regard to the public weal he discharged his functions. In executing our task, we have not indulged in discussions of temporary questions of controverted policy which agitated the incipient establishment of our government, but have given his words and actions as connected with those questions, and as illustrative of his character. We have avoided rhetorical amplification and embellishments, and all gratuitous assumptions, and have sought by simple and truthful details, to give his character an opportunity of developing itself, and of manifesting those fixed principles and that noble consistency which reigned alike throughout his civil and his military career.

The character of Washington may want some of those poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude, but it possessed fewer inequalities, and a rarer union of virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man. Prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling judgment, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied, truth that disdained all artifice, magnanimity without alloy. It seems as if Providence had endowed him in a præeminent degree with the qualities requisite to fit him for the high destiny he was called upon to fulfill—to conduct a momentous revolution which was to form an era in the history of the world, and to inaugurate a new and untried government, which, to use his own words, was to lay the foundation "for the enjoyment of much purer civil liberty, and greater public happiness, than have hitherto been the portion of mankind."

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history; shining with a truer lustre and a more benignant glory.
With us his memory remains a national property, where all sympathies throughout our widely-extended and diversified empire meet in unison. Under all dissensions and amid all the storms of party, his precepts and example speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal; and his name—by all revered—forms a universal tie of brotherhood—a watchword of our Union. "It will be the duty of the historian and the sage of all nations," writes an eminent British statesman, (Lord Brougham,) "to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man, and until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the IMMORTAL NAME OF WASHINGTON."
WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

FRIENDS, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The period for a new election of a Citizen, to administer the Executive Government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person, who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduct to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those, out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken, without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation, which binds a dutiful citizen to his country—and that, in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement, from which I had been reluctantly drawn.—The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of affairs with foreign Nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty, or propriety; and am persuaded whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more,
that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome.—Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

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 the 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.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop.—But a solicitude for your welfare which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a people.—These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them, the disinterested warnings of a departing friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsels. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Intertwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The Unity of Government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so;—for it is a main Pillar in the
Edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquility at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty which you so highly prize. But, as it is easy to forsee, that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth:—as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness;—that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accus-tom ing yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indig-nantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our Country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest.—Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same Religion, Manners, Habits and political Principles. —You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together. The Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint coun-cils and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings and suc-cesses.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address them-selves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your Interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guard-ing and preserving the Union of the whole.

The North in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, pro-ected by the equal Laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise—and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South; in the same intercourse benefitting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated;—and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications, by land and water, will more and more find a valuable vent for the com-modities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home.—The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and
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comfort, and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interests as one Nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign Power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resources, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign Nations; and what is of inestimable value, they must derive from Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries, not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce; but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence likewise they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown Military establishments, which under any form of Government are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to Republican Liberty: In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind,—and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of Patriotic desire. Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it,—To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. 'Tis well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to Union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matters of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by Geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern—Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of Party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heartburnings which spring from these misrepresentations. They tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our Western country have lately
had a useful lesson on this head. They have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the Treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi. They have been witnesses to the formation of two Treaties, that with Great Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them every thing they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their Brethren, and connect them with Aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances however strict, between the parts, can be an adequate substitute. They must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government, better calculated than your former for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its Laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, 'till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole People, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the People to established Government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force—to put, in the place of the delegated will of the Nation, the will of a party:—often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community;—and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils and modified by mutual interest. However combinations or asso-
ciations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the People, and to usurp for themselves the reins of Government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your Government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of Governments, as of other human institutions—that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing Constitution of a Country—that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion:—and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests in a country so extensive as ours, a Government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of Liberty is indispensable.—Liberty itself will find in such a Government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is indeed little else than a name, where the Government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the Society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of Parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on Geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of Party, generally.

This Spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an Individual: and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty.
Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of Party are sufficient to make it the interest and the duty of a wise People to discourage and restrain it. It serves always to distract the Public Councils and enfeeble the Public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms, kindles the animosity of one part against another, foments occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the Government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus, the policy and the will of one country, are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the Administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the Spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true—and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose,—and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched; it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres; avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the Guardian of the Public Weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If in the opinion of the People, the distribution or modification of the Constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain
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would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great Pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure—reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of Free Government. Who that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote then as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible:—avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it—avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of Peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your Representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should cooperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be Revenue—that to have Revenue there must be taxes—that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant—that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the Government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining Revenue which the public exigences may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind a magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and
things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded; and that in place of them just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The Nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interests, Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult to injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The Nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to War the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject;—at other times, it makes the animosity of the Nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the Liberty, of Nations has been the victim. So likewise a passionate attachment of one Nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification: It leads also to concessions to the favorite Nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the Nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to be retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens who devote themselves to the favorite Nation, facility to betray, or sacrifice the interests of their own country without odium, sometimes even with popularity:—gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation. As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.
Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government. But that jealousy to be useful must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and to serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real Patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests. The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign Nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little Political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation.—Hence, she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships, or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one People, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected. When belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by justice shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, Lumar or caprice? 'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world;—so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it—for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establish-ments, on a respectably defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand:—neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences;—consulting the natural
course of things;—diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the 
streams of commerce, but forcing nothing;—establishing with 
powers so disposed—in order to give to trade a stable course, to 
define the rights of our Merchants and to enable the government 
to support them—conventional rules of intercourse, the best that 
present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit; but tem-
porary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as 
experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in 
view, that 'tis folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors 
from another,—that it must pay with a portion of its independence 
for whatever it may accept under that character—that by such 
acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given 
equivalents for nominal favors and yet of being reproached with 
ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error 
than to expect, or calculate upon real favors from Nation to Nation. 
'Tis an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride 
ought to discard.

In offering to you, my Countrymen, these counsels of an old and 
affectionate friend, I dare not hope that they will make the strong 
and lasting impression, I could wish; that they will control the usual 
current of the passions, or prevent our Nation from running the 
course which has hitherto marked the destiny of Nations. But if 
I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some 
partial benefit; some occasional good; that they may now and 
then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the 
mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of 
pretended patriotism, this hope will be a full recompense for the 
solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been 
guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public 
Records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to You, 
and to the World. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience 
is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting War in Europe, my Proclamation 
of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by 
your approving voice and by that of your Representatives in both 
Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually 
governed me:—uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert 
me from it. After deliberate examination with the aid of the best 
lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under 
all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was 
bound in duty and interest, to take a Neutral position. Having 
taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to 
maintain it, with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, 
it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, 
that according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far 
from being denied by any of the Belligerent Powers, has been 
virtually admitted by all. The duty of holding a neutral conduct 
may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which 
justice and humanity impose on every Nation, in cases in which it
is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of Peace and Amity towards other Nations. The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

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 mansion 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, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers.

United States, } 1796.
19th September, }

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

II.

SPEECH OF JOHN MARSHALL IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE HOUSE, DEC. 19TH, 1799.

Mr. Speaker: The melancholy event, which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more! The hero, the patriot, and the sage of America; the man on whom in times of danger every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed, lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people.

If, Sir, it had even not been usual openly to testify respect for the memory of those whom heaven has selected as its instruments for dispensing good to man, yet such has been the uncommon worth, and such the extraordinary incidents, which have marked the life of him whose loss we all deplore, that the whole American nation, impelled by the same feelings, would call with one voice for a public manifestation of that sorrow, which is so deep and so universal.

More than any other individual, and as much as to one individual was possible, has he contributed to found this our wide-
spreading empire, and to give to the western world independence and freedom.

Having effected the great object for which he was placed at the head of our armies, we have seen him convert the sword into the ploughshare, and sink the soldier in the citizen.

When the debility of our federal system had become manifest, and the bonds which connected this vast continent were dissolving, we have seen him the chief of those patriots who formed for us a constitution, which, by preserving the union, will, I trust, substantiate and perpetuate those blessings which our Revolution had promised to bestow.

In obedience to the general voice of his country, calling him to preside over a great people, we have seen him once more quit the retirement he loved, and, in a season more stormy and tempestuous than war itself, with calm and wise determination pursue the true interests of the nation, and contribute, more than any other could contribute, to the establishment of that system of policy, which will, I trust, yet preserve our peace, our honor, and our independence.

Having been twice unanimously chosen the chief magistrate of a free people, we have seen him, at a time when his re-election with universal suffrage could not be doubted, afford to the world a rare instance of moderation by withdrawing from his station to the peaceful walks of private life.

However the public confidence may change, and public affections fluctuate with respect to others, with respect to them they have, in war and in peace, in public and in private life, been as steady as his own firm mind, and as constant as his own exalted virtues.

Let us then, Mr. Speaker, pay the last tribute of respect and affection to our departed friend. Let the grand council of the nation display those sentiments which the nation feels. For this purpose I hold in my hand some resolutions, which I take the liberty of offering to the House.

Resolved, That this House will wait on the President, in condolence of this mournful event.

Resolved, That the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black, and that the members and officers of the House wear black during the session.

Resolved, That a committee, in conjunction with one from the Senate, be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honor to the memory of the man, FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS.

LETTER FROM THE SENATE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

23 December, 1799.

Sir: The Senate of the United States respectfully take leave to express to you their deep regret for the loss their country sustains in the death of General George Washington.

This event, so distressing to all our fellow-citizens, must be peculiarly heavy to you, who have long been associated with him in deeds of patriotism. Permit us, Sir, to mingle our tears with yours. On this occasion it is manly to weep. To lose such a man, at such a crisis, is no common calamity to the world. Our country mourns a father. The Almighty Disposer of human events has taken from us our greatest benefactor and ornament. It becomes us to submit with reverence to him "who maketh darkness his pavilion."

With patriotic pride we review the life of our Washington, and compare him with those of other countries who have been pre-eminent in fame. Ancient and modern times are diminished before him. Greatness and guilt have too often been allied; but his fame is whiter than it is brilliant. The destroyers of nations stood abashed at the majesty of his virtues. It reproved the intemperance of their ambition, and darkened the splendor of victory. The scene is closed and we are no longer anxious lest misfortune should sully his glory; he has travelled on to the end of his journey, and carried with him an increasing weight of honor; he has deposited it safely, where misfortune cannot tarnish it, where malice cannot blast it. Favored of Heaven, he departed without exhibiting the weakness of humanity. Magnanimous in death, the darkness of the grave could not obscure his brightness.

Such was the man whom we deplore. Thanks to God, his glory is consummated. Washington yet lives on earth in his spotless example; his spirit is in Heaven.

Let his countrymen consecrate the memory of the heroic general, the patriotic statesman, and the virtuous sage. Let them teach their children never to forget, that the fruits of his labors and his example are their Inheritance.