

American anecdotes : original and select / by an American

Hunt, Freeman, 1804-1858

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AMERICAN ANECDOTES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

BY AN AMERICAN.

"The genius of my country shall arise
A cedar towering o'er the wilderness—
Wafting its native incense to the skies."

IN TWO VOLUMES. ✓

by Freeman
VOL. II.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PUTNAM & HUNT,

3 Cornhill.....late Market Street.

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MDCCCXXX.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—*to wit*,
District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty second day of April, A. D, 1830, in the fifty fourth year of the independence of the United States of America, PUTNAM & HUNT, of the said district, have deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit* :

“American Anecdotes : Original and Select. By an American. In two volumes.

“The genius of my country shall arise
A cedar towering o'er the wilderness—
Wafting its native incense to the skies.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and also to an Act entitled “An Act supplementary to an Act entitled, an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.”

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

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PRESS OF PUTNAM & HUNT.

AMERICAN ANECDOTES.



CCXXV. *Boyhood of Benjamin West.*

The first display of talent in the infant mind of Mr. West was curious, and still more so from its occurring where there was nothing to excite it. America contained scarcely a specimen of the fine arts; and being the son of a Quaker, he had never seen a picture, or a print. His pencil was of his own invention; his colours were given to him by an Indian; his whole progress was a series of invention, and painting to him was not the result of a lesson, but an instinctive passion.

When only seven years of age, he was one day left with the charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and had a fan to flap away the flies from the child. The motion of the fan made the child smile, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure he had never before experienced; and observing some paper on the table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait; although at that period he had never seen an engraving, or a picture. Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing; but

the old lady, observing his confusion, asked what he had been about, and insisted on seeing the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing, with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally;" and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say, that if it would give her any pleasure, he would make drawings of the flowers which she held in her hand; for his genius was awakened, and he felt that he could imitate any thing which pleased his sight. In after life, he often used to say, "My mother's kiss made me a painter."

Young West used pen and ink for his drawings, until hair pencils were described to him, when he found a substitute in the tapering fur of a cat's tail. In the following year, a cousin sent him a box of colours and pencils, with several pieces of canvass prepared for the easel, and six engravings. The box was received with delight, and West now found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of the following day, and carried the box to the garret, where he spread the canvass, prepared his pallet, and began to imitate the figures in the engravings. Enchanted with his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner, without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to the garret; and for several days successively he withdrew in the same manner, and devoted himself to painting. Mrs. West, suspecting that the box occasioned his neglect of

school, went into the garret, and found him employed on a picture. Her anger was soon appeased by a sight of his performance. She saw not merely a copy, but a composition from two of the engravings. She kissed him with transports of affection, and promised that she would intercede with his father to pardon his absence from school. This piece, finished in his eighth year, was exhibited, sixty-seven years afterward, in the same room with his sublime picture of "Christ Rejected;" and the artist declared that there were inventive touches in his first, juvenile essay, which all his subsequent experience had not enabled him to surpass.



CCXXVI. *Indian Eloquence.*

The Indian warrior, Tecumseh, who fell in the late American war, was not only an accomplished military commander, but also a great natural statesman and orator. Among the many strange, and some strongly characteristic events of his life, the council which the American General Harrison held with the Indians at Vincennes, in 1811, affords an admirable instance of the sublimity which sometimes distinguished his eloquence. The chiefs of some tribes had come to complain of a purchase of lands which had been made from the Kickapoos. The council effected nothing, but broke up in confusion, in consequence of Tecumseh having called General Harrison "a liar." During the long talks which took place in the conference, Tecum-

seh, having finished one of his speeches, looked round, and seeing every one seated, while no seat was prepared for him, a momentary frown passed over his countenance. Instantly General Harrison ordered that a chair should be given him. Some person presented one, and bowing, said to him, "Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat." Tecumseh's dark eye flashed. "My father!" he exclaimed indignantly, extending his arms towards heaven; "the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; she gives me nourishment, and I repose upon her bosom." As he ended, he suddenly seated himself on the ground.



CCXXVII. *American Navy.*

The Barbary States had entertained the most contemptuous ideas of our naval power; and they used sneeringly to say, "Show us one of your 74's, and then we will believe that the English permit you to build them." Of course, never were men more utterly astonished than they were, when they beheld a large squadron from the United States, riding in the ports of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli; and that too, immediately after a war with Great Britain, which they imagined would entirely crash the naval power of America. Perhaps the English encouraged such ideas; for they were afterwards reproached with having deceived them, and led them into a war with the United States. One of the Dey's officers is said to have addressed the Brit-

ish consul at Algiers, as follows: "You told us you should destroy the American navy in six months; and now they make war upon us *with two of your own vessels, which they have taken from you.*"

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CCXXVIII. *Perry and his Officers insensible to Danger.*

During the battle of Erie, the *Lawrence*, which Commodore Perry was on board of, was so shattered as to be entirely unmanageable, and only nine of her large crew remained. In this dilemma, Perry resolved to hoist the American flag on board a more fortunate vessel. For this purpose he entered an open boat, to pass over to the ship *Niagara*; and though broadsides were levelled at him, and showers of musketry from three of the enemy's ships, he remained standing in the stern of the boat, until absolutely pulled down by the crew. The Americans watched him with breathless anxiety, as he passed through this scene of peril, and with a transport of joy they saw his flag hoisted at the mast head of the *Niagara*. Soon after he entered that ship, a captain of one of the guns, having had all his men shot down, approached him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, exclaimed, "For God's sake, sir, give me some more men." When all sense of personal danger was thus swallowed up in eagerness for victory, it is not surprising that Commodore Perry was able to write his strikingly laconic letter: "Dear Sir, We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

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CCXXIX. *La Fayette at Olmutz.*

When the Marquis de La Fayette, and several French officers, quitted the French army, then in insurrection, after the famous 10th of August, they were seized by the King of Prussia; from him transferred to the custody of Austria; and long confined in the castle of Olmutz. A singular instance of ingenuity was displayed by the prisoners during their confinement. Each of the officers was kept solitary, but their apartments were so constructed, that they were within hearing of each other, when standing at the windows of their respective chambers. To improve this advantage, they thought of the following plan. At Paris there were a number of popular ballads, sung at the corner of the street, and in other public places, called airs of the Pont Neuf. The words belonging to them were so well known, that to strike up a few notes, was to recall to memory the words that accompanied them. In a short time this vocabulary became so complete, and even rich, that two or three notes from each air formed their alphabet and effected their intercourse. By this means they communicated news to each other, concerning their families, the progress of the war, &c; and when, by good fortune, one of them had received a gazette, he *whistled* the contents of it to his partners in suffering. The commander was informed of these unaccountable concerts. He listened, he set spies; but the whole being a language of convention, the most practised musician would have failed in detecting the

real expression of the notes he heard. In vain was whistling prohibited; at length the Austrian, weary of conjecture, interposed no further to prevent what he could not comprehend.

CCXXX. *Mrs. Jacob Motte.*

The patriotic enthusiasm of Mrs. Jacob Motte, demands particular notice. When compelled by painful duty, Lieutenant Colonel Lee informed her, "that in order to accomplish the immediate surrender of the British garrison occupying her elegant mansion, its destruction was indispensable," she instantly replied, "the sacrifice of my property is nothing, and I shall view its destruction with delight, if it shall in any degree contribute to the good of my country." In proof of her sincerity she immediately presented the arrows by which combustible matter was to be conveyed to the building.

CCXXXI. *Mrs. Thomas Heyward.*

An order having been issued for a general illumination, to celebrate the supposed victory at Guildford, the front of the house occupied by Mrs. Heyward and her sister, Mrs. George Abbot Hall, remained in darkness. Indignant at so decided a mark of disrespect, an officer forced his way into her presence, and sternly demanded of Mrs. Heyward, "how dare you disobey the order which has been issued; why, Madam, is not

your house illuminated?" "Is it possible for me, Sir," replied the lady, with perfect calmness, "to feel a spark of joy? Can I celebrate the victory of your army, while my husband remains a prisoner at St. Augustine." "That," rejoined the officer, "is a matter of little consequence; the last hopes of rebellion are crushed by the defeat of Greene: You *shall* illuminate." "Not a single light," replied the lady, "shall be placed with my consent, on such an occasion, in any window in the house." "Then, Madam, I will return with a party, and before midnight level it to the ground." "You have power to destroy, Sir, and seem well disposed to use it, but over my opinions you possess no control. I disregard your menaces, and resolutely declare, *I will not illuminate*," Mrs. Heyward was graceful and majestic in person, beautiful in countenance, angelic in disposition. None but a ruffian could have treated her with indignity. On the anniversary of the surrender of Charleston, May 12th, 1781, an illumination was again demanded, in testimony of joy for an event so propitious to the cause of Britian. Mrs. G. A. Hall, who laboured under a wasting disease, lay at the point of death. Again Mrs. Heyward refused to obey. Violent anger was excited, and the house was assailed by a mob with brickbats, and every species of nauseating trash that could offend or annoy. Her resolution remained unshaken, and while the tumult continued, and shouts and clamour increased indignity, Mrs. Hall expired.

CCXXXII. *Mrs. Rebecca Edwards.*

The Orator of the Society of the Cincinnati of South-Carolina, at the celebration of the National Festival on the 4th of July, 1797, thus extols the magnanimity of Mrs. Rebecca Edwards:—"The Spartan mother delivered his shield to her son departing for the army, nobly bade him, 'Return with it or upon it.' The sentiment was highly patriotic, but surely not superior to that which animated the bosom of a distinguished female of our own State, who, when the British Officer presented the mandate which arrested her sons as objects of retaliation, less sensible of private affliction, then attached to their honor, and the interests of her country, stifled the tender feelings of the mother, and heroically bade them despise the threats of their enemies, and stedfastly persist to support the glorious cause in which they had engaged. That if the threatened sacrifice should follow, they would carry a parent's blessing, and the good opinion of every virtuous citizen along with them to the grave. But, if from the frailty of human nature, (of the possibility of which she would not suffer an idea to enter her bosom) they were disposed to temporize, and exchanged their liberty for safety, they must forget her as a mother, nor subject her to the misery of ever beholding them again."

CCXXXIII. *Miss Mary Anna Gibbes.*

During the invasion of Provost, while the British army kept possession of the sea-board, a Hessian battalion occupied the house and plantation of Mr. Robert Gibbes, on the banks of the Stono. To excite general alarm, and more particularly to annoy the post, two galleys from Charleston, ascending the river in the night time, unexpectedly opened a heavy fire of grape and round shot on the house and neighbouring encampment. The family, who had been allowed to remain in some of the upper apartments, were now ordered to quit the premises, and Mr. Gibbes, a martyr to infirmity, and his numerous family, set out at midnight for an adjoining plantation. When beyond the reach of the shot, which had incessantly passed over the heads of the party, an inquiry being made respecting the safety of the children, it was found, that in the hurry and terror of the moment, a distant relation, a boy as yet in early infancy, had been left behind. The servants were entreated to return for him, but refused; and he must have been left to his fate, had not the heroism and affection of *Miss Mary Anna Gibbes*, then but thirteen years old, inspired her with courage to fly to his rescue. The darkness of the night was profound, yet she returned alone, the distance being fully a mile; and after a long refusal, having by tears and entreaties, obtained admission from the centinel, ascended to the third story. There she found the child, and carried him off in safety, though frequently covered with the dirt thrown up by the shot, and greatly terrified

by their constant approach to her person. Public gratitude is due to this intrepid action, since the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Fenwick, so much distinguished by his services in the late war, was the person saved.

CCXXIV. *Mrs. Brewton.*

Mrs. Brewton, (since Foster) one of the most amiable and enlightened of the whig ladies, was an inmate of Mrs. Motte's family, at the time of the destruction of her house. Meeting with her shortly after the signing of the preliminary articles of peace at Philadelphia, I* inquired—"How it had happened, that she, a helpless, unprotected widow, without any charge of improper conduct, has so far incurred the enmity of the British Commanders, as to have been arrested without ceremony, and hurried unprepared, into exile." She answered—"That she knew no act of her's which had merited such ungentlemanly and inhuman treatment." Entering, however, into conversation relative to the siege and surrender of Fort Motte, she gave at once a clue to the transaction. While the American forces were at a distance, Major M'Pherson, the commander of the post, suffered Mrs. Motte and her family to remain, and an apartment was allowed for their accomodation. But when the post at Thompson's but a little removed from him, was attacked and carried, anticipating the fate

*Col. Garden, the intelligent author of "Revolutionary Anecdotes," to whom we are indebted for many interesting anecdotes.

which awaited him, immediate removal was not only advised, but insisted on. At the moment of departure Mrs. Brewton seeing a quiver of arrows, which had been presented to Mr. Motte by a favourite African, said to her friend, "I will take these with me, to prevent their destruction by the soldiers." With the quiver in her hands, she was passing the gate, when Major M. Pherson, drawing forth a shaft, and applying the point to his finger, said, "what have you here, Mrs. Brewton." "For God's sake, Major, be careful," she replied, "these arrows are poisoned." The ladies immediately passed on to the out-house, which they were now to inhabit. In the siege which directly followed, when the destruction of the house was determined upon, and missiles eagerly sought for by Lieutenant Colonel Lee, for conveying the fire to the shingles, these arrows being remembered, were presented by Mrs. Motte, with a wish for the happy accomplishment of the end proposed. It was afterwards known, that the first arrow missed its aim, and fell at the feet of the Commander, who taking it up, with strong expressions of anger, exclaimed, "I thank you, Mrs. Brewton." The second arrow took effect, and set fire to the roof, when the brisk discharge of a six pounder being maintained by Captain Finley, in the direction of the stair-case, every effort to extinguish it proved fruitless, until, from the apprehension of the roof falling in, the garrison were compelled to surrender at discretion. General Greene arriving soon after, paid to Major M'Pherson the tribute of applause due to his excellent defence, declaring, "that such gal-

lantry could not fail to procure for him a high increase of reputation." This compliment, however, does not appear to have soothed the mortified soldier ; for, walking immediately up to Mrs. Brewton, he said, "to you, Madam, I owe this disgrace ; it would have been more charitable to have allowed me to perish by poison, than to be thus compelled to surrender my post to the enemy." This speech alone, accounts for the enmity against Mrs. Brewton : but by the playfulness of a lively disposition she had offended another individual, whose clamours could only be appeased by severe retribution. An Ensign named *Amiel*, a Philadelphian by birth, who had joined the British, made it his chief occupation to provoke the ladies of the family by taunts and invectives against their countrymen. He particularly delighted to bid them admire his prowess, while cutting off the heads of pine saplings, which, according to the whim of the moment, he denominated *Greene*, *Marion*, *Sumter*, &c. &c. After the surrender of the post, Mrs. Brewton, contriving to join this youth, near the scene of his former bravadoes, sportively requested that he would again treat her with an exhibition of his talent in smiting the foe. "But, valiant Captain," she added, "where is your sword ? Such a hero as you would only have yielded it in death ! And where are your resentments ? Did I not see you, but a little time since, bowing to earth before the very man you have so often, in idea, shortened by the head. Is *Marion* no more to feel the power of your arm, nor *Sumter* be compelled to bite the dust ? Smother your anger, most ferocious

Sir, and let the generosity which you have experienced, make you more merciful hereafter." Doubtless the irony of her speech was treasured up in his memory, and was one cause of the severity exercised towards this lady. Shortly after this, Major Hyrne, appointed a Commissioner to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, being on his way to Charleston, Mrs. Brewton, anxious to see her friends in the garrison, obtained permission to accompany him. On entering the town, she was met by an officer, who, anxiously inquiring, "what was the news in the country," she replied, "that all nature smiled, for every thing was *Greene* down to Monk's Corner." Her *bon mot* was not unnoticed; an order for her immediate departure was issued, and, escorted at a late hour beyond the gates, she was directed to return no more. On the following day, however, from caprice, or probably to confine her influence to more narrow bounds, she was recalled, and for a time was left without molestation. It was her lot, however, perpetually to encounter difficulties. An officer departing for the interior, calling on her, politely offered to take charge of her commands to her friends. "I should like to write," replied Mrs. Brewton, "but have no idea of having my letters read at the head of Marion's brigade." The officer departed, but within a few days repeated his visit, to thank her, he asserted, for the rapidity with which she had communicated the intelligence of his movements, as he had actually been taken by Marion, and returned to town on parole. Nor is it improbable that an incident

still more trivial, might have contributed to her exile, The liveliness of Mrs. Brewton was very fascinating, and the more liberal and enlightened among the British, who met with very little of wit or intellect, anxiously sought her society. Walking in Broad-Street, in deep mourning, according to the fashion of the Whig ladies, an English officer joined her at the moment that a crape flounce was accidentally torn from her dress. She picked it up, and passing the house of John Rutledge, the absent Governor, then occupied by Colonel Moncrief, she exclaimed, "where are you, dearest Governor; surely the magnanimous Britons will not deem it a crime, if I cause your house as well as your friends to mourn your absence." Saying this, she tied the crape to the front railing, and departed. Whether her companion mentioned the circumstance, or that her conduct was observed by persons within, (which is more probable,) it is certain that, in a few hours after, she was arrested and sent off to Philadelphia.

CCXXXV. *Mrs. Channing.*

Shortly after the commencement of the war, the family of Dr. Channing, then residing in England, removed to France, and sailed in a stout and well-armed vessel for America. They had proceeded but a little way, when they were attacked by a privateer. A fierce engagement ensued, during which Mrs. Channing kept the deck, handing cartridges, aiding the

wounded, and exhorting the crew to resist until death. Their fortitude, however, did not correspond with the ardour of her wishes, and the colours were struck. Seizing the pistols and side-arms of her husband, she threw them into the sea, declaring that she would rather die, than see him surrender them to the enemy.



CCXXXVI. *Origin of "Uncle Sam."*

Much learning and research have been exercised in tracing the origin of odd names, and odd sayings, which, taking their rise in some trifling occurrence or event, easily explained or well understood for a time, yet in the course of years, becoming involved in mystery, assume an importance equal at least to the skill and ingenuity required to explain or trace them to their origin. "The Swan with two Necks"—"The Bull and Mouth"—"All my eye, Betty Martin," and many others, are of this character—and who knows but an hundred years hence, some "learned commentator" may puzzle his brain to furnish some ingenious explanation of the origin of the national appellation placed at the head of this article.

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, Esq. of New York, then a Contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provision—beef, pork, &c. The inspectors of

those articles at that place, were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "*Uncle Sam*") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the Contractor for the army. The casks were marked E. A.—U. S. This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilsons, who, on being asked by some of his fellow workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S. for United States, was almost then entirely new to them) said "he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson* and *Uncle Sam*"—alluding exclusively, then, to the said "*Uncle Sam*" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "*Uncle Sam*" himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had lately labored to put in good order. Their old jokes of course accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print—it gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue so long as U. S. remains a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the writer of this article distinctly recollects remarking, at a time when it first ap-

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peared in print, to a person who was equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be, should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt and hoop-poles, eventually become a national cognomen.



CCXXXVII. *Mrs. Charles Elliott.*

A patriot by inheritance, being the daughter of Mr. Thomas Ferguson, one of the most intrepid and strenuous promoters of the Revolution, Mrs. Charles Elliott appeared to consecrate every thought, and every hour of existence, to the interests of America. Undaunted amidst the storms that desolated her country, her energies increased with the pressure of calamity. Her benevolence to the distressed, her persuasive eloquence, skilfully employed to inspire the timid with confidence, and to strengthen the resolves of the firm, were never more conspicuous, than when success was most despaired of. Beneath her roof the sick and wounded not only found shelter, but the tenderest attentions—the poor shared her purse—the persecuted the consolations of her sympathy. She daily visited her captive friends; and by her cheering smiles and animating conversation, revived and sustained hope, inspiring a confidence of success equal to their most ardent desires. While such her conduct towards her friends, her influence over many of the superior officers in the British army, was astonishing. Harsh and unbending

to others, there was a charm attached to Mrs. Elliot, that rendered them the slaves of her will. Her fascinations forbid denial. Possessed of natural ease of manners, great cheerfulness in conversation, and a captivating sportiveness of disposition, asperities were so much softened, that when compelled to solicit favours, she seldom applied in vain. The advantage to our army arising from *her* influence, was both salutary and extensive; and the supplies drawn from the British garrison, in consequence of it, of the highest importance.

When the steady patriot, Mr. Thomas Ferguson, was first arrested and put on board a transport, to be sent into exile, his daughter, Mrs. Charles Elliott, was in the country—but on receiving the intelligence, immediately repaired to Charleston. Her earnest solicitation to bid her parent a tender adieu, being favorably attended to, she hastened on board the vessel in which he was confined, but had scarcely entered the cabin, when, oppressed both with grief and sickness, she fainted and fell. The Captain, much alarmed, recommended a thousand remedies in rapid succession. When saying in conclusion, “I have a box of exquisite *French liqueur*—a cordial would certainly revive her,” she started from her couch and exclaimed, “Who speaks of the French—God bless the nation!” and turning to her father, with much feeling continued—“Oh, my father, sink not under this cruel stroke of fate—let not oppression shake your fortitude, nor the delusive hope of gentler treatment cause you, for an

instant, to swerve from your duty. The valour of your countrymen, aided by the friendly assistance of France, will speedily dissipate the gloom of our immediate prospects—we shall experience more propitious times—again meet, and be happy !”

There was, in the Legion of Pulaski, a young French officer of singularly fine form and appearance, named *Celeron* ; as he passed the dwelling of Mrs. Elliott, a British Major, whose name is lost, significantly pointing him out, said—“ See, Mrs. Elliott, one of your *illustrious allies*—what a pity it is that the hero has lost his *sword*.” “ Had two thousand such men.” replied the lady, “ been present to aid in the defence of our city, think you, Sir, that I should ever have been subjected to the malignity of your observation?” At the moment, a *Negro*, triggged out in full *British* uniform, happened to pass—“ See, Major,” continued she, “ one of *your allies*—bow with gratitude for the service received from such honourable associates—caress and cherish them—the fraternity is excellent, and will teach *us* more steadily to contend against the results.”

In the indulgence of wanton asperities towards the patriotic Fair, the aggressors were not unfrequently answered with a keenness of repartee that left them little cause for triumph.

The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the officers of the Continental Cavalry; said to a lady at Wilmington, “ I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero,

Colonel Washington," "Your wish, Colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of the Cowpens." It was in this battle, that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still *more pointed* retort. Conversing with *Mrs. Wiley Jones*, Colonel Tarleton observed—"You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington; and yet I have been told, that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly *write* his own name." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify that he knows how to make *his mark*."



CCXXXVIII. *Harvey Birch and Capt. Wharton.*

The road which it was necessary for the pedler and the English captain to travel, in order to reach the shelter of the hills, lay, for half a mile, in full view from the door of the building that had so recently been the prison of the latter: running for the whole distance over the rich plain, that spreads to the very foot of the mountains, which here rise in a nearly perpendicular ascent from their bases, it then turned short to the right, and was obliged to follow the windings of nature, as it won its way into the bosom of the Highlands.

To preserve the supposed difference in their stations, Harvey rode a short distance ahead of his companion, and maintained the sober, dignified pace, that was suit-

ed to his assumed character. On their right, the regiment of foot, that we have already mentioned, lay in tents; and the sentinels, who guarded their encampment, were to be seen moving, with measured tread, under the skirts of the hills themselves. The first impulse of Henry was, certainly, to urge the beast he rode to his greatest speed at once, and, by a coup-de-main, not only to accomplish his escape, but relieve himself from the torturing suspense of his situation. But the forward movement that the youth made for this purpose was instantly checked by the pedler.

“Hold up!” he cried, dexterously reining his own horse across the path of the other; “would you ruin us both? Fall into the place of a black, following his master. Did you not see their blooded chargers, all saddled and bridled, standing in the sun before the house? How long do you think that miserable Dutch horse you are on would hold his speed, if pursued by the Virginians? Every foot that we can gain without giving the alarm, counts us a day in our lives. Ride steadily after me, and on no account look back. They are as subtle as foxes, aye, and as ravenous for blood as wolves.”

Henry reluctantly restrained his impatience, and followed the direction of the pedler. His imagination, however, continually alarmed him with the fancied sounds of pursuit; though Birch, who occasionally looked back under the pretence of addressing his companion, assured him that all continued quiet and peaceful.

“But,” said Henry, “it will not be possible for Cæsar to remain long undiscovered: had we not better put our horses to the gallop? and, by the time they can reflect on the cause of our flight, we can reach the corner of the woods.”

“Ah! you little know them, Captain Wharton,” returned the pedler “there is a sergeant at this moment looking after us, as if he thought all was not right; the keen-eyed fellow watches me like a tiger laying in wait for his leap. When I stood on the horse-block, he half suspected something was wrong; nay, check your beast; we must let the animals walk a little, for he is laying his hand on the pommel of his saddle; if he mounts now, we are gone. The foot soldiers could reach us with their muskets.”

“What does he do?” asked Henry, reining his horse to a walk, but, at the same time, pressing his heels into the animal’s sides, to be in readiness for a spring.

“He turns from his charger, and looks the other way. Now trot on gently; not so fast, not so fast; observe the sentinel in the field a little ahead of us; he eyes us keenly.”

“Never mind the footman,” said Henry impatiently; “he can do nothing but shoot us? whereas these dragoons may make me a captive again. Surely, Harvey, there are horsemen moving down the road behind us. Do you see nothing particular?”

“Humph!” ejaculated the pedler; “there is something particular, indeed, to be seen behind the thicket on your left! turn your head a little, and you may see and profit by it too.”

Henry eagerly seized his permission to look aside, and his blood curdled to the heart, as he observed they were passing a gallows, that had unquestionably been erected for his own execution. He turned his face from the sight in undisguised horror.

“There is a warning to be prudent, in that bit of wood,” said the pedler, in that sententious manner that he often adopted.

“It is a terrific sight indeed !” cried Henry, for a moment veiling his face with his hands, as if to drive a vision from before him.

The pedler moved his body partly round, and spoke with energetic but gloomy bitterness—“and yet, Captain Wharton, you see it when the setting sun shines full upon you ; the air you breathe is clear, and fresh from the hills before you. Every step that you take leaves that hated gallows behind ; and every dark hollow, and every shapeless rock in the mountains, offers you a hiding-place from the vengeance of your enemies. But I have seen the gibbet raised, when no place of refuge offered. Twice have I been buried in dungeons, where, fettered and in chains, I have passed nights in torture, looking forward to the morning’s dawn that was to light me to a death of infamy. The sweat has started from limbs that seemed already drained of their moisture ; and if I ventured to the hole, that admitted air through grates of iron, to look out upon the smiles of nature, which God has bestowed for the meanest of his creatures, the gibbet has glared before my eyes, like an

evil conscience, harrowing the soul of a dying man. Four times have I been in their power, besides this last ; but—twice—twice did I think that my hour had come. It is hard to die, at the best, Captain Wharton ; but to spend your last moments alone and unpitied, to know that none near you so much as think of the fate that is to you the closing of all that is earthly ; to think that in a few hours you are to be led from the gloom—which, as you dwell on what follows, becomes dear to you—to the face of day, and there to meet all eyes upon you, as if you were a wild beast ; and to lose sight of every thing amidst the jeers and scoffs of your fellow creatures ;—that, Captain Wharton, that indeed is to die.”

Henry listened in amazement, as his companion uttered this speech with a vehemence altogether new to him : both seemed to have forgotten their danger and their disguises, as he cried—

“What ! were you ever so near death as that ?”

“Have I not been the hunted, beast of these hills for three years past ?” resumed Harvey ! “and once they even led me to the foot of the gallows itself, and I escaped only by an alarm from the royal troops. Had they been a quarter of an hour later, I must have died. There was I placed, in the midst of unfeeling men, and gaping women and children, as a monster to be cursed. When I would pray to God, my ears were insulted with the history of my crimes ; and when, in all that multitude, I looked around for a single face that showed me any pity, I could find none—no, not



even one—all cursed me as a wretch who would sell his country for gold. The sun was brighter to my eyes than common—but then it was the last time I should see it. The fields were gay and pleasant, and every thing seemed as if this world was a kind of heaven. Oh! how sweet life was to me at that moment! 'Twas a dreadful hour, Captain Wharton, and such as you have never known. You have friends to feel for you; but I had none but a father to mourn my loss when he might hear of it; there was no pity, no consolation near to soothe my anguish. Every thing seemed to have deserted me,—I even thought that He had forgotten that I lived.”

“What! did you feel that God had forsaken you, Harvey?” cried the youth, with strong sympathy.

“God never forsakes his servants,” returned Birch, with reverence, and exhibiting naturally a devotion that hitherto he had only assumed.

“And who did you mean by He?”

The pedler raised himself in his saddle to the stiff and upright posture that was suited to the outward appearance. The look of fire, that, for a short time, glowed upon his countenance, disappeared in the solemn lines of unbending self-abasement, and, speaking as if addressing a negro, he replied—

“In heaven, there is no distinction of colour, my brother; therefore you have a precious charge within you, that you must hereafter render an account of,” dropping his voice; “this is the last sentinel near the road; look not back, as you value your life.”

Henry remembered his situation, and instantly assumed the humble demeanor of his adopted character. The unaccountable energy of the pedler's manner was soon forgotten in the sense of his own immediate danger ; and with the recollection of his critical situation returned all the uneasiness that he had momentarily forgotten.

“What see you, Harvey?” he cried, observing the pedler to gaze towards the building they had left, with ominous interest ; “what see you at the house?”

“That which bodes no good to us,” returned the pretended priest. “Throw aside the mask and wig—you will need all your senses without much delay—throw them in the road : there are none before us that I dread, but there are those behind us, who will give us a fearful race.”

“Nay, then,” cried the captain, casting the implements of his disguise into the highway, “let us improve our time to the utmost : we want a full quarter to the turn : why not push for it at once?”

“Be cool—they are in alarm, but they will not mount without an officer, unless they see us fly : now he comes—he moves to the stables—trot briskly—a dozen are in their saddles, but the officer stops to tighten his girths—they hope to steal a march upon us—he is mounted—now ride, Captain Wharton, for your life, and keep at my heels. If you quit me you will be lost.”

A second request was unnecessary. The instant that Harvey put his horse to his speed, Captain Whar-

ton was at his heels, urging the miserable animal that he rode to the utmost. Birch had selected the beast on which he rode, and, although vastly inferior to the high-fed and blooded chargers of the dragoons, still it was much superior to the little pony that had been thought good enough to carry Cæsar Thompson on an errand. A very few jumps convinced the captain that his companion was fast leaving him, and a fearful glance that he threw behind informed the fugitive that his enemies were as speedily approaching. With that abandonment that makes misery doubly grievous, when it is to be supported alone, Henry called aloud to the pedler not to desert him. Harvey instantly drew up, and suffered his companion to run along-side of his own horse. The cocked hat and wig of the pedler fell from his head the moment that his steed began to move briskly, and this developement of their disguise, as it might be termed, was witnessed by the dragoons, who announced their observation by a boisterous shout, that seemed to be uttered in the very ears of the fugitives—so loud was the cry, and so short the distance between them.

“Had we not better leave our horses,” said Henry, “and make for the hills across the fields on our left? the fence will stop our pursuers.”

“That way lies the gallows,” returned the pedler; “these fellows go three feet to our two, and would mind them fences no more than we do these ruts; but it is a short quarter to the turn, and there are two roads behind the wood. They may stand to choose until

they can take the track, and we shall gain a little upon them there."

"But this miserable horse is blown already," cried Henry, urging his beast with the end of his bridle, at the same time that Harvey aided his efforts by applying the lash of a heavy riding-whip that he carried: "he will never stand it for half a mile further."

"A quarter will do---a quarter will do," said the pedler; "a single quarter will save us, if you follow my directions."

Somewhat cheered by the cool and confident manner of his companion, Henry continued silently urging his horse forward. A few moments brought them to the desired turn, and, as they doubled round a point of low under-brush, the fugitives caught a glimpse of their pursuers scattered along the highway. Mason and the sergeant, being better mounted than the rest of the party, were much nearer to their heels than even the pedler thought could be possible.

At the foot of the hills, and for some distance up the dark valley that wound among the mountains, a thick underwood of saplings had been suffered to shoot up, when the heavier growth was felled for the sake of fuel. At the sight of this cover, Henry again urged the pedler to dismount, and to plunge into the woods; but his request was promptly refused. The two roads before mentioned met at a very sharp angle, at a short distance from the turn, and both were circuitous, so that but little of either could be seen at a time. The pedler took the one which led to the left, but held it only a

moment, for, on reaching a partial opening in the thicket, he darted across the right hand path, and led the way up a steep ascent, which lay directly before them. This manœuvre saved them. On reaching the fork, the dragoons followed the track, and passed the spot where the fugitives had crossed to the other road, before they missed the marks of the footsteps. Their loud cries were heard by Henry and the pedler, as their wearied and breathless animals toiled up the hill, ordering their comrades in the rear to ride in the right direction. The captain again proposed to leave their horses, and dash into the thicket.

“Not yet—not yet,” said Birch in a low voice; the road falls from the top of this hill as steep as it rises: first let us gain the top.” While speaking, they reached the desired summit, and both threw themselves from their horses. Henry plunged into the thick underwood, which covered the side of the mountain for some distance above them. Harvey stopped to give each of their beasts a few severe blows of his whip, that drove them headlong down the path on the other side of the eminence, and then followed his example.

The pedler entered the thicket with a little caution, and avoided, as much as possible, rustling or breaking the branches in his way. There was but time only to shelter his person from view, when a dragoon led up the ascent, and on reaching the height, he cried aloud—

“I saw one of their horses turning the hill this minute.”

“Drive on—spur forward, my lads,” shouted Ma-

son ; “ give the Englishman quarter, but cut down the pedler, and make an end of him.”

Henry felt his companion gripe his arm hard, as he listened in a great tremor to this cry, which was followed by the passage of a dozen horsemen, with a vigor and speed that showed too plainly how little security their over-tired steeds could have afforded them.

“ Now,” said the pedler, rising from his cover to reconnoitre, and standing for a moment in suspense, “ all that we gain is clear gain ; for, as we go up, they go down. Let us be stirring.”

“ But will they not follow us, and surround this mountain ?” said Henry, rising, and imitating the laboured but rapid progress of his companion ; “ remember they have foot as well as horse, and at any rate we shall starve in the hills.”

“ Fear nothing, Captain Wharton,” returned the pedler with confidence ; “ this is not the mountain that I would be on, but necessity has made me a dexterous pilot among these hills. I will lead you where no man will dare to follow. See, the sun is already setting behind the tops of the western mountains, and it will be two hours to the rising of the moon. Who, think you, will follow us far, on a November night, among these rocks and precipices ?” “ But listen !” exclaimed Henry ; “ the dragoons are shouting to each other—they miss us already.”

“ Come to the point of this rock, and you may see them,” said Harvey, composedly setting himself down to rest. “ Nay, they can see us—notice, they are point-

ing up with their fingers. There; one has fired his pistol, but the distance is too great for even a musket to carry upwards."

"They will pursue us," cried the impatient Henry; "let us be moving."

"They will not think of such a thing," returned the pedler, picking the chickerberries that grew on the thin soil where he sat, and very deliberately chewing them, leaves and all, to refresh his mouth. "What progress could they make here, in their boots and spurs, with their long swords, or even pistols? No, no—they may go back and turn out the foot; but the horse pass through these defiles, when they can keep the saddle, with fear and trembling. Come, follow me, Captain Wharton; we have a troublesome march before us, but I will bring you where none will think of venturing this night."

So saying, they arose, and where soon hid from view amongst the rocks and caverns of the mountain.*



CCXXXIX. *Mrs. Isaac Holmes.*

Among the patriots selected for transportation to St. Augustine, was Mr. Isaac Holmes. The imperious call on him at early dawn, to quit his chamber, and deliver himself up to the guard who waited to carry him off, caused him to descend the stairs when but partially dressed. His gentle wife, appalled by no fears, exhibiting no symptoms of despondency, had follow-

* Cooper's Spy.

ed him in silence. The mandate being given for departure, she handed him his coat, and with undaunted resolution said, "take it, my husband, and submit. Waver not in your principles, but be true to your country. Have no fears for your family ; God is good, and will provide for them."

CCXL. *Mrs. Daniel Hall.*

Having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepping forward, in the most authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk. "What do you expect to find there?" said the lady. "I seek for *treason*," was the reply. "You may save yourself the trouble of search, then, said Mrs. Hall—"You may find a plenty of it *at my tongue's end*."

CCXLI. *Mrs. Charles Elliott.*

An officer, distinguished by his inhumanity and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliott in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the Camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance. "The *Rebel Flower*," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "it *thrives most* when most *trampled upon*."

CCXLII. *Mrs. Sabina Elliott.*

So much were the ladies attached to the whig interest habituated to injuries, and so resolute in supporting them, that they would jocosely speak of misfortunes, though at the moment severely suffering under their pressure. Mrs. Sabina Elliott having witnessed the activity of an officer, who had ordered the plundering of her poultry houses, finding an old muscovy drake, which had escaped the general search, still straying about the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded, that in the hurry of departure, it had been left *altogether by accident*.

CCXLIII. *A Profitable Wife.*

A clergyman of one of our large cities, having married a couple who were strangers, found, on opening a piece of brown paper, which was enclosed in the certificate, one bright cent. A few months after, while walking in the street, a stranger accosted him with the question, 'Do you know me, sir?' 'I do not,' was the reply. 'Do not! why sir, you married me.' 'Quite probable,' replied the clergyman—'but I so frequently marry strangers, that it is difficult, afterwards, always to recognize them.' 'One circumstance,' said the stranger, 'which I will relate, will, I doubt not, bring me to your recollection; do you not remember finding a bright

cent in a certificate, which was handed you, before marrying a couple?' 'I do,' said the minister. 'I was the man; when I was married, I knew not whether my wife would be of any value, and concluded that if she should not, your service for me was of little value. After I was married, I took lodgings and soon after went to sea, leaving my wife upon half pay. On my return, I found my wife had paid her rent, supported herself, and laid by a small sum of money, without taking up any of my wages; I am satisfied that I have found a profitable wife, and I now request your acceptance of a five dollar bill for marrying me.'

CCXLIV. *Mrs. Charles Pinckney.*

To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Colonel Charles Pinckney, a British officer of rank once said—"It is impossible not to admire the intrepid firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men but half their resolution, we might give up the contest. America would be invincible."

CCXLV. *Mrs. Richard Shubrick.*

Here was, indeed, a heroine to be proud of. Her eyes sparkled with feeling and vivacity, while her countenance so plainly bespoke her kindness and benevolence, that sorrow and misfortune instinctively sought shelter under her protection. There was an appear-

ance of personal debility about her, that rendered her peculiarly interesting ; it seemed to solicit the interest of every heart, and the man would have felt himself degraded who would not have put his life at hazard to serve her. Yet, when firmness of character was requisite, when fortitude was called for to repel the encroachments of aggression, there was not a more intrepid being in existence. The following is a noble instance of it. An American soldier, flying from a party of the enemy, sought her protection, and was promised it. The British pressing close upon him, insisted that he should be delivered up, threatening immediate and universal destruction in case of refusal. The ladies, her friends and companions, who were in the house with her, shrunk from the contest, and were silent ; but, undaunted by their threats, this intrepid lady placed herself before the chamber into which the unfortunate fugitive had been conducted, and resolutely said,—“To men of honour the chamber of a lady should be as sacred as the sanctuary ! I will defend the passage to it though I perish. You may succeed, and enter it, but it shall be over my corpse.” “By God,” said the officer, “if muskets were only placed in the hands of a few such women, our only safety would be found in retreat. Your intrepidity, Madam, gives you security ; from me you shall meet no further annoyance.”

Nor is this the only instance of her unconquerable fortitude. At Brabant, the seat of the respectable and patriotic Bishop Smith, a Sergeant of Tarleton's Dragoons, eager for the acquisition of plunder, followed the

Overseer, a man advanced in years, into the apartment where the ladies of the family were assembled, and on his refusal to discover the spot in which the plate was concealed, struck him with violence, inflicting a severe sabre wound across the shoulders. Aroused by the infamy of the act, Mrs. Shubrick, starting from her seat, and placing herself betwixt the ruffian and his victim, resolutely said, "place yourself behind me, *Murdoch* ; the interposition of my body shall give you protection, or I will die :"

then, addressing herself to the Sergeant, exclaimed, "O what a degradation of manhood—what departure from that gallantry which was once the characteristic of British soldiers. Human nature is degraded by your barbarity ;—but should you persist, then strike at *me*, for till I die, no further injury shall be done to *him*. The Sergeant, unable to resist such commanding eloquence, retired. The hope, however, of attaining the object in view, very speedily subjected the unfortunate *Murdoch* to new persecution. He was tied up under the very tree where the plate was buried, and threatened with immediate execution unless he would make the discovery required. But although well acquainted with the unrelenting severity of his enemy, and earnestly solicited by his wife to save his life by a speedy confession of the place of deposit, he persisted resolutely, that a sacred trust was not to be betrayed, and actually succeeded in preserving it. When complimented at an after period on his heroic firmness, he asserted, that he was strengthened in his resolution by the recollection that a part of the plate belonged to *the church*, and that he should have considered it as

sacrilege, had he suffered it, through a weakness of disposition, to fall into the hands of robbers.



CCXLVI. *The Spectre Ship of Salem.*

Cotton Mather—the author of “*Magnalia Christi Americana*,”—gives a singular account of a vessel and crew, which left Salem some time during the 17th century, for “Old England.” It seems that among the passengers were a young man and a passing beautiful girl—pale and sorrowful, however—whom no one knew, and who held communion with no one. This excited the alarm of some of the credulous people of Salem : they supposed them to be demons, or ‘prestigious spirits;’ and they endeavored to dissuade their friends from entering the ship,—but, nevertheless, a goodly number of passengers went on board the fatal ship. The remainder of the story is told in the following lines by J. G. Whittier, the quaker poet.

“The morning light is breaking forth
 All over the dark blue sea—
 And the waves are changed—they are rich with gold,
 As the morning waves should be ;
 And the rising winds are wandering out,
 On their seaward pinions free.

The bark is ready—the sails are set,
 And the boat rocks on the shore—
 Say why do the passengers linger yet ?—
 Is not the farewell o’er ?
 Do those who enter that gallant ship
 Go forth, to return no more ?”

A wailing rose by the water-side,
 A young, fair girl was there—
 With a face as pale as the face of death
 When its coffin-lid is bare ;—
 And an eye as strangely beautiful
 As a star in the upper air.

She leaned on a youthful stranger's arm,
 A tall and silent one—
 Who stood in the very midst of the crowd,
 Yet uttered a word to none :
 He gazed on the sea and waiting ship—
 But he gazed on them alone !

The fair girl leaned on the stranger's arm,
 And she wept as one in fear ;
 But he heeded not the plaintive moan,
 And the dropping of the tea ;—
 His eye was fixed on the stirring sea,
 Cold, darkly and severe !—

The boat was filled—the shore was left—
 The farewell word was said—
 But the vast crowd lingered still behind,
 With an over-powering dread ;
 They feared that stranger and his bride,
 So pale, and like the dead.

And many said that an evil pair
 Among their friends had gone ;—
 A demon with his human prey,
 From the quiet grave-yard drawn ;
 And a prayer was heard that the innocent
 Might escape the Evil One.

Away—the good ship sped away,
 Out on the broad high seas—
 The sun upon her path before—

Behind, the steady breeze—
 And there was nought in sea or sky
 Of fearful auguries.

The day passed on—the sunlight fell
 All slantwise from the west,
 And then the heavy clouds of storm
 Sat on the ocean's breast ;
 And every swelling billow mourn'd,
 Like a living thing distressed.

The sun went down among the clouds,
 Tinging with sudden gold,
 The pall-like shadow of the storm,
 On every mighty fold ;—
 And then the lightning's eye look'd forth,
 And the red thunder rolled.

The storm came down upon the sea,
 In its surpassing dread,
 Rousing the white and broken surge
 Above its rocky bed ;
 As if the deep was stirred beneath
 A giant's viewless tread.

All night the hurricane went on,
 And all along the shore
 The smothered cry of shipwreck'd men
 Blest with the ocean's roar ;—
 The grey-haired man had scarcely known
 So wild a night before.

Morn rose upon a tossing sea,
 The tempest's work was done ;
 And freely over land and wave
 Shone out the blessed sun—
 But where was she—that merchant-bark,
 Where had the good ship gone ?

Men gathered on the shore to watch
The billow's heavy swell,
Hoping, yet fearing much, some frail
Memorial might tell
The fate of that disastrous ship,—
Of friends they loved so well.

None came—the billows smoothed away---
And all was strangely calm,
As if the very sea had felt
A necromancer's charm,---
And not a trace was left behind,
Of violence and harm.

The twilight came with sky of gold---
And curtaining of night---
And then a sudden cry rang out,
“A ship—*the* ship in sight!”
And lo!---tall masts grew visible
Within the fading light.

Near and more near the ship came on,
With all her broad sails spread---
The night grew thick, but a phantom light
Around her path was shed ;
And the gazers shuddered as on she came,
For against the wind she sped.

They saw by the dim and baleful glare
Around that voyager thrown,
The upright forms of the well known crew,
As pale and fixed as stone---
And they called to them, but no sound came back,
Save the echoed cry alone.

The fearful stranger youth was there,
And clasped in his embrace,
The pale and passing sorrowful

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Gazed wildly in his face ;—
Like one who had been wakened from
The silent burial-place.

A shudder ran along the crowd—
And a holy man knelt there,
On the wet sea-sand, and offered up
A faint and trembling prayer,
That God would shield his people from
The Spirits of the air !

And lo !— the vision passed away—
The Spectre Ship—the crew—
The stranger and his pallid bride
Departed from their view ;
And nought was left upon the waves,
Beneath the arching blue.

It passed away--that vision strange—
Forever from their sight ;
Yet, long shall Naumkeag's annals tell
The story of that night—
The phantom-bark—the ghostly crew,
The pale, encircling light.

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CCXLVII. *Dr. Dwight and Mr. Dennie.*

As Dr. Dwight was travelling through New-Jersey, he chanced to stop at a stage hotel, in one of its populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same, arrived also at the inn, Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all PAIRED with lodgers, except one, occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight. Show me to his apartment, exclaimed Dennie ; although I am a stranger to the Rev.

Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings. The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to the Doctor's room, and their left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, although in his night-gown, cap and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. The Doctor, struck with the literary physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of literary and distinguished characters, for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to mention the name of Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the *Port Folio*, (says the Doctor in a rhapsody) is the Addison of the United States—the father of American Belles Lettres. But, sir, continued he, is it not astonishing, that a man of such a genius, fancy and feeling should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl, and to bacchanalian revels?" "Sir, said Dennie, you are mistaken: I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated." "Sir, says the Doctor; you err; I have my information from a particular friend: I am confident that I am right, and that you are wrong." Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking, that Doctors Abercrombie and Mason were amongst our most distinguished divines; nevertheless, he considered Doctor Dwight, president of Yale College, the most learned theologian—the first logician—

and the greatest poet that America has ever produced. But sir, continued Dennie, there are traits in his character undeserving so great and wise a man of the most detestable description—he is the greatest *bigot* and *dogmatist* of the age!’ ‘Sir, said the Doctor, you are grossly mistaken, I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary.’——‘Sir, says Dennie, you are mistaken, I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell an untruth.’ No more slander, says the Doctor, I am Dr. Dwight, of whom you speak!’ ‘And I, too, exclaimed Dennie, am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke!’ The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each others acquaintance.



CCXLVIII. *National Marriage.*

At the commencement of the revolution, when the French government appeared inclined to take part in the contest in favor of America, sir Joseph Yorke, the ambassador from England to the United Netherlands, meeting the French ambassador at the Hague, censured his court for interfering in the dispute, and taking so ungenerous a part.—‘You have been guilty of a dishonourable act, (said he) that is unpardonable—no less than that of debauching our daughter.’ ‘I am sorry, (replied the French ambassador) that your excellency should put such a severe construction upon

the matter : she made the first advances, and absolutely threw herself in our arms ; but rather than forfeit your friendship, if matrimony will make any atonement, we are ready to act honorably, and marry her.'



CCXLIX. *A Traitor pardoned.*

A plain farmer, Richard Jackson by name, was apprehended, during the revolutionary war, under such circumstances as proved beyond all doubts his purpose of joining the king's forces, an intention which he was too honest to deny ; accordingly he was delivered over to the high sheriff, and committed to the county gaol. The prison was in such a state that he might have found little difficulty in escaping : but he considered himself as in the hands of authority such as it was, and the same principle of duty which led him to take arms, made him equally ready to endure the consequences. After laying there a few days, he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work by day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known that permission was given without hesitation, and for eight months Jackson went out every day to labor, and as duly came back to prison at night. In the month of May the sheriff prepared to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason. Jackson said this would be a needless trouble and expense, he could save the sheriff both, and go just as well himself. His word was once more taken, and he set off alone, to present himself for trial and

certain condemnation. On the way he was overtaken in the woods by Mr. Edwards, a member of the council of Massachusetts, which at that time was the supreme executive of the state. This gentleman asked him whither he was going? To Springfield, sir, was his answer, to be tried for my life. To this casual interview Jackson owed his escape, when, having been found guilty and condemned to death, application was made to the council for mercy. The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the president put the question whether a pardon should be granted. It was opposed by the first speaker: the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act was unquestionably high treason, and the proof complete; and if mercy was shewn in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other. Few governments have understood how just and politic it is to be merciful; this hard-hearted opinion accorded with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced in by one member after another, till it came to Mr. Edwards' turn to speak. Instead of delivering his opinion, he simply related the whole story of Jackson's singular demeanor, and what had passed between them in the woods. For the honor of Massachusetts, and of human nature, not a man was found to weaken its effect by one of those dry legal remarks, which, like a blast of the desert, wither the heart they reach. The council began to hesitate, and when a man ventured to say that such a man certainly ought not to be sent to the gallows, a natural feeling of humanity and justice prevailed, and a pardon was immediately made out.

CCL. *Patriotic Sailor.*

During the blockade of New London, in the late war, the celebrated Dr. F——, of Hartford, Conn. made a visit to the former place, with the view of examining the state of the fortifications, etc.—While there, he concluded to deliver a discourse—a crowded audience attended, principally composed of sailors and soldiers on duty there. The Doctor took for his text, ‘fear God, and honor the king :’ In the course of his sermon he had frequent occasion to repeat the words of his text. One of the sailors belonging to the Macedonian was observed to be very restless ; at length on the Doctor’s once more repeating the words ‘honor the king,’ the tar could no longer restrain his indignation ; he rose up and candidly exclaimed ‘fear God, and honor the *Congress*, but let the *king* alone ;’ at the same time looking very angrily at the preacher. The audience were much agitated, and a warrant officer stepping up to the sailor, ordered him to be quiet, or he would turn him out of the church. The sailor sternly replied, ‘if the lubber says so again, I’ll pull him out of his bunk.’

CCLI. *Accusation and Acquittal.*

A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of our Bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who is of the bustling order—‘*Has been accused of possessing talents*’—another seeing the accusation, immediately wrote under the charge—‘*Has been tried and acquitted.*’

CCLII. *The American Captain and English Lady.*

Captain Pearce was a gentleman, a merchant, a seaman, and a true and tried patriot in the American Revolution ; neither his friends nor his enemies ever doubting his valor or prudence. After the peace of 1783, Capt. P—— was one of the first of our citizens to attempt a commercial intercourse with the subjects of Russia ; and if not the first, was one of the first that ever displayed the stripes and stars at Cronstadt. Shortly after his arrival at St. Petersburg, he accepted an invitation to dine with his merchants ; there was a large number at table, and among the rest was an English lady, who wished to appear one of the knowing ones. This lady on understanding that an American was one of the guests, expressed to her friend a determination to quiz him. Accordingly she fastened on him like a tigress, making many inquiries respecting our habits, customs, dress, manners and modes of life, education, amusements, &c. &c. To all of her inquiries Capt. P—— gave answers that satisfied all the company except the lady : she was determined not to be satisfied, and the following dialogue took place :—

Lady.—Have the rich people in your country any carriages ? for I suppose there are some who call themselves rich.

Capt. P.—My residence is in a small town, on an island, where there are but few carriages kept ; but in the larger, towns and cities on the main land, there are a number that are kept in a style suited to our republican manners.

Lady.—I can't think where you find drivers,—I should not think the Americans would know how to drive a coach.

Capt. P.—We find no difficulty on that account, Madam; we can have a plenty of drivers by sending to England for them.

Lady.—(Speaking very quick) I think the Americans ought to drive the English instead of the English driving the Americans.

Capt. P.—We did, Madam, in the late war: since peace we permit the English to drive us!

The lady, half choked with rage, sat mute a minute, and then left the room, whispering to her friend, the Yankees are too much for us in the cabinet as well as in the field.



CCLIII. *Looking aloft.**

Some years ago, in conversation with us, he said that in a voyage to sea in early life, he had seen a lad, who had just begun to be a sailor, going out to some projecting part of the rigging. His arms were supported by a spar, and he was looking below him for a rope which ran across, on which his feet should be. The rope flew from side to side, and it was evident that the poor fellow was becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling, when the mate shouted to him with all his force, 'LOOK A-LOFT! you sneaking lubber!' By thus turning away his eyes from the danger, the dizziness was prevented,

*The Philadelphia Inquirer published this anecdote, related by a friend and cotemporary of the lamented Dr. Godman.

and he found his footing. And this incident, the Doctor said, often recurred to his mind in after life, when his troubles grew heavy upon him, and he hardly could find ground whereon to tread. At such time he heard the mate's shout in his ears, and turned his eyes 'aloft,' to the prize upon which he had fastened his hopes. We cannot part with this beautiful illustration, without asking each of our readers to apply it to a still nobler purpose: to steady themselves in all the tempests of adversity, by looking towards that life in which there is rest and peace evermore—and when our flesh and heart shall fail us, and we can find no support under our feet, to seek it by 'looking aloft,' to him, 'who is the strength of our hearts, and our portion forever.'

CCLIV. *Victorious bravery can die contented.*

In the heat of the engagement, during the battle of Eutaw Springs, on the 8th of September, 1781, colonel Williams, and lieutenant-colonel *Campbell*, of the Maryland and Virginia continentals, were ordered to charge with trailed arms; and nothing could exceed the intrepidity with which these orders were executed. They rushed on in good order through a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, and bore down all before them. Lieutenant-colonel *Campbell*, while leading on his men to the decisive charge, received a *mortal wound*; and on being told that the British were fleeing in every direction, said, 'I die contented,' and immediately expired.

CCLV. *Prudence and Bravery of Major Lee.*

Major Lee, on the 19th of July, 1779, with about three hundred men, completely surprised the British garrison at Paulus Hook, directly opposite the city of New York, and brought off one hundred and fifty-nine prisoners; having killed about thirty of the British; while the loss of the Americans was only two killed and three wounded. Congress gave thanks to Major Lee, and ordered a gold medal to be struck and presented to him, as commemorative of the *action*, and as a reward 'for his *prudence, address, and bravery.*'

CCLVI. *Intrepidity and Address of Col. White.*

Just before the commencement of the siege of Savannah, in 1779, an enterprise was achieved by *six Americans*, remarkable for the address and daring intrepidity with which it was planned and executed. Captain French, of the British army, with about one hundred men, had taken post on the Ogeechee river, where were also forty sailors on board of five British vessels, four of which were armed, the largest mounting fourteen guns. Colonel John White, of the Georgia line, with captain Elholm and four other persons, one of whom was the Colonel's servant, after kindling at night a number of fires, exhibiting the parade of a large encampment, and using other stratagems, peremptorily summoned the British commander to surrender. Captain French, in order to save his men from being cut to pieces, by a force which he supposed to be superior to his

own, surrendered (1st of October) without the smallest resistance. Colonel White having thus far succeeded, pretended he must keep back his troops, lest their animosity, already stifled by great exertions, should break out, and indiscriminate slaughter take place in defiance of his authority; and therefore he would commit his prisoners to three guides, who would conduct them safely to good quarters. This humane attention of White was thankfully received. He immediately ordered three of his attendants to proceed with the prisoners, who moved off with celerity, anxious to get away, lest the fury of White's corps, believed to be at hand, might break out, desirous as he was to restrain it. White, with the two men retained by him, repaired, as he announced to his guides and prisoners, to his troops for the purpose of proceeding in the rear. He then employed himself in collecting the militia of the neighborhood, with whom he overtook his guides and prisoners.

This affair, says general H. Lee, in his memoirs, approaches too near the marvellous to have been admitted by him, had it not been uniformly accredited, and never contradicted.



CCLVII. *True Politeness.*

Sir William Gooch, governor of Virginia, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street of the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro who was passing by. 'Sir,' said the gentleman, 'does your hon-

or descend so far as to salute a slave?'—'Why, yes;' replied the governor, 'I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners.'



CCLVIII. *James Otis.*

Otis belonged to a club who met on evenings; of which club William Molineux* was a member. Molineux had a petition before the legislature, which did not succeed to his wishes, and he became for several evenings sour, and wearied the company with his complaints of services, losses, sacrifices, &c., and said—'That a man who has behaved as I have should be treated as I am is intolerable!' Otis had said nothing; but the company were disgusted and out of patience, when Otis rose from his seat, and said—'Come, come, Will, quit this subject, and let us enjoy ourselves. I also have a list of grievances, will you hear it?' The club expected some fun, and all cried out, 'Ay! ay! let us hear your list.'

'Well, then, Will,—in the first place, I resigned the office of advocate-general, which I held from the crown, that produced me—how much do you think?' 'A great deal, no doubt,' said Molineux. 'Shall we say two hundred sterling a year?' 'Ay, more, I believe,' said Molineux. 'Well, let it be two hundred; that, for ten years, is two thousand.'

* Mr. Molineux was a merchant, but much more of a sportsman and a *bon vivant*, than a man of business. His sentiments were warmly in favour of his country; and, though often a companion of the English officers, he was yet an intimate acquaintance of the leading patriots of the day.

‘In the next place, I have been obliged to relinquish the greatest part of my business at the bar. Will you set that at two hundred more?’ ‘Oh! I believe it much more than that.’ ‘Well, let it be two hundred; this, for ten years, is two thousand more. You allow, then, I have lost four thousand pounds sterling.’ ‘Ay, and much more too,’ said Molineux.

‘In the next place, I have lost an hundred friends; among whom were the men of the first rank, fortune and power in the province. At what price will you estimate them?’ ‘At nothing,’ said Molineux; you are better without them, than with them.’ A loud laugh. ‘Be it so,’ said Otis.

‘In the next place, I have made a thousand enemies, among whom are the government of the province and the nation. What do you think of this item?’ ‘That is as it may happen,’ said Molineux.

‘In the next place, you know, I love pleasure; but I have renounced all amusement for ten years. What is that worth to a man of pleasure?’ ‘No great matter,’ said Molineux; ‘you have made politics your amusement.’ A hearty laugh.

‘In the next place, I have ruined as fine health, and as good a constitution of body, as nature ever gave to man.’ ‘This is melancholy indeed,’ said Molineux; ‘there is nothing to be said on that point.’

‘Once more,’ said Otis, holding his head down before Molineux, ‘look upon this head!’ (where was a scar, in which a man might bury his finger) ‘what do

you think of this? and, what is worse, my friends think I have a monstrous crack in my skull.'

This made all the company very grave, and look very solemn. But Otis, setting up a laugh, and with a gay countenance, said to Molineux—' Now, Willey, my advice to you is, to say no more about your grievances; for you and I had better put up our accounts of profit and loss in our pockets, and say no more about them, lest the world should laugh at us.'

This whimsical dialogue put all the company, and Molineux himself, into good humor, and they passed the rest of the evening in joyous conviviality.



CCLIX. *Chief Justice Marshall.*

It is frequently remarked that the most laudable deeds are achieved in the shades of retirement; and to its truth history testifies in every page. An act of heroism or philanthropy, performed in solitude, where no undue feelings can affect the mind or bias the character, is worth to the eye of an impartial observer whole volumes of exploits displayed before the gaze of a stupid and admiring multitude. It is not long since a gentleman was travelling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming a fellow guest with him at the same house. As the old man drove up he observed that both the shafts

of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling.— Our traveller observed further that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number ; most, if not all of them of legal profession.

As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter, upon an eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit ; and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the christian religion became the subject of discussion. From 6 o'clock until 11, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing, with ingenuity and ability, every thing that could be said, pro and con. During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind ; or perhaps, he was observing, with philosophic eyes the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action ; or, perhaps, with patriotic emo-

tion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom those destinies must devolve ; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument, which, characteristic of himself, no art would be 'able to elude, and no force to resist.' Our traveller remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

At last one of the young men remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity exclaimed, 'Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?' If, said the traveller, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed.—The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made for nearly an hour by the old gentleman that he had ever heard or read : so perfect was his recollection that every argument urged against the christian religion, was met in *the order* in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that *not another word was uttered* ;—an attempt to describe it, said the traveller, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was immediately a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was : the traveller concluded it was the preacher, from whom the pulpit eloquence had been heard ; but no, it was the **CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.**

CCLX. *Goffe the Regicide.*

In the course of Philip's war, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New England, and among others those in the neighborhood of Hadley, the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the first of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms,—which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church,—and rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic, under which they began the conflict, was, however, so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this moment an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable; his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity,

readily believed him to be an angel, sent by Heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted, until it was discovered, several years afterward, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe; Whalley having become superannuated some time before the event took place.*



CCLXI. *Flight of Horses.*

About the 10th of June, 1810, at 2 o'clock in the morning, while Col. R. M. Johnson's regiment was encamped on the Peninsula, below fort Wayne, in a beautiful grass plain, some of the horses that had passed the line of sentinels and got some distance up the St. Joseph, became alarmed and came running into camp in great fright. This alarmed all the horses in the regiment, which united in a solid column within the lines, and took three courses round the camp. It would seem almost incredible, but it is a fact; they appeared not to cover more than about 40 by 60 yards of ground, and yet their number was about 600. The Moon shone at the full, the camp was an open plain, and the scene awfully sublime. They at length forced their passage through the lines, overset several tents, carried away several pannels of fence, passed off through the woods, and were, in a few minutes, out of hearing of the loudest

* Sir Walter Scott has wrought up this romantic incident into a most eloquent and beautiful description. It is contained in Bridgenorth's relation of his adventures in America to Julian Peveril, in one of the volumes of 'Peveril of the Peak.'

bells that belonged to the regiment. The next day was spent in collecting them, some of which were found ten or twelve miles from the camp up the St. Joseph, and about 20 or 25 were never found, although pursued above 20 miles. This alarming flight of the horses of that regiment injured them more than could have been supposed; for they had run so long in such a compact body that very few had escaped without being lamed, having their hind feet cut by the shoes of those that crowded on them.

The writer of this was an officer of the guard, and then on duty. The night being clear and calm, the moon rolling in full splendor, the flight of the horses which resembled distant thunder, the idea of an immediate attack from the Indians, and the ground of our encampment being paved with the bones of former warriors, all combined to furnish one of those awfully sublime *Night Scenes* that beggar all description.

A similar flight of the horses took place about the 22d of June, after the regiment arrived at fort Meigs.



CCLXII. *Honor dearer than life.*

An American officer, during the war of independence, was ordered to a station of extreme peril, when several around him suggested various expedients by which he might evade the dangerous post assigned him. He made them the following heroic reply: 'I thank you, my friends, for your solicitude—I know I can easily save

my life, but, who will save my honor, should I adopt your advice?’

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CCLXIII. *General Nash.*

General Nash, in the battle of Germantown, October 4th, 1777, was severely wounded in the thigh, the bone of which was shattered by a grape shot. While they were carrying him off the field, a friend coming up, began to condole with him on his situation, and asked him how he felt; —‘It is unmanly,’ said the dying hero, ‘to complain; but it is more than human nature can bear.’

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CCLXIV. *The Yankee and British Officer.*

During the last American war, a small schooner laden with silks, wines and brandy belonging to Stonington, Conn. was hailed on her homeward passage from France by a British armed brig, when the following dialogue took place between the commanding officer of the brig and the master of the schooner.

Officer. Schooner, ahoy!

Yankee. Hallow!

Officer. Who commands that schooner?

Yankee. Brother Jonathan use tu, but I du now.

Officer. Brother Jonathan? Who the d——l is brother Jonathan?

Yankee. Why you must be a darn’d fool, not to

know Brother Jonathan—every body in town knows him.

Officer. Send your boat on board.

Yankee. I don't know whether I shall or not; for the boat's all soggy, and I han't got no new clothes—Brother Jonathan's got a new coat, if he's mind to go he may, but I am sure I shan't.

Officer. Strike!

Yankee. Strike! Why I han't got nobody here to strike, but dad; he's cooking, and he's crazy; and if I strike him, he'll strike right back again; so its no use.

Officer. What are you loaded with?

Yankee. Bale goods, and hens, and hen's husbands, and hob-goblins, and long-faced gentry.

Officer. Where are you bound to?

Yankee. S-t-o-n-i-n-g-t-o-w-n.*

Officer. Where's your 'bale goods?'

Yankee. There they be.†

Officer. You d——d fool, do you call them bale goods?

Yankee. Why sartain! don't you?

Officer. Where's your 'hens and hen's husbands?'

Yankee. There they be, in that-are coop there.

Officer. Where's your 'hob-goblins?'

Yankee. There they be, in that-are tother great large coop there.

* By this time, Brother Jonathan had boarded the brig, where he was compelled to remain until the schooner was examined by the British officer.

† Pointing to some bundles of clap-boards and shingles, which he took with him on his outward passage as a covering for his cargo.

Officer. Where's your 'long-faced gentry?'

Yankee. There they be, in that-are pigstye.

Officer. Have you got any thing to drink on board?

Yankee. We had some rum when we came away, but the cag's way down under the load, and if you try you can't git it; so its no use.

The British officer having received but little satisfaction, and having no doubt become disgusted at the *seeming* ignorance of the *Yankee*, returned on board of his brig; and after ordering Brother Jonathan a *dozen stripes* to learn him wisdom, left the *poor simple creatures* to take care of themselves!! A few days afterwards, the vessel arrived at Boston with a cargo valued at *One hundred thousand dollars!!*



CCLXV. *The young Indian.*

An English gentleman and his friend, travelling through a piece of woods in one of the western states, took with him an Indian lad as a guide. In the course of the day, they separated; and one of them finding some curious berries, sent them to his companion by the lad, with a note specifying their number. The one who received the present, found some of the berries missing, and having reprimanded the boy for eating or losing them, sent him back for more. The gentleman forwarded a second parcel, with the number again marked on the note. The boy played the same trick with these, delivering only part of what he had received.

This procured him a second scolding. Whereupon the Indian fell down upon his knees, and kissed the paper, saying, I found out, the first time, that this paper, was a witch or conjurer; but now he has proved his power to be supernatural indeed; because he tells *that which he did not see*; for when I flung away these last berries, for the sake of experiment, I took care to *slip the note under a stone*, that it might not know what was passing.

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CCLXVI. *Rev. John Adams.*

Mr. Adams, was a son of Matthew Adams, of Boston, mentioned by Dr. Franklin as ‘an ingenious tradesman,’ and having ‘a handsome collection of books.’ Mr. Adams graduated at Harvard in 1745, and was settled at Durham in 1748. Some opposition was made to him at the time, which however subsided, and he continued at Durham about 30 years, when new difficulties arose, and he was dismissed. At the close of his farewell sermon, Mr. Adams requested his people to sing to the praise of God, and their own edification, the three first verses of the 120th Psalm.

Thou God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips which love deceit?

Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

O might I fly to change my place,
 How would I choose to dwell
 In some wide lonesome wilderness,
 And leave these gates of hell.

After his dismissal, the proprietors of Newfield, Maine, made a grant to him of 400 acres of land, and he removed there when there were but 12 families in the place. He was a physician as well as a minister, and was useful in both professions. He preached constantly, and practised physic in the towns of Limington, Parsonsfield, Limerick, and Newfield, till his death, June 4, 1792.

CCLXVII. *Political Election.*

During the electioneering contest, Dr. Eüstis was represented to be a 'moderate Calvinist,' which probably had the effect of securing him some votes among persons of that religious persuasion. Mr. Otis meeting him one morning on the Mall, in Boston, after the usual friendly salutation, inquired—'Pray doctor, how long have you been a moderate Calvinist?' The governor elect replied—'I cannot say that I am yet entirely satisfied upon all the *five points*, but on the important subject of *election*, I have no longer any doubts.'

CCLXVIII. *Friendship tested.*

Many years ago, two young and enterprising adventurers left Europe, one for America and the other for

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the East Indies. Before their departure, they mutually agreed, that if one should die a bachelor, he should make the other his heir. The one who went east was remarkably successful in trade, and accumulated a fortune of two millions. He died a few years since, leaving the whole of his estate to his early friend, whom the intelligence found residing in moderate circumstances, on one of the island in Lake Champlain. He is said to be little elated by this sudden tide of prosperity, which would be sufficient to overwhelm some minds. His intended residence is in a retired and rural situation, bearing no marks of parade and ostentation. The fidelity of his friend, the fulfilment of a verbal promise after the lapse of many years, and the romantic circumstances connected with the story, render it not less interesting than that of Damon & Pythias, to which it bears a striking analogy.

CCLXIX. *The Wounded Sailors.*

During the War, it will be remembered, a bloody combat took place off the southern part of Nantucket, between the American privateer Neufchatel, and the boats of the British frigate Endymion. The wounded of both parties were landed at Nantucket. Among them were two messmates, one of whom had his under jaw dreadfully shattered by a musket ball, and the other was so wounded in the wrist as to render necessary the amputation of his hand. Soon after the requisite surgical operations had been performed, they were invited

to dine at a friend's house, where they were observed to stick by each other with peculiar tenacity. The company fell to; but our maimed heroes were respectively disabled from performing those manual and maxillary exploits which were exhibiting around them. After having complacently surveyed the scene without any offer of assistance from the busy guests whose diffidence perhaps outweighed their inclinations—he with *one flipper*, thus sternly, though with much point and humor, addressed his broken-jawed companion; ‘I say, Jack, since you can't grind, nor I carve, and the land lubbers are all tucking the beef under their jackets, what say you for splicing?’—*if you'll cut for me, I'll chew for you!*

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CCLXX. *New-England Curiosity rebuked.*

Dr. Franklin, in the early part of his life, whilst travelling from Philadelphia to Boston, was accosted at an inn where he stopped, with the usual questions, of whence came you? what is your name? where are you going? and what is your profession?—with many other equally impertinent inquiries. The Doctor sat obstinately silent till supper was ended, when he desired the host to assemble his wife, children and servants. They were accordingly introduced with much solemnity, and the doctor, rising from his seat, thus addressed them with singular gravity: ‘My good friends, I have sent for you all to give an account of myself. My name is

Benjamin Franklin ; I am a printer, of Philadelphia, aged about — years, and am going on business to Boston.'



CCLXXI. *Woman's Constancy.*

During the last war between England and America, there lived, in a town on the sea-coast, an old man who had 'Jephtha's treasure—one fair daughter, and no more.' A sweet girl she was, that pretty Mary—sung like a lark, (a comparison, by the way, not very appropriate where there are no *larks*) was industrious as a bee, as lively as a swallow, and tender hearted as a pigeon. She fell in love, as such sweet girls are very apt to do, with one who was, if not beneath her in condition, very unpleasing to her father. The young man beat a drum, and the old man detested the noise of a drum ; the young man enlisted as a soldier, and the old man protested his daughter should not wed a soldier—so the lovers were separated.

But before they parted, they mutually breathed a solemn vow to each other, that, if they were not permitted to marry together they would not live. Only think what chivalric affection that was, for this 'common-place age.' I do not know how long their period of trial was to last ; but the hapless Mary 'pined in thought.' Her lover had marched 'over the hills and far away ;' her father was silent and stern, and she had no companion but her own sad thoughts. Her father

lived in a wild, lonely place. He had no household, save his daughter. He had no books. Novels may be decried and charged with the sin of occupying the precious time, and corrupting the imaginations of the young; but still they have often the 'spell of power' to charm the desolate-hearted from the contemplation of their sorrows. But poor Mary had no novels to read, and she thought of her drummer from morning till night, then from night till morning—except just when she happened to be asleep—even then he was not absent from her fancy. She dreamed of him, and dreamed he was dead; and she became impressed with the duty of committing suicide. She had promised; and her love and integrity demanded the sacrifice. She wrote a farewell letter to her lover, detailing all her agonies and the cruelty of her father; took the letter in her hand, and sought the sea-shore. She probably never heard of Sappho, but similar feelings will inspire similar sentiments. No doubt but the tumult in the heart of that lowly lass was as tender, as terrible, as melting and melancholy, as that which inspired the immortal strains of the Lesbian's love-harp. The catastrophe of the Plymouth maiden was as tragical as her's of Mitylene. When the tide ebb'd, within a little cove was discovered the lifeless body of Mary. She was sitting, supported by a projecting rock, upright, her hair, nearly dried by the wind, floated over her shoulders; and in her hands pressed closely together on her bosom, was the letter to her lover. Was she not constant?

What became of her drummer? Did he too in despair—to use the lover's vein—snatch the fatal shears from the hand of the Fates, and cut short the thread of his own existence? Man, it is said never loves like woman, with his whole heart. The statesman must devote his thoughts to the nation or his party—the merchant is engaged by the details of commerce and the desires of wealth—the sailor has a sweet-heart in every port, and the soldier 'changes mistresses as he changes garrisons.' Never should a young woman flatter herself, that if she commits suicide, her swain will die also. Phaon did not. The drummer did not. Before the treaty of Ghent was known in the United States, he had negociated a treaty for himself—he was married. Was he not false?

Yet where is the person of sense and good principles, but will commend the falsehood rather than the constancy? Let every romantic young lady who reads this story, grave it on her mind, that absurdities and sins can never be atoned for, by pleading wounded sensibility, disappointed affection, or even that devoted, exalted, yet sometimes dangerously indulged feeling—the pride of constancy!



CCLXXII. *The Parson called to Quarters.*

Towards the conclusion of the war of independence, on opening one of the inferior courts of law in Massachusetts, a clergyman was sent for to supplicate the Deity. One of the gentlemen of the bar remarked, that

although this was the laudable practice of the supreme court, the inferior courts had never, in his recollection, opened with prayer. A sailor who was standing by, on hearing the remark, observed to a ship-mate, 'why, Jack, if this be so, I believe as how the ship has started a plank, since they pipe all hands to the pumps, and now call the parson to his quarters.'

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CCLXXIII. *A reproof for Impertinence.*

Some officers of the British army, who had served in America during the revolutionary war, walking in Hyde Park, dressed in their regimentals, met a man deformed by a hunch on his back; when one of them impertinently clapping his hand on it, exclaimed, 'what have you got here, my good friend.' To which the other, with a countenance expressive of his contempt for the insult, answered, 'Bunker's-hill, my dear; have you forgotten it?'

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CCLXXIV. *A Cure for Desertion.*

During the campaign of 1779, captain Reed, of the Maryland line, apprehended three deserters, going to the enemy, at Stony-Point. Two were Irish, the other an American: being within four hundred paces of the British post, they supposed themselves out of danger, and upon being questioned as to their intentions, they replied, that they were tired of the continental service, and were going to the British to make their fortunes.

Captain Reed then told them, that as they had been guilty of deserting the cause of their country, the worst possible crime that soldiers could commit, he would soon put an end to their fortunes. He immediately ordered them to be disarmed; and after a few minutes, proposed that if they would cast lots, he would only execute the one on whom the lot fell. They refused, declaring, that they would rather die together, than to compel one man to die for an offence of which they were all equally guilty. The head of the American was then ordered to be struck off, he having the least excuse for an act so unpardonable in its nature. It was put into a knapsack, sent to the army, and there exposed upon a pole. It had the desired effect, and a stop was put to desertion.

CCLXXV. *Female Courage.*

A remarkable instance of intrepidity was exhibited several years ago by a female, the only passenger inside the stage from Nassau to Peterborough, (N. H.) While passing through the town of Temple, the driver's seat gave way, and a person named Obadiah Perry, seated with the driver, was precipitated to the ground and killed. The horses instantly took fright, and being now without a driver, went forward with alarming speed. Miss Abigail Brown, the only passenger within the stage, then spoke soothingly to the horses, with a view to check their progress, but with little effect. They ran a full mile, passing several persons upon the

road, who were unable to arrest them. At length, on ascending a hill, having previously opened the door of the stage and made preparations to alight as soon as the horses might so abate their speed as to render the attempt safe, the lady exerted herself more than ever to check the horses by her voice; and watching a favorable moment, she vaulted from the coach door, sprang forward like a heroine, seized a part of the harness of the leaders, and turned and held them fast until assistance came to her relief.

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CCLXXVI. *Representatives.*

The Representatives from the town of Middleboro', on their way to Boston, called at a public house in Milton, kept by Mr. ——— The landlord with the inquisitiveness peculiar to him, inquired of one of them whence he was, where he was going, and what his business was; being told that they were all Representatives from one town! 'Well, this reminds me of what my father told me, when I was a little boy, and used to drop pumpkin seeds for him, that if the pumpkin seeds were good, I must put one in a hill; but if they were poor, I must put three or four!'

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CCLXXVII. *Sungernumby.*

Among the first settlers of Brunswick, Me. a man of undaunted courage, and an inveterate enemy to the Indians, who gave him the name *Sungernumby*, i. e. very strong man, early in the spring he ventured alone

into the forest for the purpose of splitting rails from the spruce, not apprehensive of the return of the Indians so early in the season. While engaged in his work, and having opened a log with small wedges, about half its length, he was surprised by Indians, who crept up and secured his musket, standing by his side. Sungernumby, said the chief, now me got you—long me want you—want you go long with me—you long time speak Indian—long time worry him—me have got you now—look up stream to Canada. Well, said Malcolm, with true sang froid, you have me; but just help me open this log before I go. They all, five in number, agreed. Malcolm prepared a large wooden wedge, carefully drove it, took out the small wedges, and told the Indians to put in their fingers to the partially cleft wood, and help pull it open—they did—he then suddenly knocked out the blunt wedge, and the elastic wood immediately closed fast on their fingers, and thus secured them all.



CCLXXVIII. *Yankee Wit.*

In an attack on Charleston, Sir Peter Parker, Commodore in the British fleet, had a material part of his breeches torn away, and was otherwise wounded. In a southern newspaper were inserted the following lines on Sir Peter's disaster :

‘ If honor in the breech is lodg’d,
As Hudibras hath shown,
It may from hence be fairly judg’d
Sir Peter’s honor’s gone.’

CCXLVI *The Lion roars loudest when most frightened.*

In the commencement of the American revolution, when one of the British king's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in a company in Philadelphia; a member of congress who was present, turning to Miss Livingston, said, 'well Miss are you greatly terrified at the *roaring of the British lion?*' 'Not at all, sir, for I have learned from natural history, that *beast roars loudest when he is most frightened.*'

CCLXXX. *Revolutionary Event.*

In the early part of the Revolutionary war, a sergeant and twelve armed men undertook to journey through the wilderness in the state of New Hampshire. Their route was remote from any settlement, and they were under the necessity of encamping over night in the woods. In the early part of our struggles for Independence, the Indians were numerous and did not stand idle spectators to a conflict carried on with so much zeal and eagerness by the whites. Some tribes were friendly to our cause, while many on our borders took part with the enemy, and were troublesome in their savage kind of warfare, as our people often learnt from the woful experience of their midnight depredations. The leader of the above mentioned party was well acquainted with the different tribes; and from much intercourse with them previous to the war was not ignorant of the idiom, physiognomy, and dress of each, and at the com-

mencement of hostilities, was informed for which party they had raised the battle-axe.

Nothing material had happened during the first day of this excursion ; but early in the afternoon of the second, they discovered from an eminence, a body of Indians advancing towards them, whose numbers exceeded their own. As soon as the Americans were perceived by their red brethren, the latter made friendly signals, and the parties approached each other in an amicable manner. The Indians appeared to be much pleased at meeting the sergeant and his men, whom they observed they considered as their protectors ; said they belonged to a tribe who took the hatchet in the cause of their country ; and were determined to do all in their power to injure the common enemy. They shook hands in friendship, and it was, 'How d'ye do, *pro!* how d'ye do, *pro!*' that being their pronunciation of the word brother. When they had conversed with each other for some time, and exchanged mutual good wishes, they at length separated and travelled in different directions.

After proceeding to the distance of one or more miles, the sergeant halted the men, and addressed them in the following words :

'My brave companions, we must use the utmost caution, or this night may be our last. Should we not make some extraordinary exertion, to-morrow's sun will find us sleeping never to wake. You are surprised, comrades, at my words ; and your anxiety will not be lessened when I inform you we have just passed our inveterate enemy, who, under the mask of friendship

you have witnessed, would lull us into security, and, by such means in the unguarded moments of our midnight slumber, without any resistance seal our fate.'

The men with astonishment listened to this short harangue; and their surprise was greater, as not one of them entertained the least suspicion but that they had just encountered friends. They all immediately resolved to enter into some scheme for their mutual safety, and the destruction of their enemies. By the proposition of their leader, the following plan was adopted and executed.

The spot chosen for the night's encampment, was near a stream of water which covered their rear. They felled a large oak, before which, on the approach of night, a brilliant fire was lighted. Each individual cut a log of wood about the size of his body, rolled it nicely up in his blanket, placed his hat on the extremity, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might be deceived and mistake it for a man. After the equal number to the sergeant's party were fitted out, and so artfully arranged as to appear like so many men, the soldiers, with loaded muskets, placed themselves behind the fallen tree, by which time the shades of evening began to close around. The fire was supplied with fuel and kept burning brilliantly till late in the night, when it was suffered to decline. The critical time was now approaching when an attack might be expected from the Indians; but the sergeant's men rested in their places of concealment with great anxiety till near midnight, not perceiving any movement of the foe.

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At length a tall Indian was discovered through the glimmering of the fire, (which was now getting low,) cautiously moving toward them, making no noise, and apparently using every means in his power to conceal himself from any one about the camp. For a time, his actions showed him to be suspicious that a guard might be stationed to watch any unusual appearance, and give the alarm in case of danger; but all appearing quiet, he ventured forward more boldly, rested upon his toes, and was distinctly seen to move his finger as he numbered each log of wood, or what he considered a human being, quietly enjoying repose. To satisfy himself more fully as to the number, he counted them over a second time and cautiously retired. He was succeeded by another Indian, who went through the same movements, and retired in the same manner. Soon after, the whole party, sixteen in number, were discovered cautiously advancing and greedily eyeing their supposed victims. The feelings of the sergeant's men can better be imagined than described, when they saw the base and cruel purpose of their enemy, who were so near that they could scarcely be restrained from firing on them. The plan, however, of the sergeant was, to have his men remain silent in their places of concealment till the muskets of the savages were discharged, that their fire, might be more effectual, and opposition less formidable.

Their suspense was not of long duration. The Indians in a body cautiously advanced till within a short distance; they then took aim, discharged their pieces

upon inanimate logs, gave the horrid war-hoop, and instantly rushed forward with tomahawks and scalping-knives to dispatch the living and obtain the scalps of the dead. As soon as they had collected in close order, the party of the sergeant, with unerring aim, discharged their pieces, not on logs of wood, but on perfidious savages, not one of whom escaped destruction by the snare into which their cowardly disposition had led them.

CCLXXXI. *Providential Preservation.*

John Johns, one of the pilots of Savannah, while on a cruise off Tybee, at the time the brig Panther hove in sight, launched his row-boat from the deck of the pilot boat, with the intention of boarding her. The brig was several miles off, when a sea struck the boat, half filled and nearly capsized her; another sea soon after struck her, which filled and sent her to the bottom, leaving Johns to the mercy of the waves. He fortunately secured the oars, with which and his skill in swimming he supported himself. In this manner he buffeted his way until almost exhausted, when the brig having come within hail, by hallooing and raising an oar, in doing which he was seized with a cramp in the arm, he attracted notice, and a boat was lowered to his assistance, which brought him on board. The time during which he was immersed in the water was an hour and a half, and what is very singular a large shark continued within a short distance of him the whole time, and followed the brig when he had gone on board.

CCLXXXII. *Indian Character.*

A striking display of Indian character occurred some years since in a town in Maine. An Indian of the Kennebeck tribe remarkable for his good conduct, received a grant of land from the state, and fixed himself in a new township, where a number of families settled. Though not ill treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians prevented any sympathy with him. This was shewn at the death of his only child, when none of the people came near him. Shortly afterwards he went to some of the inhabitants, and said to them. *When white man's child die—Indian man be sorry—he help bury him—when my child die—no one speak to me—I make his grave alone—I cant no live here—*He gave up his farm, *dug up the body of his child* and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest, to join the Canada Indians. What energy and depth of feeling does this specimen of Indian character exhibit!

CCLXXXIII. *The Spirit of '76.*

A veteran of the revolution, in Berkshire county, Mass. whose character had long been without reproach, was visited soon after the formation of a Temperance Society in his town, and respectfully invited to co-operate with them in their work. He replied, very kindly, 'I beg you will excuse me, gentlemen. I honor your motives, and approve your proceedings, and hope you will have great success. But old people don't change easily. I learned to drink when I was in the army, and

have always been in the habit of taking a little with moderation, as you know, gentlemen; and now in my old age, it seems like a necessary comfort, and I can hardly think of giving it up. I hope you will succeed, and that the next generation will be wiser than their fathers; but really, gentlemen, I think the old soldier must be excused.'

The committee withdrew, perhaps not a little sorry to fail in obtaining the name of so worthy a man, but with no dimunition of their respect or affection for one whom they all venerated as a father.

A few months afterwards, they visited the old man again, and said :—' We have come to see you again, sir, for we find ourselves in a difficulty. We go to our neighbors who drink, and are in danger of drinking too much, and endeavor to persuade them to give it up. But they all say—'Judge —— drinks, and why should not we drink?' The spirit of '76 was touched. 'Give me the paper, gentlemen,' said the patriot; 'it shall never be said that an old seventy sixer was found to stand in the way of a measure so necessary for his country as the temperance reformation. I have conquered the British, and I can give up drinking. If my name or example can do any good, they are at your service.'



CCLXXXIV. *The Yankee Mistake.*

Upon the flight of the British from Lexington, a major of their army received a wound in the cheek with a

goose shot. Gen. Robertson observed to him that the Yankees must certainly have mistaken *him* for a *goose*, or they would not have treated him with so much disrespect.



CCLXXXV. *Franklin a Christian.*

The following I* obtained from the Rev. Dr. Helmut, of the German church, Philadelphia. Hearing that this learned and pious divine possessed a valuable anecdote of doctor Franklin, I immediately waited on him. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'I have indeed a valuable anecdote of doctor Franklin, which I would tell you with great pleasure; but as I do not speak English very well, I wish you would call on David Ritter, at the sign of the *Golden Lamb*, in Front street; he will tell it to you better. I hastened to Mr. Ritter, and told him my errand. He seemed mightily pleased at it, and said, 'Yes, I will tell you all I know of it. You must understand then, sir, first of all, that I always had a prodigious opinion of doctor Franklin, as the *usefulest* man we ever had among us, by a long way; and so, hearing that he was sick, I thought I would go and see him. As I rapped at the door, who should come and open it but old Sarah Humphries. I was right glad to see her, for I had known her a long time. She was of the people called FRIENDS; and a mighty good sort of body she was too. The great people set a heap of store by her, for she was famous throughout the town

* Rev. M. L. Weams, the eccentric author of an interesting memoir of Franklin.

for nursing and tending on the sick. Indeed, many of them, I believe, hardly thought they could sicken, and die right, if they had not old Sarah Humphries with them. Soon as she saw me, she said, 'Well David, how dost?'

'O, much after the old sort, Sarah,' said I; 'but that's neither here nor there; I am come to see doctor Franklin.'

'Well then,' said she, 'thou art too late, for he is *just dead!*'

'Alack a day,' said I, 'then a great man is gone.'

'Yes, indeed,' said she, 'and a *good* one too; for it seemed as though he never thought the day went away as it ought, if he had not done somebody a service. However, David,' said she, 'he is not the worse off for all that now, where he is gone too: but come, as thee came to see Benjamin Franklin, thee shall see him yet.' And so she took me into his room. As we entered, she pointed to him, where he lay on his bed, and said, 'there, did thee ever see any thing look so natural?'

'And he did look natural indeed. His eyes were closed—but that you saw he did not breathe, you would have thought he was in a sweet sleep, he looked so calm and happy. Observing that his face was fixed right towards the chimney, I cast my eyes that way, and behold! just above the mantle piece was a noble picture; O it was a *noble picture*, sure enough! It was the picture of our Saviour on the cross.

I could not help calling out, 'Bless us all, Sarah!' said I, 'what's all this?'

‘What dost mean, David?’ said she, quite crusty.

‘Why, how came this picture here, Sarah?’ said I; ‘you know that many people think he was not after this sort.’

‘Yes,’ said she, ‘I know that too. But thee knows that many who makes a great fuss about religion have very little, while some who say but little about it have a good deal.’

‘That’s sometimes the case, I fear, Sarah;’ said I.

‘Well, and that was the case,’ said she, ‘with Benjamin Franklin. But, be that as it may, David, since thee asks me about this great picture, I’ll tell thee how it came here. Many weeks ago, as he lay he beckoned me to him, and told me of this picture up stairs, and begged I would bring it to him. I brought it to him. His face brightened up as he looked at it; and he said, ‘*Aye, Sarah,*’ said he, ‘*there’s a picture worth looking at! that’s the picture of him who came into the world to teach men to love one another!*’ Then, after looking wistfully at it for some time, he said, ‘*Sarah,*’ said he, ‘*set this picture up over the mantel piece, right before me as I lie; for I like to look at it;*’ and when I had fixed it up, he looked at it, and looked at it very much; and indeed, as thee sees, he died with his eyes fixed on it.’



CCLXXXVII. *Eccentric bluntness of Gen. C. Lee.*

General C. Lee being one day surrounded, according to custom, by a numerous levee of his canine favorites,

was asked by a lady if he was fond of dogs. With his usual *politeness*, he instantly replied, 'Yes, madam; I love *dogs*,—but I detest *bitches*.'



CCLXXXVIII. *The Farmer's Daughter and Robber.*

A farmer living a few miles from Easton, sent his daughter on horseback to that town, to procure from the bank smaller notes in exchange for one of one hundred dollars. When she arrived there, the bank was shut, and she endeavoured to effect her object by offering it at several stores, but could not get her note changed.—She had not gone far on her return, when a stranger rode up to the side of her horse, and accosted her with so much politeness that she had not the slightest suspicion of any evil intention on his part. After riding a mile or two, employed in very social conversation, they came to a very retired part of the road, and the gentleman commanded her to give him the bank note. It was with some difficulty that she could be made to believe him in earnest, as his demeanor had been so very friendly; but the presentation of a pistol placed the matter beyond a doubt; and she yielded to necessity. Just as she held the note to him, a sudden puff of wind blew it into the road, and carried it gently several yards from them. The discourteous knight alighted to overtake it, and the lady whipped her horse to get out of his power, and the other horse who had been left standing by her side started off with her. His owner fired a pistol, which only tended to increase t' e

speed of all parties, and the lady arrived safely at home with the horse of the robber, on which was a pair of saddlebags. When these were opened, they were found to contain, besides a quantity of counterfeit bank notes, *fifteen hundred dollars in good money!* The horse was a good one, and when saddled and bridled, was thought to be worth at least as much as the bank note that was stolen.



CCLXXXIX. *Military Pride.*

A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone, 'Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbor's now?' One of the little urchins eagerly asked, 'Are we not all corporals?' 'Tut,' said the mother, 'hold your tongue; there is no one corporal, but your father and myself.'



CCXC. *Sir R. Walpole's idea of American Taxation.*

During the Spanish war, which commenced in 1739, when sir Robert Walpole was prime minister of Great Britain, a scheme was mentioned to him of taxing the American colonies: he smiled and said, 'I will leave that for some of my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and *less a friend to commerce* than I am.' He added, 'it has been a maxim with me, dur-

ing my administration, to encourage the trade of the American colonies in their utmost latitude; (nay it has been necessary to pass over some irregularities in their trade with Europe) for by encouraging them to an extensive, growing foreign commerce, if they gain 500,000*l.* I am convinced, that in two years afterwards, full 270,000*l.* of their gain will be in his majesty's exchequer.' He ended with saying, 'This is taxing them more agreeably to their own constitution, and to ours.'



CCXCI. *The Patriotic Clergyman.*

The *Rev. Doctor Charles Chauncey*, of Boston, and who died there in February, 1787, in the 83d year of his age, was zealously devoted to the civil and religious liberties of his country. In 1767 he published remarks on a sermon of the bishop of Landaff, in which he expressed his fears, that the appointment of bishops for America, as was then projected, would be followed by attempts to force episcopacy upon the country, and concluded with the following emphatic observation:— 'It may be relied on, our people would not be easy, if restrained in the exercise of that liberty, wherewith Christ hath made them free; yea, they would hazard every thing dear to them, their estates, their very lives, rather than suffer their necks to be put under that yoke of bondage, which was so sadly galling to their fathers, and occasioned their retreat into this distant land, that they might enjoy the freedom of men and christians.' Doctor Chauncey was an enlightened and disinterested

patriot, and at the commencement of the revolution he entered with heart and hand into all measures which were considered necessary to resist the tyranny of Britain and secure the independence of his country. Throughout the whole course of the war he was an undeviating whig ; and so firmly was he convinced of the righteousness of our cause, that he used to say, '*he had no doubt if human exertions were ineffectual, that a host of angels would be sent to assist us :*' and when a smile was excited, and doubts expressed respecting the possibility of such an ally, he would persist in his assertion, adding, that *he knew it.*



CCXCII. *Indian Marriage Promise.*

A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing or trial. The lady laid the case before the Judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, 'many little undefinable attentions,' and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied 'the undefinable attentions,' in toto. He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt ; and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence, the young squaw fainted.—The plea was considered

invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady 'a yellow feather, a broach that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins.

The sentence was no sooner concluded, than the squaw sprung upon her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, 'Now me ready to be courted again.'

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CCXCIII. *The Indian's Views of the Trinity.*

Elliot had been lecturing on the doctrine of the trinity, when one of his auditors, after a long and thoughtful pause, thus addressed him. 'I believe, Mr. Minister, I understand you. The trinity is just like water and ice and snow. The water is one, the ice is another, and the snow is another; and yet they are all one water.'

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CCXCIV. *An Extraordinary Retreat.*

In June 1776, when general Sullivan arrived in Canada, the American army was torn in pieces by sickness, and various unaccountable occurrences, so that a whole regiment was not to be found together. The general, with his usual activity and address, soon collected together a debilitated and dispirited army; tried the strength of the enemy, who were at least four to one; performed an excellent retreat, through almost insuperable difficulties, the enemy at their heels, three thousand sick with the small-pox, the most healthy like so

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many walking apparitions, all their baggage, stores and artillery to be removed, officers as well as men all employed in dragging cannon, &c. their batteaus, all loaded, were moved up the rapids six miles, one of which were towed by the poor and wearied men, while up to their arm-pits in water, and all performed in a day and a half. The sick and baggage were safely landed at St. John's, and from thence carried to Crown Point, with only the loss of three cannon.

CCXCV. *Don't give up the Vessel.*

In May, 1776, captain Mugford, commanding the continental armed schooner Franklin, captured a British ship of about 300 tons, and mounting six guns. In the then state of the country she was invaluable, as her cargo was made up entirely of the ammunitions of war. Captain Mugford, after seeing his prize safe into Boston harbor, was going out again, but the tide making against him, he came to an anchor off Pudding-gut Point; the next morning, by the dawn of day, the sentry saw thirteen boats, from the British men of war, making for them; they were prepared to receive them before they could board the schooner. She sunk five of the boats, the remainder attempting to board, they cut off the hands of several of the crews as they laid them over the gunwale. The brave captain Mugford, making a blow at the people in the boats with a cutlass, received a wound in the breast, on which he called his

lieutenant, and said, 'I am a dead man: *don't give up the vessel*; you will be able to beat them off; if not, cut the cable and run her on shore.' He expired in a few minutes. The lieutenant then ran her on shore, and the boats made off. Those who were taken up from the boats which were sunk, say they lost seventy men; the Franklin had but one man killed besides the captain.

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CCXCVI. *Dr. Joseph Lathrop.*

The venerable Dr. Lathrop of Boston, met a little red frizzle-headed urchin returning from the common, boo-hoing and blubbering with great emphasis, which made the worthy pastor inquire into the cause. 'What's the matter, my little man?' said the Dr. 'They've broke, *wha*—(sighing) *whe-e-e*, they've broke, *whe-e*, my foot ball-l-l-*hugh*.' 'Poor boy,' said the healer of broken hearts, 'I pity your case.' '*Whe, wha, d—mn* the case—*huke*—they've broke the bladder-r-r!'

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CCXCVII. *Yankee's Visit to the King.*

About thirty-five years since, a gentleman from the town of Fairfield in Connecticut visited London. On his return, his friends werè very inquisitive to know what great things he had seen in London. After he had exhausted his fund of curiosities, they were still dissatisfied, and wanted to know if there was not something else. 'O yes,' said he, 'I forgot to tell you, I

called on the king one day.' 'Did you, well how was it?' 'It was one Monday morning; I was going by the palace, and so I thought I would just call in. I knocked at the door, and the king bid me walk in. I opened the door, and there sat an elderly looking man, in a great arm chair, reading a newspaper. I told him my name was Green, of the town of Fairfield, in Connecticut, was going past, and thought I would just give him a call. Well he was glad to see me, and inquired how all the good folks in Fairfield did. I told him they were well and hearty. He said he would have introduced me to the queen, but it was washing day, (Monday is always washing day in Connecticut,) and she was busy in the kitchen. However, the king made me a good stiff mug of flip, and we drank together like good friends. Well, I sat about half an hour, I guess, and took my hat. I told the king, that if ever he came my way, to be sure and give me a call. He said he would; and invited me to call on him again. And we shook hands and parted.'



CCXCVIII. *The Apostle Elliot and the Indians.*

While Elliot was engaged in translating the Bible into the Indian language, he came to this passage— 'The mother of Sisera looked out at the window and cried through the *lattice*' &c. Not knowing an Indian word to signify lattice, he applied to several of the natives, and endeavored to describe to them what a lattice resembled. He described it as frame work, netting, wicker, or whatever else occurred to him as illustrative;

when they gave him a long barbarous and unpronounceable word, as are many of the words in their language. Some years after, when he had learned their dialect more correctly, he is said to have laughed outright, upon finding that the Indians had given him the true term for eel-pot. 'The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the *eel-pot*.'

CCXCIX. *Rev. Mr. Peabody and the Indian.*

In the course of the Rev. Mr. Peabody of Natick's ministry, there was a long and severe drought, which induced him to offer public prayers for rain. Among others he made use of the following words in one of these prayers. 'May the bottles of heaven be unstopped, and a plentiful supply of rain be poured down upon the thirsty earth.' It very soon began to rain, and so continued for many days in succession, before it ceased; an Indian met Mr. P. and observed, 'I believe them are bottles you talk about, be unstopped and the stopples be lost.'

CCC. *Indian Magistrates.*

The following is handed down as a true copy of a warrant by an Indian Magistrate of Massachusetts.—
'You you big constable, quick you catchum Jeremiah Offscon, strong you holdum, safe you bringum afore me Thomas Waban, Justice Peace.'

When Waban became superannuated, a younger magistrate was appointed to succeed him. Cherishing that respect for age and long experience for which the Indians are remarkable, the new officer waited upon the old one for advice. Having stated a variety of cases and received satisfactory answers, he at length proposed the following—‘When Indians get drunk and quarrel and fight and act like Devil, what you do den?’ ‘Hah! tie um all up, and whip um plaintiff, whip um fendant, and whip um witness.—Quere, can a more equitable rule be adopted, on a like occasion by any nations?’



CCCI. *The Retort courteous.*

The first American vessel that anchored in the river Thames, after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, attracted great numbers to view the stars and stripes in her colours. A British soldier hailed, in a contemptuous tone, ‘from whence came ye, brother Jonathan?’ The boatswain immediately retorted, ‘Straight from Bunker’s hill and Yorktown :—do you understand?’



CCCII. *Profanity Punished.*

Soon after the settlement of Virginia, the celebrated captain John Smith, during the time he was president of the council, conducted a party of men a short distance from Jamestown to cut timber. Among them

were two *gentlemen*, who had been unused to labour. While they were at work, their hands blistered, and the pain of holding their axes was such as to extort an oath at almost every second or third stroke. To put a stop to it, captain Smith directed the oaths each day to be numbered, and at night sentenced each man to have a mug of water for every oath poured into his sleeve. These ablutions had the desired effect; and it was afterwards a rare thing to hear an oath.



CCCIII. *Hang together if you would not hang separately!*

Richard Penn, one of the proprietors, and of all the governors of Pennsylvania, under the old regime, probably the most deservedly popular,—in the commencement of the revolution, (his brother John being at that time governor) was on the most familiar and intimate terms with a number of the most decided and influential whigs; and, on a certain occasion, being in company with several of them, a member of Congress observed, that such was the crisis, ‘they must all *hang together*.’ ‘If you do not, gentlemen,’ said Mr. Penn, ‘I can tell you, that you will be very apt to *hang separately*.’



CCCIV. *The Bullet winged with Fate.*

During the siege of Yorktown, in October, 1781, while the officers of the 76th British regiment were one

day sitting at dinner, the Americans opened a new battery, the first shot from which entered the mess-room, killed lieutenant Robertson on the spot, and lieutenant Shaw and quarter-master Barclay. It also struck the assistant commissary-general Parkins, who happened to dine there on that day. He requested that his *will*, which was in his quarters, but not signed, should be instantly sent for. This was accordingly done; and when it was brought to him, he had sufficient strength to put his hand to it, and to request some of the officers to sign as witnesses, when he expired.



CCCV. *Judicial Integrity.*

Judge Sewall, of Massachusetts, who died in 1760. went one day into a hatter's shop, in order to purchase a pair of second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple. 'What is your price?' said the judge. 'If they will answer your purpose,' replied the other, 'you may have them and welcome.' The judge upon hearing this, laid them down, and bowing, was leaving the shop; upon which the hatter said to him, 'Pray sir, your honor has forgotten the principal object of your visit.' 'By no means,' answered the judge; 'if you please to set a price I am ready to purchase: but ever since it has fallen to my lot to occupy a seat in the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving to the value of a single copper, lest at some future period of my life, it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgement.'

CCCVI. *Heroic Exploit of Peter Francisco.*

While the British army were spreading havoc and desolation all around them, by their plundering and burnings in Virginia, in 1781, Peter Francisco, an American trooper, had been reconnoitring, and whilst stopping at the house of a Mr. Wand, in Amelia county, nine of Tarleton's cavalry coming up with three negroes, told him he was a prisoner. Seeing himself overpowered by numbers, he made no resistance; and believing him to be very peaceable, they all went into the house, leaving the paymaster and Francisco together. He demanded his watch, money, &c., which being delivered to him, in order to secure his plunder, he put his sword under his arm, with the hilt behind him. While in the act of putting a silver buckle in his pocket, Francisco, finding so favourable an opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped one pace in his rear, drew the sword with force from under his arm and instantly gave him a blow across the scull. 'My enemy,' observed Francisco, 'was brave, and though severely wounded, drew a pistol, and, in the same moment that he pulled the trigger, I cut his hand nearly off. The bullet grazed my side. Ben Wand (the man of the house) very ungenerously brought out a musket, and gave it to one of the British soldiers, and told him to make use of that. He mounted the only horse they could get, and presented it at my breast. It missed fire. I rushed on the muzzle of the gun. *A short struggle ensued.* I disarmed and wounded him. Tarleton's troop of *four hundred* men were in sight. All was hurry and confusion, which

I increased by repeatedly hallooing, as loud as I could, *Come on, my brave boys; now's your time; we will soon despatch these few, and then attack the main body!* The wounded man flew to the troop; the others were panic struck, and fled. I seized Wand, and would have despatched him, but the poor wretch begged for his life; he was not only an object of my contempt, but pity. The eight horses that were left behind, I gave him to conceal for me. Discovering Tarleton had despatched ten more in pursuit of me, I made off. I evaded their vigilance. They stopped to refresh themselves. I, like an old fox, doubled, and fell on their rear. I went the next day to Wand for my horses; he demanded two, for his trouble and generous intentions. Finding my situation dangerous, and surrounded by enemies where I ought to have found friends, I went off with my six horses. I intended to have avenged myself of Wand at a future day, but Providence ordained I should not be his executioner, for he broke his neck by a fall from one of the very horses.'



CCCVII. *Frank Lilly.**

* Jonathan Riley was a sergeant in the — regiment, had served under Gen. Amherst in the old French war, and was with the provincials at the taking of Havana. This man was often selected for dangerous and trying situations; and his uniform courage and presence of

* We are indebted to an old soldier, a correspondent of the New Hampshire Historical Collection for this anecdote. It is given in his own words.

mind insured him success. He was at length placed on a recruiting station, and in a short period enlisted a great number of men. Among his recruits was Frank Lilly, a boy about 16 years of age, a weak and puny lad, who would not, perhaps, have passed muster, were we not greatly in want of men. The soldiers made this boy the butt of their ridicule, and many a sorry joke was uttered at his expense. They told him to *swear his legs*, in other words to get them insured. Yet there was something about him interesting, and at times he discovered a spirit beyond his years. To this boy, for some unknown cause, Riley became greatly attached, and seemed to pity him from the bottom of his heart. Often on our long and fatiguing marches, dying almost from want, harassed incessantly by the enemy, did Riley carry the boy's knapsack for miles, and many a crust for the poor wretch was saved from his scanty allowance. ~~But Frank Lilly's~~ resolution was once the cause of saving the whole detachment. The American army was encamped at Elizabethtown. The soldiers stationed about four miles from the main body, near the bay that separated the continent from Staten-Island, forming an advance picket guard, were chosen from a southern regiment, and were continually deserting. It was a post of some danger, as the young ambitious British officers, or experienced sergeants, often headed parties that approached the shore in silence, during the night, and attacked our outposts. Once they succeeded in surprising and capturing an officer and twenty men, without the loss of a man on their part. Gen.

Washington determined to relieve the forces near the bay, and our regiment was the one from which the selection was made. The arrangement of our guard, as near as I can recollect, was as follows :

A body of 250 men were stationed a short distance inland. In advance of these were several outposts, consisting of an officer and thirty men each. The sentinels were so near as to meet in their rounds, and were relieved in every two hours.—It chanced, one dark and windy night, that Lilly and myself were sentinels on adjoining posts. All the sentinels were directed to fire on the least alarm, and retreat to the guard, where we were to make the best defence we could, until supported by the detachment in our rear. In front of me was a strip of woods, and the bay was so near that I could hear the dashing of the waves. It was near midnight, and occasionally a star to be seen through the flying clouds. The hours passed heavily and cheerlessly away. The wind at times roared through the adjoining woods with astonishing violence. In a pause of the storm, as the wind died suddenly away, and was heard only moaning at a distance, I was startled by an unusual noise in the woods before me. Again I listened attentively, and imagined that I heard the heavy tread of a body of men, and the rattling of cartridge boxes. As I met Lilly, I informed him of my suspicions. All had been quiet in the rounds, but he would keep a good watch, and fire on the least alarm. We separated, and I had marched but a few rods, when I heard the following conversation. ‘Stand.’ The answer was from

a speaker rapidly approaching, and in a low constrained voice. 'Stand yourself, and you shall not be injured. If you fire, you are a dead man. If you remain where you are, you shall not be harmed. If you move, I will run you through.'

Scarcely had he spoken, when I saw the flash, and heard the report of Lilly's gun. I saw a black mass rapidly advancing, at which I fired, and with all the sentinels retreated to the guard, consisting of thirty men, commanded by an ensign. An old barn had served them for a guard-house, and they barely had time to turn out, and parade in the road, as the British were getting over a fence within six rods of us, to the number of eighty, as we supposed. We fired upon them, and retreated in good order towards the detachment in the rear. The enemy, disappointed of their expected prey, pushed us hard, but we were soon reinforced, and they in their turn were compelled to retreat, and we followed them at their heels to the boats. We found the next morning that poor Frank Lilly, after discharging his musket, was followed so close by the enemy that he was unable to get over a fence, and he was run through with a bayonet. It was apparent, however, that there had been a violent struggle. But in front of his post was a British non-commissioned officer, one of the best formed men I ever saw, shot directly through the body. He died in great agonies, as the ground was torn up with his hands, and he had literally bitten the dust. We discovered long traces of blood, but never knew the extent of the enemy's loss. Poor Riley took

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Lilly's death so much to heart that he never afterwards was the man he previously had been. He became indifferent, and neglected his duty. There was something remarkable in the manner of his death. He was tried for his life, and sentenced to be shot. During the trial and subsequently, he discovered an indifference truly astonishing. On the day of his execution, the fatal cap was drawn over his eyes, and he was caused to kneel in front of the whole army. Twelve men were detailed for the purpose of executing him, but a pardon had been granted, unknown to Riley, in consequence of his age and services; they had no cartridges. The word 'ready' was given, and the cocking of guns could be distinctly heard. At the word 'fire,' Riley fell dead upon his face, when not a gun had been discharged.

It was said that Frank Lilly was the fruit of one of Riley's old love affairs with a beautiful and unfortunate girl. There was a sad story concerning her fate; but I am old now, and have forgotten it.



CCCVIII. *West, a Soldier.*

When a very young man, West deviated into a course not at all professional—he became a soldier, and, joining the troops of General Forbes, proceeded in search of the relics of that gallant army lost in the desert by the unfortunate General Braddock. To West and his companions were added a select body of Indians; these again were accompanied by several officers of the Old

Island Watch—the well known forty-second—commanded by the most anxious person of the detachment, Major ~~St.~~ Peter Halket, who had lost his father and brother in that unhappy expedition. Though many months had elapsed since the battle, and though time, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and the wild men more savage than they, had done their worst, Halket was not without hopes of finding the remains of his father and brother, as an Indian warrior assured him that he had seen an elderly officer drop dead beneath a large and remarkable tree, and a young subaltern, who hastened to his aid, fall mortally wounded across the body. After a long march through the woods they approached the fatal valley. They were affected at seeing the bones of men, who, escaping wounded from invisible enemies, had sunk down and expired as they leaned against the trees; and they were shocked to see in other places the relicks of their countrymen mingled with the ashes of savage bivouacks. When they reached the principal scene of destruction, the Indian guide looked anxiously round, darted into the wood, and in a few seconds raised a shrill cry. Halket and West hastened to the place—the Indian pointed out the tree—a circle of soldiers was drawn round it, whilst others removed the leaves of the forest which had fallen since the fight. They found two skeletons—one laying across the other—Halket looked at the skulls—said faintly, ‘it is my father!’ and dropped senseless in the arms of his companions. On recovering, he said, ‘I know who it is, by that artificial tooth.’ They dug a grave in the

desert, covered the bones with a Highland plaid, and interred them reverently. This scene, at once picturesque and pious, made a lasting impression on the artist's mind. After he had painted the death of Wolfe, he proposed the finding of the bones of the Halkets, as an historical subject; and describing to Lord Grosvenor the gloomy wood, the wild Indians, the passionate grief of the son, and the sympathy of his companions, said, he conceived it would form a picture full of dignity and sentiment.

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CCCIX. *Why should I fear?*

A chief of the Creek Indians, having been appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with the citizens of South Carolina, and having met the proper authorities for that purpose, was desired by the governor to speak his mind freely and without reserve; for, as he was among his friends, he need not be 'afraid.' 'I will, said he, 'speak freely; I will not be *afraid*. Why should I be *afraid* among my friends, who am never *afraid* among my enemies.'

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CCCX. *Humanity of General Jackson.*

'During the Creek war, after one of the battles, an Indian child was found sucking the breast of his dead mother! The scene was truly affecting, and dictated the course that he, who has been charged by the tongue of calumny, as possessing a soul of iron, and a tiger's

disposition, should pursue. At first, he endeavored to procure a squaw to relieve the wretched infant, but all to whom he applied refused, with this excuse, that as all his relations were killed, it would be better to knock him in the head! Further application being in vain, he took the little orphan under his immediate protection, and after the campaign, brought him home, introduced him into his family, and is now educating him.'

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CCCXI. *Captain Dudley.*

John D——, of Deerfield, a descendant of Rev. Mr. D——, of E——, was a captain in the militia. He was an old bachelor, had an old maid for a house keeper, and tilled his ground like an honest man. He was acquainted with Gov. Wentworth, and frequently called upon him, when at Portsmouth, that he might tell his rustic neighbors how *thick* he was with his Excellency. To add to his importance, he once invited the Governor to call upon him at Deerfield, on his way into the country; and the Governor promised to do so. The Captain expected the visit some time in a certain week, and kept near his house, busily employed as usual. One very warm day, his house-keeper came puffing into the field, to inform him that a grand carriage, which must be the Governor's, was at a little distance. The Captain ran into the house, and had hardly time to slip on his military red coat and cocked hat, ere his Excellency drove up. With his trusty sword in hand, D—— ran into the street, and assuming a true cap-

tain-like strut, paid a martial salute to his Excellency, who, on beholding him, burst out into a hearty laugh. This rather discomposed the man of the sword; but he was put to immediate flight by the following speech of the Governor. ‘Capt. Dudley, I am glad to see you; but think your appearance as a military man would be somewhat improved, if you were to add to your uniform a *pair of breeches!*’—an article, which the good Captain, in his haste to pay his respect to the Governor, had entirely forgotten.

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CCCXII. *Indian Shrewdness.*

When General Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down on a log; he was then desired to move, and in a few minutes to move still farther; the request was repeated till the General got to the end of the log. The Indian said, ‘Move farther.’ To which the General replied, ‘I can move no farther.’ ‘Just so it is with us,’ said the chief; ‘you have moved us back to the water, and then ask us to move farther.’

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CCCXIII. *Colonel Ethan Allen.*

On the 10th of May, 1775, colonel Ethan Allen, of Vermont, with a number of volunteers, took possession of Ticonderoga, the garrison of which was commanded by a captain, who, apprehending no danger, and being what no commander ought to be at any time, negligent

and remiss in his duty, permitted Allen, who was acquainted at the place, the use of nearly half the garrison, to aid him in the removal of certain goods. These he supplied so plentifully with liquor, that they were rendered incapable of any duty by the time he had done with them. In the night, Allen entered the fort, and demanded the delivery of it. The commandant asking by what authority he required him to surrender, Allen replied, '*I demand it in the name of the great Jehovah, and the continental Congress.*'



CCCXIV. *Indian Mendacity.*

Of all the vices incident to the aborigines of this country, from their intercourse with the whites, that of lying is, probably, not among the least. Some years anterior to the independence of the United States, one Tom Hyde, an Indian famous for his cunning, went into a tavern in Brookfield, Massachusetts, and after a little chat told the landlord he had been hunting, and had killed a fine fat deer, and if he would give him a quart of rum, he would tell him where it was. Mine host unwilling to let slip so good an opportunity of obtaining venison, immediately struck the bargain and measured the Indian his quart of rum, at the same time asking where the deer was to be found. 'Well,' says Tom, 'do you know where the great meadow is?' 'Yes.' 'Well, do you know the great marked maple tree that stands in it?' 'Yes.' 'Well, there lies the deer.' Away posted the landlord with his team, in

quest of his purchase. He found the meadow and the tree, it is true; but all his searching after the deer was fruitless, and he returned home no heavier than he went, except in mortification and disappointment. Some days after, mine host met the Indian, and feeling indignant at the deception practised on him, accused him in no gentle terms of the trick. Tom heard him out—and, with the coolness of a stoic, replied—‘Did you not find the meadow, as I said?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘And the tree?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘And the deer?’ ‘No.’ ‘Very good,’ continued he, ‘you found *two truths for one lie, which is very well for an Indian.*’

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CCCXV. *A profitable Subscriber.*

When Mr. Holt, a printer, established his newspaper in New York, 1766, a person in the vicinity of Albany, who was wealthy, but celebrated for his narrow, penurious disposition, became one of his earliest subscribers. At the end of the first year, the editor sent his account for the yearly subscription, urging a request that it might be settled the first convenient opportunity. No answer, however, came. The bills were sent regularly for *eighteen* years, but with the same success; till at length Mr. Holt, as may well be supposed, got out of all patience with his customer, had the whole account made out and sent to him; adding to the foot thereof, that if it was not *immediately* paid, he would put it in suit, and discontinue sending any more newspapers.

The subscriber having read over the account, exclaimed, with a disdainful sneer,—‘*What an ungrateful puppy*’ *I was one of the first that encouraged his paper, by subscribing ;—have continued it ever since ;—and this is the return he makes me.*”

CCCXVI. *General Prescott.*

The British General, Prescott, who was captured at his quarters on Rhode Island by Col. Barton, being on his route through the State of Connecticut, called at a tavern to dine. The landlady furnished the table with a dish of suckatash, boiled corn and beans. The General being unaccustomed to such kind of food, with much warmth exclaimed, ‘What ! do you treat us with the food of hogs ?’ and, taking the dish from the table, strewed the contents over the floor. The landlord being informed of this, soon entered, and with his horse, whip, gave the General a severe chastisement. The sequel of this story has recently been communicated by a gentleman at Nantucket, who retains a perfect recollection of all the circumstances. After Gen. Prescott was exchanged and restored to his command on the Island, the Inhabitants of Nantucket deputed Wm. Rotch, Dr. Tupper, and Timothy Folger to negotiate some concerns with him in behalf of the town. They were for some time refused admittance to his presence, but the Dr. and Folger overcame the opposition, and ushered themselves into the room. Prescott raged and stormed with great vehemence, until Folger was com-

pelled to withdraw. After the Dr. announced his business, and the General had become a little calm, he said, 'Was not my treatment to Folger very uncivil?' The Dr. said yes. Then said Prescott, 'I will tell you the reason: He looked so much like a Connecticut man, that horse-whipped me, that I could not endure his presence.'

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CCCXVII. *Voice of Conscience.*

Mr. J. Taygart was elected a Senator from the county of Columbiana to the second General Assembly of the State of Ohio. He appeared and made the necessary oaths, and took his seat; in a few days he became melancholy which soon progressed to insanity. In his insane ravings he disclosed that he was not thirty years of age when he took the oath of office and his seat; and that his conscience upbraided him with the commission of perjury, in taking an oath to support the constitution, and at the same moment taking a seat in violation of its provisions. From this insanity he never recovered, and survived its commencement but a few months.

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CCCXVIII. *Yankee Doodle and the Scotch Fiddle.*

A small party being assembled last year at the British embassy, at Brussels, several musical amateurs undertook to entertain the company. Among others, a young lady, a native of Scotland, sung several ballads with great taste; a favour which she afterwards invali-

dated by persecuting the various persons present, to replace her at the piano. The American Minister, who, by his age and station, should have been secured from her flippant solicitations, became at length the object of her pert *persiflage*, and vainly attempted to extricate himself, by assuring Miss —— that he was no musician ; that he could not sing, and was not master of a single stanza. “ At least,” persisted the young lady, with singular ill-breeding, “ you can favor us with your national anthem of Yankee Doodle ?” — “ Certainly,” replied Mr. H——, on condition that you oblige me with an accompaniment on your national instrument, “ *the Scotch Fiddle !*”

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CCCXIX. *Charming Nancy.*

“ They griev’d for those who perish’d in the cutter,
“ And also for the biscuit, cakes, and butter.”

These lines from Byron’s *Don Juan*, placed, as they are, at the conclusion of one of the most pathetic descriptions of human suffering which the genius of man ever portrayed, have been loudly and justly censured. But the total want of feeling they were (to give a charitable construction) intended to hold up to ridicule, is sometimes exhibited in real life. An anecdote may serve as an illustration.

Before the Connecticut schooners were forbidden the liberty of carrying corn brooms, onions and poultry to the West-Indies, one Joe Swain resolved to go to sea ; and accordingly proceeded to New-London, and ship-

ped as a green hand on board the *Charming Nancy*, for Barbadoes and a market. The whole of the family, father, mother, brothers and sisters, were concerned in an adventure of fowls committed to his charge. On the passage home, in a violent gale Joe fell overboard, and all attempts to save him were vain. The vessel arrived at New London: the father of the unfortunate sailor repaired to the sea-shore to meet his son, and learn the result of the family speculation. The *Charming Nancy* was riding at anchor, her colours streaming mournfully from half mast. He hailed her from the beach—"Halloo, there—is that the *Charming Nancy*?"—"Aye, aye, sir!" "Is there one Joe Swain aboard there?" "No, he's drowned!" "Drowned?" "Yes, drowned, I tell you." "Fowls drowned too?"



CCCXX. *General Forbes and Shrewdness of Conrad Weiser.*

In the expedition against the French and Indians, on the Ohio, in the year 1758, General Forbes, who commanded the British and Americans, was reduced so low, by his infirmities, as to be carried in a litter. The Indians, who observed it, were astonished that a warrior could not walk: this dissatisfied them so much with their commander, that they strongly remonstrated against serving under him. Their old friend, Conrad Weiser, in order to appease them, made the following shrewd observation, which not only discovers great acuteness of mind, but a profound knowledge of the

Indian character :—"This man," said he, "is so terrible in war, that we are obliged to confine him, and let him write his orders ; for if he was let loose on the world, he would deluge it with blood."



CCCXXI. *Indian mode of getting a Wife.*

An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much of his time among the white people both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one day, about the year 1770, observed, that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a *good* one ; ' for (said he in his broken English) ' white man court—court—may be one whole year !—may be two before he marry !—well !—may be then get *very good* wife—but, may be *not*—may be *very cross* ! Well now, suppose cross ! Scold so soon as get awake in the morning ! Scold all day ! Scold until sleep !—all one ; he must keep *him* ! White people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be *he* ever so cross ! must keep *him* always ! Well ? how does Indian do ? Indian when he see industrious squaw, which *he* like, he go to *him*, place his two fore-fingers close aside each other, make two look like one—look squaw in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one *he* say, yes ! so he take *him* home—no danger *he* be cross ! no ! no ! Squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* be cross !—throw *him* away and take another ! Squaw love to eat meat ! no husband ! no meat ! Squaw do every thing to please husband ; he do the same to please squaw ! live happy !'

CCCXXII. *Anecdote of a negro slave.*

A poor ignorant negro came to a minister, with a melancholy and dejected look, and desired him to come and baptize his master again.—‘Why, Sambo,’ replied the minister, ‘what is the matter with your master?’ ‘O, my massa ben one good massa when you baptize afore; but now he forget all his religion, and scold and vex, and whip poor negro!’

What a cutting reproof does this convey to all those who having been ‘buried by baptism into the death of Christ,’ are nevertheless not ‘walking in newness of life.’ The *lives* of professors are books, which the most ignorant, and the most depraved, can read and understand.

CCCXXIII. *Tyrants the Enemies of Knowledge.*

Sir William Berkley, who was governor of Virginia thirty-eight years, in his answer to the inquiries of the lords of the committee for the colonies in 1671, sixty-four years after the settlement of the province, says, ‘I thank God, we have not free schools, nor printing; and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them, and libels against the government. God keep us from both.’ Lord Effingham, who was appointed governor in 1683, was ordered expressly, ‘to allow no person to use a printing press, on any occasion whatsoever;’ and, though no act of the legislature can be found prohibit-

ing the press in Virginia, such was the influence of the governors as to be sufficient without it; for until 1766, there was but one printing office in the colony, and that was supposed to be entirely under the control of the governor.

CCCXXIV. *The Best Road in America.*

A Bostonian, shortly after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, met a British officer at a coffee-house in the city of London, when the conversation turned on America. The son of Mars observed, there was nothing in America like St. James' Park. 'Oh yes,' said the Yankee, 'we have as fine a *common*, and as elegant a *mall* in Boston, as any you can boast of, I'll assure you.' 'Well,' asked the other, 'is the country thickly inhabited, and have you good roads?' 'Yes.' 'Well, which do you call the best?' 'Why,' replied the American, 'we *reckon* the road leading from *Saratoga* in New York, to *Yorktown* in Virginia, the best roads in America.' No further inquiries on the subject were made.

CCCXXV. *Early Heroism of Washington.*

Governor Dinwiddie having informed the assembly of Virginia, on the first of November 1753, that the French had erected a fort on the Ohio, where Pittsburg now stands, it was resolved to send a message to M. St. Pierre, the commander, to claim that country as belong-

ing to his Britannic Majesty, and to order him to withdraw. Mr. Washington, the future father of his country, a young gentleman just arrived at age, offered his services on this important and hazardous mission. The distance from Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, was upwards of 400 miles; more than one half of which was through a trackless and howling desert, inhabited by cruel and merciless savages; and the season was uncommonly severe. Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, Mr. Washington, attended by one companion only, set out upon this arduous and dangerous enterprise; travelled from Winchester on foot, carrying his provisions on his back, executed his commission, and after incredible hardships, and many providential escapes, returned safe to Williamsburg, and gave an account of his negotiation to the assembly the 14th day of February following.



CCCXXVI. *The Cabin Boy, or the Unfortunate Blaze.*

Early in the year 1777, as a British frigate was cruising between New York and Delaware Bay, she captured an American sloop, bound from St. Eustatia to Philadelphia, by a singular accident. At three in the morning, says the narrator, (a British officer) a blazing light, apparently close to us, was discerned through a dense fog: the helm was instantly put up, and in two minutes we were along side of the sloop. No sooner had the crew been brought on board the frigate, than

they assailed the cabin-boy, and would have handled him very roughly, if we had not interfered. Having, it may be conjectured, his mind strongly impressed with his customary morning task, he had risen in his sleep, struck a light, and kindled the wood-shavings he had laid over night in the grate for cooking. But for this sudden illumination, our Yankee guests might have taken their breakfasts in their own way, on board their sloop, instead of being indebted to the *tarnation tories*, as they styled us, for one they could little relish. Having delivered her of a few puncheons of rum, continued the writer, ‘as we had caught her *in a blaze*, she was sentenced to be *burnt* ;’ her crew remaining on board the frigate as prisoners of war !



CCCXXVII: *Judge Sewall and Governor Dudley.*

Riches may be entailed, and nobility may become hereditary. Wit and wisdom can never be made their looms. There are few names more respectable among the patriarchs of Massachusetts, than Governor Dudley and Judge Sewall ; yet the former had a daughter, who could scarce keep out of fire and water, and the latter a son of equal abilities. The prudence of the old gentlemen intermarried these wiseacres. In due time after the marriage, Judge Sewall, then sitting at the Council board in Boston, received a letter informing him that his daughter-in-law was delivered of a fine son : he communicated the billet to the Governor, who, after perusing it, observed, with an arch severity, ‘ Brother Sew-

all, I am thinking how we shall contrive to prevent this grandson of ours from being as great a fool as his father.' "I believe," retorted Judge Sewall, "I believe we must not let him suck his mother."



CCCXXVIII. *Origin of the Name of the Ship "Le Bon Homme Richard."*

The late Capt. John Paul Jones, at the time he was attempting to fit out a little squadron during the Revolutionary War, in one of the ports of France, to cruise on the coast of England, was much delayed by neglects and disappointments from the Court, that had nearly frustrated his plan. Chance one day threw into his hands an old Almanack, containing *Poor Richard's Maxims*, by Dr. Franklin. In that curious assemblage of useful instructions, a man is advised, "if he wishes to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed, to go and do it himself;—otherwise to send." Jones was immediately struck upon reading this maxim, with the impropriety of his past conduct in only sending letters and messages to Court, when he ought to have gone in person. He instantly set out, and by dint of personal representation procured the immediate equipment of the squadron, which afterwards spread terror along the Eastern coasts of England, and with which he so gloriously captured the *Serapis*, and the British ships of war returning from the Baltic. In gratitude to Dr. Franklin's maxim, he named the principal ship of his squadron after the name of the pretended almanack maker, *Le Bon Homme Richard*, Father Richard.

CCCXXIX. *Capture of Gen. Prescott.*

In the month of November, 1776, Major General Lee was surprised and taken prisoner, by a detachment of British troops. With a view to procure the exchange of that valuable officer, William Barton, then a Major in the Rhode Island line, in the service of the continental Congress, and one of the most daring and patriotic soldiers of the revolution, projected the bold and adventurous expedition which is the subject of the following narrative.

Some months elapsed after the capture of General Lee, before an opportunity offered of effecting the object which Major Barton had in view. In the month following that of the capture of Gen. Lee, the enemy took possession of the islands of Rhode-Island, Canonicut, and Prudence. Major Barton was then stationed at Tiverton, and for some months anxiously watched the motions of the enemy, with but feeble prospect of obtaining the opportunity he desired.

At length, on the 20th June, 1777, a man by the name of Coffin, who made his escape from the British, was seized by some of the American troops and carried to Major Barton's quarters. Major Barton availed himself of the opportunity to inquire respecting the disposition of the British forces.—Coffin on examination, stated that Major General Richard Prescott had established his head quarters on the west side of Rhode-Island, and described minutely the situation of the house in which he resided, which he said was owned by a Mr. Pering. His account was a few days after

corroborated by a deserter from the ranks of the enemy. Major Barton was now confirmed in his belief of the practicability of effecting his favorite object:—but serious obstacles were first to be encountered and removed. Neither his troops, nor their commander, had been long inured to service; and the intended enterprise was of a nature as novel as it was hazardous. Besides, Major Barton was aware that the undertaking, should it prove unsuccessful, would be pronounced rash and unadvised, and, in its consequences, though his life might be preserved, be followed by degradation and disgrace. Moreover, to involve in the consequences of an enterprise, devised and undertaken without previous consultation with his superiors in rank, the interest and perhaps the lives of a portion of his brave countrymen, was a subject that excited reflections calculated to damp the ardor and appal the courage of the bravest minds. Still, however, upon mature reflection, aided by a consciousness that its only motive was the interest of his country, he resolved to hazard his reputation and his life in the attempt.

The regiment to which Major Barton was attached, was commanded by Col. Stanton, a respectable and wealthy farmer in Rhode-Island, who, in the spirit of the times, had abandoned the culture of his farm and the care of his family, and put at hazard his property and his life in defence of his country. To this gentleman, Major Barton communicated his plan, and solicited permission to carry it into execution. Col. Stanton readily authorized him “to attack the enemy when

and where he pleased." Several officers in the confidence of Major Barton, were then selected from the regiment for the intended expedition, on whose abilities and bravery he could rely :—these were, Capt. Samuel Phillips, Lieut. Joshua Babcock, Ensign Andrew Stanton, and John Wilcock. (Captain — Adams subsequently volunteered his services, and took an active part in the enterprise.) These gentlemen were informed by Major Barton, that he had in contemplation an enterprise which would be attended with great personal hazard to himself and his associates ; but which, if success attended it, would be productive of much advantage to the country. Its particular object, he stated would be seasonably disclosed to them. It was at their option to accept or decline his invitation to share with him in the dangers, and, as he trusted, in the glory that would attend the undertaking. The personal bravery of Major Barton had been previously tested ; and such was the confidence and esteem which he had acquired among the officers under his command, that without insisting upon a previous developement of his plans, his proposal was immediately accepted. Major Barton experienced more difficulty in obtaining the necessary number of boats, as there were but two in the vicinity. But this difficulty, though it caused a few day's delay, was at length obviated, and five whale boats were procured and fitted for service. Major Barton had purposely postponed procuring the necessary number of men until the last moment, from an apprehension that their earlier selection might excite suspicion,

and defeat the object of their enterprise. Desirous that this little band might be composed entirely of volunteers, the whole regiment was now ordered upon parade. In a short, but animated address, Major Barton informed the soldiers that he projected an expedition against the enemy, which could be effected only by the heroism and bravery of those who should attend him; that he desired the voluntary assistance of about forty of their number, and directed those "who would hazard their lives in the enterprise, to advance two paces in front." Without one exception, or a moment's hesitation, the whole regiment advanced. Major Barton, after bestowing upon the troops the applause they merited, and stating that he required the aid of but a small portion of their number, commenced upon the right, and passing along the lines, selected from the regiment to the number of thirty-six, those who united to bravery and discipline a competent knowledge of seamanship, for the management of the boats. Having thus obtained an adequate number of officers and men, and every thing being ready, the party on the 4th of July, 1777, embarked from Tiverton for Bristol. While crossing Mount Hope Bay, there arose a severe storm of thunder and rain, which separated three boats from that of their commander. The boat containing Major Barton, and one other, arrived at Bristol soon after midnight. Major Barton proceeded to the quarters of the commanding officer, where he found a deserter who had just made his escape from the enemy at Rhode-Island. From this man he learned that there had been

no alteration for the last few days in the position of the British. On the morning of the fifth, the remaining boats having arrived, Major Barton, with his officers, went to Hog Island, not far distant from Bristol, and within view of the British encampment and shipping. It was at this place that he disclosed to his officers the particular object of the enterprise, his reasons for attempting it, and the part each was to perform. Upon reconnoitering the position of the enemy, it was thought impracticable, without great hazard of capture, to proceed directly from Bristol to the head quarters of the British General. It was determined, therefore, to make Warwick Neck, a place opposite to the British encampment, but at a greater distance than Bristol, the point from which they should depart immediately for Rhode-Island. The most inviolable secrecy was enjoined upon his officers by Major Barton, and they returned to Bristol.

On the evening of the 6th, about 9 o'clock, the little squadron again sailed, and crossing Narraganset Bay, landed on Warwick Neck. On the 7th, the wind changing to E. N. E. brought on a storm, and retarded their plan. On the 9th, the weather being pleasant, it was determined to embark for the island. The boats were now numbered, and the place of every officer and soldier assigned. At 9 o'clock in the evening, Major Barton assembled his little party around him, and in a short but spirited address, in which were mingled the feelings of the soldier and the man, he disclosed to them the object of the enterprise. He did not attempt

to conceal the danger and difficulties that would inevitably attend the undertaking; nor did he forget to remind them, that should their efforts be followed by success, they would be entitled to, and would receive, the grateful acknowledgements of their country. "It is probable," said he "that some of us may not survive the daring attempt; but I ask you to hazard no dangers which will not be shared with you by your commander; and I pledge to you my honor, that in every difficulty and danger I will take the lead." He received the immediate and unanimous assurance of the whole party, that they would follow wherever their beloved commander should lead them. Major Barton then reminding them how much the success of the enterprise depended upon their strict attention to orders, directed that each individual should confine himself to his particular seat in the boat assigned him, and that not a syllable should be uttered by any one. He instructed them, as they regarded their character as patriots and soldiers, that in the hour of danger they should be firm, collected, and resolved fearlessly to encounter the dangers and difficulties that might assail them. He concluded by offering his earnest petition to the Great King of Armies, that he would smile upon their intended enterprise, and crown it with success. The whole party now proceeded to the shore.—Major Barton had reason to apprehend that he might be discovered in his passage from the main to Rhode-Island, by some of the ships of war that lay at a small distance from shore. He therefore directed the commanding officer at Warwick

Neck, that if he heard the report of three distinct muskets, to send boats to the north end of Prudence Island to his aid. The whole party now took possession of the boats in the manner directed. That which contained Major Barton was posted in front, with a pole about ten feet long fixed in her stern, to the end of which was attached a handkerchief, in order that his boat might be distinguished from the others, and that none might go before it. In this manner they proceeded between the Islands of Prudence and Patience, in order that they might not be seen by the shipping of the enemy that lay off against Hope Island. While passing the north end of Prudence Island, they heard from the sentinels on board the shipping of the enemy, the cry of "all's well." As they approached the shore of Rhode-Island, a noise like the running of horses was heard, which threw a momentary consternation over the minds of the whole party; but in strict conformity to the orders issued, not a word was spoken by any one. A moment's reflection satisfied Major Barton of the utter impossibility that his designs could be known by the enemy, and *he pushed boldly for the shore*. Apprehensive that if discovered, the enemy might attempt to cut off his retreat, Major Barton ordered one man to remain in each boat, and be prepared to depart at a moment's warning. The remainder of the party landed without delay. The reflections of Major Barton at this interesting moment, were of a nature the most painful. The lapse of a few hours would place him in a situation in the highest degree gratifying to his ambi-

tion, or overwhelm him in the ruin in which his rashness would involve him. In the solemn silence of night, and on the shores of the enemy, he paused a moment to consider a plan which had been projected and matured amidst the bustle of a camp and in a place of safety. The night was excessively dark, and a stranger to the country, his sole reliance upon a direct and expeditious movement to the head quarters of a British General, so essential to success, rested upon the imperfect information he had acquired from deserters from the enemy ! Should he surprise and secure General Prescott, he was aware of the difficulties that would attend his conveyance to the boat ; the probability of an early and fatal discovery of his design by the troops upon the island ; and even if he should succeed in reaching the boats, it was by no means improbable that the alarm might be seasonably given to the shipping, to prevent his retreat to the main. But regardless of circumstances, which even then would have afforded an apology for a hasty retreat, he resolved at all hazards to attempt the accomplishment of his designs.

To the head quarters of General Prescott, about a mile from the shore, a party in five divisions now proceeded in silence. There was a door on the south, the east and west sides of the house in which he resided. The first division was ordered to advance upon the south door, the second the west, and the third the east, the fourth to guard the road, and the fifth to act on emergencies. In their march, they passed the guard house of the enemy, on their left, and on their right a house

occupied by a company of cavalry, for the purpose of carrying with expedition the orders of the General to remote parts of the island. On arriving at the head quarters of the enemy, as the gate of the front yard was opened, they were challenged by a sentinel on guard. The party was at the distance of twenty five yards from the sentinel, but a row of trees partially concealed them from his view, and prevented him from determining their number. No reply was made to the challenge of the sentinel, and the party proceeded on in silence. The sentinel again demanded, "Who comes there." "Friends," replied Barton. "Friends," says the sentinel, "advance and give the countersign."

Major Barton affecting to be angry, said to the sentinel who was now near him, "Damn you, we have no countersign—have you seen any rascals to-night?" and before the sentinel could determine the character of those who approached him, Major Barton had seized his musket, told him he was a prisoner, and threatened, in case of noise or resistance, to put him to instant death. The poor fellow was so terrified, that upon being demanded if his General was in the house, he was for some time unable to give any answer. At length in a faltering voice, he replied that he was. By this time each division having taken its station, the south door was burst open by the direction of Major Barton, and the division there stationed, with their commander at their head, rushed into the head quarters of the General. At this critical moment, one of the British soldiers effected his escape, and fled to the quarters of

the main guard. This man had no article of clothing upon him but a shirt; and having given the alarm to the sentinel on duty passed on to the quarters of the cavalry which was more remote from the head quarters of the General. The sentinel roused the main guard who were instantly in arms, and demanded the cause of alarm. He stated the information which had been given him by the soldier, which appeared so incredible to the sergeant of the guard that he insisted that he had seen a ghost. The sentinel, to whom the account of the General's capture appeared quite as incredible as to his commanding officer, admitted that the messenger was clothed in white; and after submitting to the jokes of his companions, as a punishment for his credulity, was ordered to resume his station, while the remainder of the guard retired to their quarters. It was fortunate for Major Barton and his brave followers, that the alarm given by the soldier was considered groundless. Had the main guard proceeded without delay to the relief of their commanding General, his rescue certainly, and probably the destruction of the party, would have been the consequence.

The first room Major Barton entered was occupied by Mr. Pering, who positively denied that Gen. Prescott was in the house. He next entered the room of his son, who was equally obstinate with his father in denying that the General was there. Major Barton then proceeded to other apartments, but was still disappointed in the object of his search. Aware that longer delay might defeat the object of his enterprise, Major

Barton resorted to stratagem to facilitate his search. Placing himself at the head of the stairway, and declaring his resolution to secure the General dead or alive, he ordered his soldiers to set fire to the house.—The soldiers were preparing to execute his orders, when a voice, which Major Barton at once suspected to be the General's demanded what's the matter? Major Barton rushed to the apartment from whence the voice proceeded, and discovered an elderly man just rising from his bed, and clapping his hand upon his shoulder, demanded of him if he was General Prescott. He answered "Yes, sir." "You are my prisoner, then," said Major Barton. "I acknowledge that I am," said the General. In a moment, General Prescott found himself half dressed, in the arms of the soldiers, who hurried him from the house. In the mean time Major Barrington, the Aid to General Prescott, discovering that the house was attacked by the Rebels, as the enemy termed them, leaped from the window of his bed-chamber, and was immediately secured a prisoner. General Prescott, supported by Major Barton and one of his officers, and attended by Major Barrington and the sentinel, proceeded, surrounded by the soldiery, to the shore. Upon seeing the five little boats, General Prescott, who knew the position of the British shipping, appeared much confused, and turning to Major Barton, inquired if he commanded the party. On being informed that he did, he expressed a hope that no personal injury was intended him; and Major Barton assured the General of his protection, while he remained under his control.

The General had travelled from head quarters to the shore in his waistcoat, small-clothes and slippers. A moment was now allowed him to complete his dress, while the party were taking possession of the boats. The General was placed in the boat with Major Barton, and they proceeded for the main.

They had not got far from the island, when the discharge of cannon and three sky-rockets gave the signal for alarm. It was fortunate for the party that the enemy on board the shipping were ignorant of the cause of it, who might have easily cut off their retreat. The signal of alarm excited the apprehensions of Major Barton and his brave associates, and redoubled their exertions to reach the point of their destination before they could be discovered. They succeeded, and soon after day-break landed at Warwick Neck, near the point of their departure, after an absence of six hours and a half.

General Prescott turned towards the island, and observing the ships of war, remarked to Major Barton, "Sir, you have made a damn'd bold push to-night." "We have been fortunate," replied the hero. An express was immediately sent forward to Major-General Spencer, at Providence, communicating the success which had attended the enterprise. Not long afterwards a coach arrived, which had been dispatched by General Spencer, to convey General Prescott and his Aide-camp prisoners to Providence. They were accompanied by Major Barton, who related to General Spencer, on their arrival, the particulars of the enterprise,

and received from that officer the most grateful acknowledgements for the signal services he had rendered to his country.

CCCXXX. *Death before Dishonor.*

A number of the citizens belonging to Massachusetts and New York, who had, in the year 1788, purchased of the state of Massachusetts a large tract of land lying westward of New York, and within the territories of the Six Nations, sent a committee into the Indian country, to treat with the natives about a quit claim. The Indians heard of their coming, and supposing them to be another company, who were aiming at the same purchase, sent them word to come no farther, lest they should be involved in trouble. The committee having advanced a considerable distance into their country, were unwilling to retrace their steps without effecting the object of their mission. One of them, major Schuyler, wrote a letter to the commanding officer at fort Niagara, explaining their intentions, and requesting his influence with the Indians in removing their misapprehensions. One of the Indian messengers undertook to carry the letter to Niagara, and bring back the answer. The committee remained where they were. In the mean time major Schuyler was taken sick, and sent towards Albany. The messenger returned; and being asked if he had got a letter in answer to the one he had taken, he told them (through the interpreter) that he had; but looking round, observed, 'I do not

see the man to whom I promised to deliver it.' They informed him of the cause of the major's absence; but told him they were all engaged in the same business, had one heart, and that the letter was intended for them all; and wished he would deliver it. He refused. They consulted among themselves, and offered him fifty dollars, as a reward for his service and an inducement to deliver them the letter. He spurned at their proposal. They again consulted, and concluded as they were sufficiently numerous to overpower him and the other Indians who were present, they would take it by force; but first requested the interpreter to explain to him the whole matter, the difficulty they were in, their loss of time, &c. &c. and their determination to have the letter. As soon as this was communicated to the Indian, he sternly clenched the letter in one hand, drew his knife with the other, and solemnly declared that if they should get the letter by violence, he would not survive the disgrace, but would plunge the knife in his own breast. They desisted from their purpose and reasoned with him again, but he was inflexible. They then asked him if he was willing, after having taken so long a journey, to go a hundred miles farther for the sake of delivering the letter to Major Schuyler. He answered, '*Yes, I do not value fatigue; but, I will never be guilty of a breach of trust.*' Accordingly he went, and had the satisfaction of completing his engagement. The letter was favourable to their views, and they entered into a treaty for the land.

CCCXXXI. *British Gratitude.*

A British frigate sailing up Delaware Bay, in the spring of 1777, descried a vessel making towards them as if they had been *friends*, which, when within reach of the frigate's guns, obeyed the signal and came to. She was the schooner *Raven*, of Nantucket, commanded by captain Jenkins, a Quaker. Scarcely had the British officer, with the boat's crew, boarded and taken possession of the *Raven*, when the frigate struck on Brandywine Shoals. Every means were resorted to, to lighten her and get her off; the water was started from the butts of the upper tier, and it was proposed to throw the guns overboard. In this extremity, the boat's crew returned on board the frigate, where their presence was required; the officer only remaining on board of the prize. Jenkins, the master of the schooner, a powerful man, raised the prize-master in his arms, and held him up, as if he had been an infant: 'Friend,' said he 'I have only to throw thee overboard, and return to Philadelphia; but, I will not take advantage of thy distress. I will go on board the frigate, and act the part of a friend, by using my best endeavours to free her of her peril.' He went, and by his assistance and intelligence, the frigate was once more brought into deep water; which, without his aid, could not have been accomplished.

Captain Jenkins was a man of an uncommonly large stature and athletic make; but mild and gentle in his deportment. He displayed feats of strength on board the frigate which entitled him to a place in the fore-

most rank of those whose surprising muscular powers have acquired them celebrity. Coffin, the mate, possessed a more vigorous mind, and of the two, was the most interesting. This man, without money in his pocket, had landed in Boston, in his early youth, and, penetrating into the interior, had spent several years among the Indian tribes of both Americas, studying their manners, and conforming himself to their usages. He had visited the greater portion of those tribes; and his details respecting them, and what he had seen besides, were a constant fund of entertainment to his enemies, whilst he, as a prisoner, was pining inwardly of griefs. He wore an air of tranquil content, and stifled his sorrows in the efforts he made to contribute to their amusement.

Their schooner had been to Philadelphia with a cargo of dried fish, and was returning with a lading of flour, then much wanted at Nantucket, which is too barren to raise corn. Friend Jenkins, in the simplicity of his heart, supposed that he had merely to relate his artless tale, of the necessities of his fellow-islanders, when he would be allowed to proceed. He did not remind them of the services he had rendered; nor did they think, that but for him, they would have been obliged to be contented with the scanty accommodations of a few small boats. The schooner was old and crazy, and would bring little or nothing in New York, already glutted with prizes of this description; and the gift would have been of minor importance, even with the addition of a part of her cargo, if a feeling of grati-

tude had existed in their minds. But the barbarous usages of war ordered it otherwise. She had carried a supply to an *enemy's* port, and was to be delivered over to the court of vice admiralty at New York. The captain and crew were confined as *prisoners of war*; and before the frigate returned from her next cruise, were *all* swept off by the contagious fever, which then raged in the *jail* of New York!



CCCXXXII. *Kentucky Hams vs. Yankee Nutmegs.*

The Kentucky nation have commenced a rivalry with the Yankee land, in the manufacture of wooden eatables. A merchant in our town,* desirous of procuring a lot of choice Bacon Hams, requested his agent at the Gulf to make the purchase for him from the boats passing down the Mississippi. After many fruitless inquiries of the passing craft, he met with a Kentucky Jonathan, whose loading was composed of the nicest and choicest Hams, all canvassed; and the one which was shown as a sample, looked so well, and tasted so delightfully, that the confiding agent made the purchase on the spot.—The new Jonathan had such an innocent, unsuspected and unsuspecting countenance too—giving forth no scintillations of vivacity, nor evidencing the owner to possess ‘brains above an oyster-shell,’ on any other subject than that of curing bacon—the art of which appeared to be impressed on the brain, as dripings wear the rock, or the knowledge of law and phys-

*Port Gibson, (Miss.)

ic is made available by some members of those honorable professions. Who would suspect him of perpetrating a miscellaneous or original act? Straws shew which way the wind blows: but the human countenance presents a mysterious enigma to the reader. The Hams, when opened, proved to be wood, neatly turned in the shape of a hog's hind leg; and the Kentuckian shewed that he was 'up to a trick or two.' All will agree that he was 'pretty tolerable cute.'

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CCCXXXIII. *A Sailor's Dream.*

Captain N——, of the United States Navy, a highly meritorious officer, was ordered in the year 1819, to take out the flag-ship to the West Indies.— (It was, I* believe, the *Constellation*.) At the island of St. Thomas, several of our vessels of war were to rendezvous; and Commodore Perry would there come on board the *Constellation*, and take the command of the squadron, for the purpose of scouring the pirates from the haunts they infested. Perry had sailed a short time before, in the corvette *John Adams*. Capt. N. sailed on slowly, annoyed by head winds and detained by calms. One night, he dreamed he was standing on his quarter-deck, admiring the view of sea and sky, when he suddenly observed that sort of confusion at the gangway which announces the arrival of a visitor. He looked in that direction, and saw advancing Capt. Gordon, who had died some years before in the Mediterranean service.

* A correspondent of the *New York American*.

He felt, as we usually do, when we dream of the departed, a consciousness that they are dead, yet no surprise to see them alive and performing all the actions of living men—discrepancies that dreams alone can reconcile. Gordon politely saluted him, and then inquired ‘whither he was bound?’ Capt. N. answered, ‘I am going out as Perry’s captain, who will hoist his flag on board at St. Thomas.’ ‘No,’ said Capt. Gordon, ‘that you must not expect to see, for Perry now belongs to *my squadron*; look round, and you will be convinced.’ He then pointed over the side of the ship. Capt. N. looked in the direction designated, and saw what appeared to be an island, with a town and fort: flags of various vessels and of the fort were hoisted half-mast high; minute guns were firing; a vessel lay out in the road, at a distance from the land, also with marks of mourning;—presently, two or three boats shot into view from the side of the vessel nearest the land, containing officers, and rowed slowly by with muffled oars: then another boat with music and muffled drums, playing a dead march; and last of all came a boat with a coffin, covered with black, a military hat and sword lying on it, and surrounded by several officers, seemingly in deep grief. He saw the procession glide with measured strokes towards the town, and plainly heard the mingled sounds of bells ringing, music playing, and the cannon firing. He continued looking, lost in anxiety and wonder, when some accidental noise in the ship aroused him from his sleep. He felt his mind so strongly impressed with this awful dream, that to sleep again

was quite impossible : he lay restless till the morning ; he then assembled his officers, and told them all the particulars—for sailors are proverbially superstitious.—They agreed to put down the day of the month, &c.

After a few days more sailing, they made the island of St. Thomas, where lay the corvette John Adams—a boat soon put off from her, when they were informed that Commodore Perry had died on board, of yellow fever, and been actually buried on shore with a procession of boats, and on the very day of the month on which Capt. N—— had the wonderful dream.

I may have made some unimportant errors in this account of time or place, as it was told to me seven or eight years ago ; but my memory as to the essentials is correct, and I believe I tell it, (without any attempt at making a fine story,) exactly as Capt. N—— told it himself to me.

CCCXXXIV. *The Hau-ton.*

Not an hundred years ago, a leader of the *Hau-ton* wished to be introduced to the Senate of the United States. He went and made his entrance at the side door of the Senate. At that very moment, the full, rapid voice of the Vice President was heard. ‘The Senators in favor of the motion will please to rise.’ Half the Senate rose just as the ‘fashionable’ was entering. ‘Gentlemen,’ said our man of fashion, ‘pray don’t rise—do be seated.’ The voice of the Vice President was again heard putting the negative of the

question, and the other portion of the Senate rose. This mark of condescension overwhelmed the 'leader of the ton.' 'Why really, gentlemen,' said he, 'you do me too much honor—let me beg you to be seated.' When our man of wealth and fashion returned to the banks of the Schuylkill, he told his friends that the Senate of the United States was composed of the politest gentlemen he had ever seen. So they are.

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CCCXXXV. *Pulpit Anecdote.*

A popular preacher, after a pulpit exhibition of his *wit* to a country congregation, had particularly attracted the attention of a boy who was present. On going home to his mother, he exclaimed, 'Well, mother, I shall never forget that preacher—he is the best of all I ever heard!!' 'Why so, my boy?' Oh mother, because he was so *very funny!*' This anecdote, though short, may be a useful hint to ministers who are in the habit of indulging their natural levity in the pulpit.

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CCCXXXVI. *Col. Barton and General Lafayette.*

Colonel Barton, a hero of the American Revolution, after having been immured in prison for debt, during the period of twenty years, in the State of Vermont, was released from his confinement on the fourth of July, 1826, by Marquis Lafayette, who cancelled the claim against his old companion in arms, and thereby afforded him an opportunity of joining in the festivities of the American Independence.

Wake ! for the morning's purple fold
 Is drawn from the orient arch,
 Wake ! for the sun in his robes of gold
 Comes forth on his monarch march ;
 Joy for the cannon's thunderings free
 O'er the echoing mountain sent ;
 Joy for the drum's loud reveille,
 With the clarion's music blent—
 Joy for the millions stirring shout
 On freedom's birth-morn bursting !

But hush—a stern, yet smothered groan
 Steals forth upon the air,
 Deep as the forest's solemn moan,
 When the midnight winds are there.
 Whence comes that note ? a painful jar
 In freedom's swelling chime—
 Why comes it, too, the mirth to mar
 Of this all-joyous time,
 When for earth's proudest jubilee
 Have met the gallant and the free ?

Look to yon rough and massy wall,
 Where joy no music wakes—
 Forth from its melancholy hall
 That startling discord breaks ;
 Pierce to its lone discoloured hold,
 With chill damps circled round ;
 There, like a felon, worn and old,
 The patriot chief lies bound—
 He of the lion hearts, that broke
 In their stern might, oppression's yoke !

Why groans he now, while every tongue
 With gladness overflows,
 Who erst defiance sternly flung
 To freedom's island foes ?
 Why lies he there whose fettered foot

Leapt proud the fight to meet ;
 The foremost in the fierce pursuit,
 Last in the lorn retreat ?
 Has guilt thus bowed that lofty brow ?
 List, for the warrior speaketh now :

'Tis sad that one whose blood has swelled
 Full oft on freedom's plain,
 Should, on this hallowed morn, be held
 By aught of bolt or chain !
 Not that his crimes have reft from him
 The right Heaven gave at birth,
 To tread with bold unshackled limb
 Proudly his native earth ;
 But that he clasps not in his hold
 The worshipp'd dust which men call gold !

' Stand from my grated bars away,
 And let the cheering light
 That beams on this immortal day
 Steal in upon my sight ;
 Ah ! hush the prison court beside,
 That I may catch once more
 My country's pæan burst of pride,
 Trumpet and cannon's roar ;
 Like music on my heart it falls,
 Though heard within these frowning walls.'

But who with quick, yet lofty tread,
 The captive's cell draws nigh ?
 The light of glory on his head,
 Of pity in his eye :
 That port may well beseem a soul,
 For angel actions nursed—
 His name on fame's unfolding scroll
 Shines radiant with the first.
 'Tis Gaul's high chief, whose far felt worth
 Links the wide severed realms of earth,

He speaks—the indignant champion,
 Calmly and yet severe—
 ‘ Here’s gold for that great dishonoured one
 Who holds the freeborn here :
 Look on his aged breast---the scars
 Of glorious fields ye find !—
 Back with the base degrading bars,
 The circling chains unbind !
 I’ve LEARNT to value freedom’s worth—
 Brother in arms and heart---come forth !’

CCCXXXVII. *Senator Talbot, of Kentucky.*

Mr. T. formerly an eloquent Senator from Kentucky, is a man of rare accomplishments, and possessed of the most extraordinary rapidity of utterance.—He had occasion to appear in a case before the Supreme Court, in which his feelings were personally enlisted ; on which occasion, in a speech of impassioned eloquence, of about four hours, his words flew with unusual velocity.—After the adjournment of the Court, the extraordinary utterance of Mr. T. became the topic of remark among the Judges, when Judge Washington, with great gravity, observed, that ‘a person of moderate wishes could hardly desire to live longer than the time it would take him to repeat deliberately that four hour speech of Mr. Talbot.’

CCCXXXVIII. *Henry Clay.*

In the long dispute between the States of Virginia and Kentucky, growing out of what was termed the

‘occupying claimant laws,’ Mr. Clay was retained by Kentucky to maintain her rights before ‘that tribunal in the last resort,’ the Supreme Court of the United States. The then Speaker of the House of Representatives was to appear for the first time before that elevated, dignified and venerable body; and a large concourse of spectators was attracted by a natural curiosity to determine whether the orator of the West would be able to sustain his high reputation upon this new and untried theatre.—When he rose, it was with some slight agitation of manner; but he soon recovered his wonted composure, and held his auditors in admiring attention, while he pronounced a most beautiful eulogium upon the character of the sons of Kentucky. The Judges sat in their black robes of office, sedate and attentive. The late Judge Washington, who was in the habit of indulging himself with an occasional pinch of snuff, had taken out his snuff-box for a little of that titillating restorative; and Mr. Clay, on observing it, instantly stopped, and advancing gracefully to the bench with his thumb and finger extended, participated with the Judge in the refreshment of his nasal organs. As he applied the pinch, he observed, ‘I perceive that your Honor sticks to the Scotch,’ and immediately resuming his stand he proceeded in his argument without the least embarrassment. So extraordinary a step over the usual barrier which separates this Court and the barristers, excited not a little astonishment and admiration among the spectators; and it was afterwards amply remarked by Judge S. in relating the circumstance to a friend, that ‘he did

not believe there was a man in the United States who could have done that, but Henry Clay.'

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CCCXXXIX. *I was just Thinking of it.*

Some fifty years ago—a member of the Legislature of N. H. possessing the same kind of knowledge that multitudes have in these days, to know every thing as soon as intended or suggested by others, was in the habit of following every proposed resolve, with—I was just thinking of it. An arch brother member, to try his wisdom, very gravely proposed a resolve, (being in the time of war, when salt was scarce,) that every farmer should sow a bushel of salt the following year, to raise his own; to which he eagerly seconded the motion, saying—'I was just thinking of it.'

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CCCXL. *A safe Bet for both Parties.*

Two *bloods* recently entered a tavern in New York, where they had frequently resorted, and, calling for a supper and two bottles of champagne, informed their host that they had laid a wager of such repast as they had ordered. They hoped he would wait for his pay until the decision, and then charge the amount to the loser. The landlord assented, and they sat down to a hearty supper. When they had finished, mine host had the curiosity to ask what was the nature of the bet; and he was not a little chagrined when he received for answer that it originated in a dispute as to the direction

the Brick Meeting House steeple would take should it ever fall. The one bet it would fall east, the other west.

CCCXLI. *Good Advice from President Jackson.*

A preacher in the western country, says a writer in the Illinois Gazette, applied to Gen. Jackson for an office of some character. At the time he applied, the General did not know the applicant was a preacher, and he very politely observed to him that he would think of his claims, and weigh them. The preacher saw the General a few days after, and renewed his application. The General in the mean time got information that he was a preacher of the gospel. The General asked him if he was not a preacher of the gospel; he answered he was. Well, said the General, if you discharge the duties of that office, which is better than any I can confer, you will have no time to discharge the duties of any that I can give; you will, therefore, excuse me for advising you to return home, and attend to that, without being burdened with any other, that you may be enabled to account hereafter for your stewardship in this world.

CCCXLII. *The First Quaker.*

An old Indian being at a tavern in New York, met with a gentleman who gave him some liquor; and, becoming lively, boasted that he could read and write English. The gentleman, willing to gratify him in dis-

playing his knowledge, begged leave to propose a question, to which the old man assented. He then asked, 'Who was the first circumcised?' The Indian immediately repelled, 'Father Abraham,'—and directly asked the gentleman 'Who was the first Quaker?' He said it was not quite certain, as people differed very much in their opinions. The Indian perceiving the gentleman unable to resolve his question, put his finger in his mouth, expressive of his astonishment, and looking steadfastly at him for some time, told him, that 'Mordecai was the *first Quaker*, for he would not pull off his hat to *Haman*.'



CCCXLIII. *Unpleasant Mistake.*

The anti-temperance people represent that those grocers, who have relinquished the sale of *ardent spirits*, still continue to sell the *article* under the name of *oil*. A man, who verily believed these representations, called on a temperance grocer for a gill of rum. The grocer replied that he did not sell *Rum*. Very well, said the anti, let me have a gill of your oil. The grocer took a gill measure, filled it with *oil*, and gave it to him. It being evening, and not doubting that it was the very thing he wanted, he drank a considerable portion of it before he discovered his mistake. When he found he was drinking *oil* instead of *rum*, he manifested a good deal of anger towards the grocer, and used some harsh words. The company burst into a roar of laughter.—The grocer told him, he had given him the very thing he called for, and, therefore, he ought not to be angry

with him. The fellow finally concluded it was best to join the company in the laugh, and so let it pass off pleasantly. The above is from so respectable a source, that we cannot doubt its correctness.



CCCXLIV. *George Schaffer and the Salamander Hat.*

Whilst Schaffer was at a tavern in Epping, N. H., he noticed a raw looking would-be-dandy sort of a fellow, strutting about, with all the consequence allowable to persons who wear new hats and fine clothes; and thinking this to be a fine opportunity for enjoying a little sport at the bumkin's expense, he accordingly addressed himself in a very respectful manner to the fellow in the following words:—'A beautiful hat that of yours, sir: pray, young gentleman, if I may be so bold, what did you give for that hat?'—'Eight dollars,' said the fellow, with an air of consequence. 'But *eight* dollars? Indeed, sir! Why I pretend to know something about hats, being a hatter myself,—and I consider that hat to be as much worth *twenty* dollars, as the one I wear myself, which I gave twenty-five for, by the gross. Why, sir, they are very scarce—very few of the *salamander* hats imported now-a-days.' 'What are they?—*salamander* hats?' said the fellow. 'To be sure,' said Schaffer, 'did you never hear of the *salamander* hats, which are made of a substance called *Asbestos*, which resists the action of heat?—so that if you should leave one in the fire *an hour*, it wouldn't burn.'

‘What,’ said the fellow, ‘won’t my hat burn, if I should go to stick it into that are grate?’ ‘Burn!’ bellowed Schaffer, staring in his peculiar manner, ‘to be sure the *salamander* hats never burn!’ ‘What will you bet, now, that my hat won’t burn?’ said the fellow, taking off his hat and examining it. ‘Bet?’ said Schaffer, ‘I never bet! yet, as I am *positive* in this case, I shall bet a glass of pop, that that hat, (as it is a *salamander* hat,) won’t burn, if you should leave it in the fire *two minutes*.’ — ‘You’ll bet that my hat won’t burn, if I should go to poke it in *that are grate*?’ ‘Yes,’ replied Schaffer. ‘Done,’ said the other, and immediately thrusting his hat into the grate, (which was well filled with Lehigh) he had the satisfaction of seeing it consumed in less time than was stipulated in the bet; while he was prevented from rescuing it by the company, who affirmed that they would see no cheating in the matter, and that the hat should remain the appointed time. After the hat was consumed, Schaffer turning round, said in a melancholy manner, ‘Here, landlord, give the young gentleman *a glass of pop*—I’ve lost my bet!’



CCCXLV. *The Moral Sense.*

Mr. Everett, in his speech against the Indian bill, introduced official statements that the Indians who had emigrated west of the Mississippi, were in a destitute and suffering condition; so much so, indeed, that the living child had often been buried with the dead mother, for want of sustenance. Mr. Lewis, of Alabama, said that

the gentleman's appeal to the sympathy of the house, reminded him of an old maid, of his acquaintance, who pitied a goose, because it had to go barefoot in winter. Mr. Everett replied, that he could see no resemblance between the two cases ;—and if the honorable member could do so, he envied him neither his discernment nor his humanity.

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CCCXLVI. *Building Horses.*

Not many years ago, a pair of miserably lean horses that looked as though the next gust of wind would take them into the air, and who were already waiting to have their *understanding* secured by a few nails, attracted the attention of a wag, while passing by a blacksmith's shop. The fellow paused a moment, and examined these objects of anatomy, then stepped into the shop, and gravely accosted its occupant with 'Do you build horses, sir?' 'Build horses!' exclaimed the astonished son of Vulcan, taking off his paper cap and lengthening down his round good-natured face—'build horses, sir! what do you mean?' 'Why,' replied the wag, 'I saw a couple of *frames* standing at the door, and I thought I'd just inquire.'

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CCCXLVII. *West's First Interview with George the Third.*

The King received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favorable light, re-

moved the attendants, and brought in the Queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the coloring. 'There is another noble Roman subject,' observed his Majesty, 'the departure of Regulus from Rome—would it not make a fine picture?' 'It is a magnificent subject,' said the painter. 'Then,' said the King, 'you shall paint it for me.' He turned with a smile, to the Queen, and said, 'The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus.' So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command, that the picture should be painted.



CCCXLVIII. *Vengeance delayed.*

In a quarrel between two Indians, one of them killed the other. The brother of the deceased called upon the murderer, and, seeing a woman and children in his wigwam, asked whose they were? The murderer declared them to be his family. The other then said, though his brother's blood called loudly for revenge, yet as his children were young, and not able to provide for their mother and themselves, he would remain deaf to the call for some time; and so left him. As they belonged to the same tribe, they continued to live socially together, until the eldest son of the murderer killed a deer in hunting. As soon as the brother of the deceased was

informed of this, he called on the murderer, and told him that his brother's blood called so loud, that it must be obeyed, especially, as his son having killed a deer, could now support the family. The murderer said he was ready to die, and thanked the other for so long a delay ; on which his wife and children, the tears starting in their eyes, burst out into lamentations. He reproved them for their weakness, and particularly his son—saying to him, Did you shed tears when you killed the deer ?' and if you saw him die with dry eyes, why do you weep for me, who am willing to suffer what the custom of our nation renders necessary ?' With an undaunted countenance he then called on the brother of the deceased to strike ; and died without a groan !



CCCXLIX. *Timothy Dexter's System of Punctuation.*

When Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, wrote his famous book entitled, 'A Pickle for the Knowing Ones,' there then happened to be many heresies, schisms, and false doctrines abroad in the land, regarding punctuation ; and as many diverse systems appeared, for the location of commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, etc. as there were works published. To obviate this difficulty, and to give every one an opportunity of suiting himself, his lordship left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the ending of the book, had printed four or five pages of nothing but stops and pauses, with which he said the reader could pepper his dish as he chose.

CCCL. *Female Participation in Government.*

In a report made to the governor of Pennsylvania (General Mifflin) by T. Matlack, S. Maclay and John Adlum, commissioners, who were sent out in the summer of 1790, for the purpose of viewing the western waters, &c. in order to open a communication with the western country,—discovering that the route they were appointed to explore, lay through a part of the lands of the Seneca Indians, they visited them, and after explaining the object of their visit, found them sensible of the advantage that would result to them, and desirous that it might be speedily accomplished. The following curious and interesting fact, relative to the participation of females in the civil government of the aborigines, is in the words of the commissioners, extracted from their report.

On the commissioner's arrival at the town in which the Cornplanter usually resides, they communicated to him, and the men of the town, the errand on which they came. After receiving a welcome, and an approbation of their business, the commissioners retired, and were about to proceed forward, when they were again called to the council house, where an elderly *Indian woman*, in the presence of the Cornplanter, and his council, gave in charge to the commissioners to inform your excellency, 'that in the Seneca nation, the *women* have as much to say in council as the *men* have, and in all important business have equal authority; that all affairs of trade and agriculture are under the sole direction of the *women*; that having learned from their

wise men that the business they came on was to search after a better road into their country than the usual trading path, the *women* had judged it proper to express their approbation of that measure, which they say was equally advantageous to the Senecas by lessening the expense of carriage, as to the white people: that they were sensible, since the game was going from amongst them, that their *men* had been less successful in hunting than formerly; yet they hoped their trade was well worth their attention: that the proposal made last spring by the chiefs of their nation, for introducing the plough among them, had been considered and approved of by the *women*, who had the greatest interest in it, as the labour fell wholly on them: that they had also approved of the request for teachers to be sent among them to instruct their young people: that if this were doné, they hoped that their nation might become one people with the Americans; and the Senecas would then enjoy the advantages which they perceived the white people derived from THEIR SUPERIOR WISDOM.'



CCCLI. *Head Work.*

Colonel Dudley, governor of Massachusetts, in the beginning of the last century, had a number of workmen employed in building him a house on his plantation; and one day as he was looking at them, he observed a stout Indian, who, though the weather was very cold, was a naked as well as an idle spectator. 'Hark

ye, friend,' said the governor, 'why don't you work like these men, and get clothes to cover you?' 'And why you no work, governor?' replied the Indian. 'I work,' answered the governor, putting his finger on his forehead, 'with my head, and therefore need not work with my hands.' 'Well,' replied the Indian, and if I would work, what have you for me to do?' 'Go kill me a calf,' said the governor, 'and I will give you a shilling.' The Indian did so. The governor asked him why he did not skin and dress it. 'Calf dead, governor—give me my shilling; give me another,' said the Indian, 'and I will skin and dress it.' This was complied with. The Indian then went to a tavern with his two shillings, and soon spending one for rum, returned to the governor, saying, 'Your shilling bad, the man no take it.' The governor believing him, gave him another; but soon returning in the same manner, with the second, the governor discerned his roguery; however, he exchanged that also, reserving his resentment for a proper opportunity. To be prepared for it, the governor wrote a letter directed to the keeper of Bridewell, in Boston, requesting him to take the bearer and give him a sound whipping. This he kept in his pocket, and in the course of a few days the Indian came again to stare at the workmen; the governor took no notice of him for some time, but at length taking the letter out of his pocket, and calling the Indian to him, said, 'I will give you half a crown if you will carry this letter to Boston.' The Indian closed with his proposal, and set out on his journey. He had not gone far, before he met with an-

other Indian in the employ of the governor, to whom he gave the letter, and told him that the governor had sent him to meet him, and to bid him return with that letter to Boston, as soon as he possibly could.

The poor fellow carried it with great diligence, and received a severe flogging for his pains ; at the news of which, the governor was not a little astonished on his return. The other Indian came no more ; but, after the lapse of some months, at a meeting with some of his nation, the governor saw him there among the rest, and asked him how he durst serve him such a trick ? The Indian looking him full in the face, and putting his forefinger to his forehead, replied, '*Head work !* governor, *head work !*'



CCCLII. *Rev. M. Allen, or inflexible Patriotism.*

After the capture of Savannah, in December, 1778, by the British, they made use of every art to induce the American soldiers they had made prisoners, to turn traitors to their country and enlist in the service of George third : but such was the inflexibility of their virtue, that their efforts were unavailing. They were, therefore, in consequence of their devotion to the cause of liberty and America, crowded on board of prisonships, where, from the heat of the weather, in the ensuing summer, and the bad air arising from their mode of confinement, the greater part miserably perished, the victims of relentless cruelty. The officers were sent on parole to Sunbury, the only town in Georgia which still

held out for congress ; but the Rev. Moses Allen, their chaplain, was retained, and thrust a prisoner on board their floating prisons, among the common soldiers. This patriotic clergyman had not satisfied himself with exciting the people to assert their independence in his discourses from the pulpit ; he appeared also with arms in his hand, on the field of battle, exhibiting in his own person an admirable example of valor and devotion to the cause of his country.

Weary of the protracted rigors of his captivity, and hopeless of a termination of his sufferings, he one day threw himself into the river, hoping to escape, by swimming to a neighbouring island ; but, alas ; he was drowned, to the great regret of all his fellow-citizens, who venerated his virtues, and justly appreciated his patriotism and intrepidity.



CCCLIII. *Mrs. M'Kay and Colonel Brown.*

In the beginning of June, 1781, the British garrison at Augusta, Georgia, capitulated to the American forces, under the command of Gen. Pickens and Col. H. Lee, of the partizan legion : Col. Grierson, who was obnoxious to the Americans, on account of his barbarities, was shot down by an unknown hand, after he was a prisoner. A reward of one hundred guineas was offered to any person who would point out the offender, but in vain. Colonel Brown, the British commander, expecting the same fate, conscious that he deserved it, from his unrelenting and vindictive disposition towards the

Americans, was furnished with a guard, although he had hanged thirteen American prisoners, and had given others into the hands of the Indians to be tortured. On his way to Savannah, he passed through the settlements where he had burnt a number of houses, and hung some of the relations of the inhabitants. At Silverbluff, Mrs. M'Kay obtained leave of the American officer, who commanded his safeguard, to speak to him ; when she thus addressed him: ' Colonel Brown, in the late day of your prosperity, I visited your camp, and on my knees supplicated for the life of my only son, but you were deaf to my entreaties, you hanged him, though a beardless youth, before my face. These eyes have seen him scalped by the savages under your immediate command, and for no better reason than that his name was M'Kay. As you are now a prisoner to the leaders of my country, for the present I lay aside all thoughts of revenge, but when you resume your sword, I will go five hundred miles to demand satisfaction at the point of it, for the murder of my son !'



CCCLIV. *Jonathan Gowing of Lynn.**

There lived in Lynn a singular person, whose name was Jonathan Gowing. At the age of twenty-seven he suddenly became deranged, and continued so for three weeks, during which time he was confined. Before this, he had been remarkable only for his stupidity and

* We are indebted to *Alonzo Lewis, Esq.* the author of a valuable *History of Lynn*, for this and several other interesting facts.

indolence, being extremely careful to do nothing which should be of the least service to any one. He was now suddenly metamorphosed into the most sprightly and active disposition, full of vivacity, quickness of apprehension and liveliness of imagination, to a degree which seemed almost miraculous. He performed a great variety of the most singular and amusing tricks, without injury; and the sallies of his wit and humour were such as to astonish every one. He was visited by all classes of people, from the illiterate laborer to the man of science, and all were delighted by the keenness of his perception; and completely foiled in any attempts to surpass him in the exercise of wit and humour.

There was at the same time a man in Reading, whose name was Joseph Emerson, celebrated for his wit, who valued himself very highly for the possession of this talent, and took great pains to excel in it. Having heard of Jonathan's surprising ability, he determined to put it to the test; and a day was appointed, when the parties were to meet at a tavern in Saugus, for the exercise of their facetious powers. Public notice was given, and so large a number of people assembled that there was not room for them in the house. Preparations were therefore made in an adjacent field, and managers were appointed to regulate the crowd and preserve order. The rival wits commenced with some pleasant ceremony and compliment, and as the conversation proceeded, they become facetious and witty at each other's expense. After a little time, the champion from Reading gained the ascendancy, and retained

it so long, that the company were generally persuaded that Jonathan would not be able to extricate himself. During all this time, however, the Lynn wit manifested the most perfect indifference, and seemed to be utterly careless of the result. Presently he gave a sudden change to the conversation, and made every thing that the other said turn against him. A person who was present says that the exercise of his wit was "beyond all human imagination." His opponent, who was regarded as the archest fellow in the province, was completely confounded; and so great was his chagrin and disappointment, says a physician who was present,* that he immediately fell into faintings, like one in the agonies of death, and refused all the anodynes which were offered him. As for Jonathan, he was perfectly indifferent of his success, and praise or dispraise were alike to him. He retained his faculty of wit for several months, and then relapsed into his former indolence; and such was the stupidity of his disposition, that it became proverbial; and when any one was dull of apprehension, the expression was—you are as dull as Jonathan Gowing.



CCCLV. *Corporal Cooper.*

Making a tour to the North in the year 1817, I † was invited to visit the Franklin, then lying at Chester, in company with the Commodores Murray and Dale,

* Dr. John Perkins of Lynnfield.

† Alexander Garden Esq. author of *Anecdotes of the Revolution.*

and several other officers of distinction. On our passage to the ship, some mention being made of Carolina, a naval officer present, said, "I do not believe there exists, at this day, an individual who has a more perfect knowledge of the Southern War of the Revolution than myself, particularly all that relates to the battles fought in the Carolinas." I entered those States with the Legion commanded by *Harry Lee*, and witnessed the conclusion of our toils at the evacuation of Charleston." "Under such circumstances, Sir," I immediately replied, "it must be my good fortune to be in company with an old companion, for I had the honor of holding a commission in the infantry of that regiment, and was, like yourself, attached to the command which took possession of Charleston, when given up by the British." "I am, Sir," rejoined the officer, "altogether at a loss, even to guess at your name; nor do I recollect ever to have seen you before. Attached to the Legion, you must have known *Armstrong*, who commanded the *Sorrel Troop*, and have probably heard of *Corporal Cooper*, who belonged to it." "Good heavens, *Cooper*," I exclaimed, with delight, "is it you? I now am astonished at my own forgetfulness, for I as thoroughly recognise you as if we had parted but yesterday!" I mentioned my name in turn, and was happy to find that I was not forgotten by him. I am confident that, on this occasion, the sensation of delight and good feeling to men who had served and suffered together, was strongly experienced by both. The surprise and satisfaction of the moment being at an end, *Cooper*, with a

significant smile, said, "By the by, I believe you were one of the officers who sat on the court-martial when I was in jeopardy, and brought to trial at our encampment, near the Ashley River." "No, Cooper," I replied, "I was not; though I well remember, on another occasion, when we lay at M'Pherson's, that, in consequence of your ——" "Hush, hush, my dear Sir," he exclaimed, "I find that you have an excellent and accurate memory, the less we say on *that subject* the better." I had known Cooper well; and it is no exaggeration to assert, that a more gallant soldier never wielded a sabre. The character, indeed, of consummate intrepidity distinguished every individual of Armstrong's troop. Disciplined by him, and animated by his example, they were invincible. But there were particular traits that characterized Cooper, that entitled him to still higher commendation. If activity and intelligence were requisite to obtain information—if gallantry to strike a Partisan blow, Cooper was always uppermost in the thoughts of Lee. He had a soul for enterprise, and by prompt discernment, and a happy facility of calculating from appearances of events to happen, of incalculable utility to the service. When Armstrong, by the falling of his horse, was made a prisoner, and a flag sent out from the British Commander to say, that his servant and baggage, would be expected, as he wished to show every civility to an enemy, whose bravery could only be exceeded by his generosity to all who fell into his power, Cooper was immediately directed by Lee, to act the part of a do-

mestic, and sent forward for the purpose. I mentioned my recollection of the circumstance to Cooper, who replied, "and well I knew my Colonel's motives; and so perfectly was I disposed to second his views, that while taking the refreshment which was ordered for me by General Leslie, in the front of his quarters near the British lines, I was closely examining the course of a creek in his rear, by which I flattered myself, I should very speedily be able to conduct and introduce him at the head-quarters of our own army." He then went on to say—"The arts used by a Captain Campbell, who tried every manner of cajoling, to pick out of my conversation intelligence of our force and position, very highly amused me. I acted the simpleton's part so naturally, that I could clearly perceive, that he believed me completely entangled in his toils. When suddenly changing my manner, I gave him such a burlesque and exaggerated an account of troops of dragoons, and regiments of infantry, that had no existence but in my own imagination, that perceiving my drift, he angrily exclaimed, "Damn you, you rascal, you are too cunning for me. Here, take a drink of grog, and depart." I cannot conjecture why it was done; but finding that I was not to be deceived, I think that they might have done me the credit to suppose, that I was not to be intimidated; but, instead of conducting me to my Captain, I was led to, and shut up in the Provost, when looking through the bars, I perceived Armstrong passing merrily along with several Naval Officers, who seemed to vie with each other in civility to him. My situation

forbid ceremony, so I called out lustily—"Hallo, Captain Armstrong! pray have the goodness to tell me, is it *you* or *I* that am a prisoner?" My speech produced an explanation. I was immediately released; and profiting by every occasion to store my mind with useful intelligence, in a few days left the garrison, a partial exchange having freed my Captain from captivity. My fortunes have since varied very much. I have gained nautical information—have commanded a ship of my own—have, as a Naval Officer, supported the flag of my country—and now the war being over, find a snug berth in the Navy Yard. My varied life would greatly amuse, could I detail it, more especially, as its constant bustle but ill accords with *my religious principles*; for, though you might not suspect it, whenever my thoughts take a serious turn, I am professedly a member of the Society of Friends, a genuine home-spun Quaker."



CCCLVI. *Patriot Samuel Adams.*

On the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, an affray took place between the military quartered in Boston, and some citizens, which resulted in a loss of lives on both sides. On the following morning, a public meeting was called, and Samuel Adams addressed the assembly, with that impressive eloquence which was so peculiar to himself. The people, on this occasion, chose a committee to wait upon the lieutenant governor, to require that the troops be immediately withdrawn from

the town. The mission, however, proved unsuccessful, and another resolution was immediately adopted, that a new committee be chosen to wait a second time upon governor Hutchinson, for the purpose of conveying the sense of the meeting in a more peremptory manner. Mr. Adams acted as chairman. They waited on the lieutenant governor, and communicated this last vote of the town; and, in a speech of some length, Mr. Adams stated the danger of keeping the troops longer in the capital, fully proving the illegality of the act itself; and enumerating the fatal consequences that would ensue, if he refused an immediate compliance with the vote. Lieutenant governor Hutchinson, with his usual prevarication, replied, and roundly asserted, that there was no illegality in the measure; and repeated, that the troops were not subject to his authority, but that he would direct the removal of the twenty-ninth regiment. Mr. Adams again rose. The magnitude of the subject, and the manner in which it was treated by lieutenant governor Hutchinson, had now roused the impetuous feelings of his patriotic soul. With indignation strongly expressed in his countenance, and in a firm, resolute, and commanding manner he replied, "that it was well known, that, acting as governor of the province, he was, by its charter, the commander in chief of his majesty's military and naval forces, and as such, the troops were subject to his orders; and if he had the power to remove one regiment, he had the power to remove both, and nothing short of this would satisfy the people; and it was at his peril, if the vote of the town was not imme-

diately complied with, and if it be longer delayed, he, alone, must be answerable for the fatal consequences that would ensue." This produced a momentary silence. It was now dark, and the people were waiting in anxious suspense for the report of the committee. A conference in whispers followed between lieutenant governor Hutchinson and colonel Dalrymple. The former, finding himself so closely pressed, and the fallacy and absurdity of his arguments thus glaringly exposed, yielded up his positions, and gave his consent to the removal of both regiments; and colonel Dalrymple pledged his word and honour, that he would begin his preparations in the morning, and that there should be no unnecessary delay until the whole of both regiments were removed to the castle.

CCCLVII. *Firmness of Samuel Adams.*

Every method had been tried to induce Mr. Adams to abandon the cause of his country, which he had supported with so much zeal, courage, and ability. Threats and caresses had proved equally unavailing. Prior to this time there is no certain proof that any direct attempt was made upon his virtue and integrity, although a report had been publicly and freely circulated, that it had been unsuccessfully tried by governor Bernard. Hutchinson knew him too well to make the attempt. But governor Gage was empowered to make the experiment. He sent to him a confidential and verbal message by colonel Fenton, who waited upon Mr. Adams,

and after the customary salutations, he stated the object of his visit. He said that an adjustment of the disputes which existed between England and the colonies, and a reconciliation, was very desirable, as well as important to the interests of both. That he was authorized from governor Gage to assure him, that he had been empowered to confer upon him such benefits as would be satisfactory, upon the condition, that he would engage to cease in his opposition to the measures of government. He also observed, that it was the advice of governor Gage, to him, not to incur the further displeasure of his majesty ; that his conduct had been such as made him liable to the penalties of an act of Henry VIII. by which persons could be sent to England for trial of treason, or misprision of treason, at the discretion of a governor of a province ; but by changing his political course, he would not only receive great personal advantages, but would thereby make his peace with the king. Mr. Adams listened with apparent interest to this recital. He asked colonel Fenton if he would truly deliver his reply as it should be given. After some hesitation he assented. Mr. Adams required his word of honour, which he pledged.

Then rising from his chair, and assuming a determined manner he replied, "I trust I have long since made MY PEACE WITH THE KING OF KINGS. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell governor Gage, IT IS THE ADVICE OF SAMUEL ADAMS TO HIM, no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

CCCLVIII. *Yankee Indignation.*

When Arnold's treason was known at Philadelphia, an artist of that city, constructed an effigy of him, large as life, and seated in a cart, with a figure of the devil at his elbow, holding a lantern up to the face of the traitor, to show him to the people, having his name and crime in capital letters. The cart was paraded the whole evening through the streets of the city, with drums and fifes playing the rogue's march, with other marks of infamy and was attended by a vast concourse of people. The effigy was finally hanged for the want of the original, and then committed to the flames. Yet this is the man on whom the British bestowed ten thousand pounds sterling, as the price of his treason, and appointed to the rank of brigadier-general in their service. It could scarcely be imagined that there was an officer of honour left in that army, who would debase himself and his commission by serving under or ranking with *Benedict Arnold!*

CCCLIX. *Intrepidity of Captain Biddle.*

Hearing that two deserters from his vessel were at Lewistown in prison, an officer was sent on shore for them, but he returned with information that the two men, with some others, had armed themselves, barricadoed the door, and swore they would not be taken; that the militia of the town had been sent for, but were afraid to open the door, the prisoners threatening to shoot the first man who entered. Captain Biddle immediately

went to the prison, accompanied by a midshipman, and calling to one of the deserters, whose name was Green, a stout, resolute fellow, ordered him to open the door; he replied that he would not, and if he attempted to enter, he would shoot him. He then ordered the door to be forced, and entering singly with a pistol in each hand, he called to Green, who was prepared to fire, and said, "Now, Green, if you do not take good aim, you are a dead man." Daunted by his manner, their resolution failed, and the militia coming in, secured them. They afterwards declared to the officer who furnished this account, that it was captain Biddle's look and manner which had awed them into submission, for that they had determined to kill him as soon as he came into the room.

CCCLX. *Death of Captain Biddle.*

On the night of the 7th March, 1778, the fatal accident occurred, which terminated the life of this excellent officer. For some days previously he had expected an attack. Captain Blake, a brave officer, who commanded a detachment of the second South Carolina Regiment, serving as marines on board the General Moultrie, and to whom we are indebted for several of the ensuing particulars, dined on board the Randolph two days before the engagement. At dinner, captain Biddle said, "We have been cruising here for some time, and have spoken a number of vessels, who will no doubt give information of us, and I should not be

surprised if my old ship should be out after us. As to any thing that carries her guns upon deck, I think myself a match for her.' About three, P. M. of the 7th of March, a signal was made from the Randolph for a sail to windward, in consequence of which the squadron hauled upon a wind, in order to speak her. It was four o'clock before she could be distinctly seen, when she was discovered to be a ship, though as she neared and came before the wind, she had the appearance of a large sloop with only a square-sail set. About seven o'clock, the Randolph being to windward, hove to; the Moultrie, being about one hundred and fifty yards astern, and rather to leeward, also hove to. About eight o'clock the British ship fired a shot just ahead of the Moultrie, and hailed her; the answer was, "the Polly, of New York;" upon which she immediately hauled her wind, and hailed the Randolph. She was then, for the first time, discovered to be a two-decker. After several questions had been asked and answered, as she was ranging up alongside the Randolph, and had got on her weather quarter, lieutenant Barnes, of that ship, called out, "This is the Randolph," and she immediately hoisted her colours, and gave the enemy a broadside. Shortly after the action commenced, captain Biddle received a wound in the thigh, and fell. This occasioned some confusion, as it was at first thought that he was killed. He soon, however, ordered a chair to be brought, said that he was only slightly wounded, and being carried forward encouraged the crew. The stern of the enemy's ship being clear of the Randolph, the

captain of the Moultrie gave orders to fire, but the enemy having shot ahead, so as to bring the Randolph between them, the last broadside of the Moultrie went into the Randolph, and it was thought by one of the men saved, who was stationed on the quarter-deck near captain Biddle, that he was wounded by a shot from the Moultrie. The fire from the Randolph was constant and well directed. She fired nearly three broadsides to the enemy's one, and she appeared, while the battle lasted, to be in a continual blaze. In about twenty minutes after the action began, and while the surgeon was examining captain Biddle's wound on the quarter-deck, the Randolph blew up.

The enemy's vessel was the British ship Yarmouth, of sixty-four guns, commanded by captain Vincent. So closely were they engaged, that captain Morgan, of the Fair American, and all his crew, thought that it was the enemy's ship that had blown up. He stood for the Yarmouth, and had a trumpet in his hand, to hail and inquire how captain Biddle was, when he discovered his mistake. Owing to the disabled condition of the Yarmouth, the other vessels escaped.

The cause of the explosion was never ascertained, but it is remarkable that just before he sailed, after the clerk had copied the signals and orders for the armed vessels that accompanied him, he wrote at the foot of them, 'In case of coming to action in the night be very careful of your magazines.' The number of persons on board the Randolph was three hundred and fifteen, who all perished except four men, who were tossed about

for four days on a piece of the wreck before they were discovered and taken up. From the information of two of these men, who were afterwards in Philadelphia, and of some individuals in the other vessels of the squadron, we have been enabled to state some particulars of this unfortunate event, in addition to the accounts given of it by Dr. Ramsay in his *History of the American Revolution*, and in his *History of the Revolution of South Carolina*. In the former work, the historian thus concludes his account of the action: ‘Captain Biddle, who perished on board the *Randolph*, was universally lamented. He was in the prime of life, and had excited high expectations of future usefulness to his country, as a bold and skilful naval officer.’

Thus prematurely fell, at the age of twenty-seven, as gallant an officer as any country ever boasted of. In the short career which Providence allowed to him, he displayed all those qualities which constitute a great soldier—brave to excess, and consummately skilled in his profession.



CCCLXI. *The Point of Honor.*

The Earl of Effingham having uniformly opposed, in the British parliament, the whole system of measures pursued against the Americans, upon finding that the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to Boston, and thinking it inconsistent with his character, beneath his dignity, and highly dishonorable, to enforce measures with his sword which he had utterly condemned

in his legislative capacity,—on the 12th of March, 1775, he wrote a letter of resignation to the secretary of war; in which he deeply deplored his being necessitated to quit the military profession; and said, ‘I cannot without reproach from my own conscience, consent to bear arms against my fellow subjects in America, in what, to my discernment, is not a clear cause.’ It is much to be lamented, that all men holding influential situations in society, do not make it a *point of honor* to consider the merits of the cause wherein they are to be employed, and when their honors, consciences and judgments are not satisfied, act like the *truly noble* Effingham.



CCCLXII. *Sympathy of the Patriot Soldiers of 1775.*

The provincials broke ground at Plowed-Hill, August 26th, about one mile north-west, and in front of the British post at Bunker's-Hill, on the peninsula of Charlestown. A detachment of riflemen, ordered to cover the working party, took post in an orchard, and under cover of stone fences in advance. As soon as the enemy discovered the workmen, they opened a battery upon them, and kept up a brisk cannonade, by which volunteer Simpson, of Pennsylvania, had one of his heels and ancles so much shattered, that a mortification ensued, and he died in a few days. This young man was visited and consoled during his illness by general Washington, in person, and by most of the officers of rank belonging to the army. Every exertion of the faculty

was made to save him, and his death became a theme of common sorrow in an army of twelve or fourteen thousand men. Again, the enemy, on the 10th of November, availing himself of a high tide that inundated a causeway which connects Lechmere Point with the main, crossed Charles River, and debarked a detachment to carry off several cattle which were feeding on the insulated spot. As soon as this movement was discovered, the rifle corps was ordered to dislodge the marauders, and forded on the causeway, waist deep : but, the enemy perceiving our determination, retired to their boats, and were out of reach of musket-shot before we reached the point of their debarkation. A sloop of war which lay in the river opened her batteries on us ; and a soldier in a recumbent posture, was grazed on the ribs by a grape-shot, which lacerated the muscular and intercostal integuments in such a manner, as to leave the appearance of an aperture into the cavity of his body, by which the faculty concluded the ball had entered, and of course the life of the poor soldier was despaired of. The solicitude of the corps, from the colonel to the ranks, was so strongly excited by the hopeless condition of this man, as to affect the repose of the camp ; and if money could have assured his recovery, the fortunes of the corps would have been pledged. Contrary, however, to all calculations, the wounded soldier breakfasted heartily the next morning, and in spite of the predictions of the surgeons, to the great satisfaction of his officers and comrades, was on his legs in a week, and at duty in a month.

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CCCLXIII. *Col. Vanhorn's Extraordinary Visitors.*

Col. Vanhorn, of Boundbrook, New Jersey, during the revolutionary war, had the extraordinary fortune to give, on the same day, a breakfast to lord Cornwallis, and a dinner to Gen. Lincoln. Lord Cornwallis, informed that the latter had slept at Col. Vanhorn's, came to take him by surprise; but Gen. Lincoln, getting intelligence of his design, retired into the woods. Lord Cornwallis, astonished not to find him, asked if the American General was not in the house? 'No,' replied Col. Vanhorn, bluntly. 'On your honor?' says Cornwallis, 'on my honor; and if you doubt it, here are the keys, you may search yourself.' 'I shall take your word for it,' said lord Cornwallis, and asked for some breakfast; in the course of an hour he returned to his army. General Lincoln, who was concealed at no great distance, returned in a short time, and dined quietly with the Colonel.

CCCLXIV. *Nobility of Soul.*

Some years since, a lady of New-Jersey, had in her employ a faithful servant, a native of Africa. He had lived several years in the family, and had always enjoyed their confidence, and was particularly valued by her deceased husband.—Having one day lost a silk handkerchief for which she had made considerable search, poor Tony was at last suspected of having stolen it. 'Tony,' said his mistress, 'I have lost my new

handkerchief!' Tony sympathetically replied, 'Me very sorry, mittee, me very sorry you lost you handkercher.' The lady pressed the subject no further, until another unavailing search was made, after which she thus accosted him at his work. 'Tony, I have not yet found my handkerchief; 'Me verry sorry, mittee, me very sorry you don't find your handkercher.' 'Yes,' but Tony, the handkerchief could not get away itself.' 'Oh no mittee!' smiling, 'me know handkercher can't walk wid out feet.' His innocence and the confidence he had so long enjoyed, rendered her inquiries still unintelligible to him. At length, wearied by his apparent evasions, 'Tony,' said she, with a deliberate accent, 'to be plain with you, I think you must have stolen it!' 'Me, mittee?—me—teal—teal—your—handkercher?' Yes, Tony, I do think you must have stolen it.' He stood mute—I have no words, he thought; I am in a land of strangers. 'Tis by deed alone I can manifest my abhorrence of the crime. An axe lay beside him—he stretched out the hand that had so long faithfully served her, and with one blow severed from it the first joint of his little finger; then holding up his wounded hand to his accuser, 'Me trike off *all* my finger, 'fore me teal your handkercher.' Some time afterwards, the handkerchief was found behind a drawer of the bureau, where it had been accidentally placed by the opening and shutting of the drawer. Poor Tony, however, carried with him to the grave, a mark which evinced the savage grandeur—the wild nobility of his soul.

CCCLXV. *Titles.*

Several years ago there was a young English nobleman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of titles, which, notwithstanding our pretended dislike to them, have sometimes the effect of tickling the ear amazingly. Several young ladies were in debate, going over the list—he is Lord Viscount so and so, Baron of such a county, &c. ‘My fair friends,’ exclaimed the gallant Lieut. N. ‘one of his titles you appear to have forgotten.’ ‘Ah,’ exclaimed they eagerly, ‘what is that?’ ‘He is *Barren of Intellect*,’ was the reply.

CCCLXVI. *Village Quarrels Amicably Settled.*

The people in a certain town in New England got into a quarrel among one another, and many efforts were made to reconcile them, but all failed. At last they agreed firmly among themselves, to submit their difficulties to the judgment of a certain godly minister in a distant town: so they appointed two men, one of each party, to wait on the minister, and relate the cause each party had for dissatisfaction; and the minister was to write his judgment of the case; then the people would all meet on the day he was to send them his pastoral letter, and have it read by the clerk of the town, and they would all abide by his judgment and council. So after the good minister heard the story of the quarrel from the two delegates, and had written his opinion and counsel to them, he had occasion also, (it

being in the spring of the year,) to write a few lines to a farmer, on one of his farms at a small distance. It so happened that the messengers that were to carry the letters both came up at the same time, and being in a hurry, the good man made a mistake; he folded the letters without superscriptions, and gave the letter intended for the farmer to the messenger that came from the town, and sent that for the town to the farmer.—The people of the town were all assembled, waiting, when the messenger came, and the clerk read the hasty written scroll as follows.—‘You had better see that your fences are put up well in the first place. Plough your ground deep; and sort your seed; be careful not to sow foul seed; and take care of that great ugly bull: I think you had better poke him.—The rest I will tell you when I come.’ The people, on hearing this, were all astonished, and sat for a while in amazement. Some said they could not understand it. At last one arose, and he understood it—that the meaning was all revealed to him. First,—He said the putting up the fences that were down, signifies the discipline of the church. We have neglected those good rules of discipline: they serve to protect and guard us against evil passions; and, when neglected, like a fence thrown down, leave the field open to wild beasts. Secondly—The ploughing the ground deep, signifies the breaking up the fallow ground of the heart, that every one should search his own heart, and prepare it for the good seed. Thirdly—the sorting of seed, signifies that we should be careful not to believe every story that is told us; but ex-

amine faithfully into every thing, and receive nothing but the truth. We have not done this, but we have been guilty of evil speaking, and of backbiting one another ; and we have all done wrong.—And fourthly—As to the great ugly bull, by that he means the devil ; he has done us much harm, and we have not resisted him as we ought to have done ; therefore we ought all to unite and resist and poke the devil.

This explanation was satisfactory.—They all took it as good counsel, and it laid open the true cause of all their troubles. They began to confess their faults one to another ; and pray one for another, and soon all their difficulties subsided, and the great wound in the peace of the town was healed.

CCCLXVII. *Two of a Trade can Never Agree.*

When the Reverend and justly celebrated *George Whitefield*, first went to Charleston, South Carolina, the Reverend *Alexander Garden*, who was the episcopal minister of that place, not liking Whitefield's principles, took occasion to preach a sermon against him from the following text.—‘ Behold, those that have turned the world upside down, are come hither also.’ In the afternoon of the same day, Whitefield, in his turn retorted upon his antagonist to a very crowded audience, and with all the wit and satire for which he was so remarkable, from these words of St. Paul, ‘ Alexander the coppersmith hath done me much evil ; the Lord reward him according to his works.’ Soon after, Garden

not to be outdone, took occasion to declaim, with some heat, against the light and trifling tunes used in Whitefield's church, as being too theatrical and gay for holy worship, and such as had been long appropriated to profane songs and airs.—‘Very true, doctor,’ said Whitefield in his lecture, ‘but pray, Reverend Sir, can you assign any very good reason why the devil should always be in possession of the best tunes?’

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CCCLXVIII. *The Tables Turned.*

In August 1775, Gen. Gage sent two armed schooners from Boston to Machias, with cash, to buy live stock, and gave orders to take the stock by force, if the inhabitants would not sell it. They did refuse;—the crews of the schooners then attempted to take off the stock by force, upon which the inhabitants rose, made all the men prisoners, seized on the schooners and cash, and shared about 5*l.* sterling a man.

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CCCLXIX. *How to See an Enemy's Face.*

General Morgan, with eight hundred men, one half of whom were militia, at the battle of the Cowpens, completely beat Colonel Tarleton, who attacked him with one thousand regular troops.—Two hundred British dragoons with the Colonel, were put to flight, and briskly pursued by sixty Americans, under Colonel Washington. Tarleton being in the house of a farmer, some months after the battle, spoke very highly of him-

self, and contemptuously of Col. Washington, saying, 'he wished much to see his face.' 'It is a pity then,' replied a girl in the house, 'that *Col. Tarleton* did not take the pains to *turn his head*, at the Cowpens.'

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CCCLXX. *The Hebrew Oration.*

Some years since, at a commencement in one of the eastern states, the auditors were entertained part of the forenoon with a Hebrew oration. Being quite weary of the discourse, a person whispered his companion, who was a New England sea captain, that he wished the young man, instead of facing the audience, would address himself to those that understood Hebrew. 'Do you so?' said the son of Neptune, 'then, by *nowns*, brother Jonathan, there would not be a single point of the compass that would suit him.'

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CCCLXXI. *Gallantry of the Gloucester Militia.*

On the 9th of August, 1775, the British sloop of war Falcon, Captain Linzee, hove in sight off Gloucester, Massachusetts, in quest of two schooners from the West Indies, bound to Salem, one of which he soon brought to; the other, taking advantage of a fair wind, put into Gloucester. Linzee having made a prize of the first, pursued the second into the harbour, bringing his prize along with him. He anchored and sent two barges with fifteen men in each, armed with muskets and swivels, and attended by a whale-boat, in which was a lieu-

tenant and six privates, with orders to seize the other schooner and bring her under the Falcon's bow. The militia and other inhabitants, indignant at this daring attempt, prepared for a vigorous resistance :—The bargemen under the command of the lieutenant boarded the schooner at the cabin windows, which provoked a smart fire from the people on shore, by which three of the enemy were killed, and the lieutenant wounded in the thigh, who thereupon returned to the sloop of war. Linzee then sent the other schooner and a cutter he had to attend him, well armed, with orders to fire on the 'damn'd rebels' whenever they could see them, and that he would in the mean while cannonade the town : he immediately fired a broadside into the thickest settlements ; and looking with diabolical pleasure to see what havoc his cannon might make—'Now,' said he, '*my boys, we will aim at the damn'd Presbyterian Church. Well done, my brave fellows ; one shot more and the house of God will fall before you.*' Not a ball struck or wounded a single individual, although they went through the houses in almost every direction filled with women and children. The small party on the water side performed wonders, for they soon made themselves masters of both the schooners, the cutter, the two barges, the boat, and every man in them. In the action, which lasted several hours, the Americans had but one killed, and two wounded ; of the British thirty-five were taken prisoners, and several wounded. The next day the Falcon warped off, with the loss of half of her crew, as well as the loss of her prize, tender and boats.

CCCLXXII. *Covetousness.*

An Indian, being once asked by another, what the white people meant by the word covetousness, answered that it signified a desire of more than a man had need of. 'That's strange,' said the inquirer.

CCCLXXIII. *Learning and Law.*

A country schoolmaster was once reading to a Justice of the Peace a newspaper, wherein it was mentioned that an act had passed the legislature of New York for the preservation of *Heath hens*, and other game; he, being a little near-sighted, and not seeing it distinctly, by mistake read it *Heathens*. This occasioned a short pause; it was, however, soon agreed between them, that the law had in view the Indians on the western frontiers, together with their tame and wild animals. 'As to the Indians,' observed the Justice, 'who are really and *bona fide* no other than *Heathens*, I think our assembly would show much more wisdom in devising means to destroy them off the face of the earth, than in making laws for their preservation.'

CCCLXXIV. *Thanksgiving Sermon.*

Thirty years ago at a Thanksgiving Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Steel, in Egremont, Mass. the Governor's Proclamation was read as usual, and the clergyman had proceeded until he came to the clause where a blessing was implored on our *Fisheries*, when

a most laughable incident occurred. Some wag had ingeniously erased the word *Fisheries*, and inserted *Chuckery*. By the way, it may be proper to state, that the place was famous for Woodchucks, otherwise Groundhogs, so much so that it had for a long time borne the name of Woodchuck town. The Reverend gentleman stopped short—the word *Chuckery* appalled him—at length he proceeded ‘*Chuck—Chuck—Chuckery*,—yes, *Chuckery* it is,’ burst from him, and produced an universal roar of laughter from the audience, exciting the risibilities of even the grave elders and deacons.



CCCLXXV. *Hickory Clubs.*

Baron de Glaubeck having signalized himself in many engagements after the battle of Guilford, General Greene recommended him to the Governor of North Carolina, and advised him to put the cavalry of that state under his command. The Governor took the General's advice, and accordingly placed the Baron at the head of the cavalry; but to his great astonishment, not a man among them had a sword; however, in order to supply the deficiency, he ordered every man to supply himself with a substantial hickory club, one end of which he caused to be mounted with a heavy piece of iron; then, to show an example to his men, he threw aside his sword, armed himself with one of these bludgeons, and mounted his horse. After giving his men the necessary instructions in wielding their clubs, he

marched with his whole body, consisting of three hundred, towards Cornwallis's army, in order to reconnoitre his lines, where he arrived the same day, about one o'clock. Cornwallis was then retreating towards Wilmington, and his men being fatigued, had halted to take some refreshment. The Baron having seized this favourable opportunity, charged two Hessian picquets, whom he made prisoners; and routed three British regiments, to whose heads he applied the clubs so effectually, that a considerable number were killed on the spot; and finally he retreated with upwards of sixty prisoners.



CCCLXXVI. *Fighting with Shadows.*

On board one of the transports which took out troops during the American war, there was a young officer who spoke aloud in his sleep, and got up and lay down; and though his eyes were close shut to objects, his ears were open to sounds. In a crowded transport, so singular a peculiarity could not long escape observation; nor in the society of young and thoughtless officers, could it fail to be played upon. Whenever they were disposed to amuse themselves, they would approach the poor sleeper's berth, and halloo in his ears that the enemy was coming, and bid him defend himself. Instantly his thoughts would take the direction intended, and he would throw his arms out, as if brandishing a sword. When his tormentors had entertained themselves long enough with his mock combat, they could

at once change the element of his suffering, by telling him the ship was sinking, and bidding him to strike out boldly, and strive to save himself. As suddenly he would imitate all the movements of one who swims, and turn to the right or left, or on his face or back, as he was directed. But even in sleep, it is easier to inflict pain than to give pleasure; and when these mischievous young men became tired of persecuting him, and spoke of conquest or safety, the words dropped pointlessly on his ear. He still continued restless and agitated, nor could he get rid of this singular night-mare, which so rudely bestrode him, until he was awoken by force.



CCCLXXVII. *First Visit of Europeans to America.*

The aborigines of America thought the first vessel that visited them a large fish, or animal; while others were of opinion, that it was 'a very big house floating on the sea,' in which the Manitto, the Great Supreme Being, himself dwelt, and was come to visit them. The officer, dressed in red, who approached them, was considered the Manitto himself. The chiefs and wise men assembled in council, formed themselves into a large circle, toward which the man in red clothes approached, with two others. He saluted them with a friendly countenance, and they returned the salute after their manner. They were lost in admiration; the dress, manners, the whole appearance of the unknown strangers, was to them a subject of wonder; but they

were particularly struck with the personage who wore the red coat, all glittering with gold lace. He surely must be the great Manitto ; but why should he have a white skin? Meanwhile, a large *hackhack* is brought by an attendant, from which an unknown substance is poured out into a small cup or glass, and handed to the supposed Manitto. He drinks, has the glass filled again, and hands it to the chief standing next to him. The chief receives it, but only smells the contents, and passes it on to the next chief, who does the same. The glass or cup thus passes through the circle, without the liquors being tasted by any one, and is upon the point of being returned to the red clothed Manitto, when one of the Indians, a brave man and a great warrior, suddenly jumps up, and harangues the assembly on the impropriety of returning the cup with its contents. It was handed to them, says he, by the Manitto, that they should drink out of it, as he himself had done. To follow his example would be pleasing to him ; but to return what he had given them might provoke his wrath, and bring destruction on them. And since the orator believed it for the good of the nation, that the contents offered them should be drank, and as no one else would do it, he would drink it himself, let the consequence be what it might ; it was better for one man to die, than that a whole nation should be destroyed. He then took the glass, and bidding the assembly a solemn farewell, at once drank up its whole contents. Every eye was fixed on the resolute chief, to see what effect the unknown liquor would produce. He soon

began to stagger, and at last fell prostrate on the ground. His companions now began his fate; he falls into a sound sleep, and they think he has quite expired. He wakes again, jumps up, and declares that he has enjoyed the most delicious sensations, and that he never before felt himself so happy as after he had drank the cup. He asks for more; his wish is granted; the whole assembly then imitate him, and all become intoxicated.



CCCLXXVIII. *Resignation.*

Some years since, Mr. —, of Roxbury, Mass. a very covetous man, lost his only son James;—an event which overwhelmed him with sorrow. The minister came to comfort him, and in the course of conversation remarked, that such chastisements of Providence were *mercies in disguise*;—that although in the death of his son he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly, his own reflections had already suggested some sources of consolation. ‘Yes,’—exclaimed the weeping but still *provident* father,—‘Jim was a *monstrous eater.*’



CCCLXXIX. *A Western Court.*

A gentleman travelling through Mississippi, was invited to attend one of the State Courts, then in session. He entered the log hut, composing the Court House, and the first object that attracted his attention, was the

dignified Judge, seated barefoot upon an old decayed stump in the centre of the cabin, paring his toe-nails ! Presently the Sheriff came in, when His Honor inquired if the Jury had been caught? 'No,' he replied, 'but I have chased down eleven of the rascals, and tied them with bark ; and six men and seven dogs are in pursuit of the twelfth !'



CCCLXXX. *The Yankee Barber.*

Being at New-Haven last summer, I* stepped into a barber's shop on Sunday morning to get shaved, and found Strap (a genuine Yankee) engaged in cutting a man's hair, with a number of gentlemen around him, waiting to be shaved. Some impatience being manifested at the detention, Strap, by way of apology, exclaimed—'One minute, gentlemen—I don't make it a pint, (point) generally speaking, to cut hair on a Sabba' day, but *I don't like to lose the nine-pence.*'



CCCLXXXI. *Dr. Spring, of Watertown.*

A man of property, residing in Charlestown, Mass. who had long been in habits of intemperance, at last found his health on the decline, and resolved to consult the celebrated Dr. Spring, of Watertown. He stated to him the symptoms of his case, which the learned Doctor could not but understand. 'I can cure you,' said he 'if you follow my advice ;' which the patient

* Dr. Greene, of New York.

implicitly promised to do. 'Now' says the doctor, 'you must steal a horse.' What! steal a horse? 'Yes—you must steal a horse. You will then be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such, that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored.'

CCCLXXXII. *The Farmer and the Beggar.*

A strong, hearty, lazy fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence to working for a sure one, called at the house of a blunt Massachusetts farmer, and, in the usual language of his race, asked for 'cold victuals and old clothes.' 'You appear to be a stout, hearty looking man,' said the farmer, 'what do you do for a living?' 'Why, not much,' replied the fellow, 'except travelling about from one place to another.' 'Travelling about, ha?' rejoined the farmer; 'can you travel pretty well?' 'O yes,' returned the sturdy beggar, 'I'm pretty good at that.' 'Well then,' said the farmer, coolly opening the door, '*let's see you travel.*'

CCCLXXXIII. *Indian Honesty.*

An Indian being among his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among

the tobacco; being told, that as it was given him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast: 'I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say, it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, why he gave it to you, and it is your own now; the good man say, that's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money; the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, no, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good.'



CCCLXXXIV. *Writing not Composition.*

A gentleman paying his addresses to a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy planter in ——, and of course entitled to the honor of being very accomplished, inquired of her if she was not lonesome, there being no society in the neighbourhood, and how she spent her time?—She replied, she was not lonesome—that she amused herself with reading and writing.—He asked her whether she was most fond of writing prose or poetry.—'Nary one' says she '*I writes small hand.*'



CCCLXXXV. *Yankee Courtship.*

A full-blooded Jonathan, residing in a certain town, in New-England, once took it into his head to 'go a courtin'; he accordingly saddled the old mare, and

started off to pay his devoirs to one of the buxom lasses of the neighbourhood. After 'stayin' with his 'gal' until daylight began to streak the east, he made preparations to depart. Just as he was seating himself in the saddle, his fair one, who stood in the door, (and who by the way, was marvellously fond of having 'sparks,') wishing to have him come again, stammered out, '*I shall be at home next Sunday night, Zeb.*' Zebedee, taking out his tobacco-box, and biting off a quid of pigtail in less than a second, honestly answered, '*So shall I, by gaully!!!*'



CCCLXXXVI. *The Laurel exchanged for the Willow.*

When General Gates was about setting out from Virginia, for the purpose of taking the command of the southern army, his old friend and fellow soldier, general Charles Lee, waited on him to take leave, and pressing him by the hand, requested him to bear in mind, that the laurels he won in the north must not be exchanged for the will of the south.



CCCLXXXVII. *Black Jack.*

A short time after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, a merchant in Wilmington, North Carolina, sent an order to one of the principal shipping houses in London, for *thirty thousand black tacks*. The writing being very indifferent, the gentleman after considerable diffi-

culty in decyphering it, made it out to mean *blackjacks*; and although the order appeared to him to be somewhat extraordinary, he used his utmost endeavours to comply with it. After rummaging London, Birmingham and Sheffield, he could only collect together *ten thousand*; which he despatched, with an apology, that he could not then complete the order, but was in hopes that in a short time he should be able to send him the remainder.

CCCLXXXVIII. *The Stutterer.*

During the revolutionary war, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were drafted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service; accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came forward and made his bow: 'What is your objection,' said the captain; 'I *ca ca cant go*,'—answers the man, 'because I *st st st stutter*.'—'Stutter!' says the captain, 'you don't go there to *talk*, but to *fight*.' 'Aye, but they'll *pp put* me on *gg g guard*, and a man may go *ha ha half a mile* before I can say *wh wh wh who goes there?*' Oh that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you; he can challenge, and you can fire.' 'Well, *bb but I may be ta ta taken and run through the gg guts before I can cry qu qu qu quarters*.' This last plea prevailed; and the captain, laughing heartily, dismissed him.

CCCLXXXIX. *The Brave are not Mercenary.*

Count Dillon, commander of the Irish brigade, in the service of France, and who led on the third column of the allied armies in their assault of the British garrison at Savannah, on the 9th of October 1779, anxious that his regiment should signalize itself, offered 100 guineas as a reward, to the first of his grenadiers that should plant a fascine in the fosse, which was exposed to the whole fire of the garrison. Not one offered to advance. The Count, mortified and disappointed beyond measure, began upbraiding them with cowardice, when the sergeant-major made the following noble reply :—‘ Had you not, sir, held out a sum of money as a temptation, your grenadiers would one and all have presented themselves.’—They did so instantly, and out of one hundred and ninety-four of which the company consisted, only ninety returned alive.

CCCXC. *The Clergyman and his Slave.*

A clergyman in Connecticut, during the revolutionary war, manifested on all occasions his zeal in the cause of freedom and his country ; but who, at the same time, held in bondage a negro named Jack. To contend for liberty and hold the poor African in slavery was, according to Jack’s conception of right and wrong, a manifest inconsistency. Under this impression and anxious to obtain that liberty which is the inherent, and natural right of man, Jack went to his master one day, and addressed him in the following manner :—‘ Massa,

I observe you always keep preaching about liberty, and praying for liberty; and I love to hear you, sir, for liberty be a good ting:—you preach well, and you pray well,—but one ting, Massa, you remember,—poor Jack be no free yet.’ Struck with the propriety and force of Jack’s admonition, the clergyman, after a momentary pause, told Jack if he would behave well in his service for one year longer, he should be free. Jack fulfilled the condition, obtained his freedom, and became a man of some property and respectability.

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CCCXCI. *The Capture of Cornwallis prevented by an Accident.*

At the battle of Guilford, March 15th, 1781, Colonel William Washington, who always led the van, perceived an officer surrounded by several persons, appearing to be aids-de-camp. Believing him to be Lord Cornwallis, he rushed on with the hope of making him prisoner, when he was arrested by an accident. His cap fell from his head, and as he leaped to the ground to recover it, the officer leading his column was shot through the body and rendered incapable of managing his horse. The animal wheeled round with his rider, and galloped off the field:—he was followed by all the cavalry, who supposed this movement had been directed.

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CCCXCII. *American Handles for English Blades.*

Soon after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, the captain of an American vessel, in London, fell in

company with some Cocknies, who urged him to join them in drinking a pot or two of porter. He, not aware of their policy, consented to go to a public house, where, after they had all drank very freely, they dropt off, one by one, until at last the American was left quite alone. The tavernkeeper coming in, says to him, 'What, are you left alone?'—'Yes,' replied the other. The landlord then observed to him, that he supposed he was not much acquainted with 'Our English blades.'—'I am not,' replied the American. 'Well,' said mine host, 'the reckoning falls on you.'—'Does it!' replied the captain, affecting surprise, and clapping his hand into his pocket, as if to pay it—but, pausing, he said, 'Well, if this be the case, give me another pot before I go.' The landlord stepped out to get it. The American in the mean time wrote on the table—'I leave you *American handles* for your *English blades*'—and walked off in his turn.



CCCXCHII. *A Conscientious Lawyer.*

Edward Biddle, of Reading, Pennsylvania, was a lawyer of eminence, and a decided friend to the liberties of his country. Some time previous to the revolutionary war, he was especially engaged to defend a cause in the lower counties, now state of Delaware, and had received his retaining fee, twenty half joes, an extravagant sum in those days. After attending some time to the evidence and arguments on the opposite side he was so fully convinced of the unprincipled conduct

of his client, that he left the court, and returned the fee, telling him that he must find another advocate, as he could not for any consideration consent to be an instrument of injustice.

CCCXCIV. *Reasons for becoming a Christian.*

An Indian chief was once asked, says Acosta, by a reverend father, why they had thrown up their religion, without either proof, or investigation, or dispute, and adopted that of Christ in its place? 'We did not act so inconsiderately,' he replied, 'as you seem to imagine; for we were so wearied and discontented with our gods, that we had deliberated about leaving them, in good earnest, and adopting others.'

CCCXCV. *Indian Conjugal Affection.*

In the year 1762, (says the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, in his interesting account of the American Indians) I was witness to a remarkable instance of the disposition of the Indians to indulge their wives. There was a famine in the land, and a sick Indian woman expressed a great desire for a mess of Indian corn. Her husband having heard that a trader at Lower Sandusky had a little, set off on horseback for that place, one hundred miles distant, and returned with as much corn as filled the crown of his hat, for which he gave his horse in exchange, and came home on foot, bringing his saddle back with him.

CCCXCVI. *The Indian and Dutch Clergyman.*

A Dutch clergyman in the then province of New-York, 1745, asked an Indian, whom he had baptized, whether he had been in Shekomeko, and had heard the Moravian missionary preach, and how he liked him? The Indian answered, 'That he had been there, and had attended to the missionary's words, and liked to hear them; that he would rather hear the missionary than him, for when the former spoke, it was as though his words laid hold of his heart, and a voice within said, 'that is truth;' but that *he* was always playing about the truth, and never came to the point. That he had no love for their souls, for when he had once baptised them, he let them run wild, never troubling himself any further about them. That he acted much worse than one who planted Indian corn; for, added he, 'the planter sometimes goes to see whether his corn grows or not.'

CCCXCVII. *Indian, who is your Captain.?*

An English captain, in the year 1759, who was beating up for recruits in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem, met one day a Moravian Indian, and asked him whether 'he had a mind to be a soldier.' 'No,' answered he, 'I am already engaged.' 'Who isy our captain?' asked the officer; 'I have a very brave and excellent captain,' replied the Indian, 'his name is Jesus Christ; him will I serve as long as I live: my life is at his disposal;' upon which the British officer suffered him to pass unmolested.

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CCCXCVIII. *Lenni Lenape.*

The national and proper name of Indians whom we call 'Delawares,' is *Lenni Lenape*, signifying 'original people,' a race of men who are the same that they were in the beginning, *unchanged* and *unmixed*; and I well remember, says the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, when they thought the whites had given them the name of 'Delawares' in derision, but they were reconciled to it on being told that it was the name of a great white chief, lord de la War. As they are fond of being named after distinguished men, they were rather pleased, considering it as a compliment.

CCCXCIX. *Indian Bon Mot.*

One of the Moravian Indians who had been baptised by the name of Jonathan, meeting some white people, who had entered into so violent a dispute about baptism and the holy communion, that they at last proceeded to blows—'These people,' said he, 'know nothing of our Saviour; for they speak of him as we do of a strange country.'

CCCC. *The Traitor's Lame Leg!*

During the *traitor Arnold's* predatory operations in Virginia, in 1781, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation, he asked the captain 'what he thought the Americans would do with him, if they caught him?' The captain declined at first giving

an answer : but, upon being repeatedly urged, he said, 'Why, sir, if I must answer your question, you must excuse my telling you the plain truth; if my countrymen should catch you, I believe, they would first cut off that lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue, at Quebec, and bury it with the honors of war, and afterwards hang the remainder of your body on a gibbet.'

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CCCCI. *Remarkable Effect of Lightning.*

An English clergyman of the name of Burnaby, who travelled in America in 1759, says, a remarkable circumstance happened some years ago at York in Virginia, which is well attested; a person standing at his door, during a thunder gust, was unfortunately killed : there was an intermediate tree at some distance, which was struck at the same time; and when they came to examine the body, they found the tree delineated upon it in miniature. Part of the body was livid, but that which was covered by the tree was of the natural color.

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CCCCII. *The Race is not to the Swift.*

When Mrs. Ferguson of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania (celebrated for her negotiation with governor Reed, during the revolutionary war) was in England, she attended the York races, where she met with the celebrated Lawrence Sterne. He rode up to the side

of the coach, and accosted her, 'Well, madam, which horse do you bet upon?'—'Sir,' said she, 'if you can tell me which is the worst horse, I will bet upon that.' 'But why, madam,' asked Sterne, 'do you make so strange a choice?'—'Because,' replied, 'Mrs. F—— 'you know, *the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.*' Sterne was so much pleased with the reply, that he went home, and wrote from that text his much admired sermon, entitled 'Time and Chance.'



CCCCIII. *A College Exercise.*

A short time after the war for independence, an exercise was given to one of the students at Westminster school, the word was *Saratoga*: on which he immediately wrote an epigrammatic couplet in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

Could cut his way through woods, but not through GATES.
Burgoyne, alas! unknowing future fates.



CCCCIV. *Good returned for Evil.*

When we arrived at Albany, says the baroness Reidesel, where we so often wished ourselves; but where we did not enter as we expected we should—victors! we were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, not as enemies, but kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General S——'s beautifully finished house to be

burnt; in fact they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollection of *their own* injuries in the contemplation of *our* misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him, '*You show me great kindness, although I have done you much injury.*' '*That was the fate of war,*' replied the brave man, '*let us say no more about it.*'



CCCCV. *Youth and Experience.*

A gentleman who had heard the Rev. Mr. Davis relate that Colonel Washington had said 'he knew no music so pleasing as the whistling of bullets,' being alone with him at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the latter end of 1775, at the time he was commander in chief of the continental forces, asked him, whether it was as had been related; the general answered, 'If I said so, it was when I was young.'



CCCCVI. *Keep to the Point.*

A certain English philosopher having asserted in opposition to Dr. Franklin, that blunt conductors for lightning were the only safe ones, the king of Great Britain during the revolutionary war, caused the sharp conductors of his palace to be changed, and blunt ones to be put in their places, as though he disdained to owe his safety to the invention of an enemy. This he persisted in, although the royal society publicly condemned the

pretended improvement. This anecdote produced the following neat and sarcastic epigram :

While you, great George, for safety hunt,
 And sharp conductors change for blunt,
 The nation's out of joint.
 Franklin a wiser course pursues,
 And all your thunder fearless views,
 By keeping to the point.



CCCCVII. *Judge Thatcher.*

When the question of the emblems and devices for our *national arms* was before the old Congress, a member from the south warmly opposed the *eagle* as a monarchical bird. The *king* of birds could not be a suitable representative of a people whose institutions were founded in hostility to kings. The late Judge Thatcher, then a representative from Massachusetts, in reply, proposed the *Goose*, which he said was a most humble and republican bird, and would in other respects prove advantageous, inasmuch as the *goslins* would do to put on the ten cent pieces, &c. The laughter which followed at the expense of the Southerner was more than he could bear. He construed this good-humoured irony into an insult, and sent a challenge. The bearer delivered it to Mr. Thatcher, who read and returned it to him, observing, that he should not accept it! What, will you be branded as a coward? Yes, sir, if he pleases; I always was a coward, and he knew it, or he would never have challenged me. The joke was too

good to be resisted even by the angry party. It occasioned infinite mirth in the Congressional circles, and the former cordial and gentlemanly intercourse between the parties was soon restored, in a manner entirely satisfactory.



CCCCVIII. *Franklin and Gov. Burnet.*

On the arrival of the vessel at New-York, Ben went up to a tavern, and lo! whom should he first cast his eyes on there, but his old friend Collins, of Boston!

Collins had, it seems, been so charmed with Ben's account of Philadelphia, that he came to the determination to try his fortune there also; and learning that Ben was shortly to return by the way of New-York, he had jumped into the first vessel, and was there before him, waiting his arrival. Great was the joy of Ben at sight of his friend Collins, for it drew after it a train of the most pleasant recollections.—But who can describe his feelings, when, flying to embrace that long esteemed youth, he beheld him now risen from his chair equally eager for the embrace, but alas! only able to make a staggering step or two before down he came sprawling on the floor, drunk as a lord!

To see a young man of his wit—his eloquence—his education—his hitherto unstained character and high promise, thus overwhelmed by a worse than brutal vice, would have been a sad sight to Ben, even though that young man had been an entire stranger. But oh! how tenfold sad to see such marks of ruinous dishonour on

one so dear, and from whom he had expected so much.

Ben had just returned from assisting to put poor Collins to bed, when the captain of the vessel which had brought him to New-York, stepped up and in a very respectful manner put a note into his hand :—Ben opened it, not without considerable agitation, and read as follows :

“ G. Burnet’s compliments await young Mr. Franklin—and should be glad of half an hour’s chat with him over a glass of wine.”

“ G. Burnet !” said Ben, “ who can that be ?”

“ Why ’tis the governor,” replied the captain with a smile. “ I have just been to see him, with some letters I brought for him from Boston. And when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace.”

Ben instantly set off with the captain, but not without a sigh as he cast a look back on the door of poor Collins’ bed-room, to think what an honour that wretched young man had lost for the sake of two or three vile gulps of filthy grog.

The governor’s looks, at the approach of Ben, showed somewhat of disappointment. He had, it seems, expected considerable entertainment from Ben’s conversation. But his fresh and ruddy countenance showed him so much younger than he had counted on, that he gave up all his promised entertainment as a lost hope. He received Ben, however, with great politeness, and after pressing on him a glass of wine, took him into an

adjoining room, which was his library, consisting of a large and well chosen collection.

Seeing the pleasure which sparkled in Ben's eyes, as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores of knowledge which they contained, the governor, with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him, 'Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the captain here, that you have a fine collection too.'

'Only a trunk full, sir,' said Ben.'

'A trunk full!' replied the governor. 'Why, what use can you have for so many books? Young people at your age, have seldom read beyond the 10th chapter of Nehemiah.'

'I can't boast,' replied Ben, 'of having read any great deal beyond that myself; but still, I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full of books to read every six months.' At this, the governor regarding him with a look of surprise, said, 'You must then, though so young, be a scholar; perhaps a teacher of the languages.'

'No sir,' answered Ben, 'I know no language but my own.'

'What not Latin nor Greek!'

'No, sir, not a word of either.'

'Why, don't you think them necessary?'

'I don't set myself up as a judge. But I should not suppose them necessary.'

'Aye! well, I should like to hear your reasons.'

'Why, sir, I am not competent to give reasons that

may satisfy a gentleman of your learning, but the following are the reasons with which I satisfy myself. I look on languages, sir, merely as arbitrary sounds or characters, whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now, if I already possess a language which is capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire, were it not wiser in me to improve my time in getting *sense* through that one language, than waste it in getting mere *sounds* through fifty languages, even if I could learn as many ?

Here the governor paused a moment, though not without a little red on his cheeks, for having only a minute before put Ben and the 10th chapter of Nehemiah so close together. However, catching a new idea, he took another start. 'Well, but, my dear sir, you certainly differ from the learned world, which is, you know, decidedly in favour of the languages.'

'I would not wish wantonly to differ from the learned world,' said Ben, 'especially when they maintain opinions that seem to me founded in truth. But when this is not the case, to differ from them I have ever thought my duty ; and especially since I studied Locke.'

'Locke !' cried the governor with surprise, '*you studied Locke ?*'

'Yes, sir, I studied Locke on the Understanding three years ago, when I was thirteen.'

'You amaze me, sir. You study Locke on the Understanding at thirteen ?'

'Yes, sir, I did.'

'Well, and pray at what college did you study Locke

at thirteen ; for at Cambridge college in Old England, where I got my education, they never allowed the senior class to look at Locke till eighteen ?

‘ Why, sir, it was my misfortune never to be at a college, nor even at a grammar school, except nine months, when I was a child.’

Here the governor sprang from his seat, and staring at Ben, cried out, ‘ The devil ! well, and where—where did you get your education, pray ?’

‘ At home sir, in a tallow-chandler’s shop.’

‘ In a tallow-chandler’s shop ?’ screamed the governor.

‘ Yes, sir ; my father was a poor old tallow-chandler, with sixteen children, and I the youngest of all. At eight he put me to school, but finding he could not spare the money from the rest of the children to keep me there, he took me home into the shop, where I assisted him by twisting the candle-wicks and filling the moulds all day, and at night I read by myself. At twelve, my father bound me to my brother, a printer, in Boston ; and with him I worked hard all day at the press and cases, and again read by myself at night.’

Here the governor, spanking his hands together, put up a loud whistle, while his eye-balls, wild with surprise, rolled about in their sockets as if in a mighty mind to hop out. ‘ Impossible, young man !’ he exclaimed : ‘ Impossible ! you are only sounding my credulity. I can never believe one half of all this.’ Then turning to the captain, he said, ‘ Captain, you are an intelligent man, and from Boston, pray tell me can this

young man here, be aiming at any thing but to quiz me ?'

'No, indeed, please your excellency,' replied the captain, 'Mr. Franklin is not quizzing you : he is saying what is really true : for I am acquainted with his father and family.'

The governor then turning to Ben, said more moderately, 'Well, my dear wonderful boy, I ask your pardon for doubting your word, and now pray tell me, for I feel a stronger desire than ever to hear your objection to learning the dead languages.'

'Why, sir, I object to it principally on account of the shortness of human life. Taking them one with another, men do not live above forty years. Plutarch, indeed, puts it only thirty-three. But say forty. Well, of this full ten years are lost in childhood before any boy thinks of a Latin grammar. This brings the forty down to thirty. Now of such a moment as this, to spend five or six years in learning the dead languages, especially when all the best books in those languages are translated into ours, and besides, we already have more books on every subject than such short-lived creatures can ever acquire, seems very preposterous.'

'Well, but what are you to do with their great poets, Virgil and Homer, for example ; I suppose you would not think of translating Homer out of his rich native Greek into our poor homespun English—would you ?'

'Why not, sir ?'

'Why I should as soon think of transplanting a pineapple from Jamaica to Boston.'

‘ Well, sir, a skilful gardener, with his hot-house, can give us nearly as fine a pine-apple as any in Jamaica. And so Mr. Pope, with his fine imagination, has given us Homer, in English, with more of his beauties than ordinary scholars would find in him after forty years’ study of the Greek. And besides, sir, if Homer was not translated, I am far from thinking it would be worth spending five or six years to learn to read him in his own language.’

‘ You differ from the critics, Mr. Franklin, for the critics all tell us that his beauties are inimitable.’

‘ Yes, sir, and the naturalists tell us that the beauties of the basilisk are inimitable too.’

‘ The basilisk, sir ! Homer compared with the basilisk ! I really don’t understand you, sir.’

‘ Why, I mean, sir, that as the basilisk is the more to be dreaded for the beautiful skin that covers his poison, so Homer for the bright colourings he throws over bad characters and passions. Now, as I don’t think the beauties of poetry are comparable to those of philanthropy, nor a thousandth part so important to human happiness, I must confess I dread Homer, especially as the companion of youth. The humane and gentle virtues are certainly the greatest charms and sweeteners of life. And I suppose, sir, you would hardly think of sending your son to Achilles to learn these.’

‘ I agree he has too much revenge in his composition.’

‘ Yes, sir, and when painted in the colors which Homer’s glowing fancy lends, what youth but must run the most imminent risk of catching a spark of bad fire from such a blaze as he throws on his pictures ?’

‘Why this, though an uncommon view of the subject, is, I confess, an ingenious one, Mr. Franklin; but surely ’tis overstrained.’

‘Not at all, sir; we are told from good authority, that it was the reading of Homer that first put it into the head of Alexander the Great to become a HERO: and after him, of Charles the 12th. What millions of human beings have been slaughtered by these two great butchers is not known; but still probably not a tythe of what have perished in duels, between individuals, from the pride and revenge nursed by reading Homer.’

‘Well, sir,’ replied the governor, ‘I never heard the prince of bards treated in this way before. You must certainly be singular in your charges against Homer.’

‘I ask your pardon, sir; I have the honor to think of Homer exactly as did the greatest philosopher of antiquity; I mean Plato, who strictly forbade the reading of Homer in his republic. And yet Plato was a heathen. I don’t boast myself as a christian; and yet I am shocked at the inconsistency of our Latin and Greek teachers (generally christians and DIVINES too) who can one day put Homer into the hands of their pupils, and in the midst of their recitations can stop them short to point out the *divine beauties* and *sublimities* which the poet gives to his hero, in the bloody work of slaughtering the poor Trojans; and the next day take them to church to hear a discourse from Christ on the blessedness of meekness and forgiveness. No wonder that hot-livered young men, thus educated, should despise meekness and forgiveness, as mere cowards’ virtues, and deem

nothing so glorious as fighting duels and blowing out brains.'

Here the governor came to a pause, like a gamester at his last trump. But perceiving Ben cast his eye on a splendid copy of Pope's works, he suddenly seized that as a *fine* opportunity to turn the conversation. So stepping up, he placed his hand on his shoulder, and in a very familiar manner said, 'Well, Mr. Franklin, there's an author that I am sure you'll not quarrel with; an author that I think you'll pronounce *faultless*.'

'Why, sir,' replied Ben, 'I entertain a most exalted opinion of Pope; but still, sir, I think he is not without his faults.'

'It would puzzle you, I suspect, Mr. Franklin, as keen a critic as you are, to point out *one*.'

'Well, sir,' answered Ben, hastily turning to the place, 'what do you think of this famous couplet of Mr. Pope's—

'Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.'

'I see no fault there,'

'No indeed!' replied Ben, 'why now to my mind a man can ask no better excuse for any thing wrong he does, than his *want of sense*.'

Well, sir,' said the governor, sensibly staggered 'and how would you alter it?'

'Why, sir, if I might presume to alter a line in this great Poet. I would do it in this way:—

'Immodest words admit but *this* defence—
That want of decency is want of sense.'

Here the governor caught Ben in his arms as a delighted father would his son, calling out at the same time to the captain, ' How greatly am I obliged to you, sir, for bringing me to an acquaintance with this charming boy? O! what a delightful thing it would be for us old fellows to converse with sprightful youth, if they were but all like him! But the worst of it is, most parents are as blind as bats to the true glory and happiness of their children. Most parents never look higher for their sons than to see them delving like muck-worms for money; or hopping about like jay-birds, in fine feathers. Hence their conversation is generally no better than froth and nonsense.'

After several other handsome compliments on Ben, and the captain expressing a wish to be going, the governor shook hands with Ben, begging at the same time that he would forever consider him as one of his fastest friends, and also never come to New-York without coming to see him.



CCCCIX. *A Prudent Precaution.*

Doctor Franklin, in his travels through New England, observed that when he went into an inn, every individual of the family had a question or two to propose to him relative to his history, and until each was satisfied and had conferred and compared their information, there was no possibility of procuring any refreshments. Therefore, the moment he entered any of these places, he inquired for the master, the mistress, the sons, the

daughters, the men-servants, and the maid-servants, and having assembled them all together, he began in this manner : ‘ Worthy people, I am Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia ; I am a bachelor, and by trade a printer ; I have some relations in Boston, to whom I am going to make a visit ; my stay will be short, and I shall then return and follow my business, as a prudent man ought to do : This is all I know of myself, and all I can possibly inform you of : I beg therefore you will have pity upon me and my horse, and give us some refreshment.’

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CCCCX. *O'Brian's Toast.*

A short time before the British troops evacuated New York, at the conclusion of the revolutionary war, Michael Morgan O'Brian, of Philadelphia, being in company with several English officers at an entertainment, was requested by one of them to 'join him in drinking the king of England's health. This was agreed to by Mr. O. provided the officer and his company would also drink with him a toast of his choosing, which was 'long life and prosperity to the prince of Hesse.' His reason for being so particular in toasting a petty German prince, in contrast with the monarch of Great Britain, having been asked, he said, 'I drink the king of England's health, because he has delivered up to us more land by the treaty of peace, than we have people of our own to occupy it ; and next, I toast the prince of Hesse, because he has supplied us with a great number of his subjects (meaning the Hessian deserters) to cultivate the land, which we ourselves cannot attend to,'

CCCCXI. *General Washington and the Dwarf.*

During the revolution, there lived in New-Jersey a remarkable dwarf, who, though upwards of twenty years of age, was not more than three feet high, and every way small in proportion; considerable numbers of people went to see him, and among them General Washington, who conversed some time with the little man, asking him questions, and generally receiving humorous and pertinent answers. The General at last wishing to know his political opinions, asked him whether he was a *whig* or *tory*. 'I cannot say, Sir,' replied the man in miniature, 'as I have not yet decided to take an *active part*.'

 CCCCXII. *Indian Hospitality.*

I can give, says Colden, in his history of the five Indian Nations, two strong instances of the hospitality of the Mohawks, which fell under my own observation; and which will show, that they have the very same notion of hospitality which we find in the ancient poets. When I was last in the Mohawk's country, the sachems told me that they had an Englishman among their people, a servant who had run away from his master in New-York. I immediately told them they must deliver him up. 'No,' they answered, 'we never serve any man so, who puts himself under our protection.' On this I insisted on the injury they did thereby to his master: they allowed it might be an injury, and replied, 'Though we will never deliver him up, we are willing to

pay the value of the servant to the master.' Another man made his escape from the jail in Albany, where he was in prison on an execution of debt : the Mohawks received him, and, as they protected him against the sheriff and his officers, they not only paid the debt for him, but gave him land over and above sufficient for a good farm, whereon he lived when I was last there.

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CCCCXIII. *Bonaparte's Opinion of Washington.*

'*Ah, gentlemen!*'—exclaimed Bonaparte—'twas just as he was about to embark for Egypt—some young Americans happening at Toulon, and anxious to see the mighty Corsican, had obtained the honor of an introduction to him. Scarcely were past the customary salutations, when he eagerly asked, '*how fares your countryman, the great Washington?*' 'He was very well,' replied the youths, brightening at the thought, that they were the countrymen of Washington ; 'he was very well, General, when we left America.'—'*Ah, gentlemen!*' rejoined he, '*Washington can never be otherwise than well.—The measure of his fame is full.—Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of Revolutions!*'

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CCCCXIV. *Indian Humanity and Fidelity.*

During the period of the American revolution, a young Shawanese Indian was taken prisoner by the Cherokees,

and condemned to die. He was tied to the stake, and every preparation was made for his immediate execution ; when a Cherokee woman arrived with a parcel of goods, and throwing them down at the feet of the warrior to whom the prisoner belonged, begged for his release ; alleging that she was a widow, and would adopt the captive as her son. The request was granted, the prisoner released, and delivered over to her, and on the same day he walked up and down the village well dressed. His protectress relied so much upon his fidelity, that she permitted him to visit his family and friends in his own country. He proved faithful, and no persuasions nor intreaties of his relations could prevail upon him to forsake her.

CCCCXV. *Indian Encouragement.*

Conrad Weiser, a Justice of the Peace, and Indian interpreter for the government of Pennsylvania, was sent, in the winter of 1736, by the governor and proprietor, to treat with the Iroquois concerning a war, ready to break out between them and the Indians of Virginia, and to endeavour to settle the dispute amicably. On his journey of near five hundred miles, he suffered great hardships. The weather was uncommonly severe, and he had to force his way, mostly on foot, through deep snow, thick forests, brooks and rivers, carrying provisions for several weeks on his back. He happened to meet with two Indians on the road, who, seeing that he was almost broken down by hardships,

bid him take courage, adding, 'that what a man suffered in his body, cleansed his soul from sin.' These words made an impression upon him: he prayed for strength, and was supported.

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CCCCXVI. *Indian Reasoning.*

In the year 1777, says the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, in his interesting account of the Indian Nations, some travelling Indians having put their horses over night in my little meadow at Gnadenhutzen on the Muskingum, I called on them in the morning to know why they had done it. I endeavoured to make them sensible of the injury they had done me, especially as I intended to mow the meadow in a day or two. Having finished my complaint, one of them replied—'My friend, it seems you lay claim to the grass my horses have eaten, because you have enclosed it with a fence; now tell me who caused the grass to grow? Can *you* make the grass grow? I think not, and nobody can, except the great Mannitto. He it is who causes it to grow both for my horses and for yours! See friend! the grass which grows out of the earth, is common to all. Say—did you ever eat venison and bear's meat?'—'Yes, very often!'—'Well, and did you ever hear me or any other Indian complain about that?' 'No.'—'Then be not disturbed at my horses eating only once, of what you call *your* grass, though the grass my horses eat, in like manner as the meat you did eat, was given to the Indians by the Great Spirit. Besides, if you will but consider, you

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will find that my horses did not eat *all* your grass. For friendship's sake, however, I shall not put my horses in your meadow again.'

CCCCXVII. *The Mind's the Standard of the Man.*

The following interesting account of the trial and execution of a negro, which took place at Charleston, South Carolina, in the early part of the year 1817, must excite the feelings of every benevolent heart, against the ruthless prejudices engendered by that foul and leprous stain upon our country, African slavery.

A man belonging to a merchant ship, having died, apparently in consequence of poison being mixed with the dinner served up to the ship's company, the cook and cabin boy were suspected; because they were, from their occupations, the only persons on board who did not partake of the mess, the effects of which appeared the moment it was tasted. As the offence was committed on the high seas, the cook, though a negro, became entitled to the benefit of a jury, and, with the cabin boy, was put upon his trial. The boy, a fine looking lad, was readily acquitted. The negro was then put upon his trial. He was a man of low stature, ill-shapen, and with a strongly marked and repulsive countenance. The evidence against him was, first, that he was cook; therefore, who else could have poisoned the mess? It was, however, overlooked that two of the crew had absconded since the ship came into port. Secondly, he had been heard to utter expressions of ill humour before

he went on board : that part of the testimony was indeed suppressed, which went to explain these expressions. The real proof, no doubt, was written in the colour of his skin, and in the harsh and rugged lines of his face. He was found guilty.

Mr. Crafts, jr. a member of the Charleston bar, and an honour to his profession, who, from motives of humanity, had undertaken his defence, did not think a man ought to die for the colour of his skin, although prejudice with jaundiced eyes might see nothing but crime and infamy stamped upon it; and moved for a new trial, on the ground of partial and insufficient evidence; but the Judge, who had urged his condemnation with a vindictive earnestness, intrenched himself in forms, and found the law gave him no power on the side of *mercy*. He then forwarded a representation of the case to the President of the United States, through one of the senators of the state; but the senator treated with levity the idea of interesting himself in behalf of the life of a negro; who was therefore left to his dungeon and the executioner. Thus situated, he did not however forsake himself; and it was now, when prejudice and a rigour bordering on persecution had spent their last arrow on him, that he modestly, but firmly, assumed his proper character, to vindicate not only his innocence, but the moral equality of his race, and those mental energies which the white man's pride would deny to the blackness of his skin, the formation of his head, and the woolliness of his hair. Maintaining an undeviating tranquillity, he conversed with ease and

cheerfulness, whenever his benevolent counsel, who continued his kind attentions to the last, visited his cell. I was present (says lieutenant Hall, from whose travels this account is extracted) on one of these occasions, and observed his tone and manner, neither sullen nor desperate, but quiet and resigned, suggesting whatever occurred to him on the circumstances of his own case, with as much calmness as if he had been uninterested in the event; yet as if he deemed it a duty to omit none of the means placed within his reach for vindicating his innocence. He paid the most profound attention to the exhortations of a Methodist preacher, who, for conscience sake, visited 'those who were in prison;' and having his spirit strengthened with religion, on the morning of his execution, before he was led out, he requested permission to address a few words of advice to the companions of his captivity. 'I have observed much in them,' he added, 'which requires to be amended, and the advice of a man in my situation may be respected.' A circle was accordingly formed in his cell, in which he placed himself, and addressed them at some length, with a sober and collected earnestness of manner, on the profligacy which he had noticed in their behaviour while they had been fellow prisoners; recommending to them the rules of conduct prescribed by that religion, in which he now found his support and consolation.

If we regard the quality and condition of the actors only, there is, assuredly, an astonishing difference between this scene, and the parting of Socrates with his friends and disciples. Should we, however, put away

from our thoughts such differences as are merely accidental, and seize that point of coincidence which is most interesting and important; namely, the triumph of mental energy over death and unmerited disgrace, the negro will not appear wholly unworthy of a comparison with the sage of Athens. The latter occupied an exalted station in the public eye. Although persecuted, even unto death and ignominy, by a band of triumphant and ruthless despots, he was surrounded, in his last moments, by his faithful friends and disciples, to whose talents and affection he might safely trust the vindication of his fame, and the unsullied whiteness of his memory: he felt that the hour of his glory must come, and that it would not pass away. The negro had none of these aids; he was a man friendless and despised; the sympathies of society were locked up against him; he was to suffer for an odious crime, by an ignominious death; the consciousness of his innocence was confined to his own bosom, there probably to sleep forever: to the rest of mankind, he was a wretched criminal; an object, perhaps, of contempt and detestation even to the guilty companions of his prison-house. He had no philosophy with which to reason down the natural misgivings, which may be supposed to precede a violent and ignominious dissolution of life: he could make no appeal to posterity, to reverse an unjust judgment. To have borne all this patiently, would have been much; he bore it as a hero and a christian. "

Having ended his discourse, he was conducted to the scaffold, where having calmly viewed the crowds col-

lected to witness his fate, he requested leave to address them. Obtaining permission, he stepped firmly to the edge of the scaffold, and having commanded silence by his gestures—‘ You are come,’ said he, ‘ to be spectators of my sufferings : you are mistaken, there is not a person in this crowd but suffers more than I do. I am cheerful and contented, for *I am innocent.*’ He then observed, that he truly forgave all those who had taken any part in his condemnation, and believed that they acted conscientiously from the evidence before them; and disclaimed all idea of imputing guilt to any one. He then turned to his counsel, who, with feelings which honoured humanity, had attended him to the scaffold; ‘ To you, sir,’ said he, ‘ I am, indeed, most grateful; had you been my son, you could not have acted by me more kindly;’ and observing his tears, he continued, ‘ This, sir, distresses me beyond any thing I have felt yet. I entreat you will feel no distress on my account: I am happy.’ Then praying Heaven to reward his benevolence, he took leave of him, and signified his readiness to die; but requested he might be excused from having his eyes bandaged; wishing, with an excusable pride, to give this last proof of the unshaken firmness with which innocence can meet death: he, however, submitted on this point, to the representations of the sheriff, and expired without the quivering of a muscle.

CCCCXVIII. *New-England Schoolmasters.*

It is well known that a great proportion of the schoolmasters in the States south of the Potomac are natives

of New-England. Many years ago, Mr. Gaston, a member of Congress from North Carolina, was standing on the steps of the Capitol at Washington, by the side of his friend, Mr. Law, a member from Connecticut, when a drove of mules and asses were passing by.—Law, said Mr. Gaston, there (pointing to the mules) are a number of your constituents—where do you think they are going? To North Carolina, replied Mr. Law, to be employed as Schoolmasters!

CCCCXIX. *Captain White Eyes.*

At a meeting which took place at Pittsburg in 1775, for the express purpose of deliberating on the part it became Indians to take in the disturbances which had arisen between Great Britain and her then North American Colonies, Captain White Eyes, a sensible and high-spirited warrior of the Lenape, (Delawares) boldly declared to a select body of the Senecas, that his Indians would not join any nation or power for the purpose of destroying a people who were born on the same soil with themselves. That the Americans were his friends and brothers, and that no nation should dictate to him what part he should take in the existing war. Anticipating the measure which the American Congress took in the succeeding year, he declared *himself* (the chiefs in their speeches in behalf of their nation, always speak in the first person singular) free and independent of the Iroquois; they had pretended they had conquered *him*; they had made a woman of him,

and dressed him in woman's apparel, but now he was a man again, he stood before them as a man, and with the weapons of a man he would assert his claim to all *that country*, pointing to the land on the west side of the Alleghany river; for to him it belonged, and not to the Six Nations, who falsely asserted that they had acquired it by conquest.



CCCCXX. *Powder and Balls.*

Let ancient or modern history be produced, they will not afford a more heroic display than the reply of Yankee Stonington, to the British commanders. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied to them. '*We want balls; will you sell them?*' They answered: '*We want powder; send us powder, and we'll return your balls.*'



CCCCXXI. *How to save a Dinner.*

General Charles Lee, while at White Plains in 1776, had his quarters in a small house near the road, by which Gen. Washington had to pass when out reconnoitring. Returning with his suite, they called in and took a dinner. They were no sooner gone, than Lee told his aids, 'You must look me out another place, for I shall have Washington and his puppies continually calling on me, and they will eat me up.' The next day Lee seeing Washington out on the like business, and expecting that he should have another visit, ordered his

servant to write with chalk, upon the door, '*No victuals dressed here to day.*' When the company approached and saw the writing, they pushed off with much good humor, for their own table, without being offended at the habitual eccentricity of the man.

CCCCXXII. *Cure for a Liver Complaint.*

A gentleman of Baltimore, who had for a long time imagined himself dying with the liver complaint, was advised by his physician, Doctor Crawford, to make an excursion into the state of Ohio. After an absence of some months, he returned home in good health; but, upon receiving information of the death of his twin brother, who had actually died of a diseased liver, he immediately staggered, and falling down, cried out he was a dead man; and had, as he always expected, died of the complaint in his liver. Dr. Crawford being sent for, immediately attended; and on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac, he took hold of his arm, and feeling his pulse, exclaimed, 'O yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable that his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the cause, I will cut him open before putrefaction takes place.' He called for a carving-knife, and whetting it as a butcher would do to open a dead calf, he went to him and began to open his waistcoat. The 'dead man' became so horribly frightened, that he leaped up with the utmost agility, and crying out 'Murder! murder! murder!' ran off with a speed

that would have defied a whole college of physicians to have caught him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted ; and not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed, and from that period was never known to complain of his liver, although he lived upwards of twenty years after it.

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CCCCXXIII. *Take Care of the Flag.*

A respectable mechanic, who carried the standard of one of the trades in the federal procession in Philadelphia, on Friday, the *fourth* of July, 1788, when he returned home, desired his wife to take care of the flag till the next time he should be called on to carry it ; ‘ And if I die,’ said he, ‘ before I can have that honour again, I desire that you would place it in my coffin, and bury it with me.’

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CCCCXXIV. *The Pirate Outwitted.**

We were chased by a pirate off King’s Channel, on Sunday morning last, (13th March.) The villain was close in under the land, in a small sloop, with about 25 men : he discovered us—we were nearly becalmed : he gave chase, and came down on us very fast. I thought there was no chance of escape but by stratagem ; and, having on board a man who I could metamorphose in-

* This anecdote is contained in a letter from a young gentleman, who lately went out in a vessel from this port to St. Thomas.

to any thing, I observed to Captain — that we had better make a gun of *Billy Euly*, and give chase in our turn. We accordingly went to work, put a black cap on Billy's head, stretched him fore and aft on the keel of the boat, with a rope made fast to his heels, so that we could slew him on the centre of gravity freely, pointing his head to the enemy. Having rigged up a 'long tom,' the next thing was to fire it, and this we did by discharging a pistol into a barrel, and raising a smoke by throwing ashes into the air. The trick succeeded; the sloop tacked and made off: we hauled on a wind, and pursued her close in under the land, then tacked ship, and stood into St. Thomas.—Thus were 25 men driven by four.



CCCCXXV. *A noble Character.*

Tchekanakoa, a celebrated Indian chief, who commanded the united Indians, at the defeat of General St. Clair, in 1791, was an uncommon man; for with the talents and fame of a great warrior, he was the uniform supporter of peace and good order, among five or six tribes, who put their trust in him: simple, wise, and temperate, but ardent in his pursuits; speaking different languages eloquently; attached to the principal chief of his nation, whom he supported, though he might have supplanted him, he preserved his dignity in every situation, by a correct reserve: to his friends, he was, as it were, unembodied, showing all the movements of his

soul, gay, witty, pathetic, and playful by turns, as feelings were drawn forth; but, above all things, he was sincere.

CCCCXXVI. *A Monster.*

Dr. Franklin, with a party of his friends, were overtaken by bad weather on one of the West-India islands, (which they had put into on a voyage to Europe,) and took shelter in a public house, kept by a foreigner. Upon their requesting that more wood might be brought and put on the fire, the inhuman brute of a landlord ordered his sickly wife to go out in the storm and bring it! while a young sturdy negro wench stood by doing nothing! When asked, why he did not send the girl, rather than his wife, he replied, 'That wench is worth 80*l.* and if she should catch cold, and die, it would be a great loss to me; but, if my wife dies, I can get another, and perhaps money into the bargain.'

CCCCXXVII. *Intrepidity of Ex-President John Adams.*

Commodore Tucker commanded the public ship which carried out Mr. Adams on his first embassy to Europe, early in the Revolutionary war. On the voyage, she was attacked by a British cruiser. When the action began Mr. Adams was walking on the quarter deck. The Commodore pressed him to go below, as he was exposing himself, without the chance of ren-

dering service. He refused, and, arming himself with a musket, fought out the action, which lasted more than an hour. The Englishman was finally beaten off with loss.

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CCCCXXVIII. *A Cure for the Scurvy.*

A soldier labouring under the scurvy, at Terre aux Bœufs, New Orleans, in 1809, was observed by the hospital surgeon, upon visiting the sick in the morning, to be stretched out in a corner of the room, with a quantity of sorrel and green buds, which he had procured, and of which he was eating. The surgeon turning to one of his attendants, said, 'Give this man mercury: try the experiment; for I am persuaded it is the most effectual remedy that can be prescribed in the disease.' The patient overheard the charge, and replied, 'None of your experiments with mercury upon me; I am doing well enough, and if you will but let me alone I shall get well.' The surgeon, in good humour, granted his request, and the man got well.

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CCCCXXIX. *Washington and Payne.**

'Immediately after the war,' said he, 'when the conquering hero was returning in peace to his home, with the laurels of victory green and flourishing on his head, I felt a great desire to see him, and so set out for Mount Vernon. As I drew near the house, I be-

* This anecdote is related by Payne.

gan to experience a rising fear, lest he should call to mind the blow I had given him in former days. However, animating myself, I pushed on. Washington met me at the door with a smiling welcome, and presently led me into an adjoining room, where Mrs. Washington sat. 'Here, my dear,' said he, presenting me to his lady, 'here is the little man you have so often heard me talk of; and who, on a difference between us, one day, had the resolution to knock me down, big as I am. I know you will honour him as he deserves; for I assure you he has the heart of a true Virginian.' 'He said this,' continued Mr. Payne, 'with an air which convinced me that his long familiarity with war had not robbed him of a single spark of the goodness and nobleness of his heart. And Mrs. Washington looked at him, I thought, with a something in her eyes, which showed that he appeared to her greater and lovelier than ever.'



CCCCXXX. *Strenuous Idleness.*

Passing the Schuylkill, one day, he* saw a man sitting on the bridge very earnestly looking on the cork of his fishing line. '*What luck? What luck?*' cried the Doctor. '*O none! none!*' answered our fishing hawk; '*none yet; I have not been here over a couple of hours or so.*' The Doctor pushed on. Near sundown he returned. The man was still sitting and staring at his cork like a spaniel at a dead set. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'I hope you have had a fine haul

* Dr. Franklin.

among the fish.' 'Not a single one,' replied the man. 'Not a single one!' quoth the doctor amazed. 'No, not one, sir,' answered the fisher, 'not one; but I've had a most *glorious nibble!*'

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CCCCXXXI. *True Independence.*

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called and asked his opinion of it. 'Why, sir,' replied Franklin, 'I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss on account of my poverty whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue—at night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which with a mug I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning; when another loaf and a mug of water afforded me a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion, for a more luxurious living?'

One cannot read this anecdote of our American sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts—'Meal, please your majesty, is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing.'

CCCCXXXII. *An Indian Verdict.*

John Tatson, an Indian, native of Lyme, in Connecticut, being found dead on a winter's morning, not far from a tavern where he had been drinking freely of spirituous liquors the evening before, the Indians immediately assembled a jury of their own tribe, who, after examining the body of the defunct, unanimously agreed—'That the said Tatson's death was occasioned by the freezing of a large quantity of water in his body, that had been imprudently mixed with the rum he drank.'

CCCCXXXIII. *The Blue Yarn Stockings.*

When Doctor Franklin was received at the French court as American minister, he felt some scruples of conscience in complying with their *fashions as to dress*. 'He hoped,' he said to the minister, 'that as he was himself a very plain man, and represented a plain republican people, the king would indulge his desire to appear at court in his usual dress. Independent of this, the season of the year, he said, rendered the change from warm yarn stockings to fine silk, somewhat dangerous.'

The French minister made him a bow, but said, that **THE FASHION** was too sacred a thing for him to meddle with, but he would do himself the honour to mention it to his **MAJESTY**.

The king smiled, and returned word that Doctor Franklin was welcome to appear at court in *any dress*

he pleased. In spite of that delicate respect for strangers, for which the French are so remarkable, the courtiers could not help staring, at first at Doctor Franklin's quaker-like dress, and especially his 'BLUE YARN STOCKINGS.' But it soon appeared as though he had been introduced upon this splendid theatre only to demonstrate that great genius, like true beauty, 'needs not the foreign aid of ornament.' The court were so dazzled with the brilliancy of his mind that they never looked at his stockings. And while many other ministers who figured in all the gaudy fashions of the day are now forgotten, the name of Doctor Franklin is still mentioned in Paris with all the ardor of the most affectionate enthusiasm.



CCCCXXXIV. *Custom House Absurdities.*

Mr. N——, an American, related to me, says Stephens, with much good humor, the following adventure, which happened to him on his arrival at the Custom House at Dover, England. Mr. N—— being an amateur of pictures, had brought with him a view of the 'Falls of Niagara,' which he had *himself* painted during his residence in Canada. The size of the picture was about six square feet, and as the duty on painted canvass is rated at one guinea the foot, consequently the demand was six guineas. Mr. N—— exclaimed against the charge for a picture of no value to any one but himself, and appealed to the director of the customs, who informed him that the regulation was posi-

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tive, and he could not depart from it. Mr. N—— still complained of this exorbitant duty : ‘ Very well,’ said the director, ‘ I only know one way for you to avoid the payment of it ; leave your picture here for six months ; as you are the sole proprietor, no one will claim it ; at the end of this period, I shall put it up for sale ; nobody will purchase this miserable daub, which is certainly not worth six shillings, and you will then have it for nothing !’—With this advice Mr. N—— thought proper to comply, and in due time obtained his picture.

CCCCXXXV. *The Devil's Blood !*

An Indian who had been born and brought up at Minisink, near the Delaware Water-Gap, and who was known in that neighbourhood by the name of Cornelius Rosenbaum, had once, when under the influence of strong liquor, killed the best Indian friend he had, fancying him to be his inveterate enemy. He said that while intoxicated, the face of his friend presented to his eyes all the features of the man with whom he was in a state of the most deadly hostility. When he awoke from his delusion he was struck with horror, and determined from that moment never again to taste the maddening poison, which, he was convinced, was invented by the devil, as it could only have been him who made him see his enemy when his friend was before him ; and produced so strong a deception on his bewildered senses, that he actually killed him. From that time un-

til his death, which happened thirty years afterwards, he never drank a drop of ardent spirits, which he always called '*the devil's blood*,' being firmly persuaded that the devil, or some of his inferior spirits, had an agency in its preparation.

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CCCCXXXVI. *Pike Fishing.*

In the latter part of the winter of 1791-2, two men in Enfield, in the upper part of Keene county, New Hampshire, were crossing one of the numerous ponds in that state in pursuit of a moose. One of them being thirsty, and perceiving a hole, which some fishermen had cut through the ice for the purpose of fishing, stooped down and inserted his head in the hole to drink. A hungry pike, or as they are there called, *pickereel*, lurking near, and seeing what he supposed a fine *bait*, made bold to snap at the man's nose, which happened, unfortunately for him, to be uncommonly red, and of unusual dimensions. The terrified huntsman suddenly throwing back his head, drew out a *pike*, which weighed *three pounds four ounces*.

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CCCCXXXVII. *Great Britain beaten by Tailors and Cobblers.*

A short time after the conclusion of the war for independence, a young American was present in one of the theatres in London, when an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. A number of the per-

formers being introduced in the character of American officers, with ragged uniforms and barefoot, the question was put to them severally—What was your *trade* before you entered the army? One answered a *tailor*, another a *cobbler*, &c. The wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themselves clothed and shod; but, before that could be expressed, the American exclaimed, ‘What! Great Britain beaten by tailors and cobblers! huzza!’ The prime minister, who was present, could not help smiling, amid a loud and general peal of laughter.



CCCCXXXVIII. *Washington and his Father.*

‘On a fine morning’ in the fall of 1737, Mr. Washington having little George by the hand, came to the door, and asked my cousin Washington and myself to walk with him to the orchard, promising he would show us a fine sight. On arriving at the orchard, we were presented with a fine sight indeed. The whole earth, as far as we could see, was strewed with fruit: and yet the trees were bending under the weight of apples, which hung in clusters like grapes, and vainly strove to hide their blushing cheeks behind the green leaves. Now, George, said his father, look here, my son! don’t you remember when this good cousin of yours brought you that fine large apple last spring, how hardly I could prevail on you to divide with your brothers and sisters; though I promised you that if you would do it, God Almighty would give you plenty of apples this

fall. Poor George could not say a word ; but hanging down his head, looked quite confused, while with his little naked toes he scratched in the soft ground. Now look up, my son, continued his father, look up, George ! and see there how richly the blessed God has made good my promise to you. Wherever you turn your eyes, you see the trees loaded with fine fruit ; many of them indeed breaking down : while the ground is covered with mellow apples, more than you could eat, my son, in all your life-time.'

George looked in silence on the wide wilderness of fruit. He marked the busy humming bees, and heard the gay notes of birds ; then lifting his eyes filled with shining moisture, to his father, he softly said, '*Well, Pa, only forgive me this time ; and see if I ever be so stingy any more.*'

CCCCXXXIX. *John Randolph.*

It is not generally known, we presume, that John Randolph made his first entrance upon the public stage, against the influence of the oratory of Patrick Henry. In the spring of 1799, Mr. Randolph offered himself as a candidate to represent the district in which he resided in the next Congress, on which occasion he had two competitors, one of whom was an ardent supporter of the administration of John Adams, and the other as decidedly opposed to it. At the same time, the pressing solicitations of many of the leading Federalists had induced Patrick Henry to withdraw from his retirement,

and announce himself to the freeholders of the county of Charlotte as a candidate for their suffrages in the House of Delegates of Virginia. Mighty preparations were making by the Democratic party to elect a majority to both branches of the General Assembly, that would change the mode of choosing Presidential Electors throughout the State, from the District, as it then existed, to the General Ticket system, with a view of giving the entire vote of the State to Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Madison resigned the seat which he held in Congress, and became a candidate for the General Assembly, to ensure, by his efforts and talents, the success of the measure. When the day of election arrived, Patrick Henry made his appearance, and addressed the electors in a masterly strain, in favor of the general principles of policy on which the Federal party rested. He spoke about two hours, and left an impression upon the minds of his hearers, by no means favorable to the success of any political opponent. Under all these appalling disadvantages, a young man was seen to present himself before the people, with the avowed intention of combatting the arguments of Mr. Henry. The person of Mr. Randolph was little known, as he had lived rather a solitary life upon his estate, after he completed his collegiate studies at Columbia College in this city. The singularity of his carriage, his youthful appearance and shrill tones, together with the power of his eloquence, soon excited a wonderful enthusiasm among his audience, who listened with the deepest silence to his remarks. He seemed quite conscious of the bold-

ness of the enterprise in which he had embarked, and animadverted upon the address of Mr. Henry, in a style and manner that drew the highest commendation from that highly-gifted orator. His speech was received with the most rapturous plaudits, and it was evident to Mr. Henry that a spirit was excited which portended far more than could have been originally calculated. He found himself compelled to reascend the rostrum in defence of the topics he had advanced, and was again followed by Mr. Randolph in reply. The polls were opened, and as the election proceeded, it was discovered that the people were resolved, notwithstanding party dissensions, to have the benefit of the services of both these distinguished individuals, in the different situations which they coveted. Patrick Henry was chosen to the House of Delegates, and John Randolph to the United States House of Representatives. Mr. Henry, however, did not live to take his seat in the Assembly, and the friends of Mr. Jefferson carried their favorite measure in that body, at the ensuing session, by a majority of 5 votes.

Some years afterwards, Mr. Randolph, in the course of some observations he addressed to Congress respecting Mr. Jefferson, expressed his firm conviction, that if Patrick Henry had lived to take a part in the debates of the General Assembly upon the proposed alteration, the project would have been defeated, and Mr. Jefferson not then elected President. 'It prevailed,' said he, 'by a majority of only 5 votes, and Patrick Henry was always good for 5 times 5 votes. Mr. Adams would

have received the votes of 5 or 6 of the electoral districts, and been re-elected.'

CCCCXL. *The Prediction of Lord Camden.*

Mr. Pratt, afterwards the celebrated Lord Camden, and a warm friend to the rights of America in the British Parliament, in the course of a free conversation with Doctor Franklin in the year 1759, said, 'For all what you Americans say of your loyalty, I know you will one day throw off your dependence upon this country; and notwithstanding your boasted affection to it, will set up for independence.' The doctor answered, 'No such idea is entertained in the mind of the Americans; and no such idea will ever enter their heads, unless you grossly abuse them.' 'Very true,' replied Mr. Pratt, 'that is one of the main causes I see will happen, and will produce the event.' History has verified the prediction of the enlightened statesman; for the abuse of Great Britain produced resistance, and resistance resulted in the *independence* of the United States of America.

CCCCXLI. *John Winthrop.*

The first John Winthrop came into this country in the year 1630, only ten years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. He was a man of talents, learning, and virtue, and was early promoted in the infant colony. In the year 1645, when he was Deputy Gov-

error, he was charged before the General Court with having been guilty of an invasion upon the liberties of the people. Upon a hearing, notwithstanding a considerable degree of passion had been excited, he was honourably acquitted, and the persons who were at the bottom of the attack upon him, were afterwards severally fined and censured. Upon resuming his seat as Governor, he addressed the Court in the following speech, which we think would do no discredit to any magistrate, of any country, at any period :—

‘ I shall not now speak any thing about the past proceedings of this Court or the persons therein concerned. Only I bless God that I see an issue of this troublesome affair. I am well satisfied that I was publicly accused, and that I am now publicly acquitted. But though I am justified before men, yet it may be the Lord hath seen so much amiss in my administration, as calls me to be humbled ; and indeed for me to have been thus charged by men, is a matter of humiliation, whereof I desire to make a right use before the Lord. If Miriam’s father spit in her face, she is to be ashamed.—But give me leave before you go, to say something that may rectify the opinions of many people. The questions that have troubled the country have been about the authority of the magistracy, and the liberty of the people. It is *you* that have called us into this office ; but being thus called, we have our authority from God ; it is the ordinance of God, and it hath the image of God stamped on it ; and the contempt of it has been vindicated by God with terrible examples of his vengeance. I

entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates, you take them from among yourselves, men subject unto like passions with yourselves. If you see our infirmities, reflect on your own, and you will not be so severe censurers of our's. We count him a good servant who breaks not his covenants: the covenant between us and you, is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, *that we shall govern you, and judge your causes according to God's laws and our own, according to our best skill.* As for our skill, you must run the hazard of it; and if there be an error, not in the will, but only in the skill, it becomes you to bear it. Nor would I have you to mistake in the point of your own liberty.—*There is a liberty of corrupt nature, which is affected both by men and beasts to do what they list;* and this liberty is inconsistent with all authority, impatient of all restraints; by this liberty, *sumus omnes deteriores:* 'tis the grand enemy of truth and peace, and all the ordinances of God are bent against it. But there is **A CIVIL, A MORAL, A FEDERAL LIBERTY,** *which is the proper end and object of authority; it is a liberty for that only which is JUST and GOOD; for this liberty, you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives; and whatever crosses it, is not authority, but a distemper thereof.* This liberty is maintained in a way of subjection to authority; and the authority set over you, will in all administrations for your good, be quietly submitted unto, by all but such as have a disposition to shake off the yoke, and lose their true liberty, by their murmuring at the honour and power of authority.'

‘The spell,’ says Cotton Mather, ‘that was upon the eyes of the people, being thus removed, their distorted and enraged notions of things all vanished; and the people would not afterwards intrust the helm of the weather-beaten bark in any other hands but Mr. Winthrop’s, until he died.’

CCCCXLII. *Revolutionary Reminiscence.*

Major W. H. an officer who was distinguished for his bravery and gallant spirit, had under his charge about three hundred ‘Green Mountain boys’—a most significant appellation in those days—all of whom were sharpshooters, accustomed to the field, and strangers to fear. This corps was placed on an advantageous piece of ground, partly concealed by bushes. The enemy were duly apprised of their position, and it was deemed important to dislodge them. Accordingly, a formidable detachment, estimated at about five hundred strong, was ordered to march against them. They advanced upon a charge, thinking to decide the contest without much loss and with little difficulty. The Americans undismayed, were prepared to receive them. Major H. gave peremptory orders to his troops to reserve their fire until the word of command; the enemy therefore rushed on without interruption until they had approached within a few rods of this Spartan band, when, pursuant to order, so deadly a fire was poured into their ranks, that those who escaped retreated in dismay and confusion. The surviving officers, and they were few

in number, soon rallied their forces and brought them a second time to the charge, advancing to the line of their comrades who had fallen, when they received a second fire not less destructive than the first, the enemy were completely panic struck, and fell back in wild disorder. The few remaining officers, however, who behaved with dauntless bravery, and probably thirsting for vengeance, rallied their troops once more, although but few were left, and brought them a third time to the charge. The issue of this attempt was not less fatal than the others; for after receiving the third fire, the survivors fled in terror and despair, and soon surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Their astonishment was past utterance when they found that out of the whole force with whom they had been associated, no more than *thirty-six* remained! The others lay stretched upon the field in mute silence, presenting a terrible memento of the power and unyielding spirit of freemen, when summoned to battle in the defence of invaded rights.

Immediately after the issue of the engagement, my informant repaired to that part of the field which had been attended with such fatal consequences to the enemy. He was horror struck on witnessing the scene that presented itself to his view. And his declaration to the writer of this article was, 'I never beheld so awful a spectacle as here greeted my eyes. *It was a winnow of dead men from one end of the line to the other.*' The contrast of the 'Green Mountain boys,' was scarcely less striking, as but few of them were injured.

It may not be improper to add, that Major H. whose enterprising and chivalrous spirit was well known to the Canadians and Indians, was long the object of incessant watchfulness; and a farther incentive was given by the diabolical baseness of the Canadians, who offered a considerable bounty for his scalp. Unhappily they succeeded too well in their schemes. Major H. in company with a small party of his companions in arms, fell into an ambush, where most of them were killed. He was butchered in a dreadful manner, and his scalp borne off to Canada. A surviving officer, who was severely wounded, but whose life was spared, witnessed the horrid transaction. Major H. was not less distinguished for private worth and for the exercise of all the manly virtues, than for his noble conduct in the field. His death occasioned unspeakable regret to every person who knew him, and particularly so among the officers of the northern army, by whom he was universally and most deservedly esteemed.

CCCCXLIII. *The Pet Lamb.*

In the first settling of Nottingham, in Chester county Pennsylvania, a family had raised a lamb in and about the house, which became the playfellow of their daughter, then about three or four years of age. One day, while the parents were too busy to be very attentive to the child, she and the lamb strayed into the woods and were lost. After some time, the family and neighbourhood were alarmed, and went in search of them, but for

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many hours to no purpose, their anxiety being greatly increased by the frequent howling of the wolves, which were then very numerous ; at length the child was found asleep and unhurt, and near it some of the bones of the lamb. She told them, that the naughty dogs, meaning the wolves, had killed and eaten the lamb. The woman, whose life, when a child, was thus providentially saved, died about the year 1767, in the same neighbourhood, where she had always resided.



CCCCXLIV. *Youth and Experience.*

A gentleman who had heard the Rev. Mr. Davis relate that Colonel Washington had said ‘he knew no music so pleasing as the whistling of bullets,’ being alone with him at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the latter end of 1775, at the time he was commander in chief of the continental forces, asked him, whether it was as had been related ; the General answered, ‘If I said so, it was when I was young.’



CCCCXLV. *The Advantage of Temperance.*

A blacksmith, in the city of Philadelphia, some forty years ago, was complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money that he could not pay his rent. The merchant then asked him how much rum he used in his family in the course of a day. Upon his answering this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that his rum amounted to

more money in a year than his house rent. The calculation so astonished the mechanic that he determined from that day to buy and drink no more spirits of any kind. In the course of the next ensuing year he paid his rent, and bought a new suit of clothes out of the savings of his temperance. He persisted in it through the course of life, and the consequence was competence and respectability.

CCCCXLVI. *Lord Sterling and the British Spy.*

Lord Sterling, who was a Major-General in the army of the United States, during the war for independence, having detected a spy from the British in his camp, and the crime being fully proved upon him, he was ordered for execution. Being under the gallows, the awful scene before him filled his soul with fear and devotion, when he thus addressed the Deity :—‘ O Lord, have pity on me ! extend thy mercy to a wretched sinner ! O Lord, forgive me, and save me from the torments of hell !’—The General thinking that the address was to him, replied, ‘ Don’t talk to me—I’ll have no mercy on you—hangman, do your duty, turn him off.’

CCCCXLVII. *Indian Greatness of Mind.*

In the year 1781, when almost all the Indian nations were in the British interest, except a part of the Delawares, among whom were the Christian Indians, between two and three hundred souls in number, the Bri-

voices! Comfort the spirits of the deceased, and revenge their blood!' &c. Inflamed by such addresses, they seize their arms, sound the war-whoop, and pant with impatience to imbrue their hands in the blood of their enemies; and then act together against their common enemy, as if one soul inspired them.

CCCCL. *Fatal Procrastination.*

In 1759 the garrison of Fort Loudon, consisting of about sixty men, under the command of a lieutenant, being besieged by the Cherokees, and reduced to almost the last extremities, sent off messengers to the governors of Virginia and North Carolina, imploring *immediate* succour, adding that it was impossible for them to hold out twenty days longer. The assembly of Virginia commiserating their unhappy situation, very readily voted a considerable sum for their relief. With this troops were to be raised, and to rendezvous two hundred miles from Williamsburg; they were then to proceed to the fort, two hundred miles further, through a wilderness, where there was no road, no magazines, no posts either to shelter the sick or cover a retreat in case of any disaster; so that, without considering that the immediate pressure made the most prompt and energetic measures necessary, the unfortunate garrison might have been as effectually relieved from the most distant quarter of the globe: The delay and difficulties attending the execution of the vote of the house being mentioned to one of the members, he frankly replied, 'Faith,

it is true ; but we have had an opportunity, at least, of showing our loyalty.' In a few days after, the melancholy news arrived that this unfortunate party were entirely destroyed.



CCCCLI. *The Negro's Query, or Evasions of Avarice.*

A planter on the north side of the Island of Jamaica, during the American revolution, whose avarice was notorious, repeatedly stinted his slaves in their weekly allowance of herrings and Indian meal. The negroes several times came in a body, and inquired the reason why they were thus cut short of their necessary allowance of food. The uniform reply from their master, manager, or overseer, was—'Boys, the provision vessels are all taken by the American privateers.' This in some measure satisfied the slaves for a time ; at length, upon a constant repetition of the same story, and being worn out by long abstinence, one of the principal negroes, in the name of his fellow sufferers, proposed the following question : ' Massa, de provision taken *ebry day* by de Merican privateer ; vy not take de vessel wid de grubbin hoe and de pick-axe ?'



CCCCLII. *The Victim of Cruelty.*

Several years since, a pilot belonging to Lewistown, state of Delaware, cruising in his boat, when off the light-house, in Delaware bay, for some trifling offence

gave a young slave that belonged to him a most unmerciful flogging, with a rope's end. The slave, a little while after, went to him, and said, 'You have promised sir, whenever I am unwilling to serve you, that I might choose another master; I now want to leave you.' Do you? you black rascal!—very well; but I will settle with you first; off with your shirt again, you shall have enough of it this time; I'll trim you till sun-set, scoundrel; you *shall* have another master when I have done with you; off with your shirt, sir!' 'I will die first,' answered the ill-fated and unfortunate youth, his back yet lacerated, and smarting from the excess of his former cruel beating, and he immediately jumped overboard and drowned himself before they could reach him with their boat.'



CCCCLIII. *An Extraordinary Medicine and Escape from Torture.*

In the expedition against Fort du Quesne, now Pittsburg, in 1758, under the command of General Forbes, several soldiers belonging to Montgomery's highlanders and other regiments, fell into the hands of the Indians, being taken in ambush. Allan Macpherson, one of the Highland soldiers, witnessing the horrid fate of several of his fellow prisoners, who had expired under the most excruciating tortures, and observing that they were about to perpetrate the same barbarities upon himself, made signs that he had something to communicate. An interpreter was brought. Macpherson told him, that,

provided his life was spared for a few minutes, he would communicate the secret of an extraordinary medicine, which, if applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk or sword; and that if they would allow him to go to the woods, with a guard, to collect the proper plants, he would prepare it, and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck by the strongest and most active warrior among them. This story being repeated by the interpreter to the Indians, obtained full faith from their superstitious credulity, and the request of the Highlander was instantly complied with. Being sent into the woods he soon returned with such plants as he chose to pick up, and having boiled them, he rubbed his neck with the juice, and laying his head upon a log, desired the strongest man among them to strike with all his force at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would find he could not make the smallest impression. An Indian then levelled a blow with all his might, and cut with such force that the head flew off to the distance of several feet. The Indians were fixed in amazement at their own credulity, and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him; but instead of being enraged at this escape of their victim, they were so pleased with his ingenuity, that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties on the remaining prisoners.

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CCCCLIV. *Military Courtesy.*

In September, 1776, a picquet of 450 men from Gen. Heath's division, constantly mounted guard, by relief,

at Morrisania, near New-York, from which a chain of sentinels, within half gun-shot of each other were planted. The water passage between Morrisania and Montresor's Island, being in some places very narrow, the sentinels on the American side, were ordered not to fire on those of the British, unless they began; but, the latter were so fond of beginning, that there was a frequent firing between them. This being the case one day, and a British officer walking along the Montresor's side, an American sentinel who had been exchanging shots with one of the British, seeing the officer, and concluding him to be better game, gave him a shot and wounded him. He was carried to the house on the island. An officer with a flag, came immediately down to the creek, and calling for the American officer of the picquet, informed him, that if the American sentinel fired any more, the commanding officer on the island would cannonade Col. Morris's house, in which the officers of the picquet were quartered. The American officer immediately sent to Gen. Heath, to know what answer should be returned. He was directed to inform the flag officer, that the American sentinels had been instructed not to fire on *sentinels*, unless they were first fired upon, then, to return the fire: and that such should be their conduct—as to the cannonading of Col. Morris's house, they might act their pleasure. The firing ceased for some time, until one day a raw Scotch sentinel having been placed, he soon after discharged his piece at an American sentinel, which was immediately returned; upon which, a British officer came down

and calling to the American officer, observed, that he thought there was to be no firing between the sentinels. He was answered, that their own began: upon which he replied, 'He shall then pay for it:' the sentinel was directly after relieved, and there was no more firing between them, at that place; but they were so civil to each other on their posts, that one day, at a part of the creek where it was practicable, the British sentinel asked the American, who was nearly opposite to him, if he could give him a chew of tobacco; the latter, having in his pocket a piece of a thick twisted roll, tossed it across the creek to the other, who after biting off a quid sent the remainder back.

CCCCLV. *The Folly of Duelling.*

This most pusillanimous practice was one day made the theme of conversation in a large party in London, where Doctor Franklin dined. The philosophers and divines of the company joined unanimously to execrate it; and so many sensible and severe things were said against it, that every body seemed willing to give it up to its father, the devil, except a young officer, whose ugly distortions showed plainly enough that he did not at all relish their strictures. Soon as they were done, he called aloud, 'Well, gentlemen, you may preach as much as you please against duelling, but I'll never pocket an insult for all that. No, if any man affront me I'll call him to an account, if I lose my life for it.'

The philosophers and divines looked at each other in silence like fools who had shot their last bolt.

Here Franklin took up the cudgel ; and looking at the young officer with a smile, said, ‘ This, sir, puts me in mind of an affair that lately happened in a Philadelphia coffee-house.’

The young fellow, rather pertly, said he should like to hear what had lately happened in a Philadelphia coffee-house.

‘ Why, sir,’ continued the Doctor, ‘ two gentlemen were sitting together in the coffee-house, when one said to the other, For Heaven’s sake, sir, sit further off, and don’t poison me ; you smell as bad as a pole-cat.’

‘ Sir,’ retorted the other, what do you mean ? Draw, and defend yourself.’

‘ O, sir,’ quoth the first, ‘ I’ll beat you in a moment, if you insist on it ; but let’s see first how that’s to *mend the matter*. If you kill me, I shall smell as bad as a pole-cat too. And if I kill you, you will *only smell ten times worse*.’



CCCCLVI. *Doctor Franklin and the Barber.*

On Doctor Franklin’s arrival at Paris, as plenipotentiary from the United States, during the Revolution, the king expressed a wish to see him immediately. As there was no going to the court of France in those days without permission of the wigmaker, a wigmaker of course was sent for. In an instant a richly dressed Monsieur, his arms folded in a prodigious muff of furs, and a long sword by his side, made his appearance. It was the king’s WIGMAKER, with his servant in a livery,

a long sword by *his* side too, and a load of sweet-scented band-boxes, full of '*de wig,*' as he said, '*de superb wig for de great Docteer Franklin.* One of the wigs was tried on—a world *too small!* Band-box after band box was tried; but all with the same ill success! The wigmaker fell into the most violent rage, to the extreme mortification of Doctor Franklin, that a gentleman so bedecked with silks and perfumes, should, notwithstanding, be such a child. Presently, however, as in all the transports of a *grand discovery,* the wigmaker cried out to Doctor Franklin, that he had just found out where the fault lay—'*not in his wig as too small; O no, by gar! his wig no too small; but de docteer's head too big; great deal too big.*' Franklin smiling, replied, that the fault could hardly lie *there;* for that his head was made of God Almighty himself, who was not subject to err. Upon this the wigmaker took in a little; but still contended that there must be something the matter with Doctor Franklin's head. It was at any rate, he said, out of *the fashion.* He begged Doctor Franklin would only please for remember, *dat his head had not de honneer* to be made in PARREE. No, by Gar! for if it been made in PARREE, it no bin more dan *half such a head.* '*None of the French Noblesse,*' he swore, '*had a head any ting* like his. Not de great Duke D'Orleans, nor de grand monarch himself had *half such a head as Docteer Franklin.* And he did not see, he said, *what business any body had wid a head more big dan de head of the grand monarque.'*

Pleased to see the poor wigmaker recover his good

humour; Dr. Franklin could not find in his heart to put a check to his childish rant, but related one of his *fine anecdotes*, which struck the wigmaker with such an idea of his wit, that as he retired, which he did, bowing most profoundly, he shrugged his shoulders, and with a look most significantly arch, he said :

‘*Ah, Docteer Frankline ! Docteer Frankline ! I no wonder your head too big for my wig. By gar, I’ fraid your head be too big for all de French nationg.*’

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CCCCLVII. *Magnanimity of M. De Bouillé.*

While M. de Bouille was commandant general of the French West India Islands, during the American revolution, a British transport was cast away on one of them, which had on board several hundred men ; who being in a most deplorable situation, supplicated the Marquis for relief, and to make them prisoners of war. ‘No,’ replied the General, ‘The king my master, does not make war with the elements. Had you been taken in battle, you should remain his prisoners ; but your case is otherwise. I have ordered you clothing and refreshments, and directed a ship to be got ready to transport you to the dominions of your sovereign.’

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CCCCLVIII. *Give Merit its Due.*

During the skirmishing warfare in New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, in the years 1776 and 1777, Col. Maitland, the son of the Earl of Lauderdale, was particu-

larly active. Ever on the alert, and having his highlanders always ready, he attracted the particular notice of Gen. Washington. Some communications having passed between them, as old acquaintances, although then opposed as enemies, Col. Maitland sent an intimation to the American commander in chief, that in future his men would be distinguished by a red feather in their bonnets, so that he could not mistake them, nor avoid doing justice to their exploits, in annoying his posts, and obstructing his convoys and detachments; adding, that Gen. Washington was too liberal, not to acknowledge merit, even in an enemy. Frazer's highlanders wore the red feather, after Col. Maitland's death, and continued to do so until the end of the war.

CCCCLIX. *The Scotch Prize; or, the Little Yankee.*

It happened, in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighbourhood of New-York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder; the boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, ' You are my prisoner: if you attempt to put your bag down, I

will shoot you dead ; go forward in that road.' The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, 'A British grenadier made prisoner by such a d——d brat,—by such a d——d brat.' The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side-arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag.

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CCCCLX. *Honourable Satisfaction.*

Immanuel Kant, the Prussian philosopher, and celebrated for his metaphysical acuteness, was expatiating one day in a coffee-house at Koningsburg, during the American revolutionary war, with some warmth, in favour of the Americans and against the British ; when a man suddenly started up, and declared himself offended by the reflections thrown on his country, and demanded honourable satisfaction. Kant, undisturbed by this strange attack, continued to give a cool but striking illustration of his own sentiments, by particularly referring to the conduct of the Englishman. His impressive manner of reasoning, combined with his good nature, had such an effect on Mr. Green, (for that was the name

of the Englishman,) that he acknowledged the impropriety of his conduct, and solicited Kant's pardon, which was immediately granted. Green attended Kant to his house, and from that time a friendship was commenced, which terminated only with the death of the former.

CCCCLXI. *Early Customs.*

A gentleman travelling, about the year 1756, upon the frontiers of Virginia, when there were but few settlements, was obliged to take up his quarters one evening at a miserable plantation; where, exclusive of a negro or two, the family consisted of a man and his wife, and one daughter, about sixteen years of age. Being fatigued, he presently desired them to show him where he was to sleep; accordingly they pointed to a bed in a corner of the room where they were sitting. The gentleman was a little embarrassed, but being exceedingly weary, he half undressed himself and got into bed. After some time the old lady came to bed to him, after her the old gentleman, and last of all the young lady. This in a country excluded from all civilized society, could only proceed from simplicity and innocence: indeed it is a general and true observation, that forms and observances become necessary, and are attended to, in proportion as manners become corrupt; and it is found expedient to guard against vice, and that design and duplicity of character, which from the nature of things, will ever prevail in large and cultivated societies

CCCCLXII. *The Force of Nature.*

▪ A gentleman travelling in the neighbourhood of Spotswood's iron mines, Virginia, in 1759, had a small negro boy, fourteen years old, with him, that had lived with him some time in a remote part of the state. An old negress, who was employed in the mines, and who proved to be the boy's grandmother, accidentally cast her eyes on him: she viewed him with great attention for some time, then screamed out, saying that it was her child, and flung herself on the ground. She lay there some seconds; rose up, looked at him again in an ecstasy of joy, and fell upon his neck and kissed him. After this, she retired a few paces, examined him with fresh attention, and immediately seemed to lose herself in thoughtful and profound melancholy. The boy all this time stood silent and motionless, reclining his head on one side, pale and affected beyond description. As a picture of distress, in which all the finer feelings of the heart were brought into action, it would have required the pencil of Raphael to embody it, for his imagination could not have exceeded it.

 CCCCLXIII. *Puritanical Humour.*

Dr. Mather, of Boston, one of the early puritans, had acquired the reputation of constantly preaching hospitality, but never practising it. The Rev. Mr. Ward, another Puritan, settled on the Connecticut, and an old chum of the Doctor's, resolved on putting the unfavorable part of his character to the test, and accordingly

went to his house in disguise. After being reproachfully ordered from the Doctor's door, and denied one after the other, lodging, bread, meat and money, 'Sir,' said Ward, 'since you will not give lodgings, nor money, nor food, nor drink, to me, I pray for your advice; will you direct me to a stew?' The astonished Doctor cried out, 'Vagrant of all vagrants! the curse of God will fall on thee, thou art one of the non-elects! Dost thou suppose, villain, I am acquainted with bad houses. What dost thou want at a stew?' Mr. Ward replied, 'I am hungry, weary, thirsty, moneyless, and almost naked, and Solomon, the wisest king the Jews ever had tells me and you, *that a whore will bring a man to a morsel of bread at the last.*' As soon as Ward had finished, the Doctor suspecting a deception, exclaimed, '*Tu es Wardonus* vel diabolus.' Thou art Ward or the devil. Mr. Ward could not help laughing; whereupon Mather invited him in, and gave him all he wanted. The next day being Sunday, Mr. Ward preached for the Doctor, both morning and evening.

CCCCLXIV. *Paul Jones.*

After Paul Jones's crew, of the Ranger privateer, from Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, had landed at Lord Selkirk's, in Scotland, in May 1778, stripped the house of the plate, and carried it on board, the ship lay too, while Captain Jones wrote a letter to his lordship, which he sent on shore, and in which he ingenuously acknowledged that he meant to have seized and detained him

as a person of much consequence to himself, in case of a cartel; but disclaiming, at the same time, any concern in taking off his plate, which, he said, was done by his crew, in spite of his remonstrances; who said they were determined to be repaid for the hardships and dangers they had encountered in Kirkcudbright-bay—and in attempting, a few days before, to set fire to the shipping in the harbour of Whitehaven. Captain Jones, also informed his lordship that he had secured all his plate, and would certainly return it to him at a convenient opportunity. This he afterwards punctually performed, by sending it to Lord Selkirk's banker, in London. This fact, authenticated by Lord Selkirk himself, is to be found in Gilpin's tour to the lakes in Scotland.

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CCCCLXV. *An Inconvenient Wound.*

While pursuing the enemy, during an action at Saratoga, previous to the surrender of Burgoyne, in October, 1777, I heard, says General Wilkinson, in his memoirs, some one exclaim, 'Protect me, sir, against this boy;' when, turning my eyes, it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad, thirteen or fourteen years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer, who lay in the angle of a worm fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, 'I had the honour to command the grenadiers;' of course I knew him to be Major Ackland, who had been brought from the field to this place on the back of a Captain Shrimpton, of his own corps, under a heavy fire. I dismounted, took him by the hand, and

expressed hopes that he was not badly wounded ; ‘ Not badly,’ he replied, ‘ but very inconveniently ; I am shot through both the legs ; will you have the goodness, sir, to have me conveyed to your camp ?’ I directed my servant to alight, and we lifted Ackland into his seat, and then ordered him to be conducted to head-quarters.

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CCCCLXVI. *True Eloquence.*

Dr. Johnson, of Connecticut, was allowed to be one of the first orators of his day. He once visited England on some questions relative to our colonial difficulties, and was heard before parliament. Considerable curiosity was excited in that body, to hear how a Yankee lawyer would acquit himself. Parliament however were so delighted, that Dr. Johnson’s company and correspondence were afterwards sought and obtained by such men as Fox and Burke. It is difficult to give a precise idea of the character of his eloquence. Nothing of an ordinary nature seemed to affect him in the least. In the argument of any common case at the bar, he was awkward and embarrassed—he was then like a clumsy seventy-four in a calm, without being able to bring one gun to bear, subject to all the pestering annoyance of every little gun-boat, plying around him in every direction. But one of these little gun-boat lawyers was careful at the same time not to come too near ; for, to drop all metaphor, and to adopt his own phraseology, he declared, that when the muscles began to tremble under the Doctor’s chin, he was compelled to

open to the right and left. His mind resembled some of those vast models of machinery, which our country exhibits, not to be brought into action without a strong impulse, and then the spectacle of such gigantic evolutions becomes sublime, interesting and grand. We will endeavour to illustrate this trait of Dr. Johnson's eloquence, by a further example. An old controversy between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, was left to the decision of commissioners. Dr. Johnson was the agent of his native state, Connecticut. A gentleman now one of the first ornaments of the gospel ministry, having often heard of Dr. Johnson's celebrity as a public speaker, attended.—The opposing counsel had read some old writing recorded on a long roll of parchment, which was strangely interlarded with texts of scripture, with which he made the commissioners merry and jocose; the application of these texts he denominated puritanical fantasy. When Dr. Johnson rose in reply, he was awkward, confused, and embarrassed, as was testified by his frequent coughs and expectoration. However, the reflection on his native state, conveyed in the term puritanical fantasy, was sufficient to rouse all his faculties into action. He seized the parchment, and reading those passages of scripture with an uncommon solemnity of tone, infused an awe into the minds of all the audience—then suddenly dropping it, he lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed—Great God, is all this fantasy!—at that moment the parchment, dismissed from his hands, rolled as by a spontaneous impulse at his feet. A solemn chill come

over all the audience, so forcible, that the narrator declared that he could not, at the distance of twenty years repeat the anecdote, without experiencing the same sensation again.

In the eloquence of Dr. Johnson, there was nothing of the rant of the day—nothing of that awkward ornament resembling Dido's garment, which, as Virgil describes it, *was stiff with barbarick gold*; no distention of metaphor beyond its temperate analogies—no suns, no stars, no diamonds, all wrought up into one strange incoherent mass of materials, to glare upon the eye, and to dazzle the mind from the subject; it was pure, legitimate, plain, luminous, beautiful English—the words conveyed the ideas of the speaker, and, wrapt in his tempest of intellect, we were borne away by the whirlwind—it was a thing we could not see, but by its ravages elsewhere.



CCCCLXVII. *Revolutionary Memoranda.*

When David Hume was taking his last farewell of George Dempster, who had taken a strong, decided part against the arbitrary proceedings of the administration, respecting America, he said: 'I conjure you, with the words of a dying man, by all that is fair and honorable among men, to go to the end, as you have already in uniform opposition to the most arbitrary and unjust measures; they are such as are not only impolitic to this country, but unjust and criminal against the rights of nature; and with all these wicked designs, they ne-

ver will be able to obtain their ends. They are not founded in justice ; Great Britain has undertaken a task she is not equal to.' Hume thought them in rebellion to the legislature ; but the legislature could not perform what was undertaken ; had been asked to write, but would not ; if he wrote, it would be on bankruptcy. The nation was now bankrupt ; he thought the best way would be to make as fair a bankruptcy as possible, and settle that entirely, and then begin afresh.

When the intelligence arrived from America of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, a disagreement in the ministry was the immediate consequence. One part of them imputed it to the quarrel among themselves, others imputed it to Lord George Germaine. For some weeks it was a doubt which party would prevail. In this divided state of the ministry, parliament met ; and on the first day of the session it was obvious to every one that the dispute was not settled. Lord George Germaine said, that notwithstanding the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, yet, if Great Britain gave up the sovereignty of America, she was undone. Mr. Dundas, the lord advocate of Scotland, reprobated that opinion, and Mr. Rigby, who held the office of paymaster, bluntly said, 'We were beaten, therefore must give up the plan of war.' When parliament adjourned for the Christmas holidays, the dispute continued open.

It is certain that when Lord George Germaine delivered the preceding opinion, he thought he was giving the opinion of a much greater authority than his own, but he was not intrusted with the real secret. There

were other persons who were honoured with a larger share of confidence. And this party triumphed, They resolved to remove Lord George Germaine, and to recal Sir Henry Clinton; and one was made a consequence of the other, though there was no connexion between the two cases.



CCCCLXVIII. *The Enraged Usurer.*

Previous to the revolutionary war, by an act of the Assembly of Virginia, it was provided, that if any bill of exchange is drawn for the payment of any sum of money, and such bill is protested for non-acceptance or non-payment, it shall bear interest from the date, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, until it shall be paid. The following curious circumstance took place at Williamsburgh, in relation to this law, about the year 1760. A usurer, not satisfied with 5 per cent. legal interest, refused to advance a sum of money to a gentleman, unless, by way of security, he would give a bill of exchange that should be returned protested, by which he would be entitled to 10 per cent. The gentleman, who had immediate occasion for the money, sat down, drew a bill upon a capital merchant in London, with whom he had never had any transaction, or carried on the least correspondence. The merchant, on the receipt of the bill, observing the name of the drawer, very readily honoured it, knowing the gentleman to be a person of great property, and concluding that he meant to en-

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ter into a correspondence with his house. The usurer upon this became entitled to only 5 per cent. He was, therefore, exceedingly enraged at being, as he supposed, thus tricked, and complained very heavily to the gentleman of his having given him a good bill instead of a bad one.

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CCCCLXIX. *The Americans Sharp Shooters.*

Colonel Forsyth, so celebrated in the last war, as the commander of a band of sharp shooters, which harassed the enemy so much, happened, in a scouting party, to capture a British officer. He brought him to his camp, and treated him with every respect due to his rank. Happening to enter into conversation on the subject of sharp shooters, the British officer observed, that Col. Forsyth's men were a terror to the British camp—that as far as they could see they could select the officer from the private, who of course fell a sacrifice to their precise shooting. He wished very much to see a specimen of their shooting. Forsyth gave the wink to one of his officers, then at hand, who departed, and instructed two of the best marksmen belonging to the corps, to pass by the commanding officer's quarters at stated intervals. This being arranged, Col. Forsyth informed the British officer that his wish should be gratified, and observed he would step in front of his tent to see whether any of his men were near at hand. According to the arrangement made, one of the best marksmen appeared. The Colonel ordered him to

come forward, and inquired whether his rifle was in good order. 'Yes, sir,' replied the man. He then stuck a table knife in a tree about fifty paces distant and ordered the man to split his ball. He fired and the ball was completely divided by the knife, perforating the tree on each side. This astonished the British officer. Apropos, another soldier appeared in sight. He was called, and ordered, at the same distance, to shoot an ace of clubs out of the card. This was actually done. The British officer was confounded and amazed—still more so when the Colonel informed him that four weeks before, those men were at work in the capacity of husbandmen.



CCCCLXX. *The Young American Tar.*

While the frigate *United States* was lying in the harbor of Norfolk, some time anterior to the declaration of war in 1812, a little boy in petticoats was in the habit of accompanying his mother, a poor woman, who frequently visited the ship to wash for some of the crew. The lad, whose name was John Kreamer, soon became a favorite with the sailors, and it was determined by them, if his mother would consent, to adopt him as one of their number. He came on board, and recommended himself by his activity and shrewdness to the favor of every one.—War was subsequently declared against Great Britain, and the frigate sailed upon a cruise, in which she captured the enemy's frigate *Macedonian*. As the two vessels were approaching each other, Com-

modore Decatur, who was standing upon the quarter-deck, watching with his glass the movements of his adversary, noticed that little Jack appeared anxious to speak to him. 'What do you want?' said Decatur. Jack coolly answered, that 'he had come to ask that his name might be enrolled on the ship's books!' 'For what purpose!' said the Commodore. 'Because,' replied Jack, 'I want to draw my share of the prize money.' Pleased with the boy's confident anticipation of victory, Decatur immediately gave orders to have his name registered, and when the prize money allowed by Congress was distributed, Jack received his proportion. From that time he was regarded by the Commodore with more than ordinary interest, was taken into his cabin, and prepared for the important duties of a higher station. He was constantly about Decatur's person, and acted as the coxswain of his own barge. So soon as his age would justify an application to the Navy Department for a midshipman's warrant, it was made, and promptly complied with. Little Jack, as he was formerly styled by the sailors, was thus transformed into Mr. Kreamer, and was with Decatur in the *President* when she was captured, and in the *Guerriere* in the expedition to Algiers. He afterwards sailed in the *Franklin* 74, with Commodore Stewart, to the Pacific Ocean. That was his last cruise. He was upset in one of the ship's boats by a sudden squall in the harbor of Valparaiso, and sunk to the bottom before any assistance could be afforded.

CCCCLXXI. *Captain Molly.*

Before the two armies, American and English, had begun the general action of Monmouth, two of the advanced batteries commenced a very severe fire against each other. As the warmth was excessive, the wife of a cannonier constantly ran to bring him water from a neighbouring spring. At the moment when she started from the spring, to pass to the post of her husband, she saw him fall, and hastened to assist him; but he was dead. At the same moment she heard an officer order the cannon to be removed from its place, complaining he could not fill his post by as brave a man as had been killed. 'No,' said the intrepid Molly, fixing her eyes upon the officer, 'the cannon shall not be removed for the want of some one to serve it; since my brave husband is no more, I will use my utmost exertions to avenge his death.' The activity and courage with which she performed the office of cannonier during the action, attracted the attention of all who witnessed it, finally of Gen. Washington himself, who afterwards gave her the rank of Lieutenant, and granted her half pay during life. She wore an epaulette, and every body called her *Captain Molly*.

CCCCLXXII. *Major Andre's Tree.*

The memorable tulip tree at Greensburg or Traytown, under which Major Andre was taken, was on Saturday, the 31st of July, 1801, struck with lightning. It was rent almost exactly in two, from the top to the bot-

tom ; near the root it was hollow, at which part of it took fire, and blazed up for about 12 or 14 feet through the fissure for a few minutes. When the eastern half fell, the remainder extending over the road, stood in so menacing an attitude as to render it necessary to cut it down. This remarkable tree measured 26 feet in circumference, at the base ; was 111 feet in height ; and its branches extended 106 feet in diameter. It has often awakened the sympathy of the feeling traveller, by recalling the memory of a gallant, but unfortunate enemy. As Americans we could but rejoice at that event, which, while it blasted his flattering prospects, and consigned him to an ignominious death, still rescued our country from destruction ; yet discriminating in our emotions, and just as to his individual merits, we mingled with his friends the sigh of regret at the recollection of his virtues, while our bosoms have swelled with indignation and our lips have imprecated curses on the traitor whose villany occasioned his untimely fate. It is rather a singular coincidence that the news of General Arnold's death should arrive at Greensburg on the same day that the Tulip Tree was destroyed.



CCCCLXXIII. *Indian Courtship.**

An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much time among the white people both in Pennsylvania and

* This anecdote is taken from the sixteenth chapter of Heckewelder's account of the Indians, that once inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring states. The work, from which this extract is made, is the first number of the Publications by the Historical and Literary Committee of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia.

New-Jersey, one day, about the year 1770, observed that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but also more certain of getting a *good* one. ‘For,’ said he in broken English, ‘white man court—court—may be one whole year!—may be two years before he marry!—Well—May be then get *very* good wife—but may be *not*!—May be *very* cross!—Well! now suppose *cross*! Scold so soon as get awake in the morning!!—Scold all day!—Scold until sleep!—all one—he must keep *him*!—White people have law forbidding throwing away *wife*, be *he* ever so cross—must keep *him* always! Well, how does Indian do? Indian, when he see industrious *squaw*, which he like, he go to *him*—place his two fore-fingers close aside each other, make two like one—then look *squaw* in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one *he* say YES!—so he take *him* home—no danger *he* be cross! No—no—*squaw* know to well what Indian do, if *he* cross! Throw *him* away and take another! *Squaw* love to eat meat! No husband, no meat! *Squaw* do every thing to please husband—he do every thing to please *squaw*—live happy!

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CCCCLXXIV. *The American Eagle.*

A boatman, while engaged in conveying salt on the Onondaga lake, a few years since, saw a large gray eagle cutting his gyrations in the air, apparently noticing some prey in the lake beneath. In a moment he poised, and darted from his altitude into the water, from

which he was unable to rise. A continued flapping with his broad and extended pinions kept him from being drawn under, and proved that his diamond eyes had not mistaken their object. He approached the land slowly, the unknown creature below acting as propellant and helmsman. The boatman grew interested in the affair and landed. The eagle, on touching terra firma, showed himself fastened to a fine salmon. Our hero, thinking it time to take his share of the plunder, cut himself a stout cudgel, and approached the imperial bird of Jove; which, having his talons fast, was unable to rise, advance, or recede. Three times was the club raised to strike, but the noble bearing of the legal bird, and his undaunted front, made even the boatman quail. He could not assault imprisoned majesty. The eagle exhibited no signs of fear, but occasionally nibbled the gills of his prize, and indignantly glanced at the intrusive boatman. At length the talons of one leg became released, and, by a dexterous turn, those of the other, when he soared away to his thunder-clouds on high, leaving the much-coveted salmon to the boatman, who, on weighing it, found it to balance twenty-six pounds.



CCCCLXXV. *Indians' Opinion of Jails.*

One of the Osage Indians, who was on a visit to Washington city a few years ago, being in the city of Baltimore, was shown every thing in the latter city that it was supposed would interest the attention of one of

the native lords of the forest. Among other things, his guide conducted him to see the jail. After viewing it with attention, he exclaimed,—‘*What dat?*’ The reply was, ‘The jail.’ Indian—‘What’s jail?’ His guide answered, ‘A place to put Indians in, who don’t pay the skins they owe,’ (skins being the medium of exchange, or symbol of wealth among the North American savages.) Having viewed it some time with astonishment, the untutored child of nature gave his reply, worthy of a Socrates, a Plato, a Rochefoucault or a Franklin, ‘*Indian can catch no skin dere.*’

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CCCCLXXVI. *Daniel Webster.*

During one of the college vacations, he and his brother returned to their father’s, in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, Mr. Webster put scythes in their hands, and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then, resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, ‘What’s the matter, Dan?’ ‘My scythe don’t hang right, sir,’ he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. *Something was the matter with his scythe—and it was again tinkered. But it was not long before it wanted fixing again; and the father said in a pet, ‘Well, hang it to suit yourself.’ Daniel, with great composure hung it on the next tree; and putting on a grave countenance, said, ‘It hangs very well; I am perfectly satisfied.’

When he and his brother had commenced studying law, they had a mock-trial to test their different abilities. In this case, Daniel was counsel for a woodchuck, and won the case; although he had to prove that the woodchuck had the best right to the fruits of the field of clover—for a trespass upon which he was sued.

CCCCLXXVII. *Anecdotes of Judge Peters.*

At the agricultural dinner in December, 1828, a gentleman remarked that whiskey had got to an enormous price; yet he was certain its great cost would not change the habits of the tippler. 'I beg your pardon,' replied the Judge, 'it will completely change their habits; for they will swap their clothes for it, when their money is out.'

On the arrival of the great news of the dethronement of Bonaparte, the Judge met an acquaintance who first informed him of it; and as the Judge seemed to doubt, 'Why, added his friend, it comes from both France and Ireland.' 'Oh, exclaimed the Judge, then it must be a cock and bull story;' alluding to the cock that makes part of the arms of France, and the well-known reputation of Ireland for bulls.

When Judge Peters was speaker of the house of Assembly, one of the members in crossing the floor, tripped on the carpet, and fell down. The house burst into laughter, while the Judge, with the utmost gravity, cried, 'Order, order, gentlemen; do you not see that a

member is on the floor?"—which is the usual way of requiring silence, when any one rises to speak.

At the beginning of our revolutionary war, the Judge was elected captain of a volunteer company of infantry. When he called at the paymaster's to settle his first six months' accounts, that officer remarked that they were very large, and added, 'Pray, captain, how many men do you command?' 'Not one,' replied the Judge. 'How, exclaimed the paymaster, such heavy accounts as these, and not command one man!' 'No, rejoined the captain, not one; but I am commanded by ninety.'

When La Fayette was in America, he told us at the Judge's house, that he and the Judge made their grand entrance into Philadelphia in a barouche and four. The dust kicked up by the volunteer troopers annoyed them much. 'Ah, said the Judge, most of these horsemen are lawyers, and they are always throwing dust in my eyes.'

On another occasion the Judge was standing with La Fayette, when the young military orator, in addressing the General, said, 'Sir, although we were not born to partake of your revolutionary hardships, yet we mean, should our country be attacked, to tread in the shoes of our forefathers.' 'No, no, cried the Judge, that you can never do, because your forefathers fought barefooted.'

On some occasion a very fat man and a very slim man stood at the entrance of a door into which the Judge wished to pass. He stopped a moment for them to make way, but perceiving they were not inclined to

move, and being urged by the master of the house to come in, he pushed on between them, exclaiming, 'Here I go, through thick and thin.'

A lawyer, engaged in a cause before the Judge, tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say any thing more. Upon this the Judge called out to the teasing lawyer, 'I think, sir, you must have done with that witness now, for you have pumped him dry.'

CCCCLXXVIII. *Sir Isaac Coffin.*

During the late war the worthy Baronet made a visit to Dartmoor prison for the purpose of releasing from captivity all the American prisoners who bore the name of Coffin, and might be supposed to be of his family. After a number had been liberated, a negro presented himself, and claimed his liberty by the same title. 'Ah,' said the Admiral, 'you a Coffin too?' 'Yes, Massa.' 'How old are you?' 'Me thirty year, Massa.' 'Well then you are not one of the Coffins, for they never turn black until *forty*!'

CCCCLXXIX. *Artemas Shattuck.*

One of the most singular circumstances, recorded in the history of accidents, occurred in the town of Middlebury, Connecticut, in 1817, and exhibits, in the hero of misfortune, a mind excelling in the cool, deliberate,

and determined virtues. The subject is as follows : Artemas Shattuck, on that day, in a piece of chopping that he was clearing, fell a tree across a stump, in which situation it remained nearly balanced—the top, however, buoyed up the butt ; while thus suspended, he undertook to cut the tree in two, near the stump upon which it was lodged, and while standing upon it for that purpose, he cut so much more upon the upper than the under part of the tree that the weight of the butt caused it to split, and at the instant of the greatest vibration or separation of the severed parts, his foot slipt into the cavity of the opening timber, and remained as firmly fixed as in a vice ;—he fell immediately backwards, in which fall he lost his axe, but soon recovered a position that enabled him to hold upon the tree by one hand, with the other he drew out his pocket knife and cut a limb with a hook attached to it with the intention of drawing up the axe and cutting the tree to liberate his foot, but soon found his efforts fruitless. He next tried to break his leg, as that would have enabled him to turn his body in a position to sit upon the tree and wait the lingering hour of assistance ; but his position prevented even the gratification of this harsh relief. Finding his strength failing fast, and no prospect of timely relief, (as no human assistance was within three quarters of a mile) he adopted the only alternative that remained of saving himself from the hard and horrible death of expiring while suspended in the air, with his head down and his feet up—With his penknife he deliberately severed his foot from his leg at

the ankle joint, and on his hands and knees bent his course for home. In this posture he crawled a full half mile before his calls for assistance were heard, and twice had to deviate several rods from a direct line, to a rivulet, to quench his raging thirst.

CCCCLXXX. *General Washington's Motion.*

In 1817, in a debate in the house of delegates, on the bill relative to a map of Virginia, in which something was said of military roads, Mr. Mercer L. related and applied an anecdote of General Washington, which he had received from a member of the Convention, that formed the Constitution of the United States. The subject of power to be given the new Congress, relative to a standing army, was on the tapis. A member made a motion that Congress should be restricted to a standing army not exceeding *five thousand* at any one time. Gen. Washington, who, being chairman, could not offer a motion, whispered to a member from Maryland, to amend the motion, by providing that no foreign enemy should invade the United States at any one time, with more than *three thousand troops*.

CCCCLXXXI. *Captain Ogle and the Apothecary.*

A captain Ogle, of the British service, and who was stationed in Philadelphia about the year 1764, one afternoon, shortly after his arrival, made his entrance into the coffee-house, (which was then kept at the

southwest corner of Front and Market streets) dressed in full regimentals, booted and spurred, a whip in his hand, spattered from top to toe, and reeling under the effects of an overcharge of liquor. Being under the impression that every man he met in the city of brotherly love, was a quaker and a real Simon Pure, and therefore an object for his amusement, the moment he entered, observing Joshua Fisher, he threw his arms round his neck, exclaiming, 'Ah! my dear broad-brim give me a kiss,' and began most lovingly to slaver him; Joshua being greatly embarrassed by the salutation, and unable to shake off the fond intruder, Mr. Richards, an apothecary, and a perfect counterpart to Falstaff, interfered and effected a separation; when Ogle turning to him, cried out, 'Hah! my jolly fellow, give me a smack of your fat chops,' and directly fell to hugging and kissing the apothecary, as he had done the quaker. But instead of the coyness shown by Joshua, Richard hugged and kissed in his turn as hard as he was able, until his weight at length brought the captain to the floor, and the knight of the pestle on top of him, where he kept kissing away until Ogle, nearly crushed and suffocated, exclaimed, 'for Heaven's sake let me up, let me up, or you will smother me:' Richards having sufficiently tormented him, and avenged Fisher, permitted him to rise.



CCCCLXXXII. *The Quaker's Great Coat.*

Doctor Chovet, an eminent physician, and celebrated for his wit, was once on his way to visit a patient in the

lower part of the city, when he was over taken by a shower of rain. He stepped into the house of Mr. F——, a quaker, with whom he was intimate, and asked him for the loan of his great coat, umbrellas being at that time almost unknown in Philadelphia. Mr. F—— told him he would lend him it, provided he would agree to one condition. ‘Well,’ said the Doctor, ‘what is the condition?’ ‘Why, Doctor, all that I shall require of *thee* is, that thou wilt promise *not to swear* during the time thou hast *my coat on.*’ ‘A d——d hard condition,’ replied the Doctor, ‘but, as I am in a hurry, and do not wish to get wet, I agree to it.’ The coat was then handed to him, he put it on, and pursued his way to his patient. The next day when he returned it, he was asked by Mr. F——, who was as noted for mendacity, as the Doctor was for profanity, whether he had fulfilled the condition; ‘Why, yes,’ said the Doctor, ‘But I would sooner consent to be wet to the skin than put on a *coat of yours* again; for, during the whole time I *had it on*, I never in all my life felt such a d——d itch for *lying.*’



CCCCLXXXIII. *The Effects of no Government.*

Colonel Barre, the celebrated friend of the rights of America in the British Parliament, in travelling through this country, some years previous to the revolution, paid a visit to the governor of Connecticut, of whom he made inquiries respecting the constitution of the country. His Excellency informed him that, literally speak-

ing, there was no government whatever ; that as to his power, he was a mere cypher ; that the legislature met only to wrangle and do nothing ; in a word, it was mere anarchy and confusion, whenever any active step was to be taken ; and that, upon the whole, the people generally governed themselves, by every man doing as he pleased. The conversation changed ; and the colonel spoke of the face of the country ; the improvements every where visible ; and the universal appearance of plenty and happiness in the fields, dwellings, and clothing of the people. The governor assented, and said he believed there was hardly a country in the world that excelled it in all those particulars. Such, said the colonel, were the effects of the *no* government he had just expatiated upon.

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CCCCLXXXIV. *Gloomy Forebodings.*

The eloquent and justly celebrated Rev. George Whitefield, the afternoon before he left Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, in 1764, sent for Dr. Langdon and Mr. Haven, the congregational ministers of the town ; and upon their coming and being alone with him, said, 'I can't in conscience leave the town without acquainting you with a secret. My heart bleeds for America. O poor New-England ! There is a deep-laid plot against both your civil and religious liberties, and they will be lost ; your golden days are at an end ; you have nothing but trouble before you. My information comes from the best authority in Great Britain. I was allow-

ed to speak of the affair in general, but enjoined not to mention particulars. Your liberties will be lost.' That such were the gloomy apprehensions, not only of the reverend gentleman, but of many of the most decided friends to the liberties of America, from their belief of the overwhelming power of Great Britain, is now matter of history. Thank Heaven! the virtue, courage, and constancy of our fathers, amid sufferings, that nothing short of the sternest patriotism could have breast- ed, defied the tyrant's power, secured the liberty of their fellow-citizens, and the independence of America. Let us be grateful, and remember what we owe to posterity.



CCCCLXXXV. *The Indian Character.*

The Indians are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate warmth, but that inveteracy toward their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In every other instance they are cool and collected, taking care to conceal the emotions of the heart. If an Indian discovers his friend to be in danger of being cut off by a lurking foe, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms, as though he was operated upon by fear, but he first carelessly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed a noxious animal lies on his rout. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much

caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been several days engaged in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the wigwam of a friend, where he knows his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptom of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that tortures him; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is—‘They have done well,’ and makes very little inquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain, or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints; he only replies, ‘It is unfortunate,’ and for some time asks no questions about how it happened.



CCCCLXXXVI. *A Lesson of Good Manners.*

The regulations of the steamboats on the Mississippi forbid gentlemen from entering the ladies' cabin. On

his voyage up the Mississippi river, Capt. Basil Hall, having accompanied his wife into the ladies' cabin, was apprised of the regulation, and requested to retire. To this hint, (although sense of decorum ought to have sufficed without any hint) the Captain paid no attention, and continued to repeat his visits to the ladies' cabin. At the request of the husbands of the other ladies, the Captain of the steamboat at length interfered, and coolly, but positively, ordered Captain Hall not to go into the ladies' cabin, intimating, at the same time, that the order must and should be obeyed. Captain Hall probably thought it necessary to show that a Post Captain in the British Navy did not take orders from a backwoods Captain of a steamboat; and accordingly repeated his visit to the ladies' cabin. As it was late at night, nothing farther was then done. At sunrise the next morning, Captain Hall appeared on deck, and was summoned by the Captain of the steamboat to get his baggage ready to go on shore. The steamboat was then somewhere between the mouth of the Red River and the Chickasaw Bluffs, with a very pleasant canebrake on each bank, and from two to five hundred miles from any settlement. Under these circumstances, going on shore is no joke. Captain Hall could scarcely believe the intimation serious, but soon heard the orders given to one of the hands, to 'bring forward the English gentleman's trunks, as he was going to be left, when the boat stopped to wood.' A Kentuckian immediately stepped out from the engine-room, very little over six feet three inches high, of a complexion consid-

erably lighter than sole leather, and with a pair of fists closely resembling, in all their properties, the vice at which he had been working; and moved along about seven feet at a stride, (as he was obliged to mince his steps, among the bales and casks on the deck) towards the pile of Captain Hall's trunks. Not a word was said, but in two seconds, half a truck-load of baggage was on the Kentuckian's shoulders, and all ready for Captain Hall to be left at the next wood-yard; where, as there were no hospitals, schools, nor navy-yards to visit, the Captain would not be pestered with having sights and shows 'crammed down his throat.' Notwithstanding this, Captain Hall (strangely enough) was rather unpleasantly affected with the appearance of things. He tried to argue, coax, and wheedle, but all to no effect. He did not happen, on this occasion, to talk loud nor bluster, which was fortunate for him; and at the last moment, on the intercession of the husbands of the ladies, on whose retirement Captain Hall had intruded, the Captain of the Steamboat relented, on condition that Captain Hall should 'learn better manners for the future.'

CCCCLXXXVII. *Anecdotes of Natick.*

A citizen of Natick being warned to do military duty, requested the captain to excuse him. This officer told him, that he might state his case to the company, and if they would vote in the affirmative, he should be excused. He accordingly made the following address:

'Fellow soldiers—I am rather hard of hearing, and
 cannot hear your command. Be-

sides, at the age of sixteen, I was drafted to go into the army; but my father went in my room, and was killed, and never got home. Now if I had gone myself and got killed, I should have got clear of military duty to all *eternity*.'

He was excused by acclamation.

Rev. Mr. Badger was fond of wit and humor. He could relish a good-natured joke, even 'at his own expense.' He had a trial of this in the following manner. One Daniel Bacon, a horse doctor, and dealer in besoms and beanpoles, was invited by Mr. B. to visit his horse, which appeared to be somewhat unwell. Bacon examined the beast, with close attention; and then gave it as his opinion, that the horse and the town of Natick were in a similar situation; both needed a better *pasture* [pronounced] *pastor*.

Another facetious clergyman, knowing Bacon's character, had a mind to enter into conversation with him, and commenced by asking him 'Of what profession are you?' 'A farmer,' says Bacon, 'And what are you?' 'A cannon of the gospel,' was the reply — 'A *cannon*! If you had not told me, I should have thought you a *blunderbuss*,' was the rejoinder.

Bacon took a journey to one of the towns in the vicinity of Boston, with a load of beanpoles for sale. Seeing a lawyer's office hard by, he stepped in, pretending to want advice, in a difficult case. The 'Squire telling him he could have it for a dollar, Bacon observed, 'I wish very much to know where I can get five dollars for my beanpoles; and if you will tell me, I will give you two of them.'

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