Civilian & Telegraph.

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXII. CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15, 1859. NUMBER 27.

Civilian & Telegraph
IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday Morning.
WILLIAM EVANS, Proprietor.
OFFICE in Second Story of McKaigs' Row, Baltimore Street.

TERMS—One copy, one year, $2—nvariably in advance.

TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC this paper affords unrivaled advantages, as it is read by **1000 Families.** As it has a more extended circulation than any other journal published in the county, advertisements would consequently reach a greater number of readers an object worthy of consideration by those wishing to advertise.

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TWO DOLLARS per annum, strictly in advance—$2.50 if not so paid, and $3.00 if not paid within the year.

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☞Bear in mind that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

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One square,	1 25	2 25	3 50	6 00	10 00
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Yearly advertisers must confine their advertising to their own business.

ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING, outside the city of Cumberland, cash in advance.

Persons ordering the insertion of legal advertisements will be held responsible for payment for the same when the time for which they were ordered to be inserted shall have expired.

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PATENT MEDICINES, one half in advance and the balance in six months.

ALL JOB WORK, cash.

The losses we have sustained compel us to adopt this course. It will be strictly adhered to in all cases, and no advertisement from a distance will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash.

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Judge of Circuit Court—*Hon. THOS. PERRY.*
Clerk of Circuit Court—*HORACE RESLEY.*
Register of Wills—*JOHN B. WIDENER.*
Sheriff—*HANSON WILLISON.*
State's Attorney—*JAMES M. SCHLEY.*
Surveyor—*DENTON D. BROWN.*
Clerk to County Comm'ners—*T. A. HOPKINS.*
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
MOSES RAWLINGS,
ALEXANDER KING,
PATRICK HAMMIL.

Business Directory, CUMBERLAND, MD.

HEALEY & SHRIVER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS,
Dye-Stuffs, Window Glass, &c. Physicians' orders put up with dispatch at the lowest prices—Corner of Baltimore and Mechanic Sts.

JOHN BEALL,
IRON FOUNDER and MACHINIST,
keeps constantly on hand and manufactures to order, Steam Engines, Stoves, Grates, and every thing in his line of business, corner of Harrison and Centre Streets.

K. H. BUTLER'S
Steam Chair and Cabinet Factory,
Centre Street, near the Lutheran Church.—Turning and Sawing of all descriptions done to order. Coffins and hearse furnished at short notice.

J. B. H. CAMPBELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS,
Dye-Stuffs, Window Glass, &c. Physicians' orders put up with dispatch at the lowest prices, McKaig's Row, corner of Bltimore & Liberty streets.

JOHN E. RUSSELL,
Candle and Soap Manufacturer,
and dealer in Groceries, North Mechanic strett, near Shipley's Hotel.

E. F. SOMERKAMP,
Upholsterer and Paper Hanger,
and dealer in WALL PAPER, UPHOLSTERY, &c, McCleary's Row, Baltimore street, offers his services to the public.

JAMES P. WRIGHT,
Watches, Clocks, Breast-Pins, &c.,
Baltimore St.,

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
Books and Stationery, Periodicals,
Useful and Fancy Articles, Baltimore Street, in the room under the Museum. Also, Book Binders and Blank Work Manufacturers at city prices.

JOHN G. TREIBER
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Confectionaries and Fancy Articles,
and all kinds of Toys. Wedding and other Cakes prepared to order at the shortest notice. Baltimore st., 3 doors west of McKaig's Row.

CHARLES W. BRENGLE,
Dealer in and Manufacturer of
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.,
McKaig's New Block, Baltimore Street.

HENRY D. WINEOW,
FANCY DRY GOODS MERCHANT,
McKaig's New Block, opposite the Post Office, Baltimore Street.

WILLIAM R. BEALL, & CO.,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.
near the Depot, Balto. Street.

A. J. BOOSE,
Dealer in
Groceries, Provisions, Feed, &c.,
also, wholesale dealer in Salt, Canal Basin, below Clabaugh's Liquor Store,

HERMAN H. HOBROCK,
Dealer in
Groceries, Confectionary, Toys, &c.
North Mechanic St., near Beall's Corner.

JOS. A. CHAPLINE. A. H. DILLON, JR.
CHAPLINE & DILLON,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery,
Dubuque, Iowa. Will practice in all the courts of this and adjoining States. All business from the east will be promptly attended to.—Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

M. RIZER & BRO.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Cabinet Furniture of all kinds,
South Liberty St., near Beall's Foundry.

THOMAS McKEE,
Manufacturer of
Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, &c.,
At short notice and on reasonable terms.
Centre Street, one door South of Pioneer Engine House.

JOHN L. THOMAS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, Pipes, &c.,
Mechanic Street, keeps on hand an assortment of German Segars, which are offered low.

THOS. CAIN,
(Of the firm of Blake & Cain.)
Merchant Tailor,
One door west of Bush & Saylor's Tobacco Store, Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md.

H. D. CARLETON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
McKaig's New Block, Baltimore Street, keeps on hand and makes to order all kinds of Gent's and Boys' wearing apparel.

JOHN JOHNSON,
Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,
Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Tin and Sheet-Iron ware always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore St.

JAMES T. MAGILL,
Manufacturer of
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware,
Keeps constantly on hand and makes to order all kinds of Tin-Ware, copper and sheet-iron ware. Orders from a distance will be promptly filled. Semmes' Row, Baltimore street.

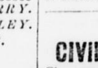
DR. E. C. GASKILL,
SURGEON DENTIST,
George's street, next door to the Cumberland Bank, *Cumberland, Md.*

J. W. MAGRUDER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Hardware, and Pocket Cutlery,
Corner Baltimore and Mechanic streets.

THOMAS JOBNS,
Wholesale and Retail
Dealer in Hardware,
Corner Baltimore and Centre streets.

WILLIAM BAIRD,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Having located himself in Cumberland, offers his services to Mining Companies, and others, in Allegany and adjoining counties.
Office and residence on Decatur St., corner of Fulton dec. 9—y.

WM. BRACE,
CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER,
Surveyor & Draughtsman.
MINERAL Lands in Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, Surveyed and Maps, Profiles and Plans furnished, together with estimated cost of new openings and the construction of Railroads, Tram Roads, Incline Planes, Buildings, Bridges, Trestle Work, &c., attended to on the most reasonable terms. Office—Cumberland, Md. Dec 23—1y.

A. RUSSELL & SON,
Carriage Manufacturers,
Centre street, below Harrison stree,

Keep constantly on hand, *Carriages, Rockaways, Phaetons,*

and Buggies, of the latest style and finish, and all other kinds of VEHICLES, to suit city or country trade. Carriage Harness of every description. REPAIRING done at short notice.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY,
TAYLOR & CO.,
Iron and Brass Founders,
George's street, CUMBERLAND, MD,
Manufacturers of
Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and Mine Cars, Mining Machinery. Furnaces, Stoves, Grates, Mill-Irons, Plows, Agricultural Implements, &c.
March 17, 1859—y.

BALTIMORE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.
FOUNDED 1852. CHARTERED 1854.
LOCATED
COR. BALTIMORE & CHARLES STREETS,
Baltimore, Md.
The Largest, Most Elegantly Furnished and Popular Commercial College in the United States.
DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR YOUNG MEN
Desiring to obtain
A THOROUGH PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION.
Every Young Man has a Counting Desk to himself, and is separately instructed.
Students in attendance from Nearly every State in the Union.
The most Comprehensive and Thorough Course of Study, and the Only
PRACTICAL METHOD OF INSTRUCTION
Are here introduced.
No Copying from Printed or Manuscript Forms
In
LEARNING BOOK-KEEPING
At the
Baltimore Commercial College.
This method of instruction is nowhere else introduced in this country.

EVERY YOUNG MAN
Should write immediately for one of those Large and Beautiful Ornamented Circulars, representing the Exterior and Interior View of the College, Penmanship, &c.. which will be sent by return mail, *free of Charge,* with Catalogue containing List of Students, Terms of Tuition, Opinions of the Press on our new System of Book-Keeping, etc.

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E. K. LOSIER, Principal—Lecturer on the Science of Accounts, Business, Customs, etc.
J. M. PHILLIPS, Professor of Book-Keeping and Commercial Calculations.
H. H. DAVIES, Associate Prof. of Book-Keeping.
N. C. JOHNSON, Professor of Penmanship.
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A DIPLOMA is awarded to all Graduates.
Large Circulars and Catalogues stating terms, &c., sent by mail *free of charge.* Address
K. E. LOSIER,
Jan. 27, 1859.—1y. Baltimore, Md.

New Goods! New Goods!
ALL of the latest style Spring and Summer Goods, just received at
H. D. WINEOW'S
April 14. Balt. St., op. Post Office.

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!
A FULL assortment of Stoves, such as Parlor, Egg and Cooking Stoves of the latest patterns constantly kept on hand, and will be sold cheap.
Odd Castings, Fire Brick and Soap Stones for Stoves, kept constantly on hand.
Call at JOHN JOHNSON'S.
Sept. 9, 1858.

ENGLISH and French, Plain and Figured Chints and Brilliants at
April 21. H. D. WINEOW S.

Religious Services.

Presbyterian—Liberty Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and evening at 8. Pastor—Rev. J. H. Symmes.

English Lutheran—Corner of Baltimore and Centre Streets. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. A. J. Weddell.

Methodist Episcopal—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. B. H. Crever.

Methodist Protestant—Bedford St. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 8½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. H. C. Cushing.

Episcopalian—Washington Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7½. Rev. Dr. Spear, Pastor.

Baptist—Bedford Street. No Pastor.

German Lutheran—Bedford Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon at 3½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. F. Vassler.

St. Patrick's—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and vespers at 4. Pastor—Rev. Edward Brennan.

St. Peter and St. Paul—Fayette Street.—Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and vespers at 2½. Pastor—Father Seelos.

Jewish Synagogue—Baltimore Street. Services Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. A. Laser.

Second German Lutheran Church—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and afternoon at 2½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. Louis Biltz.

MEDICAL HOUSE,
11 *South Frederick street,*
Baltimore, Maryland,
Established in order to afford Sound and Scientific Medical Aid, and for the suporession of Quackery.

DOCTOR SMITH

HAS for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of private complaints, in all their varied and complicated forms. His great success in those long standing and difficult cases, such as were formerly considered incurable, is sufficient to commend him to the public as worthy of the extensive patronage which he has received.—Within the last eight years, Dr. S. has treated more than 29,500 cases of Private Complaints in their different forms and stages; a practice which no doubt exceeds that of all the other physsicians now advertising in Baltimore, and not a single case is known, where directions were strictly followed, and medicines taken a reasonable time, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with office, No. 11, South Frederick Street.

The afflicted should bear in mind that Dr. S. who is the only regular physician advertising, diseases of the above nature, "no matter how difficult or long standing the case may be," would do well to call on Dr. SMITH, at his has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of this class of Diseases.

His medicines are free from Mercury and all mineral poisons; put up in a neat and compact form, and may be taken in a public or private house, or while travelling, without exposure or hindrance from business, and except in cases of violent inflammation, no change of diet is necessary.

Let the unfortunate bear in mind when affliction overtakes them, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure, and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be moderate in his charges than he could justly be, where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advance of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored Plotches with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

We are called upon every few days to cure Chronic Diseases, which were supposed to have been cured years ago, but instead of which, were only checked, driven into the system by mercury or copavia and therefore seems to be well but in a longer or shorter time, by some slight cause, break out in its worst and most difficult forms, producing ulcers in the throat, nose or roof of the mouth, eruptions of the skin, pains or swelling of bones, etc. On account of the number of such which have lately come under my care, and the immense suffering which a little neglect or improper treatment in the first stages of the disease may cause, Dr. Smith thinks it his duty to advise the unfortunate, *particularly strangers,* to be careful that they are not deceived by *false advertisements of boasting quacks* who make promises which could not be fulfilled, even by the most experienced physicians. By neglect or improper treatment, the patient is often reduced to a state which makes the case extremely difficult to cure. Therefore he should be aware of the importance of consulting a skillful physician in the early stage of the disease.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY

Young men! beware of the pernicious indulgence and almost fatal injury you inflict upon your constitutions, by evil examples and the morbid influence of the passions.

How many young persons do we daily behold, whose countenances and debilitated constitutions depict disease arising from that horrible and devastating vice.

It could be shown how attenuation of the frame, palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion and a train of symptoms indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when in reality, they are the consequence of an alluring and pernicious practice, alike destructive to the mind and body.

You who have brought this affliction upon yourselves, why embrace the secret to your hearts and vainly attempt to cure yourselves, instead of making immediate application to a skillful physician, who, in a short time, would restore you to perfect health, and save you from exposure which the fatal consequences render it envitable?

☞Dr. Smith gives his special attention to the treatment of this destructive malady. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine securely packed from observation, forwarded by express or otherwise to any part of the country.

N B.—Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid *boasting imposters* whether foreign or native, as also the numerous Specifics advertised as a certain cure for any and every disease. These preparations are put up to sell but no to cure, and often do more harm than good, therefore avoid them.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."
Address, DR. J. B. SMITH,
No. 11, S. Frederick St., Baltimore, Md.

☞No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp to pay postage on the answer.

March 17, 1859.—Dec. 7, 1858—1y.

OLIVER C. CLARK, SAMUEL M. HALLER
O. C. CLARK, & CO.,
FLOUR, FEED, GROCERY,
AND
Produce Store,
Centre street, next door to Lutheran Church,
CUMBERLAND, MD.,

NOW offer to the public a well selected stock of SUPER, EXTRA AND FAMILY FLOUR, CORN MEAL, RYE AND CORN CHOP, FEED OF DIFFERENT KINDS, SUGARS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, COFFEE, TEAS, CRACKERS, SPICES, FRUITS IN CANS, PUT UP EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE. CANDLES, SOAPS, FISH, TOCACCO, SEGARS, &C. Also, a choice lot of LIQUORS, consisting of WINE, BRANDY, RUM AND WHISKEY. An examination of the stock is invited, when prices will be made to suit the times. [March 31, 1859.

1000 BUSHELS MILL OFFAL just receiving by Canal, and for sale by
O. C. CLARK & CO.,
Centre St., next door to Eng. Luth. Ch.
August 25, 1859.

Interesting Historical Address.

First Anglo-Saxon Settlement West of the Alleghanies.

Speech of James Veech, Esq., AT THE OPENING OF THE Fayette County, Pa., Railroad, July 4th, 1859.

On the Fourth of July, James Veech, Esq., made the address at the opening of the Fayette County Railroad, before a very large audience. After some introductory remarks in reference to the day and railroad, Mr. Veech spoke in substance as follows:

We are assembled at Grist's Run, on the lands and in sight of the mansion of Mount Braddock. From its lofty mountain seat Dunbar's camp looks down upon us, while Washington's entrenchment rises from its ruins before us. These are *names* which have a charm beyond the inanimate existences they designate. They will "start a spirit" on any day, at any place; much more on *this day—here.* Hark! do you hear those earnest whisperings—do you see those manly forms which rise from the earth we tread? The neighings of the iron horse cannot hush them, the rush of the train cannot drive them away. They are voices and spirits of the past. They are inhabitants here, and this is their holiday.—They becon us far back upon the *track* of time, to a far off *station* in our early history, around which their memories are thickly strewn. Let us go and gather some of them. They will at least be suggestive of contrasts with the objects which have hitherto here to-day engrossed our attention.

First go back with us, if you please, one hundred and fifty years. How brief the period, compared with that during which this earth has rolled round yonder sun. Then, it is believed, no white man—hunter or *voyageur*—had ever crossed these mountains.—Then, this rich expanse of hill and vale which spreads out at their base round the head of the Ohio, now dotted all over with the varied proofs of a healthful industry, was one unbroken wilderness; uninhabited, save by birds and beasts and reptiles, with here and there perhaps a roving Indian. I say, perhaps; because for an indefinite period prior to about 1725, it is doubtful whether a solitary human being of any hue inhabited this region. At some not far remote period the fierce Iroquois of the Lakes had overrun the intervening territory, exterminating some of its ancient inhabitants and banishing others. Trees grew upon their mounds and their forts had crumbled. But Providence had not appointed this fertile country to be an everlasting waste; and agencies were soon set to work which have made it what it now is, and is destined yet to be. Their beginnings were afar off and apparently untoward. Their progress was through toils, and sufferings, and blood.

The first agency introduced was that new influx of aborginal tribes, which during the twenty years that succeeded 1725, rapidly peopled the region between Lake Erie and the mountains, and of which the head of the Ohio became, as it still is and ever will be, the focal point of transit and traffic. These consisted of detached bands of the Iroquois, or Six Nations, denominated Mingoes and of Delawares and Shawanese, who had come last from Eastern Pennsylvania. The Iroquois confederacy claimed to be lords of the soil; but their seat of empire was far away, on the Mohawk; and in Indian policy, possession is power. The possessors held the portals of the west. The part assigned to them was first to attract, then to repel, the advances of European civilization; then to yield and vanish before it. We are wont to regard the Indian in no other light than as a cruel savage. We must now regard those round the head of the Ohio as possessing an importance which attached to no other equal number of human beings on the continent.

You all know the hereditary hostility of France and England. They quickly availed themselves of the discovery of Columbus to colonize a portion of their pent up animosities in the New World. The discoveries and settlements made by each, in America, were nearly simultaneous. England seated her colonies all along the Atlantic border, from Maine to Georgia; while France crept in behind them at the North, and planted an incipient Empire in Canada. She rapidly spread her posts to the furthest of the great Lakes; until in 1673—'82 the discovery and explorations of the Mississippi, by Marquette and Las Salle, gave to her an advantage which cost her rival near a century of diplomacy and strife, and millions of treasure, to overcome. Ere the Puritan, the Scot-Irish, or the Cavalier had carried the banner of Britain beyond an Atlantic breeze, the Jesuit and *coureur de bois* had hoisted the Lillies of France all over the North and North West, and along the Father of Waters, from the Balize to the Lake of the Woods. The English colonization was slow but permanent.—The French system was more stealthy and diffusive, but evanescent. Had it been left to its own resources in America it would probably have soon disappeared amid the surrounding barbarism, as a river sinks in the sands of the desert. But, believing it could be made an effectual barrier against colonial aggrandizement, the sagacities and treasures of Paris were strained to sustain it. Between 1609 and 1732, the British Kings had parcelled out "the west"—even to the Pacific—among some five or six of their Atlantic colonies; but for all practical purposes they might as well have essayed to make partition of the moon. French discoveries and activities, from one end of the Mississippi valley to the other, nullified these grants; and in 1712, Louis XIV. supplied them by a grant to Crozat, of Louisiana, reaching from the Gulf of Mexico to the very fountains of the Youghiogheny and Monongahela. And by the recognized law of nations, as then applied to America, he had an undoubted right to do so. As against England, the title was perfect.—But the occupancy and claims of the Indians intervened to mar its enjoyment. To circumvent and conciliate them, became now the cross-purposes of the two most civilized nations of Europe.

Ever since 1684 the Iroquois of the North had been the fast allies and dependents of the British Crown; and were an impossible barrier to the French advances in that direction. They must move up from the west. Their avowed purpose was to confine the English Colonies to the Atlantic slope; upon the well grounded belief that rightfully the crest of the Alleghenies was their utmost western confines. Like a besieging general of the Vauban school, the French gradually contracted their lines of circumvallation. Their earliest trench was the valleys of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, through which Marquette discovered the Mississippi. Their next line was the Illinois, the Kankakee and St. Josephs; through which La Salle moved. Then the Wabash and Miami of the Lake. And about 1749, they began planting the muniments of their claim, in the shape of leaden plates and wooden forts, all along the upper Ohio and Allegheny, to Lake Erie. This was their last line; and here it is probable they meant to stop. But the English colonists—some of them, not all—were alarmed, and England could not sleep while her hated rival was about to seat herself, like Mordecai, in the gateway of the West. We must now go back a little to trace up the immediate causes of the collision.

At the date of which we have been speaking Pennsylvania settlements were just beginning to cross the Susquehanna. Maryland had encamped about Hagerstown; and Virginia had got into the Valley. The Ohio Indians gave them no trouble: for two degrees of mountain defences lay between them. But the proximity was too tempting; they must needs commingle.

For a few years preceding 1749, Pennsylvania traders—indomitable Scotch-Irish, foremost in every bold enterprise—coming out by way of the Juniata, Conemaugh and Allegheny, had driven a lucrative trade with the Indians around the upper Ohio, extending their operations from the mountains to the Miami; but attempting no permanent settlement. Though among the rudest of their race, they were the pioneers of the civilization and freedom we now boast. This Indian trade consisted in bringing out, in caravan trains, pack horse loads of blankets, rum, wampum, powder, red ochre and gewgaws, and exchanging them with the Indians for the fur skins and other peltry which this country then so abundantly yielded. It was for more than half a century the great business of the Middle Colonies. It founded families and fortunes. It was almost the only business that prospered. The commerce of the Colonies was but a compulsory tribute to the growing power of England—made so by the Navigation Acts of Cromwell and Charles II. Trade with any other nation, or in any other ships than British, was strictly prohibited; and to make a yard of cloth, or a nail, or a pot. was almost treason. All that remained was agriculture, and it languished.—An Indian trader was a public benefactor.—The only two kinds of business in all the Colonies which vied with the Indian trade was fighting the French and raising tobacco.—New England monopolized the former, Virginia and Maryland the latter. But the Peace of *Aix la Chapelle* had spoiled the one, and bad tillage the other. Enterprise and cupidity must needs find new investments. The Yankees could resort to fishing; but what could our Southern neighbors do?

For a while the Pennsylvanians enjoyed the traffic with these Ohio Indians, unmolested. The traders' licences bore the broad seal of the Province of Penn. This gave them favor. The goods of the French were inferior, and their supplies unsteady. In the mean time, however, their stores increased and their emissaries were busy in alienating the affections of the Natives from their "brothers," the English, to their "fathers" at Montreal.—The Virginians saw this thrift, but not the troubles which threatened it. They rush in to partake—but only of the latter.

The second grand agency employed to bring about the great contest of races for dominion over the Ohio Valley, was the offspring of this Virginia concupiscence. This was the old "Ohio Company," incorporated in 1749, by order of the King and Council of Great Britain. Its primary purpose was to head off, in the Indian trade, both French and Pennsylvanians; upon the assumption that both were alike intruders upon His Majesty's Dominion. Subsidiary to this present purpose was the acquisition of good lands. The King granted to the Company 500,000 acres of land, South of the Ohio, between the Monongahela and Kenhawa, but with privilege to take part of their lands North of the Ohio. Of course *this locality* was outside the grant; and yet, upon some pretext, it was assumed to be within it. They were to take up 200,000 of these lands at once, and hold them free of quit rents to the King for ten years, upon condition that, within seven years, the Company should set one hundred families, erect a fort and maintain a Garrison within the grant. Thomas Lee, President of the Virginia Council, describes the Company (of which he was a member,) as "gentlemen and merchants of London, and some of *both sorts,* inhabitants of this colony." Its only known London member was a Quaker merchant, Thomas Hanbury, who was to send over the goods. Lawrence and Augustine Washington, brothers of George the Great, were members. So was the grandfather of the late Charles Fenton Mercer, of Virginia. The whole number was fourteen. This was the first effort of Virginia to divert the trade of the west into a southern channel; but like all its successors it was abortive.

We are now at 1750. Up to this date no strife with either France or Pennsylvania seems to have been intended by the Company. Beyond the capture and carrying off to Canada of a few Pennsylvania traders no overt act of hostility had yet been committed by the French. The dogs of war were leashed. But treaties and evasions, ambition and avarice had now formed a knot which diplomacy could not unite. The sword only could cut it.

Having erected a store house on the Potomac, at (opposite to) the mouth of Wills' Creek, now Cumberland, and furnished it with Indian goods, the next care of the "Ohio Company" was to find a pathway to the Ohio, and select their lands and the site of their fort: for as yet no one of its members, or agents, had ever tasted of a western spring.—The Indians also had to be propitiated.

At a treaty with the Six Nations, or Iroquois, at Lancaster, Pa., in 1744, they had in a drunken bebauch ignorantly granted to the King all their lands "that are, or shall be, by his Majesty's appointment within the Colony of Virginia." It was now claimed that this most indeterminate grant included the domains of the Ohio Company: but the Indians especially the occupants, said no: we gave you no lands west of the great mountains.—France had, in 1713, by the treaty of Utrecht, agreed with England, "never to molest the Five Nations, subject to the dominion of Great Britain." But the Five Nations (now Six) declared they were not subjects—they were sovereigns; and that they would give their Ohio lands to neither. Western aspects were portentous. Thinking them but a mist which fair speeches and presents could disperse, the Company resolves to persevere.

To explore the country, locate the fort, and conciliate the Indians, required great energy and skill. For these purposes they send away down into North Carolina, on the Yadkin, for a suitable agent. That agent was Christopher Gist. He was a native of England; and there is some evidence that he had been educated for priest's orders in the English Episcopal Church. He was certainly a woodsman of the highest order, hardy and fearless, a good judge of land, a good surveyor, and well versed in Indian management and diplomacy. On the last day of October, 1750, he set out from the trading post of Col. Thomas Cresap, at Oldtown, on the Potomac, well accompanied and with Virginia papers. He kept a journal of his tour, parts of which I have read. He crossed over to the Juniata, and took the Pennsylvania route. He swam the Allegheny at Shannopin's (Indian) town, some three or four miles above its junction with the Monongahela, and passed on without seeing it or knowing of its existence. After a hasty stop at Logstown, on the Ohio, he followed the great Indian trail, across Big Beaver to the the Tuscarawas Branch of the Muskingum, where he met George Croghan treating with the Indians on behalf of Pennsylvania, and where he passed through some trying scenes. Thence he bore west across White Woman's River to the Sciota; thence to the Miami, thence back to the mouth of the Sciota; thence down the Ohio, on the southern side, to within fifty miles of the Falls. Here he turned in upon the Kentucky—the first of explorers of its fertile shores. Wending his perilous way amid the flowers and "wood notes wild" of opening spring, he reached his home in May, 1751, and found his house in ashes, and his family scattered, by a sudden outbreak of Indian ferocity. Thereupon it is believed he moved up into Virginia. The chief purpose of this tour was to feel the edge of the Indian temper and procure their attendance at a treaty at Logstown. This they promised in the fall of 1751. Thither then again Gist repairs, but the treaty failed. It is probable that this time also he came by the Pennsylvania trail, as it was well known and had superior accommodations. The promise of a treaty was renewed for the following June, (1752.) It now grew to be an affair of importance, and Virginia, the vicegerent of the British sway in America, was there by three Commissioners. But the master-spirit of the negotiations was Gist. The object was to procure a confirmation of the Lancaster grant of 1774; but it was only half given, and the Plenipotentiaries contented themselves with a promise by the Logstown chiefs not to molest any settlement southeast of the Ohio. Hereupon Gist locates the Company's fort at the mouth of Chartiers. It was never built.

Governor Dinwiddie now wielded the sceptre of George II. in Virginia; and made great show of care for his Majesty's "dominion" west of the Alleghenies—a "dominion" which being wholly ideal exacted from him a more noisy vigilance. The interest of the "Ohio Company"—of which he had become a member—gave fuel to the fire of his loyalty, and it blazed up with great intensity. The French "encroachments" became known at London. Thereupon an order issued to the Governors of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania to repel force by force. This was in the autumn of 1752. Events, however, stood still, while the storm cloud gathered. In the meantime the French began their line of Forts at Presque Isle, and were progressing, by way of Le Bœuff and Venango, towards the key of the west, at the head of the Ohio. The intrusions were all within the charter limits of Pennsylvania; but she did not know it. Her Governor and some of his councillors seemed to think the territory theirs, and in this they were seconded by the traders. But the great mass of the people were indifferent. So they were in Maryland, and even in Virginia.—Her assembly even questioned His Majesty's rights in the West. The Penn assembly utterly refused to interfere; and Dinwiddie was left to fight the battles of his King and Company without aid from any other Colony.—But before we go into the war, we must trace the roads over which the combatants were to march their forces. We must connect the mouth of Wills' Creek with the head of the Ohio.

In long by-gone days, amid the interlocking branches of sycamores, on the bank of the Monongahela, were is now Bridgeport, Nemacolin, a Delaware chief, reared his bark hut, and moored his canoe in the cove of the creek which then bore his name; and by that name should Dunlap's creek still be called—He had carried his beaver and buck skins across these mountains and knew his path.—He was the very man whom the Ohio Company needed. In 1750 they procured his services, and in that year, he, under the superintentence of Col. Thomas Cresap, of Oldtown, blazed the path from Wills' Creek to the Ohio. This was the original tracing of that great highway, now the Nation Cumberland Road, with which, until about within two miles of the top of Laurel Hill it is nearly identical. Col. Cresap was said to be a member of the Ohio Company. He had been the sturdy champion of Maryland in the border feud concerning Mason and Dickson's Line, west of the Susquehanna. He was the father of Capt. Michael Cresap, of Logan's speech celebrity, who built the first shingle roofed house where Brownsville now is, and who died in the service of his country in the first year of our Revolutionary War.

This pathway thus traced, passes in sight of where we now stand, and gave to Gist's its subsequent prominence. We have not time to-day to go over it. Early in 1753 the Ohio Company procured it to be well marked and cleared of bushes and fallen timber so as to make it a good pack horse path. It was designed to be the great highway of trade from the Northwest to the South; but was destined soon to far different uses.

By *this route* in 1752 doubtless came Gist and the Virginia Commissioners to the Logstown Treaty; and on his return therefrom, believing that success was going to attend the Company's scheme, he selected yonder slope Southeast of the Mount Braddock Mansion as his future residence. It was a princely site, and would be a convenient station for the Company.

You are all familiar with Maj. Washington's embassy across these mountains from Virginia to the French posts on the Allegheny, in the winter of 1753-'54. I will not weary you with its rehearsal. He traveled by Nemacolin's path, now become the Ohio Company's road, and Gist was his guide and companion out from Wills' Creek and back again to *this place.* Here he stopped to look after the welfare of his infant settlement. The French had refused to heed the warning of Dinwiddie, and war was inevitable. But it may be that Gist had such confidence in the power of His Majesty's arms as to forebode no ill to his plantation. How sad his disappointment.

Washington records in his journal of this fruitless embassy that on his outward trip in November, 1753, he passed by "Mr. Gist's new settlement." And on his return in January, 1754, he says he here bought a horse and saddle. He further states that while recrossing the mountains to Wills' Creek, he "met seventeen horses loaded with stores and materials for a Fort at the Ohio. (Pittsburg,) and the day after, some families going out to settle." The intended fort was that for the Ohio Company; its site having been wisely changed:—and the families were doubtless some of those whom Gist had induced to join his new "settlement." Who they were we have no certain knowledge. We have clear evidence that among these settlers, were Wm. Cromwell, son-in-law of Gist, and a Stewart family—father and three sons—who gave name to "Stewart's Crossings," by which what is now Connellsville was formerly known. Among Washington's "servitors" in 1753-4, was Henry Stewart. Among these settlers it is probable also, were Jacob Prichet and father; and among the prisoners at Fort Duquesne, in July 1754, were "taken to Gist's by an Indian named English John—Lowrey's traders, Andrew McBriar, Nehemiah Stephens, John Kennedy and Elizabeth Williams"—good Scotch Irish names: but whether they can be further traced I know not.—All honor their memory.

Here, then, upon these hills and vallies, is the first permanently connected Anglo Saxon settlement ever made west of the Alleghany mountains. I have in my hand a copy of a map of this reign of country, ("western parts of the Colony of Virginia") published in London in June, 1754. I copied it from the *London Magazine* of that date. It was perhaps drawn by Washington himself, and is evidently made up, in great part, from his Journal already cited. Although very erroneous in many respects, its testimony is decisive, that "Gist's settlement," distinctly marked upon it, had an existence in November, 1753, when as yet Pittsburg was not. Its birth, as an occupied site, is in April, 1754. In November, 1753, its streets and squares was a "considerable bottom of flat, well timbered land, very convenient for building." So says Washington. But it was soon to become a place of absorbing interest and importance.

The next scene in the Drama of Gist's settlement opens in March, 1754; when Captain William Trent—a celebrated Indian trader, whose father, once Chief Justice of the Province of New Jersey, gave name to Trenton—was sent out by Virginia at the head of a company of recruits, to aid in erecting the Fort at "the point," already supposed to be begun by the men met by Washington in January. He marched by Gist's, with Gist for his guide, and took the Indian trail hence, to the mouth of Redstone, where he built for the company a log store house, called in French the *Hangard,* which stood near where Baily's Mill now is. The fate of this expedition is well known. It served only to hasten the descent of the French from their Allgheny posts, to compel the surrender of the unfinished fort to them, which they immediately occupied, and named for the Governor-General of Canada, *Du Querne,* Ensign Ward, after supping with his captor, M. Contrecoeur, conducted his retreat up the Monongahela to Redstone, and thence overland by Gist's to Will's Creek. As yet no blood was shed, but the great contest was begun.

Chivalric Virginia now beat to arms. Maryland and Pennsylvania looked on. Washington, at the age of twenty-two, put on the uniform of a Lieutenant Colonel, and marched out to the "Great Meadows" now known as Mt. Washington, on the Cumberland Road, ten miles East of Uniontown. He came in May 1754, with some 150 men, soon augmented to about 300, and in a few days an Independent Royal Company of 100 from South Carolina was added. But its Royal Captain would not take orders from the Provincial Colonel, and so the camp was divided. The only efficient service of the campaign was done before he came, in the attack upon and capture of Jumonville's party in his camp—a well known locality—where, on the 28th of May, 1754, Washington fought his first battle; himself giving the word *fire!* and himself firing the first gun. "That word of command," says Bancroft, "kindled the world into a flame. It was the signal of the first great war of Revolution." It was of this encounter that he wrote to his brother, "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

Disappointed in reinforcements and supplies and not being able to accord in council with the Carolina Captain, he leaves him at the Meadows, and moves on towards the mouth of Redstone, intending there to fortify and wait. He had to make the road as he went, which consisted in widening and clearing the Ohio Company's path, by which he marched, so as to fit for wagons. From the Meadows to Gist's is thirteen miles; and it took Washington, with his half starved men and jaded horses, *two weeks* to make and march over it. His road from Will's Creek to Gist's is the same over which Braddock marched to his doom the next year. It took and retained the name of "Braddock's Road" but this is a misnomer. It should have been called *Washington's Road,* for he made it to Gist's, from here to Turtle Creek it was Braddock's.

Washington reached Gist's—yonder slope—on the 29th of June. He had the day before sent out a party under Captain Andrew Lewis, of Greenbrier,—the afterwards Col. Lewis, who in 1774, fought the great Indian battle of Point Pleasant on the Ohio, and the Gen. Lewis of the Virginia Line in the Revolution—to clear a road from Gist's to Redstone. That party had gone about eight miles when thickening dangers led to their recall. For no sooner had a barefooted fugitive Canadian borne to Fort Du Quesne the tidings of Jumonville's death, than vengeance was vowed upon Washington in every form of French execration. This he expected, and therefore immediately upon his arrival at Gist's began to entrench himself. The site of this entrenchment is on that part of Gist's lands now owned by Jacob Murphy, N. E. of his house. He finds some relics of it yet when he ploughs deeper than usual.—Many a harvest has been gathered on its lines.

On the 28th of June, a French and Indian force of some 760, led on by the fierce De Villiers, who had just come from the Miami, and who was the brother of Jumonville, left Du Quesne to avenge his "assassination." They came up the Monongahela in *pirogues* to the mouth of the Redstone, and thence by the Redstone trail. Jumonville's party had come by Nemacolin's path. De Villiers expected to surprise Washington at Gist's for which purpose he had left his heavy stores and arms at the Hangard and moved on rapidly. He reached here with an augmented force of Indians in the grey dawn of the morning of July 2d, and surrounded the entrenchments. The Indians gave the yell, the French delivered one grand fire; but there was no response. The expected prey had retired back to the Meadows; for which Washington departed on the 30th of June. He concealed here many of his tools and stores for future use, but he never saw them again.

Chagrined, the French were about to return; when a deserter from Fort necessity disclosed the whereabouts and weakness of Washington. Thither then they hied.—What ensued you well know. Washington, after a day's fighting, surrendered and evacuated his Meadow fort, with the honors of war, on the morning of July 4, 1754—one hundred and five years ago. Well may it claim a part in this day's commemoration.

Washington was as feeble for retreat as for fight. But one poor horse remained of all the train. Rum seems to have been the only supply of which he had a surplus: and it is said when he surrendered half the garrison was *drunk.* It may be. They had little else to sustain their overwrought energies. De Villiers records that after the evacuation he staved in all the rum casks, and let the maddening fluid flow; lest the Indians should become infuriated by it, and turn and rend their "allies."

Having razed 'Fort Necessity" and spiked the swivels, Le Grand Villiers returned hurriedly the same day to the Great Rock. On the morning of the fifth he came again to Gist's. He paused not only to burn the houses here, but sent out a party to burn all the houses round about. So his Journal reads. "Gist's settlement" was in ruins—its settlers without a home. Desolation and France reigned. Doubtless all the settlers, except those already named as having been here taken prisoners, had fled to the mountains before the French investiture and retired to Will's Creek with Washington. The first surge of Anglo Saxon civilization against the west was driven back.

Throughout all these trials of Washington, his faithful Achates, Gist, never forsook him. He was his man of all service, ever ready, active and reliable. Other men of mark figured in these scenes. Of these were Lewis, already named:—Major Adam Stephen, who behaved gallantly in the Jumonville skirmish, himself capturing Mons. Drouillion of the cadets, "a pert fellow." He was a captain in Braddock's campaign, and was wounded in the defeat. He commanded at Fort Cumberland in 1756, and at Fort Ligonier in 1757. He was a Brigadier General of Virginia in the revolution. He was often here in after times. Washington met him at Col. Crawford's in 1770. Here too, in 1754, was the brave Captain Stobo, whom Washington gave up with Van Braam, (his interpreter of French in his tour of 1753, and of his capitulation at the fort) as hostages to the French for the return of the captives in the Jumonville affair; the story of whose life and adventures has been so well told by N. B. Craig, Esq., of Pittsburg, in a neat little book, and about whom he is not yet done enquiring. Many others might be named, but time forbids.

We approach now the "last scene of all" in the tragic drama of "Gist's plantation"—Braddock's expedition, defeat and death.—I purpose not to tire you with that oft told tale. It has been engraven on your memories from infancy by the pen of history and the tongue of tradition, yonder slope, by yonder spring, transpired some of its most painful scenes.

Major General Sir Edward Braddock, Generallissimo of his Majesty's forces for the subjugation of France in America, although passionate, headstrong and unskilled in the warfare of the woods, was in European acceptation, a brave and skillful commander. Despite all the obloquy which has been heaped upon him, Washington who was no mean judge, said of him after he had gone through the revolution, that he was "one of the honestest and best British officers whom he had known." His advent to the new theatre of war was heralded with high hopes. How deeply in blood and rapine were they all buried.

Braddock's force—absolutely small, but great for the occasion—was, as you know composed of two defective Regiments sent from Ireland—the 44th, Col. Sir Peter Halket, a gallant officer, and the 48th, Col. Thomas Dunbar, of equivocal reputation. These were recruited in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania; so as in all to number 2200, besides women, wagoners, and a few Indians. I say a few Indians: for by this time, owing to a multitude of adverse influences, nearly all the western Indians had attached themselves to the French.

Having rendezvoused at Fort Cumberland, where they were so long detained, the army began its slow march for Du Quesne about the 10th of June, 1755. One of its evil portents was an unusual drowth which had prevailed since early in April. There was no pasturage, and mill ponds had lost their power to grind. Sickness ensued among the troops and horses lost their flesh and strength. The train and military stores were enormously ponderous. On the march, at the Little Crossings of Casteman's, it became necessary to divide the forces—the sick from the sound, the bad from the good; and the former with the heavy baggage, to be brought up by Dunbar as best as he could; while Braddock with Sir Peter and the *elite* of the army were to hurry on and take the French Fort. Washington was one of Braddock's Aids. He, too, sickened, and after trying to keep up with the advance had to be left behind to be picked up by Dunbar. Braddock had great regard for his young Virginia Aid, and gave to him in this sickness a covered wagon, a plentiful supply of James's Fever Powders, and his favorite Surgeon Dr. James Craik, to attend him. Washington gave Braddock credit for his life on this occasion; but not doubting he would recover, exacted from the General a promise not to engage the enemy until he would join him. He recovered so as to be able in a few days to move on in the wagon in advance of Dunbar, with convoys of beeves and provisions. On the 3d of July, the anniversary of his surrender, one of these convoys left the camp west of the Meadows—"Braddock's grave"—and with it went Washington overtaking Braddock at his Camp on Crooked Run, on the evening of the 8th the night before the battle. Doubtless Washington, with that convoy *encamped at Gist's on the night of July 4th,* 1754. That signal evidence of the youthful ardor and devotedness of the Great Hero, let us here, this day, commemorate. A less true man would have lagged behind with Dunbar, and gathered laurels on the mountain instead of on the bloody bank of the Monongahela.

In the disastrous battle of the 9th, Washington relates that he was so emaciated by the fever which lurked in his veins, that he had to ride upon a pillow. Two horses were shot under him, and his clothes pierced with balls; yet he escaped unhurt. Marvelous preservation for to become his country's deliverer!—You know the result of that day's slaughter. In an army of about 1,450, the killed were 426, the wounded 421. After having four horses killed under him, Braddock fell from the fifth, near the close of the engagement, mortally wounded in his lungs. Of this wound you know he lingered until the night of the 12th, when he died in the camp two miles west of the Great Meadows, and was buried in the road, near the place by the tree where some of his remains yet repose. Had it not been for good old Abraham Stewart, Esq., the honored father of my friend here behind me,—who in 1804 collected his scattered bones, and there re-intered all of them he could find, they would long ere this have been found in some Museum, side by side with those of Mastodon, or the scull of some South Sea cannibal. England if not America, owes him a monument. Washington intended one. But when he came to look for his grave, in 1784, it could not be found. When it was found, Washington was dead.

It has been commonly stated that *Beaujeux* the French commander at Braddock's defeat, was killed in the action. Recent developments by old Fort Duquesne records prove that he was only mortally wounded, and "having been confessed and made his devotions," died, as did Braddock, on the 12th, and was interred in the cemetry. The dray has long rattled over his grave, and his requiem is the song of steam.

Dunbar now demands a passing notice.—When it was that he reached his camp, on the southern slope of Wolf-hill, behind us here, is uncertain: probably on the fourth of July; for he is known to have passed the Great Meadows on the 2d. But why he staid there so long is not so clear. He had a snug and healthy location; and had built a dam which formed a fine bathing-pond, and which upon his fight, became the bath of 50,000 pounds of powder. But he must not be too severely censured. At best he was but conducting a travelling lazaretto of men and horses, requiring often three days to complete one day's march of three miles. Moreover it was a "foregone conclusion," that he was to share in none of the honors of the anticipated triumph at Fort Duquesne. Happily his disgrace was his safety, and unlike his superior compeer, Sir Peter Halket, he lived "to fight another day," and to become the Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar.

Of all the staff officers qualified to conduct a retreat from the fatal field Washington alone was left. He accomplished it as well as he could, and effected a temporary rally on the western side of the river. Braddock, fallen, had said "let me die on the field of my dishonor." But his faithful Orme, aided by the gallant Captain Steward, of the Virginia horse carried him off and bore him to this temporary rally.

It now became necessary to dispatch orders for relief to Dunbar. It could be borne by no common messenger. Braddock had, as he conceived, dishonored him, but he was bound to obey an aid. Washington, though faint by disease and almost exhausted by labor and care, was the only one that could go. Braddock sent him off in the night, with two companions. It was a dreary and starless night. Washington relates that it was so dark, that often amid gloom of the forests he had to alight from the horse and group his way.—Day dawned upon him at Gist's, and by sunrise he was at the Camp of Dunbar with the doleful tidings. His message was not made public; for wagoners who passed and fled from there "on their swiftest horses," up till noon of the 10th, make no mention in their narrative of Washington's arrival. They all concur in saying that Braddock, after being carried from the field "was fell on and murdered by the Indians." He yet lived, but in a condition to give no sign.

After the first, a second rally was affected in the dusk of the evening at the Camp of the 8th on Crooked Run. Thither Braddock was carried; and there where collected about a hundred of the wounded and the whole. But that was no place to stay. The line was formed in the dark; the wounded are borne on horses, in sheets, on tumbrels, and, it may be on the backs of their comrades. Sad and silent they move, every noise of bird or beast, from

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