

TICONDEROGA.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Revolutionary Period.

Abercrombie's March from Lake George to Lake Champlain.

THE FIGHT.

Ethan Allen's Address to the Green Mountain Boys.

The Vicissitudes and Victories of the Colonial Soldiery.

PROGRAMME OF THE COMING FESTIVITIES.

TICONDEROGA, May 6, 1875.

All that has been spared of this little provincial district lies midway between the Lakes George and Champlain, being just two miles distant from each other. The outlet of the former, leaping in cataracts and tumbling over rocks, runs right through the heart of the village, and, before the fire, moved its factories and turned its mills, hence, flowing on in a circuitous course, is finally emptied into Lake Champlain.

On Monday next all these events will be commemorated in story and in song, and hence there is no more interesting theme to present than a description of the celebrated march, a review of the country over which the journey was made, and the account of its attack, repulse and retreat. Your correspondent, securing an admirable guide, one Mr. McCormick, a gentleman familiar with the territory and well versed in its historic recollections, proceeded to Lake George this morning, and from thence journeyed to Lake Champlain, pursuing exactly the same route that Abercrombie traversed more than a century ago.

It may be safely said that one of the grandest historic scenes ever witnessed was the celebrated passage of Abercrombie's army down the waters of the Hudson, now known as Lake George.

This passage was effected on the morning of July 6, 1758. The sun rose gloriously in the heavens, and the tall, overshadowing mountains, which everywhere enclose the lake, echoed the sound of martial music, and the calm, quiet depths of the waters reflected the gleam and glitter of burnished arms.

Abercrombie had under his command a flotilla made up of 1,000 bateaux, a large number of rafts mounted with artillery and 16,000 men. Slowly but grandly did the expedition pass down the lakes, the rangers and light infantry occupying the front, the regulars the centre and the provincials the right and left wings. In the grand solitude and silence of the morning, disturbed only by the shrill voices of birds, the sight, though extremely beautiful, was, for the locality, more than usually strange. The flotilla, passing a little while at Sabbath Day Point, finally disembarked at Howe's landing, and it was to this point that your correspondent early this morning repaired. The landing is well known to the travelling public, and is located in a little cove. On the morning of the 7th Abercrombie began to move, and, starting from this landing, your correspondent took up the same line of march, the ruggedness of the path rendering it necessary for him to walk.

History has a rather detailed description of the march along the water's edge of the outlet of the river, and it was only now and then that my guide and I were puzzled concerning the actual advance.

I never saw a wider country than that through which this army passed, as it is even now, and we can well imagine that the route pursued was painful and slow in the extreme. It was principally along mountain uplands and through ravines—the one made up of sharply pointed crags and the other filled with brush and brambles—that the soldiers proceeded. These mountain sides are in many instances wholly inaccessible to man, and as a rule all are dangerous to any save by the most cautious ascent. The sheep feed upon their tops; and this pasturage, where it exists, is hence richer and more verdant on the sides that face the sun. The scenery all about the route, broken cones in every direction and very often alarming. A shower came up as I passed down. The sky seemed to change color every moment, and the mountain tops were enveloped in clouds and sombre darkness. I saw a gorge so well protected by its overtopping rock that dry as before the rain. At every step I took my ears were greeted with the shrill cry of frightened birds and the crash and thunder of waterfall and cataract. Now and then finding my way up some steep precipitous view would burst upon my eyes so magnificent that I could not pause and regard it with speechless admiration; almost every variety of tree and bush girded the mountain's edge—the pine, the spruce, the hemlock, cedar, butternut, basswood and beech—all strictly indigenous, to the soil and growing unattended by any mortal hand. Such was the line of march of that good army; we can well believe that even the officers were forced to cut their way onward through this wilderness with their swords. As they advanced the feet of the men were cut by the rock and pierced with the brambles, and everywhere they journeyed little and poisonous serpents rose in their path and disrupted their right of way. At last, after many hours of weary, painful and almost disheartening marching, Abercrombie reached the point where this little village now is, and paused right over there across the stream, which he had followed all the way from Lake George to Ticonderoga. The fort he was wanting to besiege was only two miles away.

LET THE READER ADVANCE

ahead of the English army and see what is being done about the fort. In those earthworks thrown up thousands of yards from the walls frowning down upon Lake Champlain the French were actively engaged strengthening their works and throwing out cow, strong and spearlike abatis. Their movements were concealed, and the almost impenetrable forest rendered their enemy incapable of correctly estimating their strength. This was shown by the fact that when Abercrombie sent out an English engineer to report concerning the fortifications he returned with the answer that they were very weak, poorly manned, and that the English army could capture them without any serious trouble or great loss of life. Out, then, from the borders of this now ruined village Abercrombie marched his soldiers in all the magnificence of military display. He did not wait for his artillery, slowly approaching from the rear, but proceeded confidently without it. Down the natural path that I can see from my window as I write the soldiers commenced their steady tramp onward, the great concourse of men making up a strange but imposing spectacle. The army was formed in three lines—first came the rangers, behind them the light infantry; next were the provincials, marching with great spaces between each regiment, while behind these the regulars were formed in column.

Clamoring up the steep promontory leading to the fort, and penetrating the dense thickness of the forest, they soon reached the long line of earthworks thrown up by the French and guarded by the sharp abatis. Steadily and with the coolest courage and precision the regiments are wheeled into line. No shot is fired from behind the earthworks, and all that can be seen is an occasional French car. The instant sound the signal for assault. The instant this is given a line of blazing fire flashes from behind the earthworks. Hundreds fall in death, and the English, dashing madly at the abatis, are met with a round of cannon shot that, for the moment, spreads destruction, terror and panic among their decreasing ranks. Saplings are cut asunder, trees crash over their heads and the earth seems crumbling underneath their very feet. In an instant, however, the panic is over, the ranks are filled again and another dash is made upon the works. The English become entangled in the abatis. They can neither retreat nor advance, and all the while the dreadful galling fire pours upon them from behind the breastworks. Lost to order, discipline or even consciousness, the Scotch Highlanders hack at the abatis, formed of trees, with sharply pointed limbs, and try to hew their way out with their broadswords in vain. One regiment of Highlanders alone loses two-thirds of its men and twenty-five of its officers. A few, more daring, free themselves from the abatis, reach the earthworks, only to be pierced to the heart with French bayonets. The English still do not yield. They heard only one command when they started. It was "advance." Once more they formed their shattered lines. Two columns gathered to the right, another at the center, a third upon the left. Another crash of small arms, another burst of cannonade, and again hundreds die the dust.

of its peculiar size and construction, but on account of its immediate connection with all the old avenues leading to it underground. There was no necessity of building a bakery under the earth's surface, and no one, I believe, ever saw a bakery with four exits and entrances. Besides, had it ever been a bakery, the influence of heat and smoke would even now be seen upon its ceiling and walls, which is not the case. After creeping through its main entrance on my hands and knees, I found myself in a solid ironproof compartment, thirty feet square, and about fifteen high from the floor to the keystone of its arch. It was filled with ice and snow, and after my eyes had become a little familiar with the darkness, I noticed the four entrances mentioned above. I tried to crawl through each of them, but all were filled up. From their appearance, however, I feel sure that they once led to the parade ground. I was very particular in my investigation, and am quite sure that this is the very "bombproof" under which the soldier made his escape after snapping his fusée at Colonel Ethan Allen. Everything seems to indicate that it is a bombproof. Studying the original construction of the fort, I find that a bombproof could only conveniently be located in this place. We know at least that there was a bombproof, and it is not likely that a bombproof would crumble to pieces before a battery. Aside from this bombproof, or whatever it may have been, nothing else remains intact—every other thing has gone to rack and ruin. Groping my way from the bombproof I clambered up the sides of an ancient underground passage way and gained the promontory on which the fort stands. It commands a magnificent view of Lake Champlain in both directions. Sweeping the outlook with a field glass I could see on the other side Hand's Cove—the very identical place where Ethan Allen mustered his eighty-three men, and from which he proceeded to cross the water for the capture of the fort. I could also see Willow Point, where he landed, and the western shore, some distance toward the fort. I visited this spot, and the willows are growing there still—not the same willows, of course, but willows of the same variety. It was here, on that memorable morning of May 10, 1775, that Allen, gathering his valiant eighty-three under the shade of the willows, said to them—"Friends and fellow soldiers, you have for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate, for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily pose your firelocks."

Every Green Mountain boy possessed his firelock, and the little band started in the direction of the fort. I went over the same ascending ground, and though there is no mark now by which I could learn where the wicket gate stood, vestiges of the location of the wicket gate remain where Allen's lie was saved by a sentinel's gun missing fire. Remains of the covered way, through which Allen rushed into the parade ground surrounding the barracks, are also to be seen, and at the coming Centennial, on Monday, will be viewed with great interest. I looked in vain to find the spot where stood the commandant's quarters, before the entrance of which Ethan Allen demanded his surrender. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Of course I could locate the place relatively, but not one beam or stone of the structure can be identified, though in trying to find it I have no doubt that my eyes were bruised against much of the original material used in its construction. After this has been said the fort, as it is at present, may be regarded as fully described. The great piles of stone, the accumulated heaps of rubbish, and two or three shattered walls standing here and there are all that remain of it; not by any means sufficient to remind one what it once was.

THE ALLEN CENTENNIAL.

All the places I have described, the route over which I have just journeyed, the scene of Abercrombie's defeat, and the ruins of the old fort, are to be visited again by the many hundreds who, on Monday next, will gather to this little village to celebrate the centennial of Allen's capture of Ticonderoga. The citizens of the place have addressed the following card to the public:

FRANKS—Owing to our very disastrous fire, which rendered us unable to attend the entire business portion of our Centennial, we have had to postpone our programme proposed to commemorate the capture of the fort by Ethan Allen. But there has been approved, at a meeting held on the 2nd inst., a programme of the day that we, as members of Fort Allen, Wm. G. A. R., feel it our duty to take the matter in hand, present a simple programme, welcoming all comrades and guests and asking only that they will be so good as to prepare tables and see you to join us in a grand union picnic.

We are hereby invited to attend the one hundred anniversary of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, May 10, 1875, at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. Allen, on the corner of the old fort.

Following the order of the "no" that was heard around the table, the members of the committee, who had been years ago on the day we celebrate, which carried terror to the hearts of the foe of our revolution, met us all on the corner of the old fort.

Fort Allen, Wm. G. A. R.

The following is the programme—

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

1875.

TICONDEROGA, Monday, May 10, 1875.

commemorating the capture of the fort by Ethan Allen.

Order of Exercises.

8 o'clock—Devotion—Invocation—Prayer.

8 1/2 o'clock—Formation of line—organizations and addresses.

9 o'clock—Procession moves to fort grounds over the route taken by Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775, and draws up about the apron of consolidated bands.

9 1/2 o'clock—Description of organized bodies and review of their records of military honors.

10 o'clock—Oration—Description of organized bodies and review of their records of military honors.

10 1/2 o'clock—Formation of line—organizations and addresses.

11 o'clock—Procession moves to fort grounds over the route taken by Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775, and draws up about the apron of consolidated bands.

11 1/2 o'clock—Description of organized bodies and review of their records of military honors.

12 o'clock—Dinner.

1 1/2 o'clock—Formation of line—organizations and addresses.

2 o'clock—Procession moves to fort grounds over the route taken by Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775, and draws up about the apron of consolidated bands.

2 1/2 o'clock—Description of organized bodies and review of their records of military honors.

3 o'clock—Dinner.

3 1/2 o'clock—Formation of line—organizations and addresses.

4 o'clock—Procession moves to fort grounds over the route taken by Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775, and draws up about the apron of consolidated bands.

4 1/2 o'clock—Description of organized bodies and review of their records of military honors.

5 o'clock—Dinner.

5 1/2 o'clock—Formation of line—organizations and addresses.

6 o'clock—Procession moves to fort grounds over the route taken by Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775, and draws up about the apron of consolidated bands.

6 1/2 o'clock—Description of organized bodies and review of their records of military honors.

7 o'clock—Dinner.

7 1/2 o'clock—Formation of line—organizations and addresses.

8 o'clock—Procession moves to fort grounds over the route taken by Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775, and draws up about the apron of consolidated bands.

8 1/2 o'clock—Description of organized bodies and review of their records of military honors.

9 o'clock—Dinner.

9 1/2 o'clock—Formation of line—organizations and addresses.

10 o'clock—Procession moves to fort grounds over the route taken by Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775, and draws up about the apron of consolidated bands.

10 1/2 o'clock—Description of organized bodies and review of their records of military honors.

11 o'clock—Dinner.

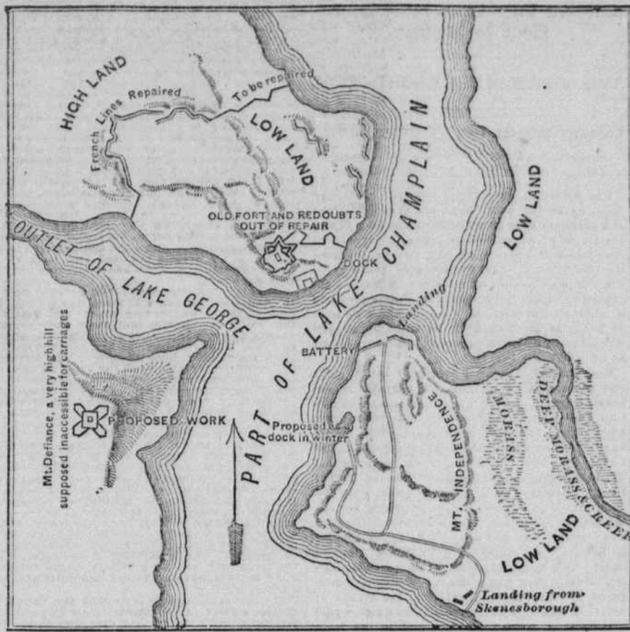
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12 1/2 o'clock—Description of organized bodies and review of their records of military honors.

1 o'clock—Dinner.

OLD TICONDEROGA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.



of its peculiar size and construction, but on account of its immediate connection with all the old avenues leading to it underground. There was no necessity of building a bakery under the earth's surface, and no one, I believe, ever saw a bakery with four exits and entrances. Besides, had it ever been a bakery, the influence of heat and smoke would even now be seen upon its ceiling and walls, which is not the case. After creeping through its main entrance on my hands and knees, I found myself in a solid ironproof compartment, thirty feet square, and about fifteen high from the floor to the keystone of its arch. It was filled with ice and snow, and after my eyes had become a little familiar with the darkness, I noticed the four entrances mentioned above. I tried to crawl through each of them, but all were filled up. From their appearance, however, I feel sure that they once led to the parade ground. I was very particular in my investigation, and am quite sure that this is the very "bombproof" under which the soldier made his escape after snapping his fusée at Colonel Ethan Allen. Everything seems to indicate that it is a bombproof. Studying the original construction of the fort, I find that a bombproof could only conveniently be located in this place. We know at least that there was a bombproof, and it is not likely that a bombproof would crumble to pieces before a battery. Aside from this bombproof, or whatever it may have been, nothing else remains intact—every other thing has gone to rack and ruin. Groping my way from the bombproof I clambered up the sides of an ancient underground passage way and gained the promontory on which the fort stands. It commands a magnificent view of Lake Champlain in both directions. Sweeping the outlook with a field glass I could see on the other side Hand's Cove—the very identical place where Ethan Allen mustered his eighty-three men, and from which he proceeded to cross the water for the capture of the fort. I could also see Willow Point, where he landed, and the western shore, some distance toward the fort. I visited this spot, and the willows are growing there still—not the same willows, of course, but willows of the same variety. It was here, on that memorable morning of May 10, 1775, that Allen, gathering his valiant eighty-three under the shade of the willows, said to them—"Friends and fellow soldiers, you have for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate, for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily pose your firelocks."

THE NATION'S JUBILEE.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL RALLY AT STEINWAY HALL—EXHIBITION OF THE GREAT TREES OF CALIFORNIA AND OUR LUMBER RESOURCES.

The great Centennial meeting to be held at Steinway Hall on the 23d of this month promises to be a decided success. Among the prominent speakers on that occasion will be Mr. William M. Everts, Judge Van Cott and other distinguished citizens who have identified themselves with the patriotic undertaking. Admission will be by tickets, to be had on application to the Executive Committee, and it is expected that all the great commercial and financial bodies of the city, the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange, the Stock Exchange, &c., will be fully represented. The meeting will be an admirable medium of expressing the views of the commercial and financial world concerning the needs of the Centennial and the part New York intends to take at the exposition. It is expected that this meeting will largely enhance the interest in the Centennial among all classes of the community.

THE RECEPTION OF NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND MERCHANTS—A GREAT GATHERING OF LEADING CAPITALISTS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7, 1875. The reception to the merchants of New York and New England on Tuesday next by the merchants of Philadelphia, for the purpose of arousing interest in the Centennial and visiting the grounds for the Exhibition, at Fairmount Park, will be a noteworthy event. It will be a larger gathering of great capitalists and merchants than has ever assembled in this city. The preparations for it are on a mammoth scale. The guests from New York and New England alone will be one hundred in number; from the leading merchants' houses they will come over from New York in a special train provided by the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which will take them direct to the grounds at Fairmount, and will make the distance from New York in one hour and forty minutes, the latest time ever made on the road. The visitors will be received at the grounds by the Philadelphia merchants and conducted over the grounds, after which there will be a collation at Belmont, with speeches of welcome, and a history of the Centennial movement, with interesting information about its present condition.

BUNKER HILL.

ACTION OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY IN RELATION TO THE ANNIVERSARY.

On the occasion of the sixty-ninth annual meeting of the New England Society, which was held at Delmonico's on the 22d day of December, 1874, it was unanimously resolved, "that it should be referred to the Board of Officers to consider what means, if any, should be taken to unite in the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill, on the 17th day of June, 1775." The Board of Officers, in accordance with the resolution, have now determined to participate in the grand celebration to be held in Boston on that day, and, at their last meeting, appointed the following named gentlemen to serve as members of the Bunker's Hill Centennial Committee—Hon. Isaac H. Bailey, Hon. Benjamin K. Phelps, Daniel P. Appleton, L. H. Wyman, William Jordan, John T. Deane, and the Rev. Mr. Adams. The meeting of the society was held at Delmonico's, Mr. Isaac H. Bailey in the chair. Colonel E. L. Hall offered the following resolution, which was adopted: "Resolved, That we accept the escort tendered by the 'Old Guard' on the occasion of our proposed trip to Boston, and that we accept the same." On motion of Mr. Benjamin K. Phelps, seconded by Alderman O. P. C. Billings, an additional committee of seven were appointed to cooperate with the members already selected. The members of the society who propose participating in the celebration, and who have not yet signified their intention to do so, are requested to meet at the store of Oliver Dixon, No. 711 Broadway, at four o'clock on next Tuesday afternoon. The members of the joint committee will meet at the same place, at the same hour.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS.

The Twenty-second regiment became the willing guests last evening of the ladies connected with the Lady Washington Department of the Homoeopathic Hospital Fair. Previous to the final closing of the fair it was deemed a good idea by the lady managers to place a magnificent stand of colors on exhibition, to be donated to the regiment containing the most valor, at the rate of \$1 a vote. Last evening the regiment, under command of Colonel Josiah Porter, assembled at the Armory in Fourteenth street, for the purpose of receiving the stand of colors they had thus gallantly won. The regiment was formed on three sides of a square, Judge Van Cott, the State, and the regimental dignitaries. Colonel Porter responded on behalf of his regiment, gratefully thanking the ladies for the stand of colors, and in return, their representative, and the friends of his regiment in general for their kindness. The regiment was then dismissed, and by its officers afterwards the "Detachment" and their fair friends were enjoying themselves in dancing. Tomorrow's fine and fine day will see the colors presented to the Twenty-second regiment, and by its officers afterwards the "Detachment" and their fair friends were enjoying themselves in dancing. Tomorrow's fine and fine day will see the colors presented to the Twenty-second regiment, and by its officers afterwards the "Detachment" and their fair friends were enjoying themselves in dancing.

SHOOTING AFFRAY.

Magnus Kirk, a sailor on board the steamship Erie, recently arrived from Liverpool, went with a party of fellow tars into the liquor saloon, No. 213 West street, yesterday afternoon, and began drinking. A dispute arose and a fight ensued. In the scuffle one of the men drew a revolver and discharged it, striking Kirk in the chest. Kirk, passing through it and lodging in his liver, the other man, who was named Kirk, immediately after the shooting, fled. The man who shot Kirk was taken to the Erie hospital, and his wounds were treated. The man who shot Kirk was taken to the Erie hospital, and his wounds were treated. The man who shot Kirk was taken to the Erie hospital, and his wounds were treated.

MECKLENBURG.

The Genuine and the Apocryphal Declarations of Independence.

ARGUMENT OF DANIEL R. GOODLOE.

The Certificate of John McKnitt Alexander—Proofs of Spuriousness.

CAREFUL ANALYSIS OF THE CONTROVERSY.

WARRENTON, N. C., May 2, 1875.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: The "Declaration of Independence," which purports to have been made by the people of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, May 20, 1775, is not universally received as genuine; while another declaration, put forth by the same people on the 31st day of the same month and year, is admitted on all hands to be what it claims to be—the proofs of its genuineness being printed copies, found in several contemporary newspapers, published in Charleston, New York and Boston. One of these newspapers, the New York Journal, for the year 1775, was in the possession of the late Mr. Peter Force, and was doubtless embraced in the vast historical collection sold by his executors to the Congress Library about five years ago. The most material of this series of resolves of May 31 may be seen in this New York Journal of June 29. They were found by Mr. Force about the year 1855, and were republished by him in his "American Archives," and I believe also in the newspapers of that day. In 1847 Mr. Bancroft, while Minister to England, obtained a copy of the whole series, twenty in number, from the British State Paper Office. They were found preserved in the South Carolina Gazette of June, 1775, and along with them, a copy of the note of the royal Governor Wright, of Georgia, to the Earl of Dartmouth, Secretary of State, transmitting the "extraordinary resolves by the people in Charlotte-town in Mecklenburg county." No historical evidence, therefore, can be established on more satisfactory proofs than those on which these Mecklenburg resolves of May 31, 1775, are seen to rest. But in the course of fifty years, among a people so little addicted to writing, printing and publishing as those of North Carolina, all printed evidence of this memorable event, so honorable to the people of the county, and of the State, had been lost to the public view; and, worst of all, the original manuscript records of the County Committee of Safety, which issued the resolves, were destroyed by fire, in April, 1860, with the house of Mr. John McKnitt Alexander, in whose care they were placed. These resolves are signed "by order of the committee, Epa. Brevard, Clerk of the Committee."

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MCKNITT ALEXANDER DECLARATION.

From the date of the destruction of these records, in April, 1860, until about the year 1855, when Mr. Force found four or five of the principal resolves, with the preamble, in the New York Journal, as above explained, they were entirely lost sight of, and were only treasured, with the stirring events by which they were accompanied, in the fading memories of a few venerable patriots, who participated in or witnessed them. It was in this long, oblivious interval between the publication of the resolves, May 31, 1775, and their discovery by Mr. Force, amid the mass of new paper files he had gathered from every part of the country, that the paper known as the "Mecklenburg Declaration," of May 20, of the same year, made its appearance. The Raleigh Register, of April 30, 1819, forty-four years after the event, first published to the world this pretentious paper, accompanied by what purports to be the report of proceedings of a public meeting of delegates elected by the several captains' companies of the county of Mecklenburg. These proceedings are put forth in the usual form and dated May 20, 1775. Abram Alexander's name appears as chairman, and that of John McKnitt Alexander as secretary. The resolves said to be adopted are in form and substance an absolute and irrevocable "Declaration of Independence," and embrace many of the characteristic forms of speech with which the public is familiar as the language of the American Declaration. Antedating, as the Mecklenburg paper does, by more than a year, the declaration made at Philadelphia by the American Congress, its appearance at once raised the questions whether Mr. Jefferson, the author of the latter document, had been guilty of plagiarism, and how it happened that neither during the Revolutionary era nor subsequently, up to the year 1819, no one out of North Carolina had ever seen or heard of this startling manifesto.

JOHN ADAMS ON THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

It was soon published in Massachusetts, and met the eye of ex-President John Adams. The object was to rekindle the fires of youthful patriotism in his venerable breast. In a letter to Thomas Jefferson, who was also on the Presidential retired list, the enthusiasm of the sage of Quincy over the discovery was only equalled by his amazement. How had he failed to meet with it in that crisis of the Revolution? And would he not have made the halls of Congress echo his stirring sentiments? How could it have escaped the observation of all the earnest advocates of independence in Massachusetts, in Virginia, and other States? He would have had it published in every wing newspaper on the Continent, &c. such, in substance, were the emotions of enthusiasm inspired by this "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" of May 20, 1775, in the mind of Mr. Adams. In his first letter to Mr. Jefferson on this subject, in June, 1819, he manifests an unmistakable readiness to believe in the genuineness of the document, but not without an expression of his amazement that it never before saw the light. The reader who is familiar with the history of the two statements of their early friendship, their subsequent rivalry and alienation, and still later, when the political battles of life were at an end, their not too cordial reconciliation—cannot fail to detect in this letter of Mr. Adams a degree of lurking satisfaction at the thought that his successful rival would win under the implied imputation of plagiarism, when the document, if genuine, would sustain. That this was his feeling is manifest from a letter to William Bentley, written in July following, in which he says that Mr. Jefferson "must have seen it, in the time of it, for he has copied it, and the sense and the expressions of it pervade his Declaration of the 4th of July, 1776." But a month later Mr. Adams had changed his mind, as appears from a letter dated August 21, to the same gentleman, in which he says, "I cannot believe that they (the resolutions) were known to one member of Congress on the 4th of July, 1776. Either these resolutions are a plagiarism from Mr. Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, or Mr. Jefferson's Declaration of Independence is a plagiarism from those resolutions. I could as soon believe that the dozen flowers of hyacinth now before my eyes were the work of chance as that the Mecklenburg resolves, which I have just seen, were the work of chance. The Declaration of Independence was written by Mr. Adams, and the Mecklenburg Declaration was written by Mr. Jefferson, and the two are alike in every particular." Mr. Adams, therefore, regarded the "Mecklenburg Declaration" as spurious, since he could not believe that it had been seen by one member of Congress on the 4th of July, 1776.

MR. JEFFERSON'S POSITION.

Mr. Jefferson was doubtless as much annoyed as Mr. Adams anticipated, and replied to the latter in one of his trenchant letters, in which he pointed out many facts tending to prove the document to be spurious. This correspondence was not made public until about the year 1850, four years after the death of those eminent men, which occurred almost simultaneously on July 4, 1826. An angry controversy immediately sprung up, and every North Carolinian felt bound to vindicate the genuineness of the "Mecklenburg Declaration," while the ardent admirers of Jefferson were prone to be incredulous. On the one side were the solemn assertions of a number of the most respectable men in the State, who declared that they were present in

Charlotte, one county town of Mecklenburg, on May 20th of May, 1775, and of others that it was in May, or at least prior to July 4, 1775; that a declaration of independence of Great Britain was made and adopted; that a revolutionary government was established; that men were appointed to collect arms and ammunition, and that a messenger was appointed to convey the proceedings of the meeting to the Congress then sitting at Philadelphia. The people of North Carolina who knew these venerable patriots could not and cannot doubt that they spoke the truth to the best of their knowledge and belief. It was impossible that so many good men should conspire to invent or to sustain a gigantic imposture or a fraud of any kind.

THE MARKS OF SPURIOUSNESS.

On the other side were the marks of spuriousness already alluded to—the suspicious points of resemblance to the immortal Declaration of the American Congress, copied, with peculiarities which a man of sense and education would be incapable; the incredible statements that absolute and irrevocable independence could have been declared in North Carolina in 1775, and sent by express to Philadelphia, and yet that the startling fact never came to the knowledge of any member of the American Congress, or to any one, so far as can be ascertained, outside of the limited circle of those actually present; that, as was alleged by its earlier defenders (and by its latest, Mr. Wheeler), it was printed in the Cape Fear Mercury, and sent in that journal by the Royal Governor, Martin, to the British governments, but that it failed to awaken any sensation on that side of the Atlantic; that all trace of it had been lost. These are formidable, and to the minds of disinterested persons, fatal objections to the genuineness of the "Mecklenburg Declaration" of May 20, 1775; and there are others to be stated, which the inquiry has developed, equally and some of them even more irreconcilable with the asserted validity of that document.

GOOD FAITH OF THE WITNESSES.

But I would have no one imagine that in holding this adverse opinion I for a moment doubt the entire good faith of all the witnesses whose certificates and letters were secured by the friends of the "Declaration." They bore testimony to the reality of an event which had occurred from forty-five to fifty years before their several statements were written. It is impossible that they could do more than recall the most striking circumstances. That of the month event, therefore, can be established on more satisfactory proofs than those on which these Mecklenburg resolves of May 31, 1775, are seen to rest. But in the course of fifty years, among a people so little addicted to writing, printing and publishing as those of North Carolina, all printed evidence of this memorable event, so honorable to the people of the county, and of the State, had been lost to the public view; and, worst of all, the original manuscript records of the County Committee of Safety, which issued the resolves, were destroyed by fire, in April, 1860, with the house of Mr. John McKnitt Alexander, in whose care they were placed. These resolves are signed "by order of the committee, Epa. Brevard, Clerk of the Committee."

THE GENUINE DOCUMENT.

In view of these facts, it is fortunate for the good name and fame of the county of Mecklenburg that the genuine document has been rescued from the oblivion in which it lay buried for sixty years. Thanks to the research of Mr. Force and Mr. Bancroft we have now for many years had possession of the genuine Mecklenburg resolves, which, to all practical intents, was a final severance of the tie which bound the people to Great Britain, though it was not quite that in form. The people of Mecklenburg are entitled to the imperishable honor arising from the fact that their ancestors were the first to cut loose from all dependence on the mother country and to take the most advanced step in the direction of independence, in the year 1775. The event is worthy to be kept in perpetual remembrance. At the same time it is due to truth to say that the people of no part of the Union raised so much and dared so much in the cause of liberty, prior to 1776, as those of Massachusetts. Her Suffolk county resolutions of September, 1774, which were in substance adopted first by the other counties, and then by the Provincial Congress, defied and thwarted British authority in the presence of a formidable British army. They declared open resistance to such of the British officials as acknowledged their obligation to obey and enforce the several acts of the British Parliament by which the port of Boston was closed, the charter of the colony altered and flagitious violators of the laws protected and screened from trial. A receiver general for the province was appointed by the Provincial Congress in the following winter to take charge of the organization of the militia, subject to the control of the Congress and independent of the Crown. Yet, along with these defensive measures, resulting in actual war, there was a certain degree of verbal respect shown to the British government, and especially to the King. The course pursued by Massachusetts at this time was similar to the nullification of South Carolina in 1832, which contemplated forcible resistance to what was regarded as unconstitutional laws and maladministration, while obedience was to be yielded in all other respects. The Mecklenburg resolves of May 31 are more in the nature of a secession from all ties, course and connection with the mother country, but not without an eye to the possible adjustment of the quarrel. An British law and authority was suspended; an independent, though temporary, government was set up, to continue in force until a more permanent one should be established by the Provincial or Continental Congress, and subject to the will of these bodies until Great Britain should abandon her arbitrary policy toward the colonies.