

RUTLAND HERALD,  
Published every Thursday Morning,  
At Rutland, Vt.  
TERMS—PER YEAR.  
To Village subscribers, \$2.00  
Delivered at the Office, 1.50  
To Mail subscribers, 1.50  
Delivered by Post Riders, 2.00  
Business Cards inserted for 83 per dozen.  
ADVERTISING  
Advertisements can only be inserted for \$1 per  
square for three weeks; 25 cents per square will be  
charged for each subsequent insertion.

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From the Washington County Post,  
Battles of the Revolution,  
BY N. R. DUNHAM.

#### DEFENCE OF FORT MOULTRIE

Boston had been evacuated by the British. As the vulture whose prey has eluded his grasp, retires to some lofty tree to watch for another victim, they had retired to Halifax. As they watched here the American coast, the rich field of the Carolinas attracted their attention. There were many loyalists, a scattered population, and many slaves. These, thought they, will afford an easy and valuable conquest. Accordingly, placing his troops on board a suitable fleet of transports, Gen. Clinton set sail. Officers and men were eager to wipe away the stain of the retreat from Lexington and Concord—to avenge the severe loss of Bunker's Hill, and remove the disgrace of the evacuation of Boston. High-noon the British army had gained no laurels, nor done anything in subjugating the little insignificant bands of rebels. Now something decisive would be effected—Charleston must make amends for the loss of Boston.

The citizens of Charleston were warned of the danger that menaced them. They had recently driven away their royal governor, and now stimulated by their new governor, Rutledge, made every possible preparation to give Gen. Clinton a most ungracious welcome. Gen. Lee took the command.

Upon an island near the city a fort of earth had been erected which commanded the harbor. The command had been given to Col. Moultrie, in honor of whom the fortress had been named. He had under his command four hundred regulars and a few militia. His fortress mounted 26 nine-pounders.

At the mouth of Cape Fear River, Clinton met the fleet of Sir Peter Parker, with a large body of troops on board. That force was now formidable, and the opportunity of trying the disposition of the inhabitants along the coast was too good to be lost. With this design, they entered the harbor and scattered along its banks proclamations of his loving Major's pardon to all such of his beloved subjects as would yield submission to his mild sway. But finding that words of honey and oil were now ineffectual, as the day when such means might have availed had passed, they sailed for Charleston. Having here tried without success smiles and gracious promises, on the 27th of June they crossed the bar with two fifty gun ships and four frigates of twenty-eight guns, and dropped anchor before Fort Moultrie.

This was a formidable array for the little mud enclosure, its few guns, and small garrison. Gen. Lee, supposing it impossible to defend it, advised Moultrie to evacuate it and concentrate his forces within the city. "I cannot desert my namesake," was Moultrie's spirited reply. "They will batter down your walls at the first broadside," rejoined Lee. "Then we will be behind the ruins" was Moultrie's rejoinder. Lee allowed him to retain his position.

The inhabitants of Charleston—soldiers and citizens—took their stations where views of the fire and fort could be obtained to watch the result of the contest. Not were they indifferent spectators. Many had friends among the defenders of the fort.

# RUTLAND HERALD.

BY GEO. H. BEAMAN.

RUTLAND WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1847.

Vol. 53.—No. 20.

and all that if that should be silenced they must next sustain the shock of the victorious fleet's heavy broadsides. The thunder of artillery, and clouds smoke bursting from the sides of the vessels, announced that the action had begun. The little fort seemed insensibly transformed into a volcano, belching forth hot melted lava indeed, but tempests of iron hail, and wreathing itself in clouds of smoke. And now might was heard save the steady roar of the engines of death, and nought was seen but the flag of their country, its stripes and stars, floating proudly over the heavy clouds of smoke. The towering masts of the fleet and the cross of St. George could also be seen piercing the dark veil that hid the quiet waters of the harbor—but occasional shots and the incessant roar announced that the work of destruction was going on. Now the smoke clears a way and reveals the tailing combatants, unheeding the melting rays of the summer's burning sun, intent only on playing their deadly engines with furious zeal. Now shouts of joy echo along the streets of Charleston as tall mast masts rears to and fro like a soldier staggering under his death wound, and then falls with a crash which might be heard in the momentary cessation of firing which its fall had occasioned. This showed that their friends within the mud walls were making the enemy officially acquainted with their bravery and skill. And they say the walls of their fortress, though battered and riddled, yet afford protection to their unflinching friends. Hope—unexpected hope—springs up in their breasts, that the fleet would be repulsed and their city saved from the horrors of a bombardment. But these hopes soon vanished. The stripes and stars which had cheered and encouraged them when their valiant friends were obscured by the heavy veil of smoke, fell. The flag of the fort was lowered. "Moultrie has surrendered; he has yielded!" tremblingly whispered the anxious spectators in the streets of Charleston. But no a second view corrects their mistake. The flagstaff has been shot away, and the stripes and stars lie in the ditch outside the walls—fallen but unsullied or disgraced. A soldier leaps into the ditch—seizes the fallen colors—seizes the walls—snatches a sponge staff from the hand of a gunner, and raises the flag. A shout echoes from the garrison, and is echoed back from the city.

And now the fire of the enemy begins to slacken, and their fleet appears in motion. They are retiring—beaten by Moultrie's little band. Nor do they leave the harbor numerous or so proudly as they entered it. One of the fifty gun ships is left behind, a perfect wreck, and the remaining shattered spars of two of the frigates could scarcely sustain the sails which were spread to the favorable breeze that wafted them away from this fatal place.

The citizens crowded to the island to embrace their deliverers. The name of him who rescued the flag is eagerly inquired for. His name was Gasper, a sergeant—Preparations are made, and the next day Governor Rutledge presents him with a handsome sword. The citizens pass around the island, furred like a plowed field and some of the curious gather and count the cannon balls that the enemy have thrown, and that now lie upon the ground. Seven thousand are gathered—a sufficient proof of the activity of the assailants, and the bravery and skill of the defenders.

WASHINGTON'S VISIT TO BOSTON.

The following from Sullivan's Lectures on public characters, give some idea of the etiquette of old times. The starch of the celebrated man of '76 would be suddenly shaken out of them, if they lived in those jostling days.

#### HOW JEDIDIAH WAS SUCKED IN

"Is the 'Squire to him?" inquired an elongated individual yesterday, who pushed his head into the Recorder's office. It being about the dinner hour none of the officials happened to be to hand; but a couple of clerks, who were lounging inside, invited him in, and inquired his business.

"Well," says he, in a beautiful nasal, gay business and much, but du tell me which is the 'Squire?'

"He is at dinner, sir," answered one of the clerks, but if we have any thing very urgent we will send for him."

"Well, I snt much in particular," answered the eastern man; but just this morning a teller from the 'im'm State of Illinois, played me one of the allridest mean tricks I've learnt on lately!"

"What is it like?" inquired the listener.

"Well, it won't much like anything," says he, but an all created snick in. "Where is that 'Squire?" he burst out again; "Ellie the mean critter jerked into jail et it costs me a dollar!"

What did he? persisted the question.

"Well, I went much of anything except a sell," said he, and then breaking out again;

"He exclaimed, 'Oh, Jedidiah Dexter! that anything' cuts ye all well tu be, shal be dev'd in tu see a trade by a taller lookin', rigg' shakin', can rasc' surpint as that taller."

Was he a 'Sucker?' inquired the gent.

"Well, he wasn't much else," said the afflited man, "and the tallest, grown one I've seen lately—out's his pictur!"

"But you have not told us what his offence was?" inquired the other.

"No," said he, "I didn't, and what's wiser a darned sight, I've behaved tu—all creation that I shud a been substantially green! I swor," said he, starting, "I b'lieve I went tell it—"Till just be the man varmint slide. It won't hear tellin' 'em. Why, if they shut her it down at Chancery, I couldn't even show myself at any futur' thanksgiving in them latitudes—they'll holler meat at me just as quick as they'll clap their eyes on me."

Hancock, with some feeling of state rights had taken the position that, as the representative of sovereignty in his own dominion he was to be visited first, even by the President, who, on Hancock's own ground, was the Representative of sovereignty of all the States, wherever he may be within their limits. The President was made to understand that Hancock expected the first visit. This was not deemed proper by the President. A negotiation ensued, and there were some written communications. It ended in a refusal on the part of the President to see Hancock, unless at his own place of abode. Hancock, unless at his own place of abode, and citizens—took their stations where views of the fire and fort could be obtained to watch the result of the contest. Not were they indifferent spectators. Many had friends among the defenders of the fort.

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On the third or fourth day, Hancock went

in his coach, enveloped in a red baize, to Washington's lodgings, and was borne in the arms of servants into the house. The President remained here about a week, and partook of a public dinner, dined with the Governor, and attended an oration in King's Chapel, on which occasion he was dressed in black. On his departure for Portsmouth he showed his regard for punctuality. He gave notice that he should depart at 8 o'clock, in the morning. He left the door at the moment. The escort not being ready, he went without them; they followed and overtook him on the way.

#### SUICIDE EXTRA.

An amusing incident is pleasantly recorded in the following passage from a letter of a "Down East" correspondent of the Knickerbocker—

"Sancho Panza says, 'Blessed is the man that first invented sleep.' I do not say

'Cursed is the man that first invented straps on pavements,' but I do say, 'Blessed is the man who abolished their use.' In how many awkward predicaments have they been the cause of placing us! How much more free; how much more comfortable; how much more natural to dispense with these palling, irritating monstrosities! Is it not enough that we have suspender-s or gallowses as our juvenile nomenclature used to have it—and a very suitable name it was by the way—to bind us down to earth with the pressure of the nightmare, but we must also have the upward pressure of the footstraps, both drawing us together with the power of awfully horse hydraulic press! I rebel. For one, I have dispensed with both straps and suspenders; and I address you, Mr. Knickerbocker, as a man of plain common sense & discretion, to go and do likewise. But all this is not furthering the object of my writing to you on the present occasion. I wish to tell you of an incident that occurred to me some time since, when coming from Halifax to Boston, on board the packet brig A—. It was all owing to those unhappy straps! One of my fellow passengers was a fat old lady, who suffered very much from seasickness. More than twenty times in the day the old lady would put the good nature of the steward, who was a jolly Irishman, to the test, by wishing to be billeted upon deck, then below again; insomuch that they used to call her Mrs. Teetotum, because she longed to recline on the deck; but then it was cold and she had nothing to wrap herself up with. I made myself a great favorite with her by sending out my buffalo robe and tucking her up with my cloak. You have no doubt been to sea, and are acquainted with the exceedingly easy toilets that gentlemen and ladies make (and use) on ship board. Following the general practice, I usually in putting off my fe shames, hang them up to the ceiling of the stateroom, opposite the door, with my boots dangling in them. The old lady's berth was immediately opposite mine, and one morning she awoke the steward, who was put the good nature of the steward, who was a jolly Irishman, to the test, by wishing to be billeted upon deck, then below again; insomuch that they used to call her Mrs. Teetotum, because she longed to recline on the deck; but then it was cold and she had nothing to wrap herself up with. I made myself a great favorite with her by sending out my buffalo robe and tucking her up with my cloak. You have no doubt been to sea, and are acquainted with the exceedingly easy toilets that gentlemen and ladies make (and use) on ship board. Following the general practice, I usually in putting off my fe shames, hang them up to the ceiling of the stateroom, opposite the door, with my boots dangling in them. 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