Green Mountain Freeman.

WE HOLD THIS TRUTH TO BE SELF-EVIDENT, THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.

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BY SCOTT & THOMPSON

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The Family Circle.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

The following from the *London Congregational Magazine* will be interesting to our juvenile readers, and perhaps to some others.

As the occupation and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the mind, it is probably almost every reader who has passed his infantile day in an English nursery recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend, "The House that Jack Built." Very few, however, are aware of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yes such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me, and as it may not be uninteresting to the reader, I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation, as given by P. N Lilienecht, Leipsic, 1737. The hymn itself is found in Sephere Haggadah, vol. 23.

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought,
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

2. Then came the cat, and ate the kid
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came the water, and quench'd the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came the angel of death, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be he, and killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the Ten Tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Romans or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long expected Messiah.

☞ Dr. Abernethy used to tell his scholars that all human maladies arose from two causes—stuffing and fretting.

FEMALE BEAUTY.—A cultivated mind and good heart will give an intelligent and even beautiful expression to the face. The features may be irregular, and the complexion bad, but if the heart is gentle, and the mind well stored, the woman will be handsome. We have known women, who at first sight were positively homely, yet who became very handsome, even fascinating, upon further acquaintance.

Original Miscellany.

California Correspondence with the Freeman.

Letter from J. O. Waterman, the former foreman in the Freeman Office, to one of the Editors.

PANAMA, Dec. 19th 1849.

Agreeable to the promise which I made you when I left home, I thought it might be well to write from this place. We left New York on Tuesday afternoon, and arrived at Havana the next Monday morning. Staid over there one day, and started in the "Falcon" Tuesday morning and anchored off Chagres the next Sunday, the 25th, at 3 o'clock, P. M. The next day we landed. The small steamer "Orus" took us off;—Chagres has no harbor, and it is a dangerous place for large vessels to enter. Our boat anchored two or three miles from land. Chagres is a miserable hole—no buildings but a few huts of the natives. There were two shanties called Hotels, where they asked $3,50 per day for board. There are the remains fo an old Spanish fort on the hill on the East bank of Chagres river, which commanded the entrance of that river from the ocean. There were many brass pieces laying about the fort, but it is not now used at all. In a rude pasture near the woods, I saw a monument of wood sacred to the memory of *James Monscreiffe*, Mate on board the "Crescent City," who was killed April 29th, 1849, by the accidental discharge of a cannon on board the ship.—Age 33.

On the 28th Nov., we took boats and started on our long dreaded tour of crossing the Isthmus. We paid $10 each for transportation to Cruces, 66 miles. The day you were having your Thanksgiving in Vermont, I was making my way slowly up a dark muddy river, with nothing but woods on the banks, and plenty of crockodiles, snakes, lizards and monkeys in and about the river, and the sun beating down at about 100 deg. Chagres river is 30 or 40 rods wide at its mouth, but grows narrower as you ascend, and the current grows stronger. There were three natives propelling the boat I was in, and two in the one the remainder of our company was in. The natives cut up many of their tricks upon those they contract with to boat them up to Cruces. Some have been known to take their boats and start back to Chagres in the night, when the passengers were asleep on shore. When we contracted for two boats for our company, Carter and myself crossed the river and took our man to the Alcalde, and had it put in writing, and took his receipt for the money. They dare not do any different from what they agree before the Alcalde. We had no difficulty with our boatman. After tugging up the river for three days, on the 1st of Dec., Brittain, Carter and myself stopped at Gorgona, 10 miles from Cruces, and started the Gorgona land route, which they represented to be better than the Cruces road; because there had been no rain for some days. We hired our baggage carried, for it was all we wanted to do to carry ourselves. It cost us $6.50 each to get our baggage carried, and we had but very little compared with others. I saw no three men on the whole route that had so little as we had. It is very strange that men, in face of information which every one gives to the public that crosses the Isthmus, will lumber themselves down with trunks and bags from 300 to 600 and 1000 pounds. It costs 10 cents per pound to transport from Cruces or Gorgona to Panama. Large amounts of baggage are left on the road, and much more spoiled. Men are so eager to get across that they leave their baggage behind in charge of the natives, and ten chances to one if they ever see it again. I saw two or three trunks, a number of bags &c., laying by the road side,—one of the mules was dying, and the other could but just stand, and no one near them. We kept in sight of our baggage all the way. There were about fifteen men in our company. We had to help our mules up a number of times on the road. It rained in torrents the first day, and made it horrible traveling the rest of the journey. We waded streams waist deep, and when the mud was not deep it was slippery. We found 'Ranches' inhabited by the natives, where we got shelter for the nights, and coffee occasionally,—the same as we found coming up the river in our boats. We took provision enough to last us through. On Monday the 3d of Dec., about 11 o'clock, A. M., we came in sight of Panama; and if ever a man was glad to see the end of a journey, it was myself. The weather was not all the journey as our July weather We all stood the journey well;—all from Montpelier and vicinity have been well since we left home. We get plenty to eat and drink in Panama, and have to pay for it, too. Board is from $8 to $10 per week. The water is bad here, and it is brought a full mile on mules' backs in large earthern jars.

Another thing.—I wish to caution people, coming to California this way, to provide themselves with "through tickets," *before* they leave home. The idea that tickets can be purchased of an agent at Panama, is all humbug. The Pacific Steamship Company sell all their tickets in New York and New Orleans, for $150 00 steerage, and $300 cabin passengers. Speculators here have made money by buying up tickets on the way.—Steerage tickets for steamers have sold for from 300 to 400 dollars, and cabin for 700 and 800 dollars within the last two weeks. Large numbers come on here under the false impression that there are plenty of opposition steamers here; but they find themselves wofully mistaken. At present there are sailing vessels enough to take off all that remain here now; but they can't carry you to San Francisco in less than two and a half or three months and ask you $200 at that. Such is the true state of things here. Demeritt, Blaisdell, Tracy, Carter and myself are going out in the British ship, "*Circassian*," which sails the 20th of December. According to all accounts, we may as well be three months going there as one; for San Francisco is full of miners, and full of mud and rain, with provisions high. About next March or April is the right time to get there. The Messrs. Camps', four in number, have gone out in the "*Hellespont*" to-day. (They were all well.)

Well, now as regards the prospects in California. I have had some chance to form some opinion in regard to it. I have seen seven or eight hundred men from California since I started. The steamers *from* California bring down as many as they carry up, that is, they crowd full both ways. Two steamers have come down since I arrived on the Isthmus. I presume I have conversed with more than a hundred men from the mines. They look hard and worn down, and say it is almost impossible for a man to stand it to dig gold for any length of time, and the chances are just like a lottery. Many curse the country bitterly, while there are others that intend returning in the Spring. They all say there is gold enough there; but that the most robust get sick with the scurvy or dysentery who venture to the mines. I have noticed that those who were at the mines but four or six weeks, are the loudest in their denunciations of California. My mind is made up that I will never trouble myself about the mines. Those whom I have conversed with say, that tradesmen will probably do well, and advise me to stay in San Francisco by all means. Wages have come down for common laborers, more than one half from what they were last Summer. It is all folly for a man to think of getting $500 per month, or any thing near it. If a man is coming to California thinking to dig gold for a fortune, I should advise him to stay away if he can get a living somewhere else. The money that it will cost him to get there would start him well along in buying a decent farm in Vermont There are many here who are so unfortunate as not to have money enough to go up to California, or get home either. Probably I speak safely when I say that 50 men returned to the States, soon after landing at Chagres, who came down on the "*Falcon*," and did not cross the Isthmus at all; and from 50 to 100 have gone back after coming up here. I was bound to see the "Elephant" when I started, and think I shall proceed as long as health and money hold out. My health has been remarkably good,—have gained seven pounds since I left home. [Carter is as fat as a seal. He is at work at his trade at $2.50 per day.]

I am well satisfied that you get but one side of the picture painted of California, in the States. For every man who is lucky, and returns from the mines with a fortune, there are one hundred who do not, which is a heavy offset. The men who were contented to take sure wages in the Cities of California last Summer, appear in good health, and say they have done well,—much better than those who went to the mines.

Perhaps you would like to know something of this place and its inhabitants, and I will try to give you such information in regard to it, as I at present possess. The climate is warm, and probably good for consumptive people. Sudden changes in the atmosphere are very rare. Oranges, Lemons, Limes, and other tropical fruits, grow in abundance. The thermometer has ranged from 80 to 90 deg. ever since I have been here. The city of Panama is situated on the Pacific: but the harbor, if indeed it can be called one, is miserable;—there are no wharves, and vessels are obliged to anchor four or five miles from the shore. The city shows signs of having once been quite a place. There are large spacious two and three story buildings, built of stone and brick, and cemented over,—and paved streets; but it looks as though it had been deserted by those who built it, as every thing is crumbling to decay. The Americans are making it quite a business place.—Stores, Taverns, Victualing houses and Dram Shops meet you in the face every rod throughout the whole city. The population of the city of Panama is about 9,000. It has five Catholic churches, one Cathedral, a College, and a Prison;—these comprise all the public public buildings.

In 1821, the "*Republic of Columbia*" was proclaimed by Simon Bolivar, the great champion of South American Liberty. Under the Presidency of this great man, the Republic, modeled after the United States, flourished with great vigor and prosperity:—but internal divisions arose, and the patriot and hero became unpopular. He was banished from power and died poor and broken hearted in 1820. In a few years after the death of Bolivar, Columbia was divided into three Republics, viz: New Grenada, Ecuador and Venezuela. New Grenada is divided into three Provinces or States, viz:—Panama, Veraguas, and Alanjo. The Province of Panama contains 70,000 inhabitants, and there are 30,000 more in the two other Provinces. The city of Panama, at the present time, is healthy; but it was very sickly last summer, and I have been informed that more than 200 Americans, bound for California, died here; and the natives died by the scores. The burying ground tells a sad story to the American who visits it, and sees so many of his countrymen's graves, yet fresh, in a foreign land. The cholera raged here then; but there is nothing of it here now. Now and then there is a case of fever, but my only wonder is that there are not more. The streets are filthy; and all the offal and filth from the houses are thrown into the streets; besides there are sights of green fresh fruits, and plenty to eat them with little or no caution. I should not like to stay here any great length of time; and shall not, that is quite certain. The natives on the Isthmus are a mixture of Spanish, Negro and Indian, I should judge. They speak the Spanish language, and are a simple, enervate and harmless people,—without enterprise or much knowledge, generally speaking.

I have felt considerable interest in informing myself in regard to this place, since I have been here, as it was a part of the Republic of Columbia, which, in 1828 our lamented Gen. Harrison was sent out to, as Minister Plenipotentiary, by J. Q. Adams. Gen. Harrison arrived at Bogota, and wrote his celebrated letter to Bolivar, when he was recalled by President Jackson, who appointed Mr. Moore, of Ky., to succeed him.

This is the city too, where the Panama Congress of Nations was held. In Dec. 1825, I think, President Adams, in his annual message, recommended sending delegates to a Congress of Nations at Panama, and John Sargeant, of Penn., and Richard C. Anderson, of Ky., were appointed by the President and Senate as Envoys to the Congress, with Wm. B. Rochester, Secretary of Legation. You will remember the sharp and bitter contest that this step occasioned in the political field of that day. The mission to Panama resolved itself into a national party question: and many will remember how bitterly the "Mission to Panama" was opposed by the opponents of Mr. Adam's administration.

Now, in 1849, not only the American nation is represented, but the civilized world is holding a Congress in this Republican City. May we not hope that the Isthmus of Darien will realize, in a few years, all the great advantages which the "old man eloquent" (now gathered to his fathers,) predicted from a union of the Pacific with the Atlantic. God speed the consumation of the glorious epoch! More when I get to California. JOHN O. WATERMAN.

Select Miscellany.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

An incident of touching interest is related in connection with the early life of Rev. Dr. Harris the eminent English author. While residing many years ago, in a seaport town, Dr. H. became exceedingly attached to a young and beautiful widow. Her husband was a mercantile gentleman, and had gone out to China on business, but the vessel in which he took passage was wrecked in a violent storm, and every soul on board lost. She went into mourning for him, and manifested every suitable respect for her deceased husband. Byand by she met Dr. Harris and requited his love. They became engaged, and were finally married. A few weeks after marriage, they went down one morning to the sea side before breakfast for a walk of pleasure. As they approached the water they saw that a ship from some foreign port lay in the offing, and a small boat was approaching them from it. As soon as it came so near to them as to render the faces of those in it visible, the young bride fainted away. *She had discovered in the boat her former husband!* He was thrown in the storm upon an island, with two or three others in the China Sea, and there existed for many years before he could get off and return home. The lady only recovered from her fainting fit to become raving mad, and although everything was done for her which science or kindness could suggest, she expired in a few weeks in the intensest mental agony.

A SECOND ANDROCLES.

In an article on "THE MEN AND BRUTES OF SOUTH AMERICA," a writer in the North American Review for April tells the following from Bingley: Sir George Davis, who was English Ambassador at Naples in the the middle of the seventeenth century, once paid a visit to the collection of animals made by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Among them was a lion which had been in the hands of the keeper for three years; no kindness, no favor, no feeding would tame him, in the least. He was the same savage, unsocial, unsympathetic beast from first to last. Sir George approached his den, the attendants warning him of the character of the creature within. The lion, as the stranger drew near, raised his head with his usual grumble, at being made a sight of; but his snarl in a moment changed to a cry of doubt and joy, springing to his feet with earnest, asking eyes, he pressed against the bars of his cage. The keepers looked on amazed; but their amazement became terror, when they saw the Englishman coolly pass his hand between the iron ribs into the very mouth of the untameable beast, who licked it like a dog. With cries of horror they seized him and forced him back as a mad man. Sir George told them who he was, and insisted that the cage should be opened for him to enter. Long was this insane proposal resisted, but it was resisted in vain—he would enter. He did so, and no Newfoundland savior of his master's life ever showed more signs of delight than did this unapproachable monster as he put his huge paws on the Ambassador's shoulders, and tenderly licked his cheek.

The news of this wonderful interview spread through Florence with electric speed, and came to the ears of the Grand Duke, who asking the Englishman to dinner desired to know the secret of his power. It was the old secret of Androcles—*kindness*. Sir George had owned this lion when a mere cub, and they had loved one another. He was forced to part with him, and his savage character since that time was but one consequence of the loss of his first friend, his benefactor.

WITCHCRAFT IN NEW JERSEY.

The following report of a trial in West Jersey for witchcraft, is preserved in an almanac published in the year 1800. The trial took place in the year 1730, a little more than a century ago, and as an incident of the "good old times" of which we often hear, has some interest for the modern reader. The Newark Advertiser copies it from the Mt. Holly Mirror:—

"Were there no other reasons for promoting an increase of knowledge, it would be desirable for the sake of humanity only to give such information as exhibits the singular ignorance of former ages and the improvements of succeeding generations. The following account taken from the Pennsylvania Gazette, of October, 1730, is inserted to evince not only the absurdity, but cruelty, of a superstitious error, which about that period, infected not merely the common people, but the expounders of Law and dispensers of Justice. We may now flatter ourselves that the terror of witchcraft is no more, and that a poor woman may be both old and ugly without danger of hanging for being too light in the water, or of drowning for being too heavy:—

BURLINGTON, Oct. 12, 1630.

Saturday last at Mount Holly, about 8 miles from this place, near three hundred people were gathered together to see an experiment or two tried on some persons accused of witchcraft. It seems the accused had been charged with making their neighbor's sheep dance in an uncommon manner, and causing hogs to speak and sing psalms, &c., to the great terror and amazement of the King's good and peaceable subjects in this province; the accusers being very positive that if the accused were weighed in scales against a Bible, that the Bible would prove too heavy for them, or that if they were bound and put into the creek they would swim—the said accused desirous to make their innocence appear voluntarily offered to undergo the said trials, if two of the most violent of their accusers would be tried with them.

Accordingly the time and place was agreed on, and advertised about the country; the accusers were one man and one woman; and the accused the same. The parties being met, and the people got together, a grand consultation was held, before they proceeded to trial; in which it was agreed to use the scales first; and a committee of men were appointed to search the men, and so also the women, to see if they had any thing of weight about them, particularly pins.

After the scrutiny was over a huge great Bible, belonging to the Justices of the peace, was provided, and a lane through the populace was made from the Justice's house to the scales, which were fixed on a gallows for that purpose opposite to the house that the Justice's wife and the rest of the ladies might see the trial, without coming amongst the mob; and after the manner of Moorfields, a large ring was also made. Then came out of the house, a grave, tall man, carrying the Holy Writ before the supposed wizard, &c., (as solemnly as the swordbearer of London before the Lord Mayor.) The wizard was first put into the scales and over him was read a chapter out of the book of Moses and then the Bible was put in the other, (which being kept down before,) was immediately let go; but to the great surprise of the spectators, flesh and bones came down plump, and outweighed that great book by abundance.

After the same manner, the others were served, and their lumps of mortality severally were too heavy for the big book—plump they came down.

This being over, the accusers and the mob, not satisfied with this experiment, would have the trial by water; accordingly a most solemn procession was made to the mill pond, where both accused and accusers being partially stripped of their clothing, were bound hand and foot, and severally placed in the water lengthways from the side of a barge, having for security a rope about the middle of each, which was held by some in the barge. The accused man being thin and spare, with difficulty began to sink at last; but the other three swam very light upon the water. A sailor in the barge jumped out upon the back of the man accused, thinking to drive him to the bottom; but the person bound, notwithstanding his help, came up some time before the other. The woman accused being told that if she did not sink, she would be ducked a second time; when she swam as light as before. Upon this she declared that the accused had bewitched her to make her so light, and that she would be ducked a hundred times, but she would duck the devil out of her. The accused man being surprised at his own swimming, was not so confident of his innocence as before, but said, "if I am a witch it is more than I know." The more thinking part of the spectators were of the opinion that any person so bound and placed in the water (unless they were mere skin and bone,) would swim unless their breath was gone, and their lungs filled with water. But it being the general belief of the populace that the little clothing which the accused had on helped to support them, it is said they are to be tried again the first warm weather, entirely divested of it."

VALUE OF COAL MINES.—The London Times in a recent article, speaks of the coal beds of England in the following terms:—

"The exhaustion of our coal beds would be the final and utter catastrophe of our greatness, and then England would immediately sink into a third rate power. It is to coal we owe every thing which is great in our position and history. Our coal fields are the rude foundation of this fair Corinthian pile, and England is as much indebted to them as Egypt to her Nile, Athens to her schools, and Rome to her policy and her arms."

QUACK MEDICINES.—The Whittling Philosopher advises invalids to "take quack advertisements as emetics, rather than the medicines they recommend as physic, and a hogshead of lobelia would not give you such a vomit."

I heard a panacea seller say "Give me $4,000 with which to advertise, and I will soon clear $10,000 per year with COLORED WATER alone; but if I had only $500 to begin with, I would spend it all in one locality, and could sell accordingly. ADVERTISEMENTS can make medicines sell, not the cures they perform."

Am. Phrenological Journal.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The following description is taken from the second volume of Washington and his Generals. This was not only one of the most important battles of the Revolution, from the new views it gave the officers and nation, of the value of discipline, but illustrates, more clearly than any other, the character and power of Washington.

The English army, ten thousand strong, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was passing thro' New Jersey, on its way to New York. The whole country was filled with the marching columns—the baggage train alone stretching twelve miles along the road. On the rear of this army, in order to cut it and the baggage train from the main body, Washington determined to fall, and sent forward five thousand men to commence the attack. The command of this belonged to Lee, but he refusing to accept it, it was given to Lafayette. The former, however, thinking it would have an ugly look to decline serving in such an important battle as this promised to be, changed his mind, and asked for the post assigned him, which was generously granted by Lafayette.

The morning of the 28th of June, was one of the sultriest of the year; yet at an early hour, Lee, who was but five miles from Monmouth, where the British army had encamped that night, put his troops in motion. Pushing rapidly through the broken and wooded country, he at length encamped on the plain of Monmouth, which, like that of Merengo, seemed made on purpose for a battle-field. Forming his men in the woods, to conceal them from the enemy, he and Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre, and lo! all the ample plain below them was dark with the moving masses. To the stirring sound of music, the steady columns of the grenadiers moved sternly forward, their bayonets glittering in the morning sunlight, while as far as the eye could reach, followed after the immense train—horses and wagons toiling through the sand, and filling the air with dust.

Wayne descended like a torrent upon this line of march and soon the sharp rattle of musketry, and roar of cannon, and heavy smoke, told where he was pouring his troops to the charge. Lee, in the meantime, with the rest of his division, took a circuitous march to fall on the head of the corps with which Wayne was engaged—when he learned that the whole British army had wheeled about and was hurrying back to protect the rear. That plain then presented a magnificent appearance. Far away the cloud of horses and wagons was seen hurrying from the field, while nearer by, the glittering columns fell one after another, in the order of battle—the artillery opened like a sudden conflagration on the plain—the cavalry went dashing forward to the charge, and amid the pealing of trumpets, unrolling of standards, and shouts of men, the battle commenced.

But at this moment, Lee, who had not expected to meet a strong force, and not liking to have a heavy battle thrown upon him, with a morass in his rear, ordered a retreat; and the brave Wayne, grinding his teeth in rage, was compelled to fall back, and came very near being cut off in the attempt. Across the morass, retreating, with the victorious columns of the British in full pursuit.

In the meantime Washington, ignorant of this shameful retreat, was marching up with the other division of the army. As the sound of the first cannonade broke dull and heavy over the woods, the troops were hurried forward, and the troops eager for the encounter, threw aside their knapsacks, and many of them their coats, and with shouts pressed rapidly on. It was a terrible day—the thermometer stood at *ninety-six*—and as the sweltering army toiled through the sand and dust, many sunk in their footsteps overpowered by the heat. Washington had dismounted where two roads met, and stood with his arm thrown over the neck of his white steed that was reeking with sweet, listening to the cannonading in the distance, and watching his eager columns as they swept over the road. Far in the distance, he heard the thunder of artillery that was mowing down his ranks, while before him fluttered the flag of his country, soon also, to be enveloped in the smoke of battle. A horseman, bursting into his presence cried out that Lee was in full retreat, bearing down with his divided ranks, full on his own advancing columns. The expression of Washington's face at that moment was dreadful, and with a burst of indignation that startled those around him, he sprang to the saddle, and plunging the rowels in his steed, launched like a thunderbolt away. A cloud of dust alone told where he and his suit sped onward, and those who looked on him then, with his unusually pale face flushed, and his blue eye emitting fire, knew that a storm was soon to burst somewhere. He swept in a headlong gallop to the van of the retreating army, and the moment his white horse was seen, the brave fellows, who had long been half beaten, sent up a shout that was heard the whole length of the lines, and "*Long live Washington!*" rent the air.

Flinging a hasty inquiry to Osgood, as to the reason of this retreat, who replied with a terrible oath, "*Sir, we are fleeing from a shadow*"—he galloped to the rear, and reining up his horse beside Lee, bent on him a face of fearful expression, and thundered in his ear, as he leaned over his saddle bow, "*Sir, I desire to know what is the reason and whence arises this disorder and confusion?*" It was not the words, but the smothered tone of passion in which they were uttered, and the manner which was severe as a blow, that made the rebuke so terrible. Wheeling his steed he spurred up to Oswald's and Stewart's regiment, saying—"On you I depend to check this pursuit;" and riding along the ranks he roused their courage to the highest pitch by his stirring appeals, while that glorious shout of "*Long live Washington!*" again shook the field. The sudden gust of passion had swept by; but the storm that ever slumbered in his bosom was now fairly up, and galloping about on his splended charger, his tall and commanding form towering above all about him, and his noble countenance lit up with enthusiasm, he was the impersonation of all that is great and heroic in man. In a moment the aspect of the geld was changed—the retreating masses halted—officers were seen hurrying about in every direction, their shouts and orders ringing above the roar of the enemy's guns. The ranks opened, and under the galling fire of the enemy, the steady battalions wheeled, and formed in splendid order. Washington then rode back to Lee, and pointing to the firm front he had arrayed against the enemy, exclaimed, "*Will you, sir, command in that place?*" He replied yes. "*Well, then,*" said he, "*I expect you to check the enemy immediately.*" "Your orders shall be obeyed," replied the stung commander; "and I will not be the first to leave the field." The battle then opened with renewed fury, and Washington hurried back to bring his own division into the action.

It was the glorious triumph of discipline, and the power of one master mind, to see how those retreating troops recovered their confidence, and formed under the very fire of their pursuers, before the panic had been communicated to the other portion of the army.

But the danger had only just commenced; the few regiments which had been thrown forward, could not long withstand the heavy shock to which they were exposed. Swept by the artillery, and enveloped in fire, they were gradually forced back over the field. They fought bravely, as if they knew the fate of the battle rested on their firmness—yet the advanced corps finally fell back on the reserve. On this, too, the victorious legions of the enemy thundered with deafening shouts—the grenadiers pressed furiously forward—the cavalry hung like a cloud on our flanks, while the steady advancing cannon galled the ranks with a most destructive fire.—Our whole line of battle began to shake. Washington, with the rear division, was not yet up, and every moment threatened to throw Lee's whole shattered corps back in disorder upon it. Every thing quivered in the balance, but at this terrible crisis, the noble, the chivalric Hamilton, with his hat off, and his hair streaming in the wind, was seen crossing the field in a sweeping gallop, making for Lee. Knowing that the fate of the battle rested on his firmness, and fearing he might shrink again under the heavy onsets of the enemy, he flew to his relief. Reining up his foam covered steed beside him, he exclaimed in that lofty enthusiasm, which that day saved the army—"I will stay with you, my dear General, and *die with you. Let us all die here rather than retreat.*" Nobly said, brave Hamilton! One firmest prop of American liberty stands fast in this dreadful hour.

In this critical moment, Washington appeared on the field, and rapidly formed his division in front of the enemy. Casting his eye over the battle, he saw at a glance the whole extent of the danger and strained every nerve to avert it. His orders flew like lightning in every direction, while full on his centre came the shouting battalions of the enemy. Both his right and left flank were threatened almost simultaneously; yet calmly and collected he sternly surveyed the steady advancing columns, without one thought of retreating. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than at this moment. Ordering up Sterling with the artillery on the left, and the other portion of the army to advance, he watched for a moment the effect of the movements. Sterling came up on a furious gallop with his guns, and unlimbering them, poured such a sudden fire on the chasing columns, that they recoiled before it. At the same time the veteran Knox hurried up his heavy guns on the right, and began to thunder on the dense masses of the enemy, while the gallant Wayne, at the head of his chosen infantry, charged like fire full on the centre. The battle now raged along the whole lines, and the plain shook under the uproar. But nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Americans, and the fierce fire of our artillery. The hotly worked batteries of Knox and Sterling were like two spots of flame on either side; while the head of Wayne's column enveloped in smoke and flame, pressed steadily forward, bearing down every thing in its passage, and sweeping the field with shouts that were heard above the roar of the artillery. Every step had been contested with the energy of despair, and under the oppressive heat, scores of brave fellows had fallen in death, unsmitten by the foe.

The whole English army retreated, and took up a strong position on the ground Lee had occupied in the morning. Almost impenetrable woods and swamps were on either side, while there was nothing but a narrow causeway in front, over which an army could advance to the attack. The battle now seemed over; for under that burning sun, the temperature at ninety-six degrees, the exhausted army could hardly stir. Even Washington's powerful frame was overcome by the heat and toil he had passed through, and as he stood begrimed with dust and the smoke of battle, and wiped his brow, the prespiration fell in streams from his horse, which looked as if it had dragged through a muddy stream, rather than rode by a living man. The tired hero gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's position, and, notwithstanding its strength, and the heat of the day, and the state of his army, determined to force it. His strong nature had been thoroughly roused, and the battle he sought, thrown unexpectedly upon him, and now he resolved to press it home on the foe. All around him lay the dead, and the cry for water was most piteous to hear; while those who bore back the wounded, were ready themselves to sink under the heat. The eye of Washington, however, rested only on the English army, and ordering up two brigades to assist it, one on the right flank and the other on the left, he brought the heavy guns of Knox forward to the front.—In a few minutes these tremendous batteries opened, and the English cannon replied, till it was one constant peal of thunder there over the hot plain.

In the mean time the burning sun was stooping to the western hills, and striving in vain with its level beams to pierce the smoke and dust-filled atmosphere, that spread like a cloud over the field. Still that heavy cannonade made the earth groan, and still those gallant brigades were forcing their way onward through the deep woods and over the marshes to the attack. But the almost unaccountable obstacles that crossed their path, so delayed their march, that night came on before they could reach their respective positions. The firing then ceased and darkness shut in the scene. For awhile the tread of battalions taking up their positions for the night, the heavy rumbling of artillery wagons, and the moan of the wounded, and piteous prayer for water, disturbed the calmness of the Sabbath evening, and then all was still. The poor soldiers, oversome with heat and toil, lay down upon the ground with their arms in their hands, and the two tired armies slept. Within sight of each other they sunk on the field, while the silent cannon, loaded with death, still frowned darkly from the heights upon the foe. The young moon just glanced a moment on the slumbering hosts, then fled behind the hills. The stars, one after another, came out upon the sky like silent watchers, while the smoke of the conflict hung in vapory masses over the woods and plain. Washington determined with the dawn of day to renew the battle, wrapped his military cloak around him, and throwing himself on the ground beneath a tree, slept amid his followers. So did Bonaparte, on the first night of the battle of Wagram, slept by the Danube, lulled by its turbulent waters.

But at midnight, the English commander roused his sleeping army, and quietly withdrew, and before morning, was beyond the reach of Washington's arm. So profound were the slumbers of our exhausted troops, that no intimation of the departure of the enemy was received until the morning light revealed their deserted camp. The prey had escaped him, and as Washington slowly followed on, moving his army by easy marches to the Hudson.