

# HANNIBAL JOURNAL.

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VOL. II.

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HANNIBAL, MO., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1852.

NO. 46.

For the Journal.  
The following was written on the day that Henry...  
The atmosphere seems charged with sounds,  
That do portend some great event in time;  
Some sad and most sorrowful event,  
That doth remember with profound regret.  
Thee, who wert wont to be so true and bold,  
And back what shouts that sturdy voice?  
Oh, say! that one so great is dead!  
Thee, who wert wont to be so true and bold,  
Alas! no longer can I doubt,—for here,  
With a coin of lead lines in black,  
A paragraph announces in letters bold,  
That Henry is dead, and forever  
From this sphere his noble soul  
Has passed away to realms of peace and bliss,  
And now a nation's heart is filled with sorrow,  
That one so much renowned and well beloved,  
Has been called hence. But his bright spirit  
Will ever hover near, to guide and bless  
This great nation which his noble soul  
So long and so bravely served.  
And may I people ever wisely heed  
That last but earnest and eloquent appeal,  
Which his great mind so fervently decried,  
To the most Senate of a night nation.  
'Twas sentiment thus:—  
"Then let us unite from the North and the South,  
From the Atlantic broad shore to Columbia's mouth;  
Let the ties of our nation forever be one,  
Harmony be in complete union;  
Let our Spangled Banner be proudly o'er all;  
For 'twixt us stand,—divided we fall."  
Let the base of our Union's inseparable chain  
Now and forever unsevered remain."  
C. W.  
Hannibal, Mo., 20th, 1852.

THE SEVEN TREES,  
ON  
Christmas in the Backwoods.  
BY FERRY B. ST. JOHN.

(Continued.)  
John led once more over the parapet to  
watch. The Indians were beyond gunshot,  
and his position was not at all dangerous for  
the moment. Suddenly he heard a creaking noise  
below. Hanging over the edge of the wall just  
in time to see some one had just left it by  
a little side-door seldom used. It was a woman,  
it was quiet, wrapped in a large cloak.  
Astonished, armed, filled with vague suspi-  
cions, the agent, after assuring himself that  
the Tuscarora was safe, watched with breathless  
interest the movements of the girl. She took  
care to move the shadow of the trees, and had  
evidently carefully observed the retreat selected  
by the Indian. Her course was taken in a  
direction opposite to that by which the  
pages had fled. Between the house and the  
grove a hillock, as high nearly as all  
the trees. On its summit were a  
pile of logs, piled round a tall but dead  
tree. The girl ascended this hillock, usually the  
scene of fam bonfires, and disappeared. She  
remained coiled about five minutes. John  
watched her with intense anxiety. Suddenly  
she reappeared, running fast and for her life.  
There were twenty three Indians behind her.  
"Cover that with your rifles, boys," roared  
John, as he half took aim at one of the pur-  
suers.

Scarcely had he spoken, when four distant  
cracks of rifle were heard. The savages had  
approached nearer the low log-hut, and all  
three fell victim to their temerity. At the same  
instant a crashing sound was heard, and then  
uprose high in air a tremendous blaze—the  
wood pile of Tree Hill was on fire. The  
wood was dry, the trees were lightly piled, and  
up on high, dry, madly, rose the flames.  
There was a roar in the pile, there was the  
roaring of a blizzard in the hollow tree, and  
then when the trees burst forth at the summit,  
there was a light that day; the trees looked  
ghostly and pale; the distance, the red-skins  
moving about on the edge of the forest,  
looked like devils, while round about the hill  
there was a glow as heat like one might find  
in the mouth of a volcano. Curious to know  
why the girl alone this, John descended to  
the general part and found the young squaw  
standing in midst of a wondering group,  
trembling a little in true, out of breath, but  
grave, earnest, man.

"Why did you go out and set fire to the  
woodpile," said he, addressing the girl gently.  
"It was dark," she replied, "the pale faces  
could not see that. The Wild Rose gave them  
a torch by which they can tell when the  
red wolves conspired the girl meekly.  
"I thank you more young girl, but I  
think we could have managed without it. That  
pile of wood was valuable," observed the cautious  
farmer.  
"Life better a wood. Indian very cunning—  
good—palee have light to see."  
"Well, well, I have said it will do no harm.  
But now, let all rest, and not a woman  
be seen any more of their quarters this night,  
without orders. They are wanted I will sum-  
mon them."  
Jane set the example of obedience. She rose,  
and was instantly followed by the females, in-  
cluding the Wild Rose. John first saw that  
every place was unattended, and then returned  
to the roof. Here appointed Fred sentinel,  
with strict orders all the rest to lie down and  
sleep, not in the room room, but in a large  
apartment adjoining that occupied by the wo-  
men. He further directed the sentries to re-  
view each other at half hour, and then went  
again below, accompanied by the Indian.  
"So you think," John, looking fixedly at  
the Indian, "that would walk to Oak Point  
and back before day?"  
"I have said," replied the Indian, "but my bro-  
ther is wise. He is to rest all night and  
not walk in woods."  
"Indian, to-morrow Christmas day, the an-  
niversary of the birth of our Saviour, a time of  
charity and love. As it will be the hour of

combat, and the scene perhaps, of dreadful  
things. I may die to-morrow, and I cannot die  
without seeing my boy."  
"Why boy not here?" said the Indian, who  
stood with his back to the empty fireplace, while  
John Waters put on his hunting clothing for the  
journey.  
"My boy is not here because I sent him away,"  
replied the emigrant.  
"Why send boy away?" continued the Indian,  
curiously.  
"Because he wanted to marry a girl I don't  
like."  
"What girl do?" said the Tuscarora.  
"Nothing. But her father is not a gentleman;  
there are suspicions about his character; and I  
don't like connection with low people," said  
John, rousing himself to indignation at the  
thought.  
"Indian understand—girl's father got old coat,  
speak bad English, not so good as rich pale-face.  
John very bad."  
"It is not because her father is poor," cried  
John quickly. God forbid that I should make  
that a crime."  
"Why, then, no like girl?" persisted the  
Indian.  
"Because the Dutchman is not a fit companion  
for me, and I should wish my son's father-in-law  
to be a brother."  
"Oh!" said the Indian, drily, "I see. Son  
marry no get wife please him, brother please  
you."  
"No, no! you do not understand," cried John  
impatiently; "your education is different from  
ours."  
"John Tuscarora Christian; Moravian teach  
him good men all equal. God ask no questions  
when you die; he no say, you been poor low  
fellow when you live, I don't know you—you  
respectable man come alongside of me. Why  
man make himself greater than God?"  
John turned his back. He could not answer  
such words. He might have objected that the  
difference of education which probably existed  
between his son and Caterina might make her  
unfit to be his wife; but this would have been  
unfair argument. He knew nothing of the girl,  
he had heard rumors against the old Dutchman,  
but no man can decently condemn any living  
being on hearsay. The law admits no such  
evidence, and no sane man will ever be influ-  
enced by it. Besides, if Edward seriously loved  
the young girl, it was cruel to oppose his mar-  
riage; a sensible, thoughtful young man, like  
Ned, would scarcely choose very unwisely, and  
for a young girl there is always every opportu-  
nity for improvement. But John did not want  
to argue.

As soon as he was dressed he took his hunt-  
ing-knife, a short rifle, a shot pouch, and powder  
horn, and signing to the Indian, opened a similar  
door to that at which the Wild Rose had gone  
out. It fastened with a key, and as soon as they  
were in the open air, he looked it carefully, put  
the key in a hole which let it fall inside the  
house, and then looked around.  
"Who do deblur lurk about dese diggings?" said  
a voice from the log hut. "Expess your at-  
tentions in considerable sly licko, Zip him  
take de berry partiklar sly licko of exhilarating  
him shooting iron."  
"It is I, Zip—good Zip," replied John in a low  
tone. "Keep a sharp lookout, and say nothing  
about my going out."  
"All correct, massa. Zip possum, racoon, no  
catch him 'sleep, he shure. Zip, him only  
observed de red-skin at fast, and him tink him  
ememy."  
"Good night, Zip, I am going to take a turn in  
the woods. If I retreat, keep up a sharp fire  
on my pursuers."  
"Zip conclude him of 'ceptionable red-skin  
who git over him gun," began the negro, but  
John and the Tuscarora were out of hearing in  
a minute, or too much occupied to hear the rest  
of his speech.

They stooped low. John knew the ground  
well, and was closely followed by the Indian.  
There was a slight hollow in the ground, right  
down to the bayon, by which water was carried  
off, and this John made selection of as the road  
by which to gain the stream. He then rose and  
held a brief conference with the Indian. John  
was for taking a canoe or dug-out and descend-  
ing the stream to Oak Point by water, but the  
Indian strongly objected. The Waccos were  
out lying in the wood, perhaps even in greater  
force than they knew of, and they would  
surely guard some of the bends in the stream,  
by which reinforcements might come to the peo-  
ple of Elscote. Besides, Oak Point was not  
more than two hours walk by a wood trail, and  
by the winding of the fickle stream, the naviga-  
tion of which was rendered dangerous at night  
by snags, it was at least four hours' journey.  
To this argument John yielded at once. He  
had taken the precaution of putting on moccasins,  
and bidding the Tuscarora lead the way, he  
followed gravely in his footsteps. Both  
stepped with extreme care, avoiding every sharp  
dip their feet on a fallen bit of wood, so sharp  
did they know the Indian scouts to be.  
A solemn, grave Christmas Eve was this for  
John Waters, in the depth of a huge American  
forest, and such he thought it as he walked  
along. Suddenly the Indian came to a halt,  
turned slowly round, and placed his finger on his  
lips. John had himself imagined for some time  
that there were other steps in the forest beside  
their own. He thought some one was treading  
parallel to them, and so cautiously that it  
appeared but the echo of their own steps. As  
they halted, the sound ceased. They moved a  
few steps again, very stealthily, very cautiously,  
and at once they heard the step again, alongside,  
at no great distance. Whoever it was, stepped  
as they stepped, halted as they halted, and ceased  
to make a sound as they did.  
"Stop here," said the Indian, pointing to a  
thick bush, which afforded shelter from all  
observers, "Tuscarora John see what in woods."  
As he spoke, the red-skin disappeared, sliding  
so noiselessly away, that John heard him not  
depart, and there he was alone in those woods  
an Indian trail, surrounded in all probability  
by his copper-colored enemies, and John  
would have given the world to have been sur-  
rounded at that moment by his whole family,  
Edward included, and to have trusted them to  
his stout defence and good walls. But he had  
given his boy away, and his punishment was  
to spend his Christmas Eve in the chill night  
air. In a few minutes the Indian returned.

He had found nothing. The spy upon their  
movements had at all events the ability to conceal  
his own position, and being still greater caution,  
they proceeded on their way.  
They had not gone more than five minutes  
longer through the wood, when they reached the  
deep bed of a stream, a torrent, full in the rainy  
season, but now dry. They prepared to cross  
it, using the boughs of trees to assist themselves,  
when Tuscarora John suddenly drew his com-  
panion's attention. Afar off, in the distance it  
appeared, in the bed of the stream, they could  
see the faint glimmer of a light. There was a  
camp evidently at no great distance in the  
wood. The emigrant whispered to the Indian  
not to mind it, but to advance. The Tuscarora,  
however, caught him violently by the arm pulled  
him down, just as he himself caught the reflec-  
tion of a gun-barrel in the pale moonlight, fol-  
lowed by the flash and report of an Indian fusil.  
"The loving soundless," muttered John,  
"they have seen us, and taken us for a sortie.  
What shall we do?"  
"Lie still—one minute—two—think," said  
the Indian, preparing, however, for desperate  
action, by loosing his tomahawk and holding his  
rifle in his hand; "now, follow me."  
As he spoke, stooping low, bending his head  
beneath the bushes, the Tuscarora led the way  
down the bed of the torrent. It was soft and  
clayey, there being no pebbles in Texas, even  
on the sea shore; no rocks, no stones—all  
alluvial soil. They trod gently, without noise,  
save the occasional crackling of a twig; but they  
left an evident and clear trail. This, however,  
they could not avoid, and they noted it not.  
Suddenly, however, they came to a bend in the  
turbid stream—a place where the water had hewn  
away a deep hollow in the earth, the roof of  
which had escaped crumbling down by the  
presence of long roots and parasitical plants,  
while across the bed of the stream lay a dead  
tree, used as a bridge by stray hunters, by red-  
skins, and whites, now that the wandering tribes  
of Anglo-Saxons and other European nations  
have gone forth to reclaim the wilderness, at the  
price, alas! of the destruction, not only of the  
wondrous herds of various animals that  
people prairie, wood, and mountain, but of the  
races that have come from the regions of the  
sitting sun to meet the eastern tribes.  
At this moment they heard steps behind; the  
Indians were in full chase. They had no time  
for thought or reflection. They threw them-  
selves into the deep shadows of the hollow,  
leaping across a breast-work of earth and wood,  
and cocking their rifles, peered anxiously forth  
to spy the force of the enemy. In a moment,  
six came in sight, marching straight for the  
position they occupied. They fired and without  
waiting to see the effect, loaded. Scarcely had  
the echoes died away in the forest, than all lay  
still, placid, calm, as if never had those leafy  
woods been disturbed since that mysterious hour  
when the spirit of God went forth upon the  
globe, and flowers, and plants, and myriad  
pleasant things burst into life for the joy and  
well-being of the world. The two men could  
hear the beating of their own hearts so utterly  
silent was all nature—even the usual sighing  
of the forest-glade being heard.

Then there came a yell, a horrid cry, a fearful  
sound, as if demons had been let loose in Para-  
dise, and from every quarter of the wood came  
the flash and the report of guns. The whole  
force of the Wacco Indians was on them—at all  
events it appeared so. But the next minute they  
heard the quick exchange of shots at Elscote,  
toward which they had been returning. They  
knew not what to do. They could see none of  
their enemies. One looked up and none looked  
down the stream, watching every tree, every  
stump, under cover of which a red-skin could  
advance. Presently, the Indian spoke, in a  
whisper so low as to be all but inaudible.  
"See! Indian very cunning—John more  
cunning, too," and he pointed up the bed of the  
torrent.

"What is it?" asked the emigrant, who could  
make out nothing in that faint light.  
"Look! tree down yonder," said the red-skin,  
in the same low tone.  
"What is it?" again repeated John, mecha-  
nically, though he suspected the truth.  
"Indian!" replied his companion, quietly taking  
aim at the apparently inanimate block.  
One of the cunning men of the Waccos had  
slid noiselessly down into the bed of the  
torrent, and lain himself flat on his stomach.  
In this position he was pushing himself along  
with all the stealthy crawl of a serpent—shyly,  
but without sound, moving imperceptibly, but  
advancing toward the cover of the two men in  
a way that promised to place him shortly in very  
dangerous proximity. But Tuscarora John  
fired, the motionless Indian sprang to his feet,  
gave a scream, and fell headlong like a sicken  
deer into the bed of the stream. Two Waccos  
burst from the adjacent bushes and dret him out  
of sight.  
"Wacco fool!" said the chief, contemptuously.  
"John Christian no take scalp."  
"I am delighted to hear that," replied John  
Waters, earnestly and solemnly. "I feel that  
my time is up. But it is a relief to say  
that I shall die beside a Christian man, so, if  
he survives, will carry my blessing to my wife  
and babes."  
"No die," whispered the Tuscarora; "it—  
kill—cheat red-skins."  
"I hope so," said John Waters, fervently; "for  
it would be sad to die without one partnering  
with my Jane, my boys, my innocent girl."

"Let son marry Dutch squaw?" asked  
the Indian, a little sarcastically; "no matter,  
if make up mind to die."  
"No!" exclaimed John, quickly. "I would  
consent to that. Edward is my eldest son,  
representative. He may one day return to  
England, and I should like the possible help  
of the Earl of Elscote to take a lady home his  
wife."  
"What him pale face brother call lady said  
the Indian.  
"A well educated young woman, with a cultivated  
mind, elevated thoughts, and a pleasing cer-  
tation and manners," replied John, quite set-  
tling for an instant his peculiar position.  
"Where him find such girl in woods?" said  
Tuscarora John.  
"But there are plenty of such girls in Arian  
towns. My daughters will, I hope, be so tight  
up in the woods?"

"Dutch squaw not so?" continued the Indian,  
with annoying perseverance.  
"I don't know," replied John, impatiently.  
He could not bear these hard hits, for he felt in  
his inmost heart how unjust he was.  
"Well, Tuscarora John only red-skin, but him  
no tell what use fine lady in woods. Wood wife  
make dinner, nurse papoose, sew moccasins,  
take long walk with warriors, load him gun when  
fight many—town lady wear rainbow, good to  
hang on wall, look at, faint if she see Indian  
warrior, run away from red-skin papoose."  
"There is much truth in what you say,  
Indian," said John; "but I have ideas and notions  
of my own."  
"Well, have notion now,—hush!" replied the  
Tuscarora, pointing upwards.  
Some one was moving across the torrent on  
the opposite side, parting the bushes, pushing  
his way along, and evidently close to them.  
The emigrant cocked his gun and levelled.  
"No fire yet," said the Indian; "plenty red-  
skins come all sides. Pale face make ready.  
Big fight all at once."  
John distinctly heard footsteps over-head.  
The earthen roof, with its fibrous rafters, shook  
visibly. It was clear that some one had gained  
this dangerous proximity to them. At the same  
instant a whole party of the Waccos were  
distinctly seen crawling under bushes in the  
distance, again trying to surprise the two  
desperate fugitives. They levelled and fired,  
and were astounded at the report of their own  
rifles. One seemed repeated over-head, the  
other on the opposite side of the stream.  
Scarcely had the smoke cleared away, than they  
heard whispering above their heads. Some  
one seemed speaking to them. After assuring  
himself that the Waccos had been driven back  
once more, John and the Indian listened  
attentively. They at once discovered that some  
one was speaking to them through a chink in the  
roof.

(Conclusion next week.)  
GENERAL CHAPMAN TO GENERAL SCOTT.  
BALTIMORE, June 22, 1852.  
Sir: I am instructed by the Whig National  
Convention to inform you of your unanimous  
nomination as the Whig Candidate for the office  
of President of the United States.  
I enclose a copy of the resolutions passed by  
the Convention, expressing their opinions upon  
some of the most prominent questions of national  
policy, and with sincere wishes that you may be  
elected, for the permanent settlement of the  
principles of the Whig party.  
I have the honor to be, very respectfully,  
your obedient servant,  
J. G. CHAPMAN, of Maryland,  
President of the Whig National Convention,  
To Major General WINFIELD SCOTT.

REPLY OF GENERAL SCOTT.  
WASHINGTON, June 24, 1852.  
Sir: I have had the honor to receive from  
your hands the official notice of my "unanimous  
nomination as the Whig candidate for the office  
of President of the United States," together  
with "a copy of the resolutions passed by the  
Convention expressing their opinions upon some  
of the most prominent questions of national  
policy."  
This great distinction, conferred by a nume-  
rous, intelligent and patriotic body, representing  
millions of my countrymen, sinks deep into my  
heart; and remembering the very eminent names  
which were before the Convention in amicable  
competition with my own, I am made to feel,  
pressively, the weight of responsibility be-  
longing to my new position.  
Not having written a word to procure this  
distinction, I lost not a moment, after it had been  
conferred, in addressing a letter to one of your  
members to signify what would be at the proper  
time, the substance of my reply to the Conven-  
tion; and I now have the honor to repeat, in a  
formal manner, as the occasion justly  
demands, that I accept the nomination, with the  
solutions annexed.  
The political principles and measures laid  
down in these resolutions are so broad that but  
little is left for me to add. I therefore barely  
suggest, in this place, that should I, by the  
gratuity of my countrymen, be elevated to the  
Chief Magistracy of the Union, I shall be ready,  
in my connection with Congress, to recommend  
to approve of measures in regard to the  
management of the public domain so as to secure  
a steady settlement of the same favorable to  
small settlers, but consistent nevertheless  
with a due regard to the equal rights of the  
whole American people in that vast national  
inheritance; and also to recommend or approve  
of single alteration in our naturalization laws,  
suggested by my military experience, viz: giving  
to all foreigners the right of citizenship who  
shall faithfully serve in time of war one year  
on-board of our public ships, or in our land  
forces, regular or volunteer, on their receiving  
an honorable discharge from the service.  
In regard to the general policy of the adminis-  
tration, if elected, I should of course look among  
those who may approve that policy for the agents  
to carry it into the execution; and I should seek  
to cultivate harmony and fraternal sentiments  
throughout the Whig party, without attempting  
to reduce its members by proscription to exact  
conformity to my own views. But I should, at the  
same time, be rigorous in regard to qualifications  
for office—retaining and appointing no one either  
deficient in capacity or integrity, or in devotion  
to Liberty, to the Constitution, and the Union.  
Convinced that harmony of good will between  
the different quarters of our broad country is  
essential to the present and future interests of  
the republic, and with a devotion to those  
interests that can know no South and no North,  
I should neither countenance nor tolerate any  
sedition, disorder, faction, or resistance to the  
law, or the Union, on any pretext in any part  
of the land; and I should carry into the civil  
administration this one principle of military  
conduct—obedience to the legislative and judicial  
department of Government, each in its constitu-  
tional sphere—saving only, in respect to the  
legislature, the possible resort to the veto  
power—always to be most cautiously exercised,  
and under the strictest restraints and necessities.  
Finally, for my strict adherence to the  
principles of the Whig party as expressed in the  
resolutions of the Convention, and herein  
suggested with a sincere and earnest purpose  
to advance the greatness and happiness of the

Republic, and thus to cherish and encourage the  
cause of constitutional liberty throughout the  
world, avoiding every act and thought that might  
involve our country in an unjust and unnecessary  
war, or impair the faith of treaties, and dis-  
countenancing all political agitation injurious to  
the interests of society and dangerous to the  
Union, I can offer no other pledge or guarantee  
than the known incidents of a long public life,  
now undergoing the severest examination.  
Feeling myself highly fortunate in my associa-  
tion on the ticket, and with a lively sense of my  
obligations to the Convention, and to your per-  
sonal courtesies,  
I have the honor to remain, sir, with great  
esteem, your most obedient servant,  
WINFIELD SCOTT.  
To Hon. J. G. Chapman, President of the Whig  
National Convention.

REPLY OF MR. GRAHAM.  
WASHINGTON, June 24, 1852.  
Sir: I am gratified to acknowledge the receipt  
of the communication which you did me the  
honor to deliver in person on yesterday,  
announcing my unanimous nomination, as the  
Whig candidate for the office of Vice President  
of the United States by the National Convention  
which recently assembled in Baltimore, accom-  
panied by a copy of the resolutions of the  
convention upon questions of national principle  
and policy.  
I cordially approve the declarations made by  
these resolutions. On matters of the most recent  
practical interest they do but portray the conduct  
of an administration of the Government of which  
for near two years I have been a member. On  
all others they but reiterate the doctrines and  
recommendations held by its chief in important  
public communications.  
Should the people of the United States  
give their sanction to the nominations of your  
convention, so far as I shall be invested with  
authority, a faithful adherence to these doctrines  
may be expected.  
I therefore accept the distinction, so honorably  
conferred, with a grateful heart, but with un-  
feigned diffidence. It is a satisfaction, however,  
to know that the place to which I have been  
nominated is but secondary; and that for the  
first office the convention has proposed a citizen  
of tried patriotism and virtue, long and familiarly  
acquainted with public affairs and public men-  
talty, a safe and sagacious counsellor, who has well  
fulfilled every trust heretofore committed to his  
hands, and who has illustrated our history by  
eminent public services.  
With my thanks for the courtesy with which  
you have honored me, in the execution of your  
office, and with the highest personal respect, I  
am your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM A. GRAHAM.  
The Hon. J. G. Chapman, President National  
Whig Convention.

From the New York Campaign Times.  
LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES  
OF  
WINFIELD SCOTT.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born the 13th of June,  
1786, near Petersburg, Va. His descent may  
be traced from a Scottish gentleman of the Low-  
lands, with his elder brother, was engaged in  
the Rebellion of 1745. The elder was slain in  
the memorable field of Culloden. The young-  
er, involved in the consequences of that severe  
disaster, emigrated to America; and bringing  
with him little but a liberal education, com-  
menced the practice of law in Virginia. He  
was successful in the path thus chosen, and  
married, but died young. His son William  
married Ann Mason, a lady of one of the most  
respectable families of Virginia. He pursued  
the occupation of a farmer, and died in 1791,  
leaving two sons and several daughters. The  
eldest of the sons was James, who commanded  
a regiment at Norfolk in 1812; and the youngest,  
Winfield, the subject of this sketch, then five  
years of age. In 1803 the widow also died,  
leaving Scott, at seventeen years of age, in the  
very outset of active life.

At this time his character is described by one  
who knew him as distinctly formed. He was  
full of hope, and animated by a just sense of  
honor and a generous ambition of honest fame.  
His heart was open and kind to all the world,  
warm with affection towards his friends, and  
with no idea that he had, or deserved to have,  
an enemy. He was intended for one of the  
learned professions, and pursued the usual  
preparatory studies, spent a year in the high school  
at Richmond, and thence went of his own accord  
to the college of William and Mary, where he  
remained one or two years, and attended a  
course of law lectures. He finished his legal  
studies in the office of David Robertson, and in  
1806 was admitted to the bar. In the autumn  
of 1807 he emigrated to South Carolina, intend-  
ing to practice law in Charleston. The failure  
to procure from the Legislature a special ex-  
emption from the general law requiring practi-  
cians to have a year's residence in the State,  
defeated the object of his emigration to South  
Carolina, and, not improbably, turned the cur-  
rent of his life. Disengaged from business, the  
political events of his country, then rapidly  
moving towards the crisis of 1812, soon trans-  
ferred him to another, and a more active and  
brilliant scene. In the spirit of patriotism, re-  
sistance and indignant resentment for wrong  
endured, which was then excited against Great  
Britain, Scott largely shared. Hopeful, ambi-  
tious and emulous of fame, he combined in his  
character the elements of a patriot soldier. In  
the summer of 1807 he had specially volunteered  
as a member of the Petersburg troop of horse,  
that had been called out under the proclamation  
of the President, forbidding the harbors of the  
United States to British vessels of war, in con-  
sequence of the attack on the frigate Chesapeake.  
This was the humble beginning of a career  
which has placed the name of Scott upon the  
scroll of fame, high among the highest of those  
whose military achievements have won the ad-  
miration of the world.

On his return to the North, after his visit to  
Charleston, the country was in the midst of the  
difficulties with England, and the enactment of  
the Embargo law. In the winter of 1807-8 a  
bill was introduced in Congress, for the enlarge-

ment of the Army, and Scott applied for a com-  
mission in the new regiments about to be raised.  
The law passed in April, and in May, 1808, he  
became a Captain of Light Artillery.  
In the political controversies of this exciting  
period, Scott was among the friends of positive  
resistance to these acts of oppression, and, from  
the attack on the Chesapeake to the declaration of  
war, he was an approver, a supporter and a  
writer in favor of war measures. When the  
difficulties with England began to assume a se-  
rious aspect, under the apprehension of a sud-  
den invasion of Louisiana, a military force was  
kept there under the command of General Wil-  
kinson, and in 1809 Capt. Scott was ordered to  
join the army at New Orleans. Young, frank,  
ardent and bold, it was not surprising that he  
should express his opinions with freedom. This  
fact soon occasioned a difficulty between Scott  
and Wilkinson, which resulted in Scott's sus-  
pension for one year. The sentence was a se-  
vere one, Scott's error being a violation of dis-  
cipline, under a mistaken understanding of the  
rules of the service.

The effect of the sentence upon the popular  
mind is evidenced in the fact that soon after his  
conviction, the young Captain was complimented  
with a public dinner given by many officers and  
citizens of the neighborhood. During the year  
of his suspension, Scott returned to Virginia  
and diligently applied himself to the study of  
works on the military art, with a view of  
making himself thoroughly conversant with the  
duties of the profession he had chosen. He  
resumed his place in the army before the war  
of 1812 broke out.

On the 18th June, 1812, war was formally  
declared against Great Britain, and during the  
following month Scott received the commission  
of Lieutenant Colonel in the Second Artillery,  
and arrived on the Niagara frontier, taking post  
at Black Rock, to protect the Navy yard there  
established. The expedition planned against  
Queenstown Heights, was carried into execution  
on the 13th October 1812. Early on that  
morning Scott arrived at Lewistown with his  
regiment, by a forced march from Black Rock,  
having ordered his services in the proposed  
movement. They were declined because the  
arrangements were already completed; but  
permission was given to him to post his regiment  
at Lewistown and act as circumstances might  
permit. The American attacking forces crossed  
the river; but their gallant efforts, as is well  
known, were quite unequal to the superior  
numbers and discipline of the enemy. It was  
just after every commissioned officer of the  
American forces had fallen dead or wounded,  
that Lieutenant Colonel Scott, arrived on the  
heights, and took command of the troops,  
amounting with reinforcements to 250 regulars  
and 220 volunteers, whom he drew up in a  
commanding situation to receive the enemy and  
cover the ferry, in expectation of being rein-  
forced by the whole of the militia at Lewistown.  
The interval of rest was short. The Indians,  
who had been concentrated in the neighborhood,  
sprang into activity, and five hundred of them  
soon joined the British light companies pre-  
viously engaged. A fierce battle ensued. The  
enemy was driven back in total rout, Scott leading  
on and animating his troops with a gallantry  
which cannot be too highly extolled. But the  
first gun of the morning having roused the  
British garrison at Fort George, eight miles  
below, their troops were put in motion, and  
soon after Scott arrived on the field, the British  
reinforcements also entered it. Just when  
American reinforcements were most needed,  
information was brought for Scott that the  
panic-stricken militia at Lewistown refused to  
cross the river. That sealed the fate of the day.  
The British force now numbered not less than  
1,500; while the Americans were reduced to  
less than three hundred. Scott took his position  
on the ground his force then occupied, resolved  
to think of surrender only when he had been  
impossible. Mounting aloft in front of his little  
band, he thus addressed them:  
"The enemy's balls begin to thin our ranks. His  
numbers are overwhelming. In a moment the shock  
will come, and there is no retreat. We are in the  
beginning of a national war. Hull's surrender is to  
be redeemed. Let us then die, arms in hand. Our country  
demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost.  
The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living.  
Those who follow will avenge our fall and their  
country's wrongs. Who dare to stand?"  
"All!" was the emphatic response. But the  
bravest resistance against such fearful odds was  
vain. The Americans gave way, and retreated  
to the water's edge, which they reached by let-  
ting themselves down (holding on to limbs and  
bushes) the precipice. It was soon resolved to  
surrender, when Scott, having sent flags of truce  
by several of his men, who were shot down or  
captured by the Indians, resolved himself to  
make another attempt. In this he was success-  
ful, although surprised by two Indians, whose  
firearms were fortunately discharged, and who  
were prevented from using their knives and  
batches upon the "tall American," by the ar-  
rival of a British officer and some men. Terms  
of capitulation were made, and Scott surrendered  
his whole force with the honors of war.

We have given these incidents somewhat in  
detail, because it was at Queenstown that the  
military genius of Scott was first made clearly  
manifest; and it must be admitted that though  
defeated then, no incidents of his life on the field  
have more distinctly indicated his peculiar qual-  
ifications for a military leader—his possession  
of the traits of coolness, prudence, decision,  
intrepidity, patriotism and magnanimity—than  
did those of his first adventure as a commander.  
Of course, in the brief limits of a newspaper  
sketch, we cannot give anything like a detailed  
account of the many scenes in which our subject  
was a prominent actor. His life is too full  
of such for more than the merest reference, unless  
we would write the history of the United States  
during the last forty years.

(Conclusion next week.)  
Gov. Seward has written a letter to J. B.  
Taylor, of New York, in which he says under  
no circumstances would he accept an office from  
the President of the United States, whether that  
President be Gen. Scott or any other man.

New York, June 29.—The Express, this morning,  
publishes a letter written by President Fillmore,  
to George K. Babcock, of the New York delegation to  
the National Whig Convention, on the 15th of June, six  
days before the assembling of the Convention, desiring  
the nomination, and authorizing Mr. Babcock to say  
the same before the convention at such time as he  
thought proper.