"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

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THE CICERONE OF TICONDEROGA.

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At the old "Lake House," at the head of Lake George, long before the spacious "Fort William Henry" caravansery was built, I became acquainted with a charming young woman and her brother, from the vicinity of the lofty Kaatsbergs fringing the Hudson Valley. They were making a brief pleasure tour. A sudden tempest of wind, rain and lightning had kept us all within the parlors during a sultry evening in July, 1848, and there the acquantance began. We voyaged down the lake together the next morning in bright sunshine and invigorating air.

The young lady was a modle tourist—intelligent, sensible, vivacious and enthuaiastic. With her brother she had encamped among the charcoal-burners of the Kaatsbergs, hunted in the mountains, and fished for days in the glens, and was a favorite companion of Thomas Cole, the artist, in his sketching excursions. While others were afraid of spoiling their complexions in the sunlight or of crumpling their smooth dresses or soiling their fine bonnets and gloves, she bade defiance to dust and crowds, for her brown linen sacque, with its spacious pockets for a guide-book and other accessories; her lisle-thread gloves, her jaunty sun-hat and her free but sweet and modest demeanor toward all, gave herself and brother no uneasiness. And when, at the foot of the lake, I climed to the lofty and broad seat of the driver of an old-fashioned stage-coach, for a ride of four miles through a most picturesque region, to Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, she too sprang up, as nimble as a squirrel, to the notable perch of observation for a traveler. As we journeyed among the hills, caught glimpses of the Green Mountains, and heard droll stories of his experience from the lips of our Jehu of slow speech, her ringing laughter awoke responsive echoes.

A glance, from our seat, of the gray old ruins of Fort Ticonderga, as we drew near the "Pavilion" on the lake shore, made us as impatient as children to be among them. With these pleasant companions, and alone I spent hours among the remains of the old fortress, listening to the stories of a venerable soldier, who in body hunted the place in the pleasant summer time. We were about to send to the Pavilion for a guide and an interpreter of the mysteries around us, when this white-haired man, supported by a rude staff, came from the ruins of the northern line of barracks and offered his services. They were accepted, and after my companions for a day had departed down the lake for Quebec I sat at the foot of one of the crumbling walls and listened to the old man's interesting stories His name was Isaac Rice; his age was eighty-five; no kindred of his was left on the earth; by a technical error he lost a just title to a pension for military services in the Revolution, and he was obtaining a precarious support from the freewill offerings of summer visitors for whom he acted as cicerone. Though feeble in body, his mind appeared clear and vigorous.

"Did you assist in the capture of this fort?" I inquired.

"No," he replied, "but my oldest brother did. I was then nearly thirteen years old. When Burgoyne took the fort I was a drummer boy of the garrison that escaped, and I saw the British General deliver his sword to our General Gates 3 months afterward. My brother was twenty years old on the day when the fort was taken. We lived near the old "Catamount Tavern," in Vermont—did you ever hear of it?—where Ethan Allen lived a long time, and where the Green Mountain Boys mustered in the troublesome times before tho Revolutionary War. I've heard my brother tell many things about the taking of the fort on that morning."

"Didn't they get into the fort by a covert way?" I asked.

"Yes, and there's where it was," he said, pointing to a hollow among a mass of stones and earth. "My brother, who was a sergeant, led a squad of men just behind Colonels Allen and Arnold.'

"Arnold—Benedict Arnold?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes. Arnold joined the Vermonters and others at Castleton on the evening before the capture." The veteran then told the story clearly as his brother had related it to him. Arnold came without officers or troops—only one servant. He introduced himself to Colonels Allen and Easton—Easton of Pittsfield—and taking from his pocket a commission as colonel from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety he claimed the right to command the whole force gathered there for the expedition. Allen disputed his claim. Arnold persisted, when the indignant Green Mountain Boys declared that only Colonel Allen should lead them or they would shoulder their muskets and go home.

Arnold was compelled to yield, and all prepared to cross the narrow lake that night. Boats were scarce, and only about eighty men were enabled to cross over. Allen took with him Nathad Beman, a farmer's boy, who had been much at the fort and knew all about it. At daybreak they were ready to climb the bank to the sally port of the fort, when Arnold again claimed the right to command. Allen disputed his claim. Arnold swore he would command. Allen swore he shouldn't. This quarrel was in undertones, so as not to be heard by the sentinels above. The men interfered, and it was arranged that Allen and Arnold should enter side by side, Allen on the right as commander. Then they all moved to the sally-port at the covert way, led by Allen and Arnold. The sentinel snapped his fusee and ran into fort, followed be the Americans close upon his heels; and before the garrison could spring from their pallets and seize their arms the invaders had possession of the parade within the fort and took them all prisoners as they came out. Young Beman then led Allen up a rickety stairway to the apartments of Captain De Laplace, the commander. Knocking loudly on the door with his sword-hilt he commanded the captain. in a stern voice, to appear instantly or the garrison would perish. At that moment De Laplace, who had been awakened by the commotion on the parade, clad only in shirt and drawers, sprang to the door, the frightened face of his pretty little wife appearing over his shoulder.

"Surrender!" shouted Allen.

They were old acquaintances.

"By what authority do you command me to surrender this fort?" said De Laplace, indignantly.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" thundered Allen, raising his sword over the captain's head.

De Laplace began to speak, when Allen shouted "Silence!" The commander obeyed and an unconditional surrender followed.

"You said you were a drummer boy, here when Burgoyne took the fort?"

"Yes," replied the veteran; "I was then a lusty lad nearly thirteen years old. My brother was one of the garrison."

"And so you became well acquainted with every part of the fort, I suppose. Will you point out tne principal localities?" I asked.

"Yonder," said the guide, pointing toward the best preserved line of the barracks, built of stone, two stories in height and forming a quadrangle, "were the officers' quarters. A wooden balcony extended along the second story, which was reached by a flight of stairs. The first door on the second story, on the left, was the entrance to the commandant's apartments. Between the ruined wall on the extreme left is seen Mount Defiance, on which Burgoyne erected a battery. Come with me and I will show you the bakery."

The aged cicerone took me to the southeast angle of the fort. Near it was an underground room twelve feet wide and thirty feet long arched with bricks, with a ruined fireplace and chimney at one end. On each side of the fireplace was an oven ten feet deep. On the right was a window and a door opening toward the water.

For more than half a century the walls of the fort had been the common spoil for all who chose to avail themselves of such a convenient quarry. These ruins presented a most attractive object to the tourist and the historical student.

When Burgoyne came up the lake, you left Ticonderoga in a hurry, didn't you?" I inquired.

"Not exactly," said the veteran. "General St. Clair felt strong enough to defend the fort against an expected direct assault, and would not listen to a demand to surrender; but when, in course of a few days, it was found that the British had planted a battery of heavy guns on the mountain yonder—Mount Defiance—from which they could send plunging shot into the fort, the general saw that he must lose his army or evacuate the post. He chose the latter way, and at midnight on July 5-6 we left the fort as silently as possible, the [illegible] of the garrison crossing [illegible] Mount Independence, yon[illegible] marching rapidly toward Sh[illegible]ough, now Whitehall. At [illegible] time about two hundred bat[illegible]den with baggage, ammuni[illegible] stores, guarded by armed [illegible] were sent up the lake [illegible] same place. We were pu[illegible] Vermont by the British, ov[illegible] among the hills at Hub[illegible] where we were compelled to [illegible] and were dispersed. The [illegible] was also pursued and was de[illegible] Many of St. Clair's men finall[illegible]ed General Schuyler at Fort E[illegible] My brother was slightly wou[illegible] his leg at Hubbardton, and a [illegible] took off one of my fingers, as [illegible] see, and made a hole in my drum [illegible] head."

"You say you saw General Burgoyne surrender his sword to General Gates?"

"I did, and felt very happy," said the old man.

"Did that surrender take place when the British army laid down their weapons on the flat at Saratoga, near the river?" I asked.

"No," said the guide. "When the arms were all laid down, General Burgoyne and his principal officers rode toward General Gate's headquarters. They were met by Gates and his staff at the head of the camp, where the officers of both parties were introduced to each other. Burgoyne wore a rich coat of scarlet and gold. Gates wore a modest blue frock coat. The whole party then went to headquarters and dined. After dinner the American troops were drawn up in two lines, between which the British Army passed, escorted by cavalry with the American flag, and a band of music playing 'Yankee Doodle.' Then the two generals came out of Gates's marquee and faced the halted procession, when Burgoyne stepped back a pace and presented his sword to Gates before the two armies. Gates bowed, took the sword and immediately handed it back to Burgoyne. Then the British army filed off and started for Boston to embark for home. I was a drummer in the escorting band, and stood not more than three rods from the generals. Burgoyne was a large, stately man; Gates, who was about the same age, was smaller and less dignified in appearance and manner."

The sun was now passing behind the great hill on which the British planted their menacing cannon, and named the eminence in consequence "Mount Defiance." As the aged cicerone sat leaning against a ruined wall I made a pencil sketch of his form and features, under which, with a trembling hand, he wrote his name and age.

As we walked slowly together toward the Pavillion in the evening twilight I inquired of my venerable instructor if he was in the military service of our country after the surrendered of Burgoyne.

"For a while," he answered. "I enlisted as a private in a company of which my brother was captain, and was stationed in Eastern Massachusetts. We went with General Sullivan to Rhode Island to drive the British away, and were in the battle on Quaker Hill. My father, an aged man, dying in the spring of '79, I left the army and went back to Vermont to manage our little farm for my mother. Misfortune overtook us and we lost the land. I had married but had no children. My wife died, and I have been alone in the world ever since, laboring with my hands for daily bread. The good Lord is kind to me, for I have never been seriously sick in my life. I believe he will take care of me to the end which cannot be far off."

BENSON J. LOSSING, LL. D.

The Tariff and the Trusts.

We have received the following letter:

"To the Editor of *The News and Courier*: Will you explain to your readers how the people are to be benefited by a reduction of the tariff, or free trade, when monopolies and trusts are permitted to combine and organize to increase and maintain pri[illegible] articles for consumption [illegible]?"

[illegible] the trusts to our [illegible]m have been [illegible] *News and Courier*[illegible] occasions, but [illegible]tant one, and [illegible] answering our [illegible]ries as specifi[illegible]

[illegible]e out of the [illegible], then, it's [illegible] reduction of [illegible] event, effect [illegible]s of all arti[illegible] duty which are [illegible] monopolies and [illegible]

[illegible]plated by the [illegible], to permit the [illegible]rusts to combine [illegible]aintain prices for [illegible]se of maintaining [illegible]rican Issachar is a [illegible]ssachar, and he has [illegible]y heavy tariff burden [illegible] many years. Even he will kick, however, when he understands that he is imposed upon, and he has nearly reached that wholesome understanding.

3. A proper reduction of the tariff on any article will place that article beyond the control of the trusts and monopolies in almost every instance, and the people will be benefited, therefore, to the extent that the process of reduction is carried. It is for them to say, of course, how far it shall go.

The general conclusion is this: That if a trust be formed in the United States to keep up the price of any particular article, as, by way of illustration, tin plates, or steel rails, or coal, it can only be made effective by bringing into it all the producers of these articles in the United States. When all these producers have agreed that they will not produce more than a certain amount, or will not sell at less than a fixed price, the public has no remedy whatever, so long as the selling price is below the price at which the same articles can be imported. But if there be free trade, no such combinations can be made, unless all the producers of the several articles in the civilized world can be brought into the combination, which would be virtually impossible. In like manner, a reduction of the tariff will prevent the combinations, or trusts, from bringing their respective articles to a point higher than the point at which the foreign article can be imported, and the people, again, will be benefited to that extent.

The trusts and combines are the creation of the protective system, and will be broken up whenever the protive system is abolished. There is fair prospects, too, that they will be broken up in any event, inasmuch as there is a disposition to bring these combinatons before the Courts on the broad ground that whatever tends to lessen competition in business is against public policy and is unlawful.—*News and Courier.*

What Constitutes a Ration.

An order issued from army headquarters lays down this rule as to what a soldier's ration shall be:

"By direction of the secretary of war, paragraph 2,150 of the regulations, is amended to read as follows:

"2,150. A ration is the established daily allowance of food for one person. For the United States army it is now composed as follows: Twelve ounces of pork or bacon or canned beef (fresh or corned) or one pound and four ounces of fresh beef, or twenty-two ounces of salt beef; eighteen ounces of soft bread or flour; or sixteen ounces of hard bread, or one pound and four ounces of corn meal. To every 100 rations fifteen pounds of beans or peas, or ten pounds of rice or hominy; ten pounds of green coffee, or eight pounds of roasted (or roasted and ground) coffee, or two pounds of tea; fifteen pounds of sugar; four quarts of vinegar; one pound and eight ounces of adamantine or star candles; four pounds of soap; four pounds of salt; four ounces of pepper, and to troops in the field, when necessary, four pounds of yeast powder to the 100 rations of flour."—*Chicago Times.*

AMERICA'S SHAME.

The United States the Laughing Stock of the Mediteranean.

The situation at Tangier remains unchanged. The Moorish government is quite content to let it remain unchanged till the crack o' doom. For the incidents of the past few days have extinguished what fragment of prestige remained to us here, and have made the United States war ship Enterprise, which in appearance is not imposing, the laughing stock of the Mediteranean. I have been in many out-of-the-way parts of the world, but never till now have I acquiesced in the saying of so many American travelers that, when abroad, it is best to be under British protection. Events here have undermined, in this respect, my patriotism, and I join in the chorus.

A few days of firm, dignified action after the arrival of the Enterprise would have settled the difficulty. Two days afterwards, however, the local French and Spanish papers here republished a cablegram which had appeared in the Madrid *Epoca* under Washington date, stating that Secretary Bayard on being interviewed had said that Captain McCalla, of the Enterprise, had orders under no possible contingency to use his guns. Had this naive remark with which Secretary Bayard is credited never been uttered there would never have been the slightest danger or necessity for armed interference. Now, however, some show of earnestness will have to be made, and even at this late day, I think the Moors will come to their senses.

Sidi-Mohammed Torras, the Foreign Minister, started yesterday from here to consult the Sultan. The negotiations are meantime entrusted to Faki-el-Abi, a much more sympathetic personage. Torras is known to have a violent personal dislike towards Consul Lewis, and has treated him throughout with gross discourtesy. He is Spanish by descent, and all his influence has been thrown into the scale against the United States Consul, hoping to secure his recall and the return here of the former Consul, Matthews. The latter's real name was Matheo, and he was a Spaniard by birth. It is to be hoped that Bayard and Cleveland will love Lewis for the enemies he has made. It should be known that his present position is untenable, and unless more earnestness is shown by the State Department he will be compelled to leave here immediately.

Prosperity and Adversity.

The conditions and surroundings of life ore largely what we make them. This is the case, first of all, through our direct influence. Prosperity and adversity are often the simple effects of conduct. Industry, thrift, skill, discretion and principle underlie the one; extravagance, self-indulgence and folly the other. As a general thing we reap that which we have sown. But where it is not so, where circumstances over which we have no control come in the form of trials and joys, even those are modified by the spirit in which they are received. Who has not seen poverty, or sickness or bereavement borne so heroically and cheerfully that the afflicted one seemed rather an object of envy than of compassion? On the other hand, who has not seen one with every outward advantage that earth has to bestow render himself and others miserable by fretful complaints of troubles too petty to deserve a moment's notice? The faithful endeavor to do right and to bear quietly what must be borne is of itself a fruitful source of happiness and serenity, while a murmuring and discontented spirit may poison the richest blessings and turn them into bitter evils.

The cotton men of New York have been experimenting with a new covering for cotton bales, which it is stated is so strong as to resist every effort to tear it. It is represented as being much closer in texture than the old material, it being impossible to see the cotton through its interstices, and its surface is much smoother and therefore much less liable to catch fire from sparks. The cost of the new material will be about 20 per cent. greater than the old. It is hoped, by the use of the new material, to diminish the waste of cotton in transit, and also lessen the chances of loss by fire—which have of late very greatly increased. The total number of fires since September foots up sixty-nine on ships and wharves, in which the quantity of cotton at risk was 131,788 bales, three-fourths of which was totally destroyed.—*Columbia Record.*

"Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?" "O yes; that's where I got acquainted with him."

How our Statesmen Pray.

One of the most interesting features of the Waite funeral service observable from the gallery of the House of Representatives was the way some great men pray and the fact that some great men do not pray at all. When the prayer was announced the President set the example to his Cabinet by by dropping his head until the bridge of his nose rested on the brim of his silk hat, which he held in his right hand. His left arm was bowed and his pudgy left hand rested on his knee, with the finger tips turned out. This easy but devout attitude the President has studied in his attendance on Dr. Sunderland's service, the only feature lacking there being the hat.

Secretary Bayard, sitting on the President's left, covered his face with his black-gloved left hand, his whole body bent forward and his left elbow resting on his knee. Secretary Fairchild, who looked exceedingly short, placed between two such tall men as Bayard and Endicott, sat bolt upright, with his eyes almost closed, but he followed the service very closely and was ready with the responses. Secretary Endicott inclined his head slightly, raising his left hand to support it. Secretary Whitney's left hand was raised to his chin, but his head was not inclined, and there was no evidence that he was participating in the prayer. Mr. Garland raised his left hand to his face and played peek-a-boo between the fingers of his black cotton gloves. Vilas and Dickinson reverently inclined their heads and Mr. Vilas made an effort to follow the service, but his tongue tripped and he finally stopped. Senator Evarts was nervous during the prayer, and his long, lean fingers played a tatoo over his face. Senator Sherman rested his face upon his right hand and maintained that position throughout the prayer. Senator Allison was the only one of the Congressional committe appointed to escort the remains to Toledo who showed no interest in the service. He sat bolt upright, looking straight ahead of him. Senator Edmunds, sitting almost directly behind him, his head covered with the little silk skull-bap which he sometimes wears, had plunged his face in his two hands, which were clasped in front of him on the desk. Senator Hiscock, like Senator Allison, sat bolt upright, Senator Ransom was uneasy. He rested his forehead first on one hand and then on the other and then on both hands. Senator Palmer had a little black-headed cane in his hand, and during the prayer he held it up to his right eye as a sort of mute apology for his lack of devotion. Senator Cockrell and Senator Bate leaned very devoutly forward and covered their faces with their hands. Senator Dawes doubled himself up in his chair—a favorite attitude of his in the Senate Chamber—and touched the finger-tips of his right hand to his forehead. Senator Walthal and Senator Morrill bowed their heads devoutly. Meanwhile, in one corner of the Executive gallery, Mrs. Cleveland and Miss Bayard, sitting side by side, had inclined their heads devoutly in the attitude of prayer.—*New York World.*

Christian Co-operation.

The Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., is expected to arrive in the city this afternoon, and will, during his short stay here, be the guest of Dr. Thompson, pastor of the Scotch Presbyrerian Church. He will deliver a lecture to-night at Trinity Church, at S. P. M. Dr. Strong is the author of "Our Country," a volume which has attracted what might be called universal attention in the United States Dr. Strong, arguing solely from his very familiar work, is a scholar and a student. An author who writes so elegantly and so fluently must be able to entertain even so large an audience as his reputation will demand. His address to-night will be on the subject of "Christian co-operation." The pastors of all the churches in the city and Christian people generally are expected to attend.—*News and Courier.*

Col. Fleming Gardner says that the Augusta branch of the Atlantic Coast Line will be in operation from Sumter to Orangeburg by June. He has graded this much already and it will soon be ready for the iron, sixteen miles being now ready. He is chief engineer of the line and is now building a bridge over the Santee.

Randall.

Democrats are beginning to understand that for members elected as Democrats to oppose and prevent needed legislation and Tariff reform is to play the part of traitors or hypocrites. The man who stands by Republican opposition to tax reduction and Tariff reform, and does all he can to break down the Democratic party and elect a Republican candidate for the Presidency, is not true and sincere in his professions whatever else he may be. He is an enemy with a false name. He identifies himself with the enemy and deserts his own colors. Is not that so?

In North Carolina, the very Democratic papers that are praising Randall and patting him on the back, were about the first to lay on the lash when the kickers started their Republican side-show a few years ago. Some of these very papers gave Col. Jones, of the Charlotte *Observer*, a lively time when he ran as an Independent. But Randall can sell out his party three different times in three different Congresses and he is all right, as sound as a well preserved and salted North Carolina herring.

Randall is a bold, cunning, plausible treacherous schemer. You can make him nothing else. The Washington *Post* speaks to the point in the following:

"As to threats of being driven from the party, it is only necessary to say that any Congressman elected as a Democrat would take himself out of the party, bag and baggage, if he were to vote against the Democracy on the leading issue between the two parties—the issue on which the Presidential campaign is to be fought. It would be as absurd for a Presbyterian divine, in a Presbyterian pulpit, to preach universal salvation, or a Calvinist Baptist to preach sprinkling, as for a Democratic Representative in the Fiftieth Congress to vote against the issue and the candidate of his party. The High Protection Democrats see this point, and that is quite sufficient to account for Mr. Randall's comparative loneliness."

Randall is in a bad fix just now. He holds his seat by permission and arrangement of the Republicans of Pennsylvania. If he fails them now he will be done for at home unless the *Protectionists* can find some other uses for him. If on the other hand he defeats the Democratic measure at this critical time he kicks himself completely out of his old party and he is bound hand and foot in the lap of the Republican Delilah. "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.—*Wilmington Star.*

Some Old Men.

Emperor William, aged 90, W. W. Corcoran, 89, Mr. Alcott, 88, and Chief Justice Waite, 71, have all died this year and these deaths, says the *Courier Journal*, call attention to the longevity of active and famous men in all lands.

In America, George Bancroft, the historian, is 87. Neal Dow, only a few weeks ago defeated when a candidate for Mayor of Portland, is 84. Simon Cameron, who was in Lincoln's cabinet is 88. Had Mr. Lincoln lived until now he would have been 78. David Dudley Field is 82. General Joseph E. Johnston and John G. Whittier are 80. Jefferson Davis 79. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Hannibal Hamlin are, with Gladstone and Tennyson, 78. President McCosh, of Princeton, and President Noah Porter, of Yale, are 76. President Barnard, of Columbia College, is 78. Professor Dana, General Fremont and ex Senator Sherman are 74. Admiral Porter is 73. Gen. Jubal Early is 72. Justice Miller, Justice Field and Senator Dawes are 71, the age of Chief Justice Waite.

Louis Kossuth still lives, at the age of 85. Cardinal Newton is 86. Von Moltke is 87. Ferdinand De Lesseps is 82. Cardinal Manning is 79. The Pope is 77. John Bright, Marshal Bazaine and Kinglake, the historian of the Crimea, are 76. Robert Browning and Meissonier are 75. Bismack, Earl Granville and Rawlinson, the historian, are 72.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Two brothers, not living more than fifty miles from Harrodsburg, look so much alike that when one of them joined the Baptist church and was about to be immersed, he found that he had no clothes suitable for the occasion as he expressed it, and paid his brother 10 cents to be baptized in his place, which was done. This story seems incredible, but it is nevertheless the fact and would never have been found out had not one of the brothers gotten angry and gave it away.