

# THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOL. 10.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, JULY 18, 1849.

NUMBER 29

## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY  
T. W. PEGUES.

### Poetry.

From the Lady's Dollar Magazine.

#### I LOVE THE GIRLS!

I love the girls—I love them all:  
The eye, the fair the sad and meek;  
Their eyes of blue that skies recall,  
Or those so dark that love bespeak.  
I love them all in silks arrayed,  
Or decked in homely trim;  
For every one hath charms displayed,  
Sifts never enhance, or shreds bedim.  
I love them all—for all 'em smile,  
And speed the gleam from brows that tire,  
And all their hands for tender toil,  
To pat the babe or ease the squire,  
Each hath a heart to feel and thro',  
To share our woes or pleasant hours;  
To laugh our grief, or with us sob,  
And call its own our lights and showers.  
I love them all—I love their joy,  
Their rumping boots and careless song;  
And could not look with frowning eye  
Upon their freaks in gleeous throng.  
I love their laugh, its silvery peal,  
For it proclaims life can be bright;  
That sunny gleam can sweetly steal  
Amid the gloom of this world's night.  
I love them all—and who does not?  
For all 'em creation's Lords have known  
In suffering whiles or dismal lot,  
The soothing cares which are their own.  
Then love them all with all your might,  
And e'er though thoughts which souls degrade,  
Or sorrow's pang with venom bite,  
Your hallowed hearts will ne'er invade.

### Miscellaneous.

From the Democratic Review.

#### CAPTAIN DAN HENRIE.

HIS ADVENTURES WITH MEXICANS, INDIANS  
AND WOLVES.

Every body remembers the famous escape of Capt. Dan Henrie at Encarnacion. This reckless and daring ranger has probably passed through a greater number of perilous and singular adventures than any other man of the same age in the service—though one of the most light-hearted mortals that the warm sun ever smiled upon. Yet he has a careless knack of getting into the most desperate scrapes on every possible occasion, and then, of course, he fights his way out again with the most flashing gallantry.

It is one of Dan's curious adventures while a ranger, that I propose to relate now. I shall endeavor to give it as nearly as I can remember in his own way, as he related it to me; though I confess, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to preserve the raciness of his rattle-pate and peculiar manner. It was before he joined the Mier expedition, and while yet with the rangers, under the command of McCullough.

Dan, whose excellence as a guide was well known to the captain, was despatched by him along with three others of the troop, on a spring expedition, towards the head waters of the Nueces. This was in the early winter of the year before the Mier expedition, and the Mexicans was in many ways annoying and threatening the weak settlements along the river. This state of things had encouraged the Indians, as well as make very bold descents. McCullough had on his first arrival given them both a severe lesson, upon which the marauders had taken the hint, and nothing further had been heard from either party for several months. Unwilling that his men should lie in camp at such a place as Corpus Christi, with nothing to do but to drink and carouse, the prudent captain of Rangers had thought best to despatch all the most restless spirits on tours of observation in various quarters. Besides, this aspect of affairs in that part of Texas generally, had begun to seem rather forlorn, and seemed to call for unremitting vigilance.

Dan and his companions had reached the foot of the mountains in which the western branch of the Nueces takes rise, without meeting with any other sort of incident than those which are common to prairie travel. Here they formed their camp, and as they had yet discovered no signs of Indians, it was concluded that they would take each his own course the next day, and after traveling as much ground as possible, return to camp and report, and if it should then appear that no sign had yet been discovered by any of them it was agreed they would spend several days in a regular buffalo hunting frolic, as these animals seem to abound greatly in this region. Accordingly they were under way quite early, each man following the bent of his own humor and fancy for the time. Dan had been traveling in a leisurely sort of way until noon, when he came upon a scene of such remarkable beauty that he involuntarily stopped to gaze upon it. He had—scarcely without observing—followed up the branch of the Nueces, until he now found himself at its very head spring. In front of him a bold and broken mountain stood out somewhat from the plain, at the foot of which he had been riding all the morning. The front of this mountain was almost a square of perpendicular rock, and looked as if it had been cleft from crest to foot by a bolt of thunder, and hurled from out the ranks of peers. The huge masses of stone with which it seemed built were seamed with a sort of eccentric regularity, and evergreens were rooted along these seams. As the eye descended, these masses became more broken, and assumed a fantastic resemblance to the lines and forms of Gothic architecture in decay, while from the prairie level sprang a broken arch, one side of which was perfect in outline, and the other concealed by the over-hanging masses of evergreens and shrubs. At a distance this seemed the arched gateway of some huge cavern, but when he approached it, he found the rock slanted to give it, at a distance, the appearance of shadow. In-

stead of an enormous cavern, it proved to be a recess or slanting niche, some twenty feet at the bottom—from the back part of which a bold spring burst a little above the level of the prairie, and rushed down and out from the shadow, rejoicing over the white sand, until it sparkled in the checkered sunlight beneath the over-hanging evergreen outside—then it coursed away toward the chain of mountains and wound about their feet. All off to the left, and beyond this remarkable mountain seemed an interminable stretch of rolling prairies, over which, amidst clumps of cactus, were scattered herds of deer, mustangs and buffalo, in view at once.

Dan has not much poetry in him, but he could not help being both astonished and enchanted by the strange, wild loveliness of this scene. He slid from his saddle and stood leaning against it for only a moment or two of wrapt contemplation, when the habitual instincts of watchfulness peculiar to the ranger, caused him to change his position and turn his head. As he did so he perceived one of the drives of mustangs (wild horses) moving slowly towards him. They were a long way off, and there appeared nothing peculiar about them—but it served to remind him that he had a short time before seen the unshod tracks of horses and mules moving at a gallop, or that, though they might be nothing more than mustangs, yet the simple fact of their going at a gallop, was itself suspicious of another fact or so—either that they were the tracks of Indian horses or mules, or of mustangs that had been chased or otherwise frightened by them; so that whatever of enchantment there may have been for him in the scene, it now gave place quickly to caution, as his head turned rapidly from side to side, with the habitual manner of the old spy.—His eyes now and then fell upon the advancing drove, but not with any consciously defined suspicion. At length they disappeared slowly down a long valley, like the sway of the prairie undulations, and were out of sight so long that he had quite forgotten them, when suddenly they approached again on this side, moving directly towards him, at a swift gallop. He bounded into his saddle as quick as thought, supposing that, may be one or two Indians who were mustang hunting had lain in wait for his herd, in the deep grass of the prairie valley, and were now chasing them with the lasso. He urged his horse behind one of the many clumps of cactus around him, with the intention of laying in wait to give these dusky wild-horse hunters a trial for their scalps as they went past him.

As he changed his position the figures before him became more distinctly defined against the background of the sky, for they were descending towards him! He saw what sent his heart into his throat! That each animal had an Indian slung along its side by one hand and foot, holding to either horn of the saddle! This is a common trick of theirs in approaching an enemy by day-light, on the prairies, and it is difficult of detection at a distance, by the most experienced eye, as they ride close together, and no part of the body is shown above the outline of the horse. Dan was off in a twinkling! The tables were very suddenly turned, as he had expected, it would now require the best he knew to save his own. It was well that he could trust his horse, for they had got so close to him that his escape at all must be a matter of sheer speed—he must run away from them or be run through by them. "To be or not to be," was the question now with poor Dan, while he desperately urged his good horse with quirk and spur. So soon as they saw him start, the rascals had wheeled up into their saddles again, and yelled their warwhoop, like exulting devils. This was a sound which, though it came to his ears somewhat softened by the distance, was by no means calculated to diminish the energy or urgency of the calls upon the speed of his horse which was made by Dan. He glanced furtively over his shoulder, and saw that they were spreading out over the prairie with the intention of hemming him against the mountains. He instantly perceived that his only chance was a desperate run for an elbow of the chain, which, if he could reach and turn first, he thought would secure his scalp for the present, as around it the wood became heavily timbered, and he knew they would not follow him into it for fear they might come upon his friends. It was a tremendous race, for the Indians knew the advantage as well as he, and Dan vows that his long curly hair began to straighten and lift his cap upon its ends before he reached the point, they pushed him so close and hard. By the skin of his teeth he got by before they surrounded him, and now he says his hair fell as smooth and as sleek as if a pint of bear's grease had been poured over it; but not until he had reached up and taken down his cap to waive as he shut back at them in derisive triumph, and then darted beneath the friendly wood. They left him here as he expected; but as this was most evidently a dangerous neighborhood he concluded it would be safest not to tarry here, but get out of it as fast as possible, for there was no telling what new whim might take these fellows when they had spread around on his trail and found him to be alone! So away he went through the woods for five or six miles without halting. The hurry and necessities of his flight had taken him off his course back to the rendezvous of his companions. He now first discovered this as he emerged from the timber upon the prairie again, and found himself far enough away from the course of the stream. He paused but for a moment, to collect himself and try and get back the true idea of his direction. Thinking he had it, he urged his horse into a swift run again. This was kept up for several hours until night began to close around him, and his horse to give unmistakable indications that he must have rest before he went much further. He came at last to a small rivulet trickling along a deep, rough cut, and as he supposed in the direction of the west branch of the Nueces. He had passed the camp far enough he knew but this would set him right if he followed it

up when day-break came. So he selected a small piece of meadow ground which was covered with musquit grass, and well protected from view by the great clusters of cactus which surrounded it on three sides. Here he stripped his faithful horse and turned him loose to graze, and then taking for a supper a hearty draught of water, threw himself upon his blanket to sleep.

He had lost his provision wallet in the chase and it was more than he dare venture upon to shoot game, for fear of betraying his hiding place, and though hungry enough, he was fain this time "to go to bed supperless." He thought of home before sleep came, of course, and wished himself there most heartily, that he might attack the well-stocked poultry, the contents of which danced in most tantalizing visions before him during the whole night. This was too much a common predicament, however, to make any very strong impression upon him otherwise.

He was mounted and off early next morning, and was somewhat delighted to perceive that his horse was considerably gaunted by the ye-today's hard work and the somewhat narrow commons of the night. However, he now moved on with something less of a hurry, as there were no indications of pursuit apparent. Following the rivulet, he soon reached the West Branch, and turned up this with a brisker movement, spurred by the cheerful hope of soon reaching his comrades and guiding them safe. In an hour he was in sight of the ground, and put his horse into a swift gallop in his eagerness to pass over the interval quickly. On coming he saw, instead of his comrades, the dead body of an Indian warrior lying across the very ashes of their camp-fire, all gashed and bewet with bowie knife cuts. All around the earth was deeply broke up, with the evidences of a desperate hand to hand struggle. The breach of a rifle, he recognized, and a number of arrows, with a broken lance and shield, were scattered round. He felt a choking sensation, and his blood ran cold at the sight. His comrades had been surprised, no doubt, by the same party which had pursued him! but with what result it was impossible for him to tell certainly though he had little choice but to believe and fear the worst.

Amid the multitude of the tracks of unshod horses, he could distinguish the few tracks of their shod horses. There was no trace of their bodies in the hasty survey he had time to make, and it seemed very strange that this dead warrior should be left behind, so contrary to their well-known custom! He followed the trail for some time, with great caution, but could make no discovery, except a deal of blood on the ground, until towards noon, when rising the comb of a steep ridge he looked down in the plain below, upon a large body of Indians encamped about a mile distant. This was a startling sight, and they perceived him at the same moment. Now he felt he would have to run for his life. One glance, as he wheeled, was sufficient to show him warriors mounted the horses of his dead friends! He did not dread a race with the horses of the Indians so much, because his horse was more than a match for the best of theirs, but the horses of his comrades was as swift, and in every sense, as good as his now, they were to be turned against him. He cursed the rashness that had induced him to follow up their trail, but this was no time to pause for regrets—he was off, down the hill, at the best speed of his horse, already somewhat fagged, would raise. All depended upon getting back to the timber and losing them! He could hear their pursuing yells, distinctly for a moment, and this was no syren's music to draw him back! He had a good mile the start, but this was no great matter, if, as he supposed, their horses were fresher than his own! He had not time now to feel any alarm but only that there was hot work before him, and he had to attend to it. His object was to get out of sight as soon as possible, for he gained a great deal by compelling them to run on his trail. He strained his horse tremendously, and succeeded, for when the sudden burst of their voices came to him, proving that they had reached the comb of the ridge, he looked back but could not see it or them. He felt a little light about the heart now, and had time to think something of his best course. It seemed a forlorn chance for an escape—he was over six miles from timber. He suddenly remembered that he observed, for several days past, a heavy smoke off towards the south, and looking now in that direction, saw it filling the whole horizon with gloomy masses, which seemed to be rising but a few miles off, observing that it was not very high. It instantly occurred to him in his extremity, for he felt sure from the action of his horse that he would not last much longer in the hard run before them, that the safest course for him would be the most desperate, and this was to make directly for the approaching line of this fire and take his chances of being able to force his way through it alive. With such a barrier between himself and the Indians he was safe. Acting upon this strange alternative, he urged his horse steadily towards the fire. It was not long before he met the dark advance guard of the smoke as it rolled along the grass, and rode beneath its stifling shelter, the fire being yet a mile off.

He was now securely enough out of sight of the Indians, and springing from his horse, proceeded to prepare himself for a trial with the fiery sea. He cut his blanket into pieces, with one of which he blindfolded his horse; another he tied in a loose bag, about the lower part of its head, enveloping the mouth and nostrils. He then enveloped his own face in the same material. The blanket was coarse and set in air enough to sustain life for a short time, while it kept out the smoke. He could hear the yells of his pursuers seemingly close at hand. He was now in utter darkness, and mounting quickly, headed his horse directly for the fire. On he went, not knowing where; the reins were tightened, and the lash and spur applied with

the energy of desperation. Hotter and hotter their became, but on he careered blind and hadlong. The fire has struck him with a roaring surge! His hair flames crisply, and the flesh of his body seems to be burning! The frantic and panting horse attempts to shy, but no, the fierceness of the agony has turned that rider's arm and will to iron. It cannot shy—the poor horse! On, on, scorching thro' the stifling blaze! A few bounds more and the terrific surges are passed! The fresh air has met him. He tore the envelope from his face and leaped from the staggering horse upon the hot ground. The blanket is torn away from his mouth, and the animal begins to revive quickly though it shivers and can scarcely stand for mortal terror. He is safe! He has accomplished an unparalleled feat. He hears faintly above the crackling and roar of the retiring flames a howl of triumph from his pursuers, who imagine that they have driven him into the fire, and that he is burnt horse and all. He makes a feeble attempt to answer them defiantly, but can scarcely hear his own voice. Stunned and gasping to recover the use of their almost stifled lungs he and his horse stand side by side, upon that blackened plain, without moving a step, for more than an hour. But the perils of the day were by no means passed. Before him as far as the eye could reach, there was only one charred levelled, smouldering waste, which had to be crossed before he could reach any water for which both himself and horse were now almost perishing. He started on at last, taking his course at random, for one seemed to his bewildered sense about as good as another. He did not ride at first, but mercifully led his poor horse, until the heat of the ground and the still smouldering stubs of grass became insufferable to his feet, and then he turned to mount. He now, for the first time, looked at the animal carefully, and to his horror, saw that every hair upon its body was gone, and nothing but the bare skin left, and that so badly scorched in places, that it came off to the slightest touch! This was dreadful enough, but water, water, he must have, or they both would die. He sprang into the saddle, and urged the wretched creature along with the last energies of his sinking life. In an hour he had begun to grow dizzy, and the blackened earth swam round and round, and tossed him to and fro. Now a strange noise was about him, and as the lifting waves of the earth would seem almost to leap up into his face, he would catch glimpses of huge wolves careering on them, who would turn up their fiery eyes to his, and howl at him with hot open mouths and lolling tongues. Suddenly his horse rushed down a steep bank, and there was a great splashing. Water—blessed God, water! He tumbled from his saddle into the cold delicious fluid. In an instant his senses had returned, and he saw himself surrounded by thirty or forty prairie wolves, some of them swimming in the water after him, while others sat upon the bank of the small lake, as he now discovered it to be, and howled fiercely at him. He struck those which were nearest with his gun barrel and beat them off, while he had time to draw his heavy knife. One of them had seized his passive horse, who while it was endeavoring to pull him down, stood still and drank—the long eager draughts. He split the wolf's head with his knife, and soon sent the rest out of the water, yelling with their wounds. But those upon the bank only howled the louder, and they were answered near at hand and from afar by hundreds of others, who were swiftly gathering in at the well-known call to a banquet. He now remembered that these wary and infernal brutes always collect in large numbers, to follow in the wake of a great fire and tear the carcasses of those animals that are killed, or band together, to chase and drag down those that come through alive, but scorched, blinded and staggering as his poor horse. They became very savage, with blood, impunity and numbers, and very few creatures which have escaped from the hungry flames can escape from their yet more ravenous jaws. The creature at other times is utterly contemptible for its cowardice, but he shuddered when he called to mind the dreadful stories he had heard of their deadly fierceness at such times as this.

"My God!" he moaned aloud—"wasn't it bad enough for me to pass that hell of flames, back yonder; and have I only escaped that to meet a fate a thousand times more hideous?" He looked at his horse; the animal was now, too, refreshed, and began to feel conscious of the new danger, as it gazed around with starting eyeballs upon the eager and swiftly gathering crowd that howled along the shore. He snorted in affright, and lifted his head with a wildly mournful neigh, that seemed to poor Dan the most piteous that ever rung upon his ear before. There was some comfort though, the horse had life enough left in him to make one more run for safety. He mounted, and after having fired his rifle with deliberate aim, into the thickest of them, charged right through at full speed. They leaped at his feet, and attempted to seize his horse's legs, but the animal was too mortally frightened for them to impede his way for an instant. Through he trampled, and away across the prairie he fled, snorting with terror, and moving with as great speed as if perfectly fresh, and away, too, in pursuit, swept the yelling herd of wolves.—"They were more than a hundred now, and seemed increasing in numbers at every jump, for as Dan glanced his frightened eyes around, he would see them straightened out with speed, and their mouths wide open, coming to join the terrible rout from every direction over the prairie. He looks behind him; they were close upon his heels; the great part of them, particularly those in front, and who seemed most fierce and ravenous, were scorched nearly naked, and with the white foam flying, their long red tongues, their fiery glaring eyes, they presented the most hideous picture of unearthly terror that ever mortal lived to be chased by before, unless by the horrible phantasmagoria of madness! He fired his pistols back at them, but it made no difference; they only yelled the louder, and came on the more fiercely, while five joined their long train for each one he had killed. If his horse should fall or give out, they would both be torn to fragments in an instant!

This appalling conviction caused him to give all of eye and nerve that were left in him in the mortal fright to steady and guiding his horse, for the only hope now lay in him. He soon perceived, however, that he was leaving the pack far behind, for there is little comparison between the speed of a horse and that of the prairie wolf.

He now began to feel something of hope, and as the frantic speed of his horse placed yet a greater distance between them, the unimaginable dread seemed to be lifting from his life. Now he could hear their yells, and could barely distinguish far in the rear, the long snake-like train yet moving on through in the relentless chase over the undulations of the bare plain. He sees timber ahead, and shouts in ecstasy of joyful relief, for then he himself at least is safe. He can climb a tree—and in the delight of that thought, he has no time for thinking that his poor horse cannot climb trees!

The horse sees, and is inspired too—for all creatures on the prairies there seems to be a vague feeling of safety in the sight of the woods; But alas! poor horse! They have reached the timber, but scarcely a hundred rods have been passed over, when the poor horse gives out, and after a few ineffectual efforts still to obey the urging spur, can only lean against the trunk of a tree, and pant and groan with exhaustion. Dan ascends the tree, tying the lariar of his horse to one of the lower limbs. He then loaded his arms, in the forlorn hope of defending his horse if they came up. All was still as death, but the loud panting of the poor horse. He ascended higher, to look out for the approach of the wolves, for he had a faint hope that they had given up the chase. But alas! his heart sinks again! There they come, the long, yellowish looking train, and several large white wolves have joined them now.—"He knows well the tameless and pitiless ferocity of these red-eyed monsters, and feels that his true, his noble horse, must go! Now he can hear their cry. They are in the woods. The poor horse shivers—looks back, and utters that wild and wailing neigh, as they rush upon him in a body. Dan fires down among them, but what avail is it? In a twinkling, his faithful horse is down, and has been torn to atoms.—"The halter of the lariar hangs empty beside the tree. Now they lie panting around the foot of the tree, with their fiery eyes turned wistfully up at him—for the horse had been only a mouthful apiece. Whenever he makes a movement, they rise with eager yell, and leap up towards him, as if to meet his fall.—"Dan says, that in the utter and dreadfully hopeless desperation of his position now, a grotesque sort of humor possessed him of a sudden, and he commenced deliberately firing down at the red glaring eyeballs of the white wolves, and would roar with laughter, and fairly danced upon his ticklish perch with glee, when he saw the creatures tumble over with a shrill death cry, and then the whole pack rush on, and tear it into shreds in an instant, with gnashing cries. He says he amused himself in this way for an hour, and made them tear to pieces, in this way, one after another, every white wolf that had joined the chase. This sport delighted him so much that he became careless, and commenced falling. He only saved himself by dropping his gun, which they seized and almost tore its stock to pieces before they discovered it was not eatable. I saw the dents of their teeth in the barrel afterwards.

Darkness was coming on, and they seemed not in the least disposed to go, and he felt that he must tumble out from the faintness of hunger and fatigue, if he was compelled to spend another hour in that tree without food. He had become entirely reckless now, and loaded up his pistols, determined if he must fall, to bring death with some more of them. Suddenly he heard a distant yelling on the prairie, like that which had sounded so dreadfully behind his flight. The wolves sprang to their feet in a body, and with pricked ears, listened. He looked out towards the prairie, and could faintly discover a large buffalo bull plunging along over the plain, surrounded by a herd of wolves, who were tearing him at every step. He could even hear the low howling of the creature's agony—another victim!—and his thirsty guardians started to join the chase. One after one they went, while those who staid behind would turn their heads to look back wistfully at him, and whine and lick their dry chops. When the chase came in sight though, off they started in a body with savage yells. He fired his pistols after them in farewell, and killed one of the hindmost dead, while the other with a broken shoulder, kept on yelling with the pack. He knew he would be safe now if he could get a fire kindled before they returned, if they did so at all. Before they were out of sight, he had reached the ground, and with trembling eagerness proceeded to light a fire with the help of his tinder box, which every ranger carries. He soon had a great fire blazing, and then cutting a piece from the last wolf he had killed, proceeded to roast it for food. When he had eaten, he felt so much refreshed that he could now proceed to make provision for the night's rest. He gathered a great deal of dry wood and built a large fire in a circle about the spot he had selected to sleep upon. The wolves came back in about an hour after he had finished his back in about an hour after he had finished his perfectly secure, for though he could see their hungry eyes shining all round the outside of the circle, and they kept up a continued howling all night long, he laid himself down and slept soundly until morning. When he awoke up, the wolves were all gone but one or two, cranching at the bones of yesterday's feast. He shot one of them with his pistol, and made a breakfast of it. He picked up the gun, and found that though much torn, it could still be used. He now took his course, and started to foot it into the settlement. After a week of almost incredible suffering, he got in safe, and saw nothing more of the wolves, or of his comrades, who are thought to have been carried off prisoners, and afterwards murdered by the Indians on their attempting to escape. Dan was sick of a fever for several weeks at Corpus Christi after he got in, and raved incessantly about wolves.

A good joke is told of a young couple riding home from church after their marriage. The day had been cloudy, and the young man seeing the clouds break away, said, "I hope we shall have a little sun." The young wife replied very honestly, "As for me, I should rather have a little daughter."

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body.—Punch.

## PROCLAIMING THE DECLARATION.

Being reasonable, we transfer to our country from the New York Star, an account of the circumstances attending the reception of the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress. To revive the history of bygone days—days of patriotism and devotion to right—well to stimulate imitation in those ascending the stage of action. Great things are before us, and stout hearts, strong arms, and devoted to right, should mark those who are destined to conduct our country through the perils looming around:

In April, 1776, Washington, having driven Sir Wm. Howe out of Boston, came to New York and make our city his Headquarters. Part of the time he resided at the old house on the corner opposite the Bowling Green, now Jonas Bartlett's hotel, the "Washington," and part of the time at Richmond Hill, then a magnificent building, situated on the crest of a high piece of ground, overlooking the North River.

On the afternoon of the 8th of July, 1776, the Commander-in-Chief received from John Hancock, President of Congress, an official notice and copy of the Declaration of the Fourth, and the following letter:

"The Congress, for some time past, have had their attention occupied by one of the most interesting and important subjects that could possibly come before them, or any other assembly of men. Although it is not possible to foresee the consequences of human affairs, yet it is nevertheless, a duty we owe ourselves and posterity, in all our public councils, to decide in the best manner we are able, and to leave the event to that Being who controls all things, to bring about his own determinations. Impressed with this sentiment, and at the same time fully convinced that our affairs may take a more favorable turn, the Congress have judged it necessary to dissolve the connexion between Great Britain and the American Colonies, and to declare them FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES, as you will perceive by the enclosed Declaration, which I am directed to transmit to you, and to request you will have it proclaimed at the head of the army, in the way you shall think most proper.

JOHN HANCOCK, President of Congress.

Accordingly General Washington issued the following order, which we copy from an original orderly book, bearing date July 9th, 1776.

"The Continental Congress, impelled by the dictates of duty, policy, and necessity, have resolved to dissolve the connexion which subsisted between this country and Great Britain, and to declare the United Colonies of North America FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES. The several brigades are to be drawn up this evening on their respective parades, at six o'clock, when the Declaration of Congress, showing the grounds and reasons of this measure, is to be read with an audible voice. The General hopes that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of the country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms; and that now he is in the service of a State, possessed of sufficient power to reward his merits, and advance him to the highest honors of a free country.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

R. H. HARRISON, Secretary.

What patriotism is breathed in every time of Hancock's communication and Washington's orders. In the answer of the letter to Hancock, he thus announces how the communication was received by the army:

New York, July 10, 1776.

Agreeably to the request of Congress, I caused the Declaration to be proclaimed before all the army under my immediate command, and have the pleasure to inform them that the measure had their hearty assent; the expression of both officers and men testifying their warmest approbation of it. I have transmitted a copy to General Ward, in Boston, requesting him to have it proclaimed to the Continental troops in that department.

I have the honor to be, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

On the evening of the 9th, after the Declaration was read, there was a grand illumination among the different brigades. The Southern troops were mostly stationed in the old fort and stockades of what we now term the Battery. The New England troops were quartered in the lower part of Maiden Lane, Governor's Island, and Brooklyn. The New York Brigade was camped in "the field," now known as the Park. There was great rejoicing that night, and many officers complained of headache next morning, owing probably to there being no temperance societies in those days.

We no not know where we have met the following, but a more beautiful, thrilling, and pathetic piece of poetry we never read:

On a log sat a frog  
Crying for his daughter;  
Tears he shed till his eyes were red,  
And then jumped into the water—  
And drownd himself.

The Pittsburg Mercury, recording the marriage of a Miss Holmes, President of the Martha Washington Total Abstinence Society, to a Mr. Andrew Horn, appends the following:

Fair Julia lived a Temperance maid,  
And preached its beauties night and morn;  
But all her wicked neighbors said,  
She broke the pledge and took a Horn.

A Chinese widow being found fanning the tomb of her deceased husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying, that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of the tomb remained damp, and that as it dried very slowly, she saw no great harm in aiding the operation.

AN IDEA.—A western paper, speaking of the extravagant gestures of some of our lawyers, says they "punctuate their words with punches."

"Take care of yourself, my dear, said easy Joe to his spouse, as he prepared after supper for his usual ramble. "According to appearances," answered the devoted wife, "I shall shortly have to do it, for nobody else will." Joe staid at home that night.