

Boat's Corner.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

It stands where northern willows weep, A temple fair and lone;

And what within is richly shrouded?— A sculptured woman's form,

There stands an eagle, at the feet Of the fair image wrought—

There are pale garlands hung above, Of dying scent and hue;

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown Of golden glory spoiled—

She slumbered; but it came—it came, Her land's redeeming hour,

Then turned, o'er wearied, to the grave.

And the proud eagle spread again Its pinions to the sun;

But 'twas for earth! who sorrow's tone, Still blends with Victory's—she's gone!

Historical.

WILLIAM WALLACE, The Hero of Scotland.

Never, perhaps, was the fame of any man more cherished by a people, than that of William Wallace is by the Scottish nation.

Edward had again invaded Scotland, with a powerful army, and Wallace had a second time to risk a general battle for freedom.

Wallace, though the master spirit of the whole enterprise, was of two humble a rank among the gentlemen of Scotland, to be readily acknowledged by them for their chief;

Under the conduct of these two able leaders, the patriot band soon recruited its numbers;

Warren, Earl of Surrey, the English general, imagining that Wallace might still be won over, despatched two agents to the Scottish camp proffering terms.

Wallace now assumed the title of "Guardian of Scotland, in the name of King John (Balliol), and by the consent of the Scottish Nation."

The barons who had stood aloof during the struggles for liberty, now began as before, to intermeddle with the fruits of the conquest so gloriously achieved.

Nothing now remained in Scotland unconquered, but the castle of Stirling, which was at length compelled to surrender.

Thus cruelly perished a man whom Edward could never subdue, and whose only crime was an invincible attachment for freedom & independence.

Hamilton, (Ohio,) July 13. EARTHQUAKE. The shock of an earthquake was experienced in this place on the morning of the 5th, about 6 o'clock.

Quarrelsome. Dr. Johnson once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said, "if he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other."

Biographical.

MEMORANDA

Of some of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Chancellor Wythe, of Virginia—a lawyer; a judge of the purest morals and deepest learning; idle and dissipated until thirty years of age, when he first applied himself to the law; the preceptor of Jefferson.

George Reed, of Delaware—an eminent lawyer. His biography is ample, interesting and authentic.

William Williams, of Connecticut—originally a town clerk, but liberally educated—then an upright, benevolent merchant; sacrificed the greater part of his gains to the public service.

Samuel Huntington, of Connecticut—a mere ploughman until his twenty second year; afterwards an eminent lawyer; president of congress; chief justice of his state, and governor. His biography highly curious.

William Lloyd, of New York—a farmer; a general; enjoyed a large share of state honors.

George Walton, of Georgia—originally an apprentice to a carpenter in Virginia; self educated to the law; a colonel; wounded in battle; twice governor of Georgia, chief justice; a senator of the United States.

George Clymer, of Pennsylvania—a merchant; fond of literature; a terse, sententious writer; an efficient and honored patriot. His biography full and interesting, but diffuse.

Benjamin Rush, as a physician and an author, omni laude cumulatus; the most celebrated of the American faculty; distinguished also for his political connexions and labors.

Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire—a successful practitioner of medicine; army surgeon before the revolution; a president of the provincial convention; a judge of the supreme court; a man of wit and humor; continued to practice physic while a judge, wrote political essays for the newspapers, and prepared a metaphysical work for publication, after he was eighty years of age; died in his eighty-ninth year.

William Whipple, of New Hampshire—originally a cabin boy and sailor; a captain at the age of 21; then a merchant; a general, who fought with Gates, and elsewhere; arranged the capitulation of Burgoyne; a judge of the superior court. "As a sailor," says the biography, "he speedily attained the highest rank in his profession; as a merchant, he was circumspect and industrious; as a congressman, he was firm and fearless; as a legislator, he was honest and able; as a commander, he was cool and courageous; as a judge, he was dignified and impartial; and as a member of many subordinate public offices, he was alert and persevering. He bore all his honors with modesty and propriety."

Dr. John Witherspoon, of New Jersey—an eminent and profound divine; president of Nassau Hall college; a political writer of force and talent; a statesman of great influence & energy. His biography is ample and instructive.

Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania—a merchant; the unrivalled financier of the revolution; the pecuniary soul of the cause. His biography, like that of others, needs compression, but it is interesting and correct.

Abraham Clark, of New Jersey—a surveyor; a lawyer, who gave gratuitous counsel.

Francis Lewis, of New York—a merchant and soldier, before the revolution; very useful as a rebel; his fine estate on Long Island destroyed by the British, and his wife carried off a prisoner; she died soon after, from the ill treatment which was experienced. He was ruined by the part which he took on the American side—died in the ninetieth year of his age.

John Penn, of North Carolina—uneducated in early life; became a lawyer, and eminent, by opportunity.

James Wilson, of Pennsylvania—a lawyer of rare capacity, and of surpassing faculties as a speaker and writer; an efficient political essayist; the principal advocate of the constitution of 1787, in the Pennsylvania convention; professor of law and one of the judges of the supreme court of the United States.—His biography replete with valuable information and political anecdotes.

Carter Braxton, of Virginia—a planter; became a merchant; lost all, and died of a broken heart.

John Morton, of Pennsylvania—a surveyor; speaker of the general assembly of Pennsylvania; a judge of the supreme court of the commonwealth; gave the casting vote of the Pennsylvania delegation, for the Declaration of Independence; originally a plough boy.

Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island—a plain farmer, surveyor, became speaker of the assembly, chief justice, then governor of Rhode Island, a man of superior sense, and a good and successful writer, a distinguished mathematician, and natural philosopher, though his education was slight, and a member of the American Philosophical Society. His signature to the Declaration is the only crooked & feeble one. "As it indicates," says his biographer, "a very tremulous hand in perfect contrast with the bold and prominent writing of president Hancock, it may have engendered surmises unfavorable to the determined spirit of Mr. Hopkins. We therefore state, that, for a number of years previous, he had been afflicted with a nervous affection, and when he wrote at all, which was seldom, he was compelled to guide his right hand by his left."

Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania—a lawyer of great abilities and ardent revolutionary patriot, chief justice of the commonwealth, governor, died eighty three years.—His biography entirely authentic, and replenished with instructive details.

James Smith, of Pennsylvania—lawyer and surveyor, remarkable for facetiousness and eccentricity; practised the law for upwards of sixty years, died a nonagenarian. His article very pleasant.

Thomas Nelson, of Virginia—educated in England, affluent planter, active military officer, commander-in-chief of the Virginia militia, whom he bravely and skillfully headed at the siege of York-Town, governor of Virginia, died in reduced circumstances, having made enormous pecuniary sacrifices to the revolutionary cause.

Joseph Hewes, of North Carolina—a successful merchant, bred a Quaker, died when attending congress, 1779.

George Taylor, of Pennsylvania—an ardent patriot, a man of great energy and courage, who had been for a term of ten years as a common laborer, at the iron works at Durham, on the Dela-

ware, near Easton, was made clerk to the works, the proprietor dying, he espoused his widow, and finally became himself the owner of the whole, amassed a large fortune, got into the provincial assembly, a member of business. Nothing more is recollected of him in the vicinity of his residence, than that "he was a fine man and a furious whig."

John Hart, of New Jersey—a farmer, surnamed "Honest John," had never held a public office, when he was chosen a delegate to congress, his farm pillaged and destroyed by the Hessians; his biography possesses a peculiar interest, as a very edifying illustration of the character and course of an American yeoman.

Lewis Morris, of New York—a gentleman farmer, and large landed proprietor, his whole domain laid waste, and ruined by the enemy, had three gallant sons in the field, the celebrated Governor Morris his half brother.—

Wm. Ellery, of Rhode Island—a well educated lawyer, an early revolutionary patriot, a very useful member of congress throughout the war. "He often," says his biographer, "spoke of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and he spoke of it as an event, which many regarded with awe, perhaps with uncertainty, but none with fear."

He used to relate, that he placed himself beside the secretary, Charles Thompson, and eyed each delegate closely as he affixed his name to the document, and he saw dauntless resolution in every countenance. Ellery died, without pain, at the age of ninety three, sitting upright in his bed and reading Tully's offices in the Latin.

Lyman Hall, of Georgia—an emigrant from Connecticut; a well-trained physician; a useful member of congress; made great sacrifices; governor of Georgia, 1783.

Olover Wolcott, of Connecticut—a graduate of Yale College; captain in the army before the Revolution; studied medicine; a major general of militia, aided in conquering Burgoyne; a judge; finally governor of Connecticut.

Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, an accomplished lawyer and scholar, unrivalled at the bar of his profession, travelled with much eclat in Great Britain, one of the judges of the supreme court of New Jersey, embarked early and vehemently in the revolution, surprised and captured by the enemy, and committed to the common jail at New York, congress directed general Washington to interfere in his behalf and threaten retaliation, his health impaired, his property devastated, died prematurely of complicated affections, occasioned by his patriotism.

Button Gimmet, of Georgia—originally a merchant, became a planter, an enthusiastic rebel, president of the provincial council, killed in a duel with general M'utosh, in 1777, at the age of forty-five.

Josiah Bartlett, of New Hampshire—a successful practitioner of medicine, a leading whig in his province, commanded a regiment, the first who voted in congress for the Declaration of Independence, and the second who signed it, chief justice of New Hampshire, the first republican governor of that state.

Philip Livingston, of New York—one of the committee of five, appointed to prepare the Declaration of Independence, a graduate of Yale college, a prosperous and honored merchant, conspicuous member of the provincial legislature, speaker, died while attending congress, in 1773, a martyr to his public zeal.

Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, also one of the committee of five, apprentice to a shoemaker, and pursued the business until after he was twenty-two years of age, travelled on foot, with his tools, gaining a livelihood, nourished his mind by various reading, kept a country store, turned surveyor, applied himself to the law, acquired practice and fame, member of the colonial assembly, member of the Albany convention 1754, judge of the superior court of Connecticut, twenty-three years, member of congress from the opening of the first, in 1774, down to the period of his death, in 1793, of great authority and usefulness, a member of the convention that framed the present constitution of the United States, took a considerable and influential part in the debate, a senator in congress, a shrewd and ready writer, a logical debater, a model of probity, discretion, and steadfastness, as much revered as any patriot of the times. His biography is full of instruction, but prolix and tediousness.

The Last War.

BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG. From "A Subaltern in America."

We had proceeded about a couple of miles from the halting place, and the hour of noon was past, when our attention was drawn to the left, by several heavy clouds of dust which rose in that direction. Though we could not doubt from what source the dust proceeded, the intervention of a considerable cove between us and it, hindered us from saying with certainty that the enemy was in the position. The screen thus interposed was however, speedily withdrawn. A further advance of some hundred & fifty yards brought us clear of the plantation, and the American army became visible. Williams and I were walking together at that instant. "Are these Yankees?" said he with all the naive imagination; "or are they our own seamen got somehow ahead of us?"

I could not repress a smile at the question, though, to say the truth, an older soldier than Williams might have easily mistaken the force opposed to us for any thing rather than the army on whose valour the safety of a great capital depended.

I have seldom been more forcibly struck with any thing than with the contrast which a glance to the rear afforded at this moment, with the spectacle which was before me. A column of four thousand British soldiers, moving in sections of six abreast, and covering an extent of road greater than its windings would permit the eye to take in, met my gaze in that quarter. The dress, the perfect regularity of their step, the good order which they preserved, and, above all, the internal conviction, that they were only advancing to victory, excited in me feelings for which I have no words, and which he only can conceive who has stood in a similar situation. Nor was it the sense of sight alone which on the present occasion, was forced into a powerful comparison. The Americans, from the instant that our advanced guard came in view,

continued to rend the air with shouts. Our men marched on, silent as the grave, and orderly as people at a funeral. Not a word was spoken, scarcely a whisper passed from man to man, but each held his breath, and mustered up his best courage for the shock.

The head of the column had just turned the corner of the wood, when it halted, and an aid-de-camp riding up to Major Brown, desired that he would proceed with the advance guard, ascertain the state of the village of Bladensburg, and in case it should be occupied, dislodge its garrison. This order the Major prepared to obey, and calling in all his skirmishers, except about half a company, he formed his men into one little column for the assault. Our surprise was not less palpable than our satisfaction, when, on reaching the town, we found that it was empty.

As our orders went no farther than to direct that we should ascertain in what condition the place stood our commanding officer deemed it needless to attempt any thing beyond its mere occupation. Even this however, was not affected without annoyance.—The principal streets, which conducted to the bridge, lay completely exposed to the fire of a two-gun battery, which the enemy had erected about the centre of their position; and instantly on our showing ourselves, the battery opened. It was well served, and the guns were admirably laid. The very first shot cost us three men, one killed, and the other two dreadfully wounded; and the 2nd would have been in all probability not less fatal, had we not very wisely avoided it. We inclined, at once, to the right and left on the road; and winding round the houses, made our way without any further loss, as far as the last range when we were commanded to lie down, and wait for the column.

In the mean while, the main body being informed how matters stood, resumed its march, and approached the town. It was saluted, as we had been saluted by a heavy and well directed cannonade; but being warned by some of our people, where danger lay, it so far avoided it as to close up its ranks, and effect all the arrangements necessary for the assault, under cover of the ground mound. Whilst this was going on, Charlton, Williams, and myself, having got our company as well together as might be, were lying behind a house in momentary expectation of the word. Cannon shot after cannon shot, continued all the while, to pass thro' the thin brick walls about us; nevertheless we felt it derogatory to our character to move, and we treated their visitations with no other than an ill applied railleury. At last a ball struck a soldier who lay between William and myself, and carried off his leg. The boy looked at me, as to ask how, under such circumstances, he ought to behave; and though I dare say, his courage was quite equal to mine, I really could not help laughing at the peculiar expression which passed along his countenance. But no great while was granted for consideration. The accident just recorded had hardly happened, when Col. Thornton, riding up, exclaimed, "Now my lads forward! You see the enemy, you know how to serve them." So saying he spurred on, & the whole of the advance sprung with the celerity of thought into their places, rushed towards the bridge. It was carried in a moment; but a couple of guns which had doubtless been laid with special care, instantly opened and seven men were swept down. No pause however occurred. "Forward; forward!" was the only word heard; and forward we hurried, as fast as the excessive fatigue we had undergone during the last forty-eight hours would allow.

I had forgotten to mention, that whilst our bank of the river was bare and exposed, that occupied by the enemy was covered with a pretty thick belt of wood, which they had very judiciously filled with a host of riflemen. These taking a cool and deliberate aim from their lurking places, soon began to gall us with their fire. Not a few of our men fell beneath it; but the bridge was instantly cleared; the advance was quickly scattered into skirmishing order, and in five minutes or little more, the belt was emptied of its defenders. Never did men, with arms in their hands, make better use of their legs. 'Twas we did our best to kill a few of them, I question whether one American lost his life in that cope, so rapid, or if you please, so judiciously conducted, was their retreat.

We had hardly cleared this little wood, when the 85th Regiment and the light companies of the 4th and 44th came pouring up to our assistance. To these we now attached ourselves, and the whole of the light brigade forming into one extended line, advanced to the attack. It was our fortune to act upon the left of the road, where the cope happened to be more thick, and the ground considerably more uneven than on the right. The consequence was, that we moved on for several minutes without seeing any enemy; but the wood suddenly ending, an open sloping field lay before us, and in the rear of a high paling, which ran across the centre of the field, the enemy's first line presented itself. I have stood under many a heavy fire of musquetry in my day; but I really do not recollect to have witnessed any more heavy than that which they instantly opened upon us. Had we been a numerous body and in compact array, our loss would have been terrible; but we were few in number—certainly not more than 100 in all, and our order was that of skirmishers, each file being full ten paces apart from each other. The Americans on the other hand, were in a line wedged together as closely as they could stand; their number could not fall short of a thousand men, if they exceeded it not, & they fired volley after volley as fast as they could load their pieces, and raise them again to their shoulders. Five guns played upon us without intermission; in a word, I can compare the shower of balls of all sizes and descriptions, which whistled around us, to nothing more aptly than the pelting of a hail-storm, which a strong north-easterly wind drives into your face. The whole ground at our feet was ploughed up with them, and their singing was like that of a tempest thro' the bars of a vessel at anchor.

Under this really tremendous fire, Williams bore himself as his gallant conduct in the skirmishes which had diversified our march led me to expect he would bear himself. There was a railing, similar to that which the Americans were drawn up, which cut off the cope from the cultivated fields. He was one of the first to spring over it; and shouting out to the men to follow, he called to me by name and said, "Now who will be the first in the enemy's line." Without pausing to look behind, he rushed on. I kept my eye upon him; indeed we were near enough to converse, were it possible to bear

the sound of a human voice in such a tumult, and did what I could rather to restrain his ardour than give it encouragement. But the very moment when I was repeating my entreaties that he would look to his men, instead of rushing on ahead of them, a musket ball struck him on the neck, and he fell dead at my feet. He never so much as moved. The bullet had passed through the windpipe and spinal marrow, and he was a corpse in an instant. Poor fellow! even in the heat of action, I looked at him with a feeling of bitter agony, of which words can convey no impression. But I could not pause to pay the slightest tribute of respect to his remains; ran past him, and soon found my attention completely occupied by other matters, as I forgot that such a one had lived and was dead. So overwhelmingly exciting is the interest of a battle, and so perfectly engrossing are the thoughts to which it gives birth.

Notwithstanding the paucity of our numbers the American line began to waver as soon as we arrived within twenty or thirty paces of their front, and the shouting preliminary to charge had hardly been uttered, when the broke, and fled. Our men were too much fatigued to follow with any celerity, but we pursued as quickly as we could, and by meeting some seamen, who pertinaciously clung to their guns, and took possession of two out of the five pieces of cannon which had so severely galled us. Our work was, however, but beginning. In five minutes, we found ourselves in front of a second line, more numerous and more steady than that which we had defeated. It was composed wholly of regular troops, who received us, as we came on, with a murderous fire, and instantly advanced to the charge. We could not pretend to meet them. At the first, we hardly mustered a hundred men; we were now diminished to little more than half the number, a whole regiment bore down upon us, and gave ground. We fell back, however, slowly and indignantly, halting from time to time and firing with effect; whilst the enemy, instead of a determined rush, which, if a tramped, must have destroyed us at once, followed at the very same pace, and with the same precaution. But their fire was very destructive; at least it would have been, had they stood opposed to it men enough to deserve it.

We had reached almost the end of the thicket, when Col. Thornton, with a reinforcement of fresh troops, coming up, restored to our former confidence, and we resumed the offensive. The enemy in their turn, fell back; but we could not follow with our accustomed rapidity—our men scarcely could walk; far less run; so there was time for the line to receive reinforcements, before we succeeded in breaking it. The battle, became now little else than an unintermitting exchange of volleys. Neither party gained or lost ground, but, for a full half hour, stood still, loading and firing as quick as these operations could be performed. Whilst this was proceeding Colonel Thornton received a ball in the thigh and fell. The Americans raising a shout at the event, pressed, and our people a little disheartened, retired—Charlton, myself and several other officers who were in the field, did our best to stay them, and we succeeded, though not till Col. Thornton, in order to avoid falling into the hands of the assailants, had been obliged to roll himself down the slope, to a considerable distance. We had retired, in part as far as the ground which poor Williams lay, when one musket ball hitting the scabbard of my sword, broke it and another, at the same instant, slightly wounded my arm. Yet I hardly felt the wound, so intent was I in rallying the men, and Gen. Ross himself coming up at this instant, with the better part of the 4th regiment, the fortune of the day was speedily decided. There was no more distant firing on our part. "Charge, charge!" was the only word of command issued. It was heard with repeated acclamations; and the very music of our cheers acting like magic upon the Americans, they dispersed & fled in every direction. I were vain for me to attempt any description of the state of feeling which prevades man, when, after some hours of hard fighting he first sees the line of the enemy become confused, and the manifestation of a flight exhibited. His whole soul is engrossed with the desire of overtaking them; and if there be a moment in a man's existence at which he would sincerely thank providence for the loss of wings, it is surely then. For my own part, I strained my throat till it became deaf with cheering; and running on, as well as exhaustion would permit, made an effort to overtake the Americans, who escaped from me as persons who are fresh will always escape from those that are weary. To do them justice, however, their regulars, or rather regulars as Jonathan himself calls them, were not unmindful of the lessons which they had learned upon the parade. They covered the rear with a cloud of riflemen, at least equal in point of numbers, to the troops who pursued them, and the riflemen very deliberately and very judiciously, took up positions, from time to time, wherever the cover of the bushes or underwood invited them. Nor was the fire harmless. Several individuals, myself among the number, received wounds from them. I plainly saw the person who had honoured me; he lay behind a little cope and took aim three times before he hit me, but, at last, his ball passed through the fleshy part of my thigh, and he escaped.

Too eager to be aware that I was again scratched I pushed on with my companion as long as the last of the retreating force continued in sight; nor even dreamed of halting till fatigue and loss of blood together overpowered me, and I fell to the ground. Happily for me, I dropped beside a pool of water; it was muddy and foul in no ordinary degree; yet my thirst, violent before, and doubly violent now, from the exhaustion consequent upon a pretty considerable hemorrhage, gave to it a delicacy of flavor which I have never perceived in water before, and which probably never perceive again.—I drank till that thirst was appeased, and then looking round, perceived that there were but three British soldiers near me.—They sat on the side me, till I in some degree recovered my strength; and having kindly assisted me to wrap a handkerchief round the bleeding limb, we crawled, rather than marched, back to rejoin our regiment.

I found the brigade gathering together in shattered remains, upon the summit of a high ground, which the enemy's reserve had occupied in the morning. I saw shattered remains; for out of the twelve hundred men who bore the brunt of the battle, scarcely one had fallen; whilst of those who survived, many were fit for duty, many were absent, the purpose of attending to the wounded, and burying the dead.