

Pennsylvania, is well settled. Brownsville, about 60 miles by water, above Pittsburgh, is a considerable town. It was the centre of the earliest improvements on the western waters. It will be more familiar to the old Quaker settlements in Pennsylvania, and in Jersey and Delaware, by the name of Redstone; so called from a fort constructed of red sand stone, common to that neighborhood. Numerous valuable settlers from the districts mentioned, emigrated hither about 35 years ago, established a regular system of agriculture, planted extensive orchards of choice fruit trees, brought from the place of their former residence. The western country is now extensively supplied with apples, cider, whiskey, &c. the product of these orchards.

Nine miles above Pittsburgh, and immediately upon the north bank of the Monongahela river, is the celebrated battle ground "Braddock's Field." It is famous for the destruction of an army intended to capture Fort Duquesne, to crush the extending power of France, and control the Indians on our western border. Here Washington fought and Braddock fell. On this spot, 50 Frenchmen and 250 Indians nearly destroyed the forty-ninth and fifty-first regiments of British regulars, though aided by a number of Provincial troops. The battle was fought on the afternoon of the 9th July, 1755. Seventy years have since passed away, and yet the crumbling bones of men and horses are seen in every field for a mile in circuit. For many years they were shrouded by a mourning wilderness of shadowy woods, but this has yielded to the busy axe, and the plough is now annually driven amongst the skulls of the slain and the bones of the brave. Rich harvests wave o'er fields fertilized by the blood and bodies of a thousand unburied men. The partridge whistles and the reaper sings on the spot where the cries of mortal anguish told the dread revelry of battle. 'Twas here the wild whoop of fierce savages quelled the rallying cry of Europe's warriors. 'Twas here they drove the ruthless tomahawk deep in the crushed skull of the vanquished, and with yelling joy, tore the scalp from the head of the feeble and wounded, the dead and the dying.

The retreating survivors carried their wounded general with them until he died. He was buried about 40 miles from the battle ground, in the centre of the road, his advancing army had cut. To prevent discovery of his grave, soldiers, horses, and wagons, were passed over it, to save the body from savage dishonor, by thus concealing the trace of its interment. Some of Braddock's affectionate soldiers, so marked the trees near the spot where he was laid, that the recollections of those who visited the west many years after, could point to the exact place of his interment now emphatically called Braddock's grave. It is close to the northern side of the National road, seven miles east of Uniontown. OHIO.

ADDRESS

Of the President of the United States to General Lafayette, on taking leave of him at his departure on the 7th of September.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE:—It has been the good fortune of many of my distinguished fellow-citizens, during the course of the year now elapsed, upon your arrival at their respective places of abode, to greet you with the welcome of the Nation. The less pleasing task now devolves upon me, of bidding you, in the name of the Nation, Adieu.

It were no longer reasonable, and would be superfluous, to recapitulate the remarkable incidents of your early life—incidents which associated your name, fortune, and reputation, in imperishable connexion with the Independence and History of the North-American Union.

The part which you performed at that important juncture was marked with a character so peculiar, that, realizing the fairest fable of antiquity, its parallel could scarcely be found in the authentic records of human history.

You deliberately and perseveringly preferred toil, danger, the endurance of every hardship, and the privation of every comfort, in defence of a holy cause, to inglorious ease, and the allurements of rank, affluence, and unrestrained youth, at the most splendid and fascinating court of Europe.

That this choice was not less wise than magnanimous, the sanction of half a century, and the gratulations of unnumbered voices, all unable, to express the gratitude of the heart with which your visit to this hemisphere has been welcomed, afford ample demonstration.

When the contest of freedom, to which you had repaired as a voluntary champion, had closed, by the complete triumph of her cause in this country of your adoption, you returned to fulfil the duties of the philanthropist and patriot in the land of your nativity. There, in a consistent and undeviating career of forty years, you have maintained, through every vicissitude of alternate success and disappointment, the same glorious cause, to which the first years of your active

life had been devoted, the improvement of the moral and political condition of man.

Throughout that long succession of time, the people of the United States, for whom, and with whom, you have fought the battles of liberty, have been living in the full possession of its fruits; one of the happiest among the family of nations. Spreading in population; enlarging in territory; acting and suffering according to the condition of their nature; and laying the foundations of the greatest, and, we humbly hope, the most beneficent power that ever regulated the concerns of man upon earth.

In that lapse of forty years, the generation of men with whom you co-operated in the conflict of arms, has nearly passed away. Of the General Officers of the American army in that war, you alone survive. Of the Sages who guided our Councils; of the Warriors who met the foe in the field or upon the wave, with the exception of a few to whom unusual length of day, has been allotted by Heaven, all now sleep with their fathers. A succeeding, and even a third generation, now takes their places; and their children's children, while rising up to call them blessed, have been taught by them, as well as admonished by their own constant enjoyment of freedom, to include in every benison upon their fathers, the name of him who came from afar, with them and in their cause, to conquer or to fall.

The universal prevalence of these sentiments was signally manifested by a resolution of Congress, representing the whole people, and all the States of this Union, requesting the President of the United States to communicate to you the assurances of grateful and affectionate attachment of this Government and people, and desiring that a national ship might be employed, at your convenience, for your passage to the borders of our country.

The invitation was transmitted to you by my venerable predecessor: himself bound to you by the strongest ties of personal friendship: himself one of those whom the highest honors of his country had rewarded for blood early shed in her cause, and for a long life of devotion to her welfare. By him the services of a national ship were placed at your disposal. Your delicacy preferred a more private conveyance, and a full year has elapsed since you landed upon our shores. It were scarcely exaggeration to say, that it has been to the people of the Union, a year of uninterrupted festivity and enjoyment, inspired by your presence. You have traversed the twenty-four states of this great confederacy: You have been received with rapture by the survivors of your earliest companions in arms: You have been hailed as a long absent parent by their children, the men and women of the present age! And a rising generation, the hope of future time, in numbers surpassing the whole population of that day when you fought at the head and by the side of their forefathers, have vied with the scanty remnants of that hour of trial, in acclamations of joy at beholding the face of him whom they feel to be the common benefactor of all. You have heard the mingled voices of the past, the present, and future age, joining in one universal chorus of delight at your approach; and the shouts of unbidden thousands, which greeted your landing on the soil of freedom, have followed every step of your way, and still resound, like the rushing of many waters, from every corner of our land.

You are now about to return to the country of your birth, of your ancestors, of your posterity. The Executive Government of the Union, stimulated by the same feeling which had prompted Congress to the designation of a national ship for your accommodation in coming hither, has destined the first service of a frigate, recently launched at this metropolis, to the less welcome, but equally distinguished trust, of conveying you home. The name of the ship has added one more memorial to distant regions and to future ages, of a stream already memorable, at once in the story of your sufferings and of our independence.

The ship is now prepared for your reception, and equipped for sea. From the moment of her departure, the prayers of millions will ascend to Heaven that her passage may be prosperous, and your return to the bosom of your family as propitious to your happiness, as your visit to this scene of your youthful glory has been to that of the American people.

Go, then, our beloved friend—return to the land of brilliant genius, of generous sentiment, of heroic valor; to that beautiful France, the nursing mother of the twelfth Louis, and the fourth Henry; to the native soil of Bayard and Coligni, of Turenne and Catinat, of Fenelon and D'Aguesseau. In that illustrious catalogue of names which she claims as of her children, and with honest pride holds up to the admiration of other nations, the name of LAFAYETTE has already for centuries been enrolled. And it shall henceforth burnish into brighter fame; for if, in after days, Frenchman shall be called to indicate the character of his nation by that of one individual, during the age in

which we live, the blood of lofty patriotism shall mantle in his cheek, the fire of conscientious virtue shall sparkle in his eye, and he shall pronounce the name of LAFAYETTE. Yet we too, and our children, in life and after death, still claim you for our own. You are ours by that more than patriotic self-devotion with which you flew to the aid of our fathers at the crisis of their fate. Ours by that long series of years in which you have cherished us in your regard. Ours by that unshaken sentiment of gratitude for your services which is a precarious portion of our inheritance. Ours by that tie of love, stronger than death, which has linked your name, for the endless ages of time, with the name of Washington.

At the painful moment of parting from you, we take comfort in the thought, that wherever you may be, to the last pulsation of your heart, our country will be ever present to your affections; and a cheering consolation assures us, that we are not called to sorrow most of all, that we shall see your face no more. We shall indulge the pleasing anticipation of beholding our friend again. In the mean time, speaking in the name of the whole People of the United States, and at a loss only for language to give utterance to that feeling of attachment with which the heart of the nation beats, as the heart of a man—I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell.

Copy of Gen. LAFAYETTE'S answer to the President of the United States, on the 7th Sept. 1825.

Amidst all my obligations to the General Government, and particularly to you, Sir, its respected Chief Magistrate, I have most thankfully to acknowledge the opportunity given me, at this solemn and painful moment, to present the people of the United States with a parting tribute of profound, inexpressible gratitude.

To have been, in the infant and critical days of these States, adopted by them as a favorite Son, to have participated in the toils and perils of our unspotted struggle for independence, freedom, and equal rights, and in the foundation of the American Era of a new social order, which has already pervaded this, and must, for the dignity and happiness of mankind, successively pervade every part of the other hemisphere, to have received at every stage of the revolution, and during forty years after that period, from the People of the United States, and their representatives at home and abroad, continual marks of their confidence and kindness, has been the pride, the encouragement, the support of a long and eventful life.

But how could I find words to acknowledge that series of welcomes, those unbounded and universal displays of public affection, which have marked each step, each hour, of a twelve-month's progress through the twenty-four States, and which, while they overwhelm my heart with grateful delight, have most satisfactorily evinced the concurrence of the people in the kind testimonies, in the immense favors bestowed on me by the several branches of their representatives in every part, and at the central seat of the confederacy.

Yet, gratifications still higher awaited me; in the wonders of creation and improvement that have met my enchanted eye, in the unparalleled and self-felt happiness of the people, in their rapid prosperity and insured security, public and private, in a practice of good order, the appendage of true freedom, and a national good sense, the final arbiter of all difficulties, I have had proudly to recognise a result of the republican principles for which we have fought, and a glorious demonstration to the most timid and prejudiced minds, of the superiority, over degrading aristocracy or despotism, of popular institutions founded on the plain rights of man, and where the local rights of every section are preserved under a constitutional bond of union. The cherishing of that union between the States, as it has been the farewell entreaty of our great paternal Washington, and will ever have the dying prayer of every American Patriot, so it has become the sacred pledge of the emancipation of the world, an object in which I am happy to observe that the American people, while they give the animating example of successful free institutions, in return for an evil entailed upon them by Europe, and of which a liberal and enlightened sense is every where more and more generally felt, show themselves every day more anxiously interested.

And now, Sir, how can I do justice to my deep and lively feelings, for the assurances most peculiarly valued of your esteem and friendship, for your so very kind references to old times, to my beloved associates, to the vicissitudes of my life, for your affecting picture of the blessings poured by the several generations of the American people on the remaining days of a delighted veteran, for your affectionate remarks on this sad hour of separation, on the country of my birth, full, I can say, of American sympathies, on the hope so necessary to me of my seeing again the country that has deigned near half a century ago to call me hers? I shall content myself, refraining from superfluous re-

petitions, at once before you, Sir, and this respected circle, to proclaim my cordial confirmation of every one of the sentiments which I have had daily opportunities publicly to utter from the time when your venerable predecessor, my old brother in arms, and friend, transmitted to me the honorable invitation of Congress, to this day when you, my dear sir, whose friendly connexion with me, dates from your earliest youth, are going to consign me to the protection, across the Atlantic, of the heroic national flag, on board the splendid ship, the name of which has not been the least flattering and kind among the numberless favors conferred upon me.

God bless you, and you all who surround us. God bless the American people, each of their States, and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart; such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat.

Extract from the Speech of the Hon. Andrew Stewart, of Pa. at the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Celebration, held at Smithfield, (Pa.) on the 4th of July, 1825.

"Let other nations boast of their palaces, their pyramids, and splendid piles, erected at the people's expense, to pamper the pride, or perpetuate the power of some pageant Monarch, or proud usurper; yet be it our pride to expend the people's money for the people's benefit; in building up proud and permanent, and glorious monuments of Internal Improvement, alike useful, in peace, and in war: uniting the distant parts of this extended, and extending republic, to which our children's children may look, in after times, and bless and praise the wisdom and munificence of their ancestors.

And when was there a period in our history more auspicious to the commencement of the great work of Internal Improvements than the present? At peace with all the world; unconnected with Europe, and strangers to the storms which disturb her repose: unique in our situation, abundant in resources, the freest government on earth, and a country embracing in its wide domain every variety of climate and of soil; intersected every where with vast mountains, and lakes, and rivers, extending their arms from the East to the West, and from the West to the East, as if to clasp each other, and imploring as it were, the aid of industry and art to unite them in the sacred bonds of a perpetual Union, making them the fruitful sources of wealth—of intercourse—of harmony and love, to the countless millions that repose upon their borders, awakening by their plastic touch to new activity and life, every branch of industry, agriculture, manufactures and commerce; opening every where new and abundant sources of wealth, which must otherwise forever remain dormant and unknown.

"If Internal Improvements have decorated and adorned, and enriched other countries, why shall they not ours? What country under heaven presents such advantages or such inducements? If the traveller in Europe, be every where delighted on his journey by magnificent roads, and splendid canals, shall he come here to be disappointed? Shall this proud Republic lag behind the Monarchies of Europe, in improving its own condition; in conferring benefits and blessings on its people? Or should the time come (which God forbid) when this happy government, sharing the fate of former Republics, shall fall beneath the power of some successful Caesar, shall it be permitted to the proud usurper, looking abroad over the desolated land, to ask in triumph the fallen friends of liberty, where are the benefits left by your boasted Republic? Where the footsteps of its power, or the monuments of its glory? Where the remains of any of the boasted blessings which it has conferred upon the people?—none—none. Nothing left by which the Republic is to be remembered or regretted—nothing to recall to recollection the happy days gone by—nothing to rekindle the sacred love of liberty in the bosoms of her votaries—nothing to call forth the tear of regret for its fall. No, gentlemen, this must not, cannot be. Let us advance in the goodly work in which we are engaged; let us fill the land with these evidences of Republican wisdom, and Republican magnificence. These will be found our best security in times of danger—they will be found the most effectual means of counteracting the sad vicissitude to which I have adverted.

"But I perceive I am getting into a boundless field—I have already trespassed too long on your attention, permit me to repeat my obligations, my grateful acknowledgments for this manifestation of your confidence and kindness, and believe me gentlemen, (for I speak in the sincerity of my heart) when I say, that if I could even for a moment indulge the pleasing dream that my humble and unimportant name should ever be associated with any thing connected with the glory of my country, I would not desire for it a more exalted niche in the temple of fame, than that, in which your kindness has this day been pleased to place it."