

## GEN. GREEN'S RETREAT.

To understand the ground over which the remarkable retreat was performed, it is only necessary to glance at the map. Three large rivers rise in the northwest parts of North and South Carolina, and flow in a southeasterly direction toward the Atlantic. The lower or most southern one is the Catawba, which empties into the Santee; the next north of it and nearly parallel, is the Yadkin, emptying into the Pedee; the last and more northern is the Dan, which soon leaves its southeasterly direction, and winds backward and forward across the Virginia line and finally falls into the Roanoke.

Green was now on the Catawba, or most southern river, and directed his steps north, his line of progress cutting the Yadkin and Dan. To place a deep river between two armies effectually separates them for some time—while a retreating army, between one and a powerful adversary, is almost sure to be ruined. Therefore the great effort of Cornwallis was to overtake his weak enemy somewhere between the rivers, while the latter strained every nerve to keep a stream dividing him and his foe. Green was now crossing the Catawba, which, swollen by the recent rains prevented Cornwallis from crossing. But at length it began to subside—and the latter determined, by a night march to a private ford near Salisbury, to deceive his antagonist, and cross without opposition. But Green had been on the alert, and stationed a body of militia there to dispute the passage. At day-break the British column was seen silently approaching the river. A deep hue was on everything, broken only by the roar of the swollen waters, and not a living thing was to be seen on shore. Twilight still rested on the forest, and the turbid, foam covered stream looked doubly appalling in the gloom. The rain was falling in torrents, and the British commander, as he reined up his steed on the slippery banks, looked long and anxiously on the further side. There all was wild and silent; but the flashes of the American fires in the woods told too well that he had been forestalled. Still the order of advance was given and the column boldly entered the channel. With muskets poised above their heads, to keep dry, and leaning against each other to steady their slippery footing, the grenadiers pushed forward. As they advanced the water deepened, until it flowed in a strong, swift current, up to their waists. The cavalry went plunging through, but the rapid stream bore many of them, both horses and riders, downward in the darkness.

The head of the column had already reached the center of the river, when the voices of sentinels rang through the darkness, and the next moment their guns flashed through the storm. The Americans, five hundred in number, immediately poured in a destructive volley, but the British troops pressed steadily forward. Soldier after soldier rolled over in the flood, and Cornwallis' horse was shot under him; but the noble animal, with a desperate effort carried the rider to the bank before he fell. The intrepid troops at length reached the shore, and routed the militia. Cornwallis was now on the same side with his antagonist, and prepared to follow up his advantage with vigor. But the latter no sooner heard that the enemy had crossed the Catawba, than he ordered the retreat to the Yadkin. Through the drenching rain and deep mud, scarcely halting to eat or rest, the ragged troop dragged their weary way, and on the third day reached the river and commenced crossing. In the meantime the recent rains had swollen this river also, so that by the time Green had safely effected the passage the current was level with its banks. He had urged everything forward with the utmost speed, and at midnight, just as the last of the rear guard were embarking, they were saluted with a volley from the advanced guards of the British. When the morning-light broke over the scene there lay the two armies within sight of each other, and the blessed Yadkin surging and roaring in threatening accent between, as if on purpose to daunt the invader from its bosom. Stung into madness at this second escape of their enemy, the English lined the shore with their artillery, and opened a fierce cannonade on the American camp. But the army, protected by an elevated ridge, rested quietly and safely behind it.

In a little cabin, just showing its roof above the rocks, Green took up his quarters, and while his troops were reposing, commenced writing his dispatches.

The enemy suspecting that the American general had established himself there directed his artillery upon it; and soon the rocks rung with the balls that smoked and bounded from their sides.

It was not long before the roof of the cabin was struck, and the shingles and clapboards began to fly about in every direction; but the stern warrior within never once looked up, and wrote on as calmly as if in his peaceful home.

Four days after the British general tarried on the shore of the Yadkin, and then as the waters subsided, again put his army in motion. Moving lower down the river he crossed over, and started anew after his adversary. But the latter, ever vigilant, was already on his march for Guildford, where he resolved to make a stand and strike this bold Briton to the heart. But on reaching Guildford he learned, to his dismay, that the reinforcements promised him had not arrived. The English army was nearly double that of his own, and all well-tried, disciplined soldiers, and he knew it would be madness to give battle on such disadvantageous terms. There was, therefore, no remedy but retreat, and this had now become a difficult matter. In the hope of being able to sustain himself at Guildford, he had suffered his enemy to approach so near that there was but one possible way to escape. Cornwallis at last deemed his prey secure.

On the 16th of February this battle of maneuvers again commenced, and the two armies—now only twenty-five miles apart—stretched forward. Cornwallis suspected his adversary would make for the upper fords of the Dan, as there was noth-

ing but ferries below, and hence put his army in such a position that he could crush him at once, but Green quietly withdrew to the lower Dan, where he ordered the boats to be congregated, in which he could transport his troops over. His object in this was two-fold; first, to place a deep, instead of a fordable river between him and his formidable adversary; and secondly to be in a situation to effect a junction with the reinforcements he expected from Virginia. Discovering at once the error under which Cornwallis labored, added to it by sending a large detachment to maneuver in front, as if the upper fords were indeed the objects of his efforts. Colonel Williams commanded this chosen body of men, and marched boldly against the entire British army. The British commander thinking it to be the advanced guard of the Americans, began hastily to contract his lines, and make preparations for a fierce resistance.

This detained his march and allowed Green to get a start, without which he must inevitably have been lost.

The English were without baggage; indeed, the whole army had been converted into infantry, which enabled it to move with much more alacrity than that of the Americans. It was now the dead of winter; the roads of to-day were filled with deep mud, and to-morrow frozen hard, presenting a mass of rugged points to the soldier's feet, through which and over which they were compelled to drag themselves on by the fear of destruction.

In the meantime Cornwallis, apprised of his error, began the pursuit in good earnest. But that gallant rear guard of Williams kept between the two armies, slowly retreating, but still present—ever bending like a bow of wrath on the advancing enemy. The fate of the American army depended upon its firmness and skill, and every officer in it seemed to feel the immense trust committed to his care. There were Lee's gallant legion, and Washington's heavy mounted, desperate horsemen, heroes every one. Vigilant, untiring, brave, they hovered with such a threatening aspect around the advancing columns that they were compelled to march in close order to prevent an attack. The least negligence, the least oversight, and the blow would fall like lightning. Never did a rear guard behave more gallantly. The men were allowed three hours sleep out of twenty-four, and one meal a day! By starting and pushing forward three hours before daylight they were enabled to get a breakfast, and this was the last repast till next morning. Yet the brave fellows bore all without a murmur, and night after night and day after day presented the same determined front to the enemy.

Cornwallis, believing for a while that the whole American force was in front, rejoiced in its proximity, knowing that when it reached the river it must perish; then Virginia would open to his victorious arms and the whole South be prostrate. And when he at length discovered his mistake, he strained forward with desperate efforts.

In the meanwhile that fleeing army presented a most heart-rending spectacle. Half clad, and many of them barefoot, with only one blanket for every four men, they toiled through the mire or left their blood on the frozen ground—pressing on through the wintry storm and cold winds, in the desperate effort for life. At night when they snatched a moment's repose, three soldiers would stretch themselves on the damp ground under one blanket, and the fourth keep watch; and happy were those who had even this scanty covering. Over hills, through forests, across streams, they held their anxious way, drenched by rains and chilled by the water through which they waded—and uncovered, were compelled to dry their clothes by the heat of their own bodies. Green saw this distress with grief, but it could not be helped—his cheering words and bright example were all he could give them. Now hurrying along his exhausted columns, and now anxiously listening to hear the sound of the enemy's guns in the distance, he became a prey to the most wasting anxiety. From the time he had set out for the camp of Morgan, on the banks of the Catawba, he had not taken off his clothes; while not an officer in the army was earlier in the saddle or later out of it than he. But undismayed, his strong soul resolved yet to conquer; he surveyed with a calm stern eye the dangers that thickened around him. Should the rearguard fail, nothing but a miracle would save him—but it should not fail. Every deep-laid plan was thwarted, every surprise disconcerted, and every movement to crush it eluded by the tireless, hopeless leaders. Often within a musket-shot of the enemy's vanguard, the excited soldiers wished to return the fire, but the stern orders to desist were obeyed, and the two tired armies rolled on. It was a fearful race for life, and right nobly was it won.

At length the main army arrived within forty miles of the ferry boats, which were to place a deep river between them and the foe, and hope quickened every step. All night they went onward through the gloom, cheered by the thought that another day would place the object for which they struggled within their grasp. On that cold slippery night the noble rear guard, slowly retreating, suddenly saw, at twelve o'clock, watch fires blazing in the distance. There, then, lay the army for which they had struggled so nobly and suffered so much, overtaken at last and sure to fall.

In this fearful crisis that gallant band paused, and held a short consultation; and then resolved, with one accord, to throw themselves in an overwhelming charge upon the English army, and rolling it back on itself, by a sacrifice as great as it was glorious, secure a few hours of safety to those they were protecting. This noble devotion was spared such a trial, the fires were indeed those kindled by Green's soldiers, but the tired columns had departed, and staggering for want of repose and food, were now stretching forward through the midnight, miles in advance.

Cornwallis, when he arrived at the smoldering camp fires, believed himself almost up with Green, and allowing his troops but a few moments to repose, marched all night long. In the morning

this van was close upon the rear of that firm guard. Now came the last prodigious effort of the British commander; that rear guard must fall; and, with it, Green, or all his labor and sacrifice would be vain. On the banks of the Dan he had resolved to bury the American army—and if human effort and human energy could effect it, it should be done.

His steady columns closed more threateningly and rapidly on the guard, pushing it fiercely before them, and scorning all manner of success, pressed forward to the greatest prize. Still, Lee's intrepid legion, and Washington's fearless horsemen hung black and wrathful around their path, striving desperately but in vain, to check their rapid advance. On, on, like racers approaching the goal, they swept over the open country, driving everything before them.

But at noon a single horseman was seen coming in a swift gallop up the road along which Green had lately passed. Every eye watched him as he approached, and as he reined his panting steed up beside the officer of the exhausted, but still resolute band, and exclaimed 'The army is over the river!' a loud huzza rent the air.

The main portion of the guard was now hastily dispatched by the shortest route to the ferry, while Lee still hovered with his legion in front of Cornwallis. As the former approached the river, they saw Green wan and haggard, standing on the shore and gazing anxiously up the road by which they were expected to appear. His army was over, but he had staid behind to learn the fate of that noble guard, and, if necessary, to fly to its relief. His eye lighted with exultation as he saw the column rush forward to the river with shouts which echoed in deafening accents from the opposite shore.

It was now dark, and the troops were crowded with the utmost dispatch into boats and hastened over. Scarcely were they landed when the ground shook beneath the heavy tramp of Lee's legion, as it came thundering on toward the ferry. The next moment the shores rung with the clatter of armor, as the bold riders dismounted and, leaped into the boats ready to receive them. The horses were pushed into the water after them, and the black mass disappeared in the gloom. In a few moments, lights dancing on the further shore told of their safe arrival—and a shout that made the welkin ring went up from the American camp.—Lee was the last man that embarked; he would not stir till his brave dragoons were all safe; and, as the boat that bore him touched the shore, the tread of the British van echoed along the banks he had just left.

The pursuing columns closed rapidly in toward the river, but the prey they thought within their grasp had escaped. Not a boat was left behind—and Cornwallis saw with the deepest anguish a deep, broad river rolling between him and his foe. It was a bitter disappointment; his baggage had all been destroyed in vain, and this terrible march of 250 miles made only to be retraced.

But no pen can describe the joy and exultation that reigned in the American camp that night.—The army received that gallant rear-guard with open arms, and hailed them as their deliverers.—Forgot were all their lacerated feet, stiffened limbs, and empty stomachs, and scanty clothing; and even the wintry winds swept by unheeded, in the joy of their escape. Together they sat down and recounted, their toils and asked each of the other his perils and hardships by the way. Laughing, and mirth, and songs, and all the reckless gaiety of the camp, from which restraint is taken, made the shores echo. But it was with sterner pleasure Green contemplated his escape, and as he looked at the majestic river rolling its broad, deep current onward in the starlight, a mountain seemed to lift from his heart. He listened to the boisterous mirth a out him only to rejoice that so many brave fellows had been snatched from the enemy; then turned to his tent to ponder on his position, and to resolve what to do next.

Thus ended this glorious retreat. It had been conducted for two hundred and fifty miles through a country not furnishing a defile in which a stand could be made. Three large rivers had been crossed, forests traversed; and through rain and mud, and over frost and ice, Green had fled for twenty days, baffling every attempt of his more powerful antagonist to force him to a decisive action. For the skill in which it was planned, the resolution and energy with which it was carried through, and the distance traversed, it stands alone in the annals of our country, and will bear comparison with the most renowned feats of ancient or modern times. It covered Green with more glory than a victory would have done, and stamped him at once the great commander.

## Deep Sea Soundings.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, JULY 1, 1856.

INSTRUCTIONS OF LIEUT. BERRYMAN, OF THE ARCTIC.—SIR—Under the second section of the act of Congress making appropriations for the naval service, approved March 3, 1849, the Secretary of the Navy is directed to detail vessels of the Navy in testing new routes and perfecting the discoveries made by Lieut. Maury in the course of his investigation of the winds and currents of the ocean.

It is not deemed necessary to give you detailed instructions. You have been on this duty before, and as a general guide I refer you to your instructions of August 25, 1852. The brief time allowed for your cruise I am aware will not permit you to accomplish but a portion of the duties specified. The general object being known to you, the Department confides in your energy and skill for its accomplishment.

In the performance of duties thus imposed on the Navy Department, it is deemed desirable and indeed important to effect a line of soundings across the Atlantic Ocean, between St. Johns, Newfoundland, and the coast of Ireland. A successful and thorough investigation into and development of the character of the formations and currents at the bottom of the ocean, will doubtless be an interesting contribution to the intelligence

of the age, and may lead to great results in deciding the practicability of extending lines between America and Europe, by which telegraphic communications may be in a few minutes, flashed across the ocean. To enable you to execute these duties, the United States steamer Arctic has been detailed and fitted at New York. You are assigned to the command; and as soon as she is in all respects ready for sea, you will proceed in her to accomplish the object contemplated.

During your absence you may find it necessary to replenish the fuel and stores of the Arctic, which you are authorized to do with such public funds as you may take with you, or, if more advantageous and convenient, you will draw upon this Department, payable at sight, for such sums as may be needed.

When homeward bound it may be convenient to make a line of soundings in the Gulf Stream, which you will also accomplish. Your cruise should not extend beyond the month of October next. You will return to the port of New York, reporting your arrival and the result of your work to the Department.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
J. C. DOBBIN.

LIEUT. O. H. BERRYMAN, U. S. N., commanding steamer Arctic, N. Y.

## A Picture of Our Country,

America, as she now stands, is a striking fact. The Western clearings, the immense farms of the Mississippi Valley, the Lake trade, the foreign immigration, toiling Africa chained to the car of commerce, gorgeous and reckless New York, and sudden San Francisco excite imagination; by all that they imply and foreshadow. They represent many ideas, and embody many a wonderful and moving story; for business has its danger and daring, its suffering and endurance, and the changes of fortune, in this new world of boundless resources and free activity, are more marvelous than the tales of the Arabian Nights.

This bold enterprise that stretches to the Pacific, this skilled and thoughtful race, grasping a vast empire like a homestead, to cultivate, and plant, and adorn; this brave army of worshippers, marching on irresistibly to the conquest of nature, form a grand spectacle.—Though their weapons—the axe, the plow and the steam engine—have not the lustre of poetry that gleams from the point of the sword; though the heroes of the farm, the work-shop and the counting-house, like village Hampdens, die unsung, yet great qualities are often exhibited in these humble field of man's effort, and their labors found nations, as those of the coral insect lift the basis of an island above the sea, to the light and air of Heaven.

But the picture has its dark side. The eager desire for wealth, the incessant and Sabbathless pursuit of it has become the universal passion and occupation. We have that love of money which is the root of all evil; and under the deadly shade of the tree from that root, the love of knowledge and art, of truth, and virtue, and beauty, withers and dies. 'In prosperity no altars smoke.' The curse of Midas is upon us. Our feelings, our ideas, our aspirations, are all turned into gold, and we are starving amid our barren abundance. We worship the material, not the spiritual; the visible and transient, not the invisible and eternal.

We are practical, not intellectual; and our pleasures are of the senses, not of the reason; imagination and taste. We are smitten with 'the lust of flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.' We are true disciples of the ethics of interest and utility, and our own morality is cash payment.

Truly has it been said, that 'he who makes haste to get rich shall not be innocent.' If intemperate drinking be the degrading vice of one portion of our people, intemperate money-making is the besetting sin of another and much larger portion, and it is difficult to jay which is the more pernicious. One is a vice of the senses, destroying the mind; the other a delusion of the mind, and a selfish passion, blasting the moral sentiments, and palsying the higher powers of the intellect. The poor drunkard cannot resist the 'baneful cup,' which benumbs the soul, 'unmolding reason's mintage,' and transforming him

"Into the inglorious likeness of a beast;"

and the infatuated worshiper of Mammon deliberately uses his mental faculties for his own destruction, prefers the ignoble and low to the pure and high, and shuts out the light of Heaven from his life. Successful industry, rapid gains, rank prosperity, without counteracting causes to modify their influence, have stimulated this passion for wealth to excess, and have produced already, in this new country, luxury, venality, corruption, contempt for intellectual pursuits and pleasures, and sneering indifference to ennobling and elevated sentiment. Hence the vulgar ostentation of our cities; hence the deplorable frauds of business; hence much of the baseness of our politics.—[North American Review.]

## Mr. Crane Walks Out.

One of the most amusing of the Bedott papers. The widow had an affair with Tim Crane, an elderly widower, for whom she 'set her cap,' and who was extremely polite to her because he had a secret fancy for her daughter Melissa. Mr. C. asks a private interview with the widow, when the following scene ensues:

'Oh, no, Mr. Crane, by no manner of means, tain't a minnit tew soon for you to begin to talk about gittin' married again. I am amzed you should be afeered I'd think so. See—how long's Miss Crane been dead? Six months!—land o' Goshen!—why, I've knowed a number of individuals get married in less time than that. There's Phil Bennett's widdet I was talkin' about jest