

Gone Back to Washington. Yesterday evening Senators Bayard, Vance, Hampton, Butler, Ransom, and all the other distinguished men who formed Mr. Bayard's escort, boarded the 4:40 train for Washington City.

The silver pitcher which was won by the Augusta company No. 8 in the reel race yesterday, was last night presented to Miss Avonia B. Conway, in the Central hotel parlor.

The Democrats in the House have determined unanimously to stand by Mr. Dibble's rights to the utmost of their ability. It is understood that not a member of the caucus was in favor of allowing the Republicans to carry out their conspiracy.

All State officers in Indiana, except Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, are to be elected in November. The Republican convention to nominate candidates has been called for August 9.

A little Boston girl, who had seen an engraved copy of Millard's "The Princess in the Tower" in a picture shop window, went in the other day and said to the shopkeeper: "I came to ask you if you would please take that picture out of your window. Every time I pass I look in, and the picture is so sad it makes me very unhappy. Won't you please take it away?"

Frank Leslie has death pictured as a skeleton seated on an iceberg in the Arctic sea to frighten off future adventurers. And yet one would suppose death in that region would be better represented by a well preserved cadaver on ice, playing a game of "freeze-out" with the adventurous explorers, and holding a royal flush.

It is beginning to look bad for the Malley boys, on trial at New Haven, Conn., for the murder of Jennie Cramer. The coils are gathering around them, and if they escape it will be by some chance that has not been developed yet. The evidence produced by the prosecution is very strong against them.

John Kelly's days are also being numbered. A movement is on foot in New York to overthrow the coalition between the Cornell Republicans and himself. Sherman S. Rogers, of Buffalo; Samuel P. Lowery, of Utica, and George William Curtis have been spoken of as leaders of the movement.

Augusta Chronicle: "Happy Charlotte! She has just turned on her new water pressure, and the citizens' committee are only waiting for Senator Vance to unscREW the cap from the champagne plug." He is here and it has been done.

The jury in the case of Johnson and Echols, colored, charged with an assault upon Walter Rountree at Athens, Ga., with intent to murder, found the defendants guilty, and they were sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary—the extreme penalty of the law.

One Republican paper at least—the New York Times—has concluded that the President regards the promotion of "an administration party" as a matter to which all other considerations are subordinate.

The Chattanooga Times thinks that Senator Joseph E. Brown ought to be at the head of the tariff commission, and regrets that the fact of holding the position of Senator renders him ineligible.

Mr. Blaine has given positive assurance that he will not be a candidate for the House of Representatives. He would rather be back in the Senate.

What will the Georgia Independents do for a candidate for Governor if the Democrats nominate A. H. Stephens?

Queen Victoria is managing pretty well in finding husbands for her girls.

THE GLORIOUS 20TH

A CELEBRATION THAT EQUATED THE CENTENNIAL OF 1875.

Senator Bayard's Speech—An Immense Crowd and a Thoroughly Successful Celebration.

With the setting of yesterday's sun, closed a day that will be spoken of in the distant ages as one of the greatest events in Charlotte's history. It was a grand day for Charlotte. The city was a perfect pack and jam from early morn until the shades of night.

At an early hour in the morning the formation of one of the largest and most imposing of all the processions Charlotte has ever witnessed, was commenced on Trade street, opposite the First Presbyterian church. The firemen were drawn up along the east side of the street, while the military were placed in line opposite the firemen.

CHARLOTTE BICYCLE CLUB, eighteen riders, headed by Captain Willis Gilmer.

STATESVILLE CORNET BAND, Chief Marshal Joseph Graham and aids.

CONTINENTAL BRIGADE, under charge of J. A. Young, Jr., alias George Washington, and F. S. Franklin, alias Col. McKnight Alexander.

General M. P. Taylor and staff, consisting of Majors Wm. A. Cumming, John G. Young and George H. Hall, and Captains J. B. Smith, R. B. Miller, and J. B. Broadfoot, the latter of the Fayetteville Light Infantry, one of the oldest military organizations in the United States. Following came the

MILITARY, headed by the Cadets of the Carolina Military Institute, forty-four in line.

KING'S MOUNTAIN MILITARY INSTITUTE CADETS, Capt. C. D. Betts, thirty-six men.

HORNETS' NEST RIFLEMEN, Capt. E. F. Young, twenty-four men.

SALISBURY RIFLES, Capt. Theo. Parker, twenty-three men.

JENKINS RIFLES, Yorkville; Capt. J. R. Lindsay, twenty men.

BUTLER GUARDS, Capt. A. E. McBee, twenty-six men.

POLK RIFLES, Capt. J. A. Younts, twenty men.

IREDELL BLUES, Capt. A. D. Coles—twenty-five men.

CATAWBA RIFLES, Capt. Allen Jones, twenty-six men.

SOUTHERN STARS, Capt. Mike Hoke, twenty-three men.

MECKLENBURG RIFLES, Capt. W. J. McLaughlin, twenty-two men.

HOME AND VISITING FIREMEN. Robert E. Lee, of Greenville, Captain Henry Briggs—thirty men.

Hornet Steam Fire Company, of Charlotte, Captain C. T. Walker—twenty-six men.

Spartan, of Spartanburg, Captain A. H. Foster—thirty-five men.

Stephens, No. 6, of Augusta, Captain Henry Hyams—forty-two men.

Charlotte Juveniles, Captain W. B. Kidd—twenty-four boys.

Pioneer, of Charlotte, Captain W. E. Culpeper—twenty men.

Independent, of Charlotte, Captain P. H. Phelan—twenty-five men.

Chambers Hose, of Danville, Captain W. G. Woodruff—fifteen men.

Citizens, No. 8, of Augusta, Captain F. J. Roulett—forty-two men.

Phoenix, of Columbia, Captain J. P. Meehan—thirty-two men.

Carriage containing Chiefs Harrison, of the city department, Allen, of Greenville, Young, of Augusta, Talmage, of Athens.

Carriage containing Chiefs Mackey, of Greenville, Foster, of Spartanburg, Weigle, Blume and Wilson of Augusta.

Adjutant-General Johnstone Jones and staff, Col. P. F. Pescud, Lt-Colonel Fred A. Olds and Col. F. H. Cameron, in carriage.

Carriages containing Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, the orator of the day, Senators Vance, Butler, Hampton, Ransom, Gen. W. R. Cox, Representatives Scales, Armfield, Robinson, Dowd, Colman, Andrews, Means, Sugg, Skinner and other distinguished guests.

Bringing up the rear was an immense crowd of people, on foot, in carriages, hacks, buggies and every considerable sort of vehicle.

Arriving at the grounds, the military

and firemen opened ranks and let the orator of the day and the guests of the city, pass to the stand. On the stand we noticed Senators Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler, M. W. Ransom and Z. B. Vance, Hons. C. P. Berry, W. E. Robinson, W. R. Cox, A. M. Scales, R. F. Armfield, Clement Dowd, W. D. Simpson, T. J. Mackey, T. M. Holt and J. H. Wilson, His Excellency Governor Jarvis and staff, Rev. Dr. Dabney, Rev. N. M. Woods, Mayor F. S. DeWolfe, Gens. M. P. Taylor and Johnstone Jones, Col. J. P. Thomas, all field officers, chief of fire departments, committee of reception and executive committee.

EXERCISES AT THE STAND.

Dr. Joe Graham called the meeting to order and Rev. N. M. Woods offered an appropriate prayer, after which Senator Ransom read the Declaration, introduced by eloquent and patriotic allusions to the Declaration itself, and to the men who made it, referring in terms highly eulogistic to the distinguished representatives from other States who were present. The Declaration having been read, Senator Ransom made some remarks which were worth their weight in gold. Speaking of the difficulty of proving the Declaration at this remote date he said: "Great truths do not always depend on human testimony—they are like God's light, they live forever, are eternal and stand without question. We stand to-day in the blaze and light of a hundred and seven years of civilization, and a hundred years from now unborn generations will come to kneel at the shrine and pay homage to the altars of liberty erected in Mecklenburg county in 1775—this Bethlehem of the new continent. Nothing can dim its luster. It will shine on and from generation to generation it will be the guiding star of nations in the years which are to come."

The Statesville band then struck up the "Old North State," and at the conclusion of the music

Senator Vance came forward and made an address of welcome. He congratulated the people of the State on the happy occasion to celebrate which his audience had assembled, and to bear living witness to the patriotism which had prompted our forefathers. One hundred and seven years ago the foundations of civil liberty were laid on this very spot, and from that day to this, through good and through evil report, we have contended for the perpetuation of the liberty bequeathed to us. Today we had called in a high priest to minister to us, who had dared to raise his voice in the highest legislative body known to our government in behalf of constitutional liberty and human freedom. He is indeed worthy of all the honor and respect which you can bestow, and I now introduce the Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, of Delaware.

Mr. Bayard rising, seemed for the instant to be unmanned, and for some moments struggled for words to give utterance to his thoughts. He however quickly recovered and proceeded as follows:

BAYARD'S SPEECH.

In a season of doubt and danger when the spirit of liberty was "hawked at" by the talons of autocratic power; when the very air was filled with apprehension and uncertainty, and the upraised hand of the tyrant put every man in peril, when the question was: "Who shall bell the cat?"

A little band of men in a remote and inland county of North Carolina, were found willing to take the risk,—to set their lives upon the hazard of the die,—who

Freeman stand or "Freeman's sword" strongly draw.

Who, whether they pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their most sacred honor" to maintain their independence from the Crown of Great Britain, and to the success of the cause of American Liberty, on the 20th, or on the 31st of May, 1775, without doubt did so in that month;—and who, when they did so, stepped in advance of their fellow-colonists to do it, at a time when

"Those behind cried 'Forward!'"

"The Spartan mother said to her son—'If your sword is short, add a step to it'—and the men of Mecklenburg added that step, and went down into the dread arena of life or death for liberty, gravely, quietly, and steadily.

And because they did so, we have assembled to-day with uncovered heads and reverential hearts to do honor to their memory;—to recall their deeds, refresh our spirits, and re-invigorate our purposes, by draughts from the clear spring of their simple and noble example.

And who were these men,—this untitled nobility of homespun?

It was not amid the blaze of trumpets, or surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of wealth and power, that the grave and deliberate action of the men of the county of Mecklenburg was taken 107 years ago. The importance of the step lay in the great principle of political liberty which it asserted, and its success was due to the steady force of conscientious conviction which animated the men who proclaimed it, and which dignifies their memories for all time.

In May, 1775, Charlotte was a very small town, in fact a little village of twenty small dwelling houses, surrounded by the scattered habitations of an agricultural and pastoral community.

Charlotte had been chosen as the seat of the Presbyterian college which the Legislature of North Carolina had chartered, but which charter the King had disallowed. It was the centre of culture of that part of the province, and Ephraim Brevard, the draughtsman of the "Declaration" had been educated at Princeton, New Jersey.

The men who led that colony to America had evidently read and profited by the warning of my Lord Bacon, when in his essay on "Plantations" he had told them:

"It is a shameful and unblest thing to take the scum of evil and wicked and

degraded men to be the people with whom you plant; and not only so, but it spoils the plantation, and they ever live like rogues and not fall to work, but be lazy and do mischief and spend their lives in idleness, and they do not certify over, and the country to the discredit of the plantation."

Such as these were unknown in that settlement. Probably not an individual among those inhabitants but who was compelled to rely in greater or less degree upon manual labor for his support, and in rural simplicity—

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life, they kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

It is worth while to note the origin and stock from which these forefathers of Mecklenburg sprung. They were nearly all of Scotch-Irish descent, and were the children of those hardy pioneers who left the north of Ireland early in the 18th century and came to America. The main column came up the Delaware bay and river, and passing over to the Cumberland valley from Philadelphia, following that valley in its Southern sweep, made their homes in North Carolina.

History tells us that these immigrants dwelt for some years on the banks of the Delaware, and some of their family names remain there yet, accompanied by honor and respect—the Polks, Pattons, Morgans, Alexanders and others; and it is not therefore altogether inappropriate, that after the lapse of many generations, a man, whose forefathers tarried longer on the banks of the Delaware, and whose home is still there, should make his pilgrimage hither and join with you in reviving memories of a glory common to us all.

For I confess to you, fellow countrymen, the glories of our Union are those I value most. I am not insensible to local ties, and I feel as much as any, the sense of home—in the little spot where I was born—but when a theme is found and a chorus is raised in which all of our countrymen can join, and a thrill runs from the Lakes to the Gulf, and vibrates along our 13,000 miles of sea coast—when a song is sung, of which every American knows the words, to which every American foot steps, and of which every heart beats the measure—then I feel most the true strength and power and worth of American citizenship.

As akin to this thought I copied the other day, from the inscription upon an engraving of Judge Andrew Pickens Butler of South Carolina, the former United States Senator from that State, (whose kinsman and successor so well and honorably fills his place, and by whose presence here to-day, and that of his distinguished colleague, we all are gratified,) the following sentence, which was selected from a speech of Judge Butler, made long before the civil war, by one of his colleagues in the Senate (my honored father) as descriptive of Butler's sentiment and character:

"How it has happened I cannot tell, but from some cause—not certainly deserved—Massachusetts and South Carolina have been made to take opposite positions in Federal politics; nay, more, to be made ostensibly bitter adversaries. If I knew at this moment that all political connection was to cease between the North and the South, I would, as a matter of choice, hang up in my wall the portraits of such men as Adams, Hancock and Sherman, and they would be full of historical instruction; one lesson they especially teach, never to submit to a wrongful and oppressive exercise of authority. Diomedes was the youngest hero at the siege of Troy. His courage was marked by promptness and intrepidity and compared well with the sagacious and perhaps selfish courage of Ulysses. Georgia was the youngest sister of the thirteen. She had made her pledge in the spirit of Diomedes. And, sir, she will with her sisters maintain her motto: 'Equality or Independence.'"

None of these hardy colonists of Mecklenburg would seem to have been men of rank, or to have been the descendants of men of rank. They were of the sturdy, hard-working, middle class. When their ancestors had been forced from Scotland by the destruction of their land tenures, and had proudly refused to seek their "sheepskins" from manorial lords, and could no longer maintain the tenures which from time immemorial had been their right, they crossed the narrow sea and settled in the north of Ireland in the "Kingdom of Ulster."

There again after a century of struggle and distress, they found themselves the victims of renewed dislocations of the tenure of their lands, and wearying of the uncertainties; and unsubmitive to the caprices of arbitrary rulers, they made their way across the broad Atlantic to a new country, where the right to property should have security and stability, and where the fruits of honest labor could be transmitted to their posterity.

The school in which they had been trained was that of adversity. No one can read their public declarations, their resolves, their State papers, bills of rights and constitutions promulgated here in North Carolina, without catching the echo of magna charta, and every hard won battle for civil and religious liberty in the long history of England.

Who did not recognize in the resolutions of Mecklenburg of May, 1775, as read by our honored friend Senator Ransom, the spirit and almost the words themselves of the great charter, forced from the unwilling hand of a treacherous and tyrannical king by the barons who camped upon the field of Runnymede in June, 1215.

Magna charta was itself but a revival of still more ancient laws and charters extorted by persistent liberty from unwilling power.

What more did the men of Mecklenburg demand a hundred years ago, than was asked at Runnymede nearly seven centuries before? What was asked by them then, that we do not ask to-day, and which it behooves us to see is not withheld to-day?

"That no freeman shall be seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or in any degree brought to ruin."

"That no man shall be pursued except by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the laws of the land."

"That justice and right shall neither be sold nor denied, nor delayed to any man."

And then mindful that a pure and independent judiciary is essential to every man's safety, it declared:

"That judges of assize were to make regular circuits four times a year."

"That justices were to be chosen from among men well versed in law."

principle, that the administration of justice is to be independent of the political administration. No matter whether it be King or Congress, whether it be President or Parliament, the independence and separation of judicial from political power is an essential that can never be lost sight of—whether in England in the 13th century, in North Carolina in the 18th century, or in South Carolina in the 19th century.

The Declaration and Resolves which Gen. Ransom has just read to us, were carried to the first Provincial Congress of North Carolina, and on April 12th, 1776, that Congress unanimously adopted this resolution:

Resolved, That the delegates for this colony in the Continental Congress, be empowered to concur with the delegates of other colonies in declaring independence, and forming foreign alliances; reserving to this colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for this colony, and of appointing delegates from time to time, under the direction of the General Representative Assembly thereof, to meet the delegates of other colonies."

Here we see, the men of Mecklenburg, having quickened the feeling and the vision of the Provincial Congress of their own State, sending an electric spark still further on into the councils of the Confederate colonies.

Let the mists and vapors of time be dense as they may—let ignorance or envy raise what doubts they may as to the precise date of the original action of the men of Mecklenburg; of this fact there is no doubt, of this fact there can be no contradiction, none so foolhardy as to make it; that the resolution which I have just read to you preceded the National Declaration of Independence nearly three months. It is also one month older than the action of the Virginia Provincial Congress, which also recommended a declaration of National Independence.

These facts leave the men of Mecklenburg and the State of North Carolina the admitted leaders of the United Colonies in the great march of American Independence.

Well might John Adams write to Thomas Jefferson in June, 1819, when these papers seemed first to have met his eye:

"You know that if I had possessed it I would have made the halls of Congress to echo and re-echo with it fifteen months before your Declaration of Independence. What a poor, ignorant, malicious, short-sighted, cringing man is Tom Paine's common sense, in comparison with this paper. Had I known it, I would have commented upon it from the day you entered Congress until the 4th of July, 1776."

The genuine sense of America at this moment was never so well expressed before, nor since. Richard Caswell, William Parr, Joseph Hewes, the then representatives of North Carolina in Congress, you know as well as I; and you know that the unanimity of the States finally depended upon the vote of Joseph Hewes, and was finally determined by him; and yet, history is to ascribe American revolution to Thomas Paine! *Sat verbum sapienti.*

Therefore, fellow-citizens, it seems to me a matter of little importance, whether it was on the 20th day of May or on the 31st day of May, 1775, that the paper was prepared by Ephraim Brevard, and signed by Abraham Alexander as chairman and John McKnight Alexander as secretary, and their 25 associates; suffice it to say, it will stand forever as a monument of the dignity of humanity, all the more impressive in its moral force and elevation, because of the total absence of that pomp of circumstance with which the stage managers of history so often seek to surround their action.

The first step in the work of English colonization in America was the voyage of Amadas and Barlow, Lieutenants of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, under the charter of Elizabeth, commenced the voyage which terminated at Roanoke Island in 1584.

There is not one in the great sisterhood of States who has earlier record, or one richer in interest or more honorable in its facts than North Carolina, from the days when its great founder united his name and mournful history with her own, although he was fated never to see the colony or the city in which so much of his hopes and pride were centered.

In no spirit of reproach, but in the earnest suggestion of friendship, let me to-day impress upon you who hear me, the need and duty of preserving and perpetuating home chronicles. To use the language of my beloved preceptor, that distinguished son of North Carolina, Francis L. Hawks:

"The attempt to preserve the story of their childhood's home is the duty of every American."

The glory of our common country belongs to us all; it is built up by the contributions of each part, and in no spirit of detraction would I remark upon the habit of our brethren of New England of allowing no occasion and no opportunity to hide under a bushel, the light of their local history. On the contrary I praise and commend them for their activity in having forced to the front the claims of Massachusetts to be considered the leading spirit in the great struggle that led to the independence of the united colonies. But while withholding nothing of due acknowledgement from the courage, spirit and self-sacrifice of the men of New England in "the times that tried men's souls" I do make claim for at least an equal co-operative share in the great work for their fellow colonists whose homes lay further South.

It was on the 16th of December, 1773, that the famous "tea party" of Boston took place; which according to New England chroniclers would seem the great revolutionary landmark of spirited popular uprising against tyranny. The lustre of this event is so brilliant in their minds as to pale the ineffectual fires of the struggling colonists elsewhere.

But let it not be forgotten that more than eight years prior to that date, early in 1765, when His Majesty's sloop of war "Defiance" arrived in Cape Fear River, having on board stamped paper for use in this colony, that a body of citizens, headed by Col. John Ashe and Col. Hugh Waddell boarded the vessel; took from her the paper and, in one of her own boats, conveyed it to the shore; and they compelled Houston, the royal stamp master for North Carolina, then an inmate of the official Carolina of Gov. Tryon, to go before the citizens and take a solemn oath not to attempt to execute his office.

This was so far as my readings of the history of that period have gone, the first, the most spirited and defiant act to be found in the records.

The city of Philadelphia commenced

opposition to the shipments of tea before the city of Boston, and on October, 1773 learning the arrival of two vessels laden with tea, a committee of her citizens in pursuance of prior public resolutions went down to the River Delaware as far as the town of Chester, boarded the vessels lying there in the stream, ordered them back to England, and their command was obeyed. At the same time the agents of the East India Company were compelled to resign their positions. After this we are told "adopted the Philadelphia Resolves."

In New York every preparation was made in November 1773 to prevent the landing of any tea, and grievous was the disappointment of those people that the tea ships failed to appear in their harbor. And in April 1774 tea chests were in open daylight tumbled into the dock from the decks of the ships that came in.

In Charleston, South Carolina, on December 2d, 1773 the consignees of a cargo of tea resigned, the tax was refused and the collector of the port was obliged to store it in cellars where it lay until it rotted.

Then followed the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor.—When after a vast public meeting held on the night of December 16, 1773, a body of 40 or 50 men, all of whom were disguised as Indians, having posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies," proceeded on board the ship "Dartmouth" lying at the wharf, and threw overboard her cargo of tea.

The Province of Maryland made its early and vigorous contributions to this honorable history.

In June 1774 it resolved on a cessation of intercourse with the mother country and passed resolutions breathing a spirit of the most determined resistance to tyranny. A subscription was made for the relief of Boston,—whose port had just been closed by the order of Lord North,—and declared that Maryland would break off all trade or dealing with any colony, province or town, that refused to come into the common league.

The brigantine "Mary Jane" having tea on board consigned to parties in Georgetown and Bladenburg, arrived in St. Mary's River. Instantly the committee of Charles county summoned the master and consignee before them. They explained that the duty had not been paid and pledged themselves that the tea should be sent back to London. With this apology, coupled with the instant return of the vessel with the tea on board, the committee were satisfied.

In October 1774 the brig "Peggy Stewart" arrived at Annapolis, having on board a few packages of tea. The duty having been paid by Mr. Stewart, whereupon a public meeting was called and great excitement ensued, in which the life of Mr. Stewart was put in great danger.

By the interposition of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Governor Pace, and others, the people were induced to accept an apology from Mr. Stewart coupled with his offer to destroy with his own hand, the obnoxious vessel and the "detestable weed" as it was called in the language of the day. Accordingly the ship was run aground at Windmill Point, at the mouth of the Severn river, fired by the hand of her owner, and utterly destroyed, in the presence of 5,000 people who lived on the banks.

At Hagerstown in Maryland, about the same time, one John Parks was compelled to walk bare-headed to the market place, bearing lighted candles in his hand, and there destroy certain boxes of his own tea upon which taxes had been paid.

These acts it will be observed were not committed by disguised men, nor by night, but openly in the face of day, by men well known to the royal authorities, and who did not flinch from any of the consequences of their bold deeds.

Let us therefore when we commemorate the spirited act of our brethren of Massachusetts, not forget the even more spirited conduct of their coadjutors a little further South and who have been less careful to place upon record those facts in which to-day all American savor their pride.

Do you not agree with me therefore that it is well worth while, nay, that it is an obvious duty, that local historical societies should be instituted, into which contributions of records, correspondence, all the material relating to interesting periods in our history as a people, should be carefully gathered?

It is delightful to observe in the history of that early day how little trace of local jealousy exhibited itself, how "None were for faction and all for the State." When the port of Boston was closed by Lord North's act, Charleston in South Carolina, was the first to minister to the wants of Boston and sent early in June, '74, 200 barrels of rice, promising 800 more; Wilmington, in North Carolina raised and sent a company of 2,000 in currency. Delaware revised plans for regular and systematic relief. Maryland and Virginia gave liberally from their store; the great Washington himself heading the subscription list with \$50, saying:

"We are not contending against paying the duty of three pence on tea; it is the right, only, to lay the tax we dispute."

It is a pleasant thing, I say, to observe the words of cheer and brotherhood that ran all along the Atlantic coast, and made the cause of Boston the cause of the United Colonies.

Can you not picture to yourselves how a pleasant day in May, 107 years hence, when we stand to-day, little groups of plain and earnest citizens were discussing the progress of this approaching collision between them and their distant and ignorant ruler, who was seeking by unwise laws to compel their submission to a principle repugnant to manhood and self-respect; who forgetting they were loving subjects, sought to make them his abject slaves? Engaged in such themes as these, a horseman is described in the distance using his wary steed towards them; tracing stained and dusty, and with troubled face, he brings the news of Lexington and Concord, and the blood of the distant countrymen shed in the cause of Liberty.

The spark has been struck; the flame has been kindled; and higher and higher it mounts to the sky, destined in its conflagration to destroy the last remnant of British power in the United Colonies.

Then it was that the spirit of Magna Charta was revived. Then it was that every lesson embodied in English history came to a mind. In such a time, amid such memories, the words of the Declaration of Mecklenburg were framed; and can you not hear to-day the deep, strong voice of Col. Thomas Polk, as he stood at the little courtroom door, and read aloud to the as-