

## THE OLD SOLDIERS OF McLEAN CO.

Our country can't forget them—her friends who withstood  
And whose arms did her banner so nobly uphold;  
She will cherish the rights they have bought with their blood  
Who died like the martyrs—the martyrs of old.

She will list to the spirits, the glorious and grand,  
Who call her from mountain, e'en down to the plain;  
They are those who have fought, who have bled for the land  
That Tyrants still strive—yes, strive to enchain.

Though "the iron may enter her soul" even now,  
Light will pierce through the depths of bigotry's gloom,  
And her wreath shall yet flourish on Liberty's brow,  
Unmatched in brightness, unequalled in bloom!

She will gaze on the tomb of her Washington's fame—  
His fame still illumines the page of her story;  
Harrison fought to give to his country a name,  
And gratitude still shall hallow his Glory.

Can the Buzzards that hover around their foul prey,  
Look up to our Eagle, now soaring on high?  
All the honor that waits, where he wings his proud way,  
Yes! they see it with many a heart-rending sigh!

Harp of Erin.

## Eloquence and Patriotism.

In 1818, Gen. Harrison was a member of the House of Representatives of the U. States. While in that body, he introduced a resolution in honor of the memory of Kosciusko, and delivered an eulogy on his virtues and character, which for beauty and eloquence can scarcely be excelled.

## EULOGY ON KOSCIUSKO.

BY WM. HENRY HARRISON.

The public papers have announced an event which is well calculated to excite the sympathy of every American bosom. Kosciusko, the martyr of liberty, is no more. We are informed that he died at Soleure, some time in Oct. 1817.

In tracing the events of this great man's life, we find in him that consistency of conduct which is more to be admired as it is rarely to be met with. He was not at one time the friend of mankind, and at another the instrument of their oppression; but he preserved throughout his whole career, that noble principle which distinguished him in the commencement, influenced him at an early period of his life to leave his country and his friends, and in another hemisphere to fight for the rights of humanity.

Kosciusko was born and educated in Poland, of a noble and distinguished family—a country where the distinctions in society are, perhaps, carried to greater length than in any other. His Creator had, however, endowed him with a soul capable of rising above the narrow prejudices of caste, and of breaking shackles which a vicious education had imposed upon his mind. When very young, he was informed by the voice of fame that the standard of liberty had been erected in America; that an insulted and oppressed people had determined to be free; or perish in the attempt. His ardent and generous mind caught with enthusiasm the holy flame. From that moment he became the devoted soldier of liberty.

His rank in the American army afforded him no opportunity greatly to distinguish himself. But he was remarkable throughout the service for all the qualities which adorn the human character. His heroic conduct in the field could only be equalled by his moderation and affability in the walks of private life. He was idolized by the soldiers for his bravery, and beloved and respected by the officers for the goodness of his heart, and the great qualities of his mind. Contributing greatly by his exertions to the independence of America, he might have remained and shared the blessings it dispensed, under the protection of a chief who loved and honored him, and in the bosom of a grateful and affectionate people.

Kosciusko had, however, other views. It is not known that, until the period I am speaking of, he had formed any distinct idea of what could, or indeed, what ought to be done, for his own country. But in the Revolutionary war, he drank deep of the principles which produced it. In conversation with the intelligent men of our country, he acquired new views of the science of government, and the rights of man. He had seen too that to be free, it was only necessary that a nation should will it; and to be happy, it was only necessary that a nation should be free. And was it not possible to secure these blessings for Poland? For Poland, the country of his birth, which had a claim to all his efforts, to all his services? That nation groaned under a complication of evils which had scarcely a parallel in history. The mass of the people were the abject slaves of the nobles—the nobles, torn into factions, were alternately the in-

struments and victims of their powerful and ambitious neighbors. By intrigue, corruption, and force, some of the fairest provinces had been separated from the republic, and the people like beasts, transferred to foreign depots, who were again watching a favorable moment for a second dismemberment. To regenerate a people thus debased—to obtain for a country thus circumstanced the blessings of liberty and independence, was a work of as much difficulty as danger. But to a mind like Kosciusko's the difficulty and danger of such an enterprise served only as stimulants to undertake it.

The annals of these times give us no detailed account of the progress of Kosciusko in accomplishing his great work, from the period of his returning from America to the adoption of the new constitution of Poland, 1791. This interval, however, of apparent inaction was most usefully employed to illumine the mental darkness which enveloped his countrymen. To stimulate the ignorant peasantry with the hope of future emancipation—to teach a proud but gallant nobility that true glory is only to be found in the paths of duty and patriotism—interests the most opposed, prejudices the most stubborn, and habits the most inveterate, were reconciled, dissipated and broken by the ascendancy of his virtues and example. The storm which he had foreseen, and for which he had been so long preparing, at length burst upon Poland. A feeble and unpopular government bent before its fury, and submitted itself to the yoke of the Russian invaders. But the nation disdained to follow its example. In their extremity, every eye was turned to the hero who had already fought their battles; and the sage who had enlightened the patriot, who had set the example of personal sacrifice, to accomplish the emancipation of the people, Kosciusko, was unanimously appointed Generalissimo of Poland, with unlimited powers, until the enemy should be driven from the country. On his virtues the nation reposed the utmost confidence; and it is some consolation to reflect, amidst the general depravity of mankind, that two instances in the same age have occurred, where powers of this kind were employed solely for the purpose for which they were given.

It is not my intention, sir, to follow the Polish chief throughout his career of victory, which for a considerable time, crowned his efforts. Guided by his talents, and led by his valor, his undisciplined, ill-armed militia, charged with effect the veterans of Russia; the mailed cuirassiers of the great Frederick, for the first time broke and fled before the lighter and appropriate cavalry of Poland. Hope filled the breasts of the patriots. After a long night, the dawn of an apparently glorious day broke upon Poland—But to the discerning eye of Kosciusko, the light which it shed was of that sickly and portentous appearance indicating a storm more dreadful than that which he had resisted. He prepared to meet it with firmness, but with means entirely inadequate. To the advantages of numbers, of tactics, of discipline and inexhaustible resources, the combined despots had secured a faction in the heart of Poland. And if that country can boast of having produced its Washington, it is disgraced also for giving birth to a second Arnold. The day at length came which was to decide the fate of a national hero. Heaven, for some wise purpose, determined that it should, be last of Polish liberty. It was decided indeed, before the battle commenced. The traitor, Poniski, who covered with a detachment the advance of the Polish army, abandoned his position to the enemy, and retreated.

Kosciusko was astonished, but not dismayed. The disposition of his army would have done honor to Hannibal. The succeeding conflict was terrible. When the talents of general could no longer direct the mingled mass of combatants, the arm of the warrior was brought to the aid of the soldiers. He performed prodigies of valor. The fabled powers of Ajax, in defending the Grecian ships, was realized by the Polish hero. Nor was he badly seconded by his troops. As long as his voice could guide, or his example fire with valor, they were irresistible. In this contest, Kosciusko was long seen, and finally lost to their view.

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

He fell covered with wounds, but still

survived. A Cossack would have pierced his breast when an officer interposed. "Suffer him to execute his purpose," said the bleeding hero; "I am the devoted soldier of my country and will not survive its liberties." The name of Kosciusko struck to the heart of the Tartar, like that of Marius upon the Cimbrian warrior; the uplifted weapon dropped from his hands, Kosciusko was conveyed to the dungeons of Petersburg; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Empress Catherine, she made him the object of her vengeance when he could no longer be the object of her fears. Her more generous son restored him to liberty. The remainder of his life has been spent in virtuous retirement. Whilst in this situation in France, an anecdote is related of him which strongly illustrates the command which his services had obtained ever the minds of of his countrymen. In the late invasion of France, some Polish regiments in the service of Russia passed through the village in which he lived. Some pillaging of the inhabitants brought Kosciusko from his cottage.—"When I was Polish soldier," said he, addressing the plunderers, "the property of the peaceful citizens was respected." "And who art thou?" said an officer, "who addresses us with this tone of authority?" "I am Kosciusko." There was magic in the word. It ran from corps to corps. The march was suspended.

They gathered around with astonishment and awe upon the mighty ruin he presented.

"Could it indeed be their hero," whose fame was identified with that of their country? A thousand interesting reflections burst upon their minds; they remembered his patriotism, his devotion to liberty, his triumphs, his glorious fall. Their iron hearts were softened, and the tear of sensibility trickled down their weather-beaten faces. We can easily conceive, sir, what would be the feelings of the hero himself in such a scene. His great heart must have heaved with emotion, to find himself once more surrounded by the companions of his glory, and that he would have been on the point of saying to them,

"Behold your General come once more,  
To lead you on to laurel's victory,  
To fame, to FREEDOM."

The delusion could have lasted but for a moment.—He was himself, alas! a miserable cripple: but for them, they were no longer the soldiers of liberty, but the instruments of ambition and tyranny. Overwhelmed with grief at the reflection, he would retire to his cottage, to mourn afresh over the miseries of his country.

Such was the man, sir, for whose memory I ask, from an American Congress, a slight tribute of respect; not, sir, to perpetuate his fame—but our gratitude.—His fame will last as long as liberty remains upon the earth; as long as a votary is left to offer incense upon her altar, the name of Kosciusko will be invoked. And, if by the common consent of the world, a temple shall be erected to those who have rendered the most service to mankind, if the statue of our great countryman shall occupy the place of the "most worthy," that of Kosciusko, will be found by his side, and a wreath of laurel will be entwined with the palm of virtue to adorn his brow.

The Nashville Banner gives the following account of an amusing fracas at Danbridge, East Tennessee, between Gen. John Coke, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, (a gentleman numbering 60 years,) and Reynolds, the newly-elected Solicitor for the Knox Circuit—familiarily known as "Rob Reynolds." It appears that Gen. C. was conversing in the Tavern at Danbridge with a few friends, on national politics, when up stepped Reynolds, and remarked that the General was an "Old Federalist," and his opinion entitled to no weight. "That's strange," replied the General, "for when Mr. Jefferson was a candidate for the Presidency, I was his candidate for elector against your grand-father, (the Federal Adams candidate,) and beat him at that." "You are a liar," rudely retorted Reynolds—who, if we mistake not, is a young man under 30. "You might get yourself whipped," said the General: and thereupon, (after a word or two, by way of rejoinder, from Reynolds,) measured the Solicitor's length upon the floor of the Bar Room: jumped upon and stamped him—the poor fellow crying out, at the top of his voice, "take him off! take him away! he's broke my back!" There are hundreds of Rob Reynolds's in this State, whose fathers and grandfathers were federalists, but who now denounce Harrison and his supporters as enemies of their country.

## To the Editors of the Old Soldier:

The undersigned has just returned from Virginia, and while on his way, in passing through a part of Pennsylvania, witnessed the following fact, which will show the friends of the "Old Soldier" in Illinois, the state of public feeling, in some measure, in the Key Stone State.

While passing through Union-Town, I saw a number of farmers, seven in all, who had come to that town with seven wagon loads of wheat. They had been promised high prices for their wheat; but on arriving in town, they could only obtain 37½ cents cash, per bushel, or 50 cents half cash and half goods. These farmers consulted together—they referred to the promises made them—to the promises of gold which was to fill every farmer's purse—and the ruin which was now staring them in the face; and they came to the conclusion, that taking all circumstances into consideration, twelve years was enough time for any administration to remain in power: and they, therefore, took off their coats, turned them, and put them on again;—declaring to the people collected around them, that they were no longer Van Buren men, and would go all reasonable and proper lengths for a change of the administration.

Having stated these facts in conversation, I have been called upon to put them in writing; and I now declare them to be strictly true.

WILLIAM CAMP.

Signed in our presence:

J. C. PLANCK, R. L. WILSON.

## Undeniable Evidence.

We present the following as evidence on the subject to which it relates, and which cannot be controverted.

Lower Seneca Town, Aug. 19, 1813.

The undersigned, being the General, Field and Staff Officers, with that portion of the North-Western Army under the immediate command of General Harrison, have observed with regret and surprise, that charges, as improper in the form as in the substance, have been made against the conduct of Gen. Harrison, during the recent investment of Lower Sandusky. At another time, and under ordinary circumstances, we should deem it improper and unmilitary thus publicly to give an opinion respecting the movements of the army. But public confidence in the commanding general is essential to the success of the campaign, and causelessly to withdraw or withhold that confidence, is more than individual injustice; it becomes a serious injury to the service. A part of the force of which the American army consists, will derive its greatest strength and efficacy from a confidence in the commanding general, and from those moral causes which accompany and give energy to public opinion. A very erroneous idea respecting the number of the troops then at the disposal of the general, has doubtless been the primary cause of these unfortunate and unfounded impressions. In that respect we have fortunately experienced a very favorable change. But we refer the public to the general's official report to the Secretary of War, of Maj. Croghan's successful defence of Lower Sandusky. In that will be found a statement of our whole disposable force, and he who believes that with such a force, and under the circumstances which then occurred, Gen. Harrison ought to have advanced upon the enemy, must be left to correct his opinion in the school of experience.

On a review of the course then adopted, we are decidedly of the opinion, that it was such as was dictated by military wisdom, and by a due regard to our own circumstances and to the situation of the enemy. The reasons for this opinion it is evidently improper now to give; but we hold ourselves ready at a future period, and when other circumstances shall have intervened, to satisfy every man of its correctness who is anxious to investigate and willing to receive the truth. And with a ready acquiescence, beyond the mere claims of military duty, we are prepared to obey a general, whose measures meet with our deliberate approbation, and merit that of his country.

LEWIS CASS, Brig. Gen. U. S. A.  
SAMUEL WELLS, Col. 17 R. U. S. I.  
THOS. D. OWINGS, Col. 28 R. U. S. I.  
GEO. PAUL, Col. 17 R. U. S. I.  
J. C. BARTLETT, Col. Q. M. G.  
JAMES V. BALL, Lieut. Col.  
ROBT. MORRISON, Lieut. Col.  
GEO. LADD, Maj. 19 R. U. S. I.  
WM. TRIGG, Maj. 28 R. U. S. I.  
JAS. SMILEY, Maj. 28 R. U. S. I.  
RD. GRAHAM, Maj. 17 R. U. S. I.  
GEO. CROGHAN, Maj. 17 R. U. S. I.  
L. HUKILL, Maj. and Assist. Insp. Gen.  
E. D. WOOD, Maj. Engineers.

Harrison and Tyler meetings are raging in Maine as well as in all other States.—Some persons set down Maine for Van Buren. If that is one of the staffs the party lean on, we can tell them it is a broken reed. You may gull the Yankees once; but you can never more than once.

It is certain that some 30 or 35 blood hounds have been brought from Cuba to Florida, to be employed against the Seminoles.