

has my country been ravaged by war, since my remembrance; I have detailed the share I bore in the first; in the last, although the place in which I live, was not a field of bloody battle, yet its vicinity to Ticonderoga, and the savages that ravaged the Coos country, rendered it perilous and distressing. But now, no one can set a higher value on the smiles of peace, than myself. The savages are driven beyond the Lakes, and our country has no enemies. The gloomy wilderness, that forty years ago, secreted the Indian and the beast of prey, has vanished away; and the thrifty farm smiles in its stead; the Sundays, that were then employed in guarding a fort, are now quietly devoted to worship; the tomahawk and scalping knife, have given place to the sickle and ploughshare; and prosperous husbandry now thrives, where the terrors of death once chilled us with fear.