

measures was utility. They bore the stamp and unerring precision of practical science. There was nothing complicated in his character. It was chaste and severe simplicity; and, take him for all in all, he was one of the wisest and most efficient men, both in military and civil life, that the State or the Nation has produced."

To do justice to this theme and to present a proper biographical sketch of this great and good man would far exceed the limited portion of time which can be allotted to any one at this Annual Meeting. Consequently it is advisable, if not absolutely necessary to confine the attention to that period of his career which, although often written, has never been presented so clearly in a condensed form as it should have been to enable his fellow citizens generally to know how much he did accomplish—how much he deserved—how, when success was about to crown his efforts, his laurels were partly filched from him by a vain-glorious, but cunning intriguer nor "native here and to the manner born"—partly wrenched from him by a body of politicians, like all associations of political parties incapable of understanding a frank and loyal soldier, and of comprehending a disinterested self-sacrificing man. This intriguer, Horatio Gates, was perfectly understood by the true men of the day, and by his clearer headed associates in arms. They saw through the boasting Englishman, who so unblushingly appropriated, and who wore so arrogantly the laurels which belonged to the son of New York.

How significant the words of his friend, Charles Lee, when inflated with his previous good luck, Gates set off to assume the command in the Carolinas, conferred upon him by Congress, without consulting Washington. "Beware," said Lee, "that your northern laurels do not change to southern willows."

It did not require either much time or opportunity to reveal Gates. He showed himself at his full value at Camden, when there was no self-forgetting Schuyler to prepare for him the way, and secure to him the victory.

From the battle-field to which he hastened without a general's preparation, he was swept away amidst the first rout. Well might censure fall "very heavily on General Gates for the precipitation and distance of his retreat." His first stop was at Charlotte, ninety miles from the scene of action, and "he scarcely halted (or drew rein) until he reached Hillsborough," one hundred and eighty miles from Camden. It is said that "his hair grew white as he flew" wildly away from the scene of disastrous