delusion of youth; and I fervently wish there was no deception. But that Being, who "fits upon the circle of the earth, and views the inhabitants as grafshop-

pers," allots all our fortunes.

Although I have drank fo largely from the cup of forrow, yet my present happiness is a small compensation. Twice has my country been ravaged by war, fince my remembrance; I have detailed the share I bore in the sirst; in the last, although the place in which I live was not a field of bloody battle, yet its vicinity to Ticonderoga, and the favages 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 beaft 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 fickle and plough-share; and prosperous husbandry