

LORD CORNWALLIS'S DAY.

BY C. C.

I WILL tell you, my children, about a day they used to celebrate when I was a boy, called "Lord Cornwallis's Day." It was the anniversary of the day—October 19, 1781—when Lord Cornwallis surrendered with the British army to General Washington, which ended the Revolutionary War, and left us a free country, to be no more troubled by England on the ground that we belonged to her.

Well, when I was a little boy I lived in the town of W—, very near Concord and Lexington, where the Centennial celebrations took place last June, and there they were accustomed to make a good deal of this day, though it is given up now.

They used to celebrate in a large field back of a hotel and at the foot of a mountain, and the woods on the mountain came down to the edge of this field. Here there would be a grand mock fight, between men dressed as Continental soldiers and others dressed as British soldiers and Indians, till, finally, the victory would be won by the Continentals, and then there would be great cheering. I will describe one of these days just as I recollect it, when I was about five years old.

The first event of the day, that filled me with admiring awe, was the fixing up of an elder brother to look like an Indian. He was dressed in a frock with a belt about his body, into which was stuck a tomahawk and a knife. The handles of both were painted red, and the blades blue. Over his shoulder was slung a quiver filled with arrows. I don't recollect the color of the quiver, but I can see the red tips of the arrows as plain in my mind's eye as if it were yesterday, as they peeped over his shoulder. Then in his hand he carried a bow. This also had a good deal of red about it.

And his face! I confess I was a little scared at first, when he came grinning and scowling at a brother, just as big as I was, and me, and flourished his tomahawk over our heads. His eyebrows and lashes were stained black, and his face red; and I rather think there were streaks of other colors about his fierce visage, though I can't remember distinctly. He had moccasins on his feet, and wore I forget just what on his legs.

Well, he started off in the morning, and we (my companion brother and myself) soon after followed. We went up to the field, which I judge was nearly a mile from our house, and there we found old men and old women, middle-aged men and middle-aged women, young men and young maidens, and big and little boys and girls. And there were men

selling everything that tasted good to youngsters like ourselves; but we had no money to buy, so we could only stand and watch others buy, and eat and drink.

Presently we heard a distant war-whoop, and, running with all the rest, we saw the Indians approaching. They were dressed in all sorts of colors—blue, red, yellow, green, white, and I could n't now say what else, with their faces painted in every sort of way; and as they advanced with an Indian trot, they kept making the war-whoop, by patting their mouths with the palms of their hands as they let their voices out in cries and yells.

I stood near a stone wall, and as they passed over it in their moccasined feet, one stone after another would roll or tumble to the ground, until, by the time the last Indian had passed, very little of the wall was left at that place.

Then they crossed the field, and ran into the woods at the foot of the mountain.

Soon after there came from the other end of the field, with martial music and stately, regular tread, the British army, dressed in red coats and buff waistcoats and breeches, with epaulets on their shoulders, bright brass buttons, and plumes in their hats. They marched slowly into the woods and joined the Indians, who were occupying a fort that had been built for the occasion.

Now came the music of the drum and the fife, playing "Yankee Doodle," and up marched the Continental boys, in their blue coats, with buff lappets, waistcoats and breeches, their knee-buckles glistening in the sunlight, and their plumes waving from their cockade hats, while their epaulets seemed proud to be on their shoulders, as the spectators cheered and cheered again. I'll not be sure, but I rather think, to my boyish fancy, the Yankee soldiers had more *shoot* in their looks than the British.

Well, they filed into the woods, and presently the battle commenced. Volleys of musketry rang through the forest, and we could see the arrows of the Indians fly through the air. The yells of the soldiers mingled constantly with the Indian war-whoop, and now and then a shout arose from the field.

At length, the smoke of battle hid almost everything from view; and then a sort of dread came over the hearts of us youngsters, for it began to seem like a real battle, and the war-whoops began to have a terrific sound. But all at once there was

one great shout, and the air was filled with loud cheering, and the cry arose: "The Yankees have whipped! The British are beaten!"

And sure enough, as the smoke cleared away, we could see the Continental Blue-coats had won the victory. There was a grand surrender of the Red-coats and Indians, and with that the great event of Lord Cornwallis's day was ended.

Then I, with my little companion brother, wended my way home, but half-awake to the commonplace realities of the empty streets through which we passed; and along in the evening came our big Indian brother, who washed himself at the sink, making the water, in the wash-bowl all of a streaked purple, as the red and black mingled together from his hands and face.

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LITTLE Pecky-Wang-Foo, with her chopsticks so new,
 Sat eating her luncheon of rice,
 When a rat running by,
 On the rice cast his eye,
 And Pecky ran off in a trice.